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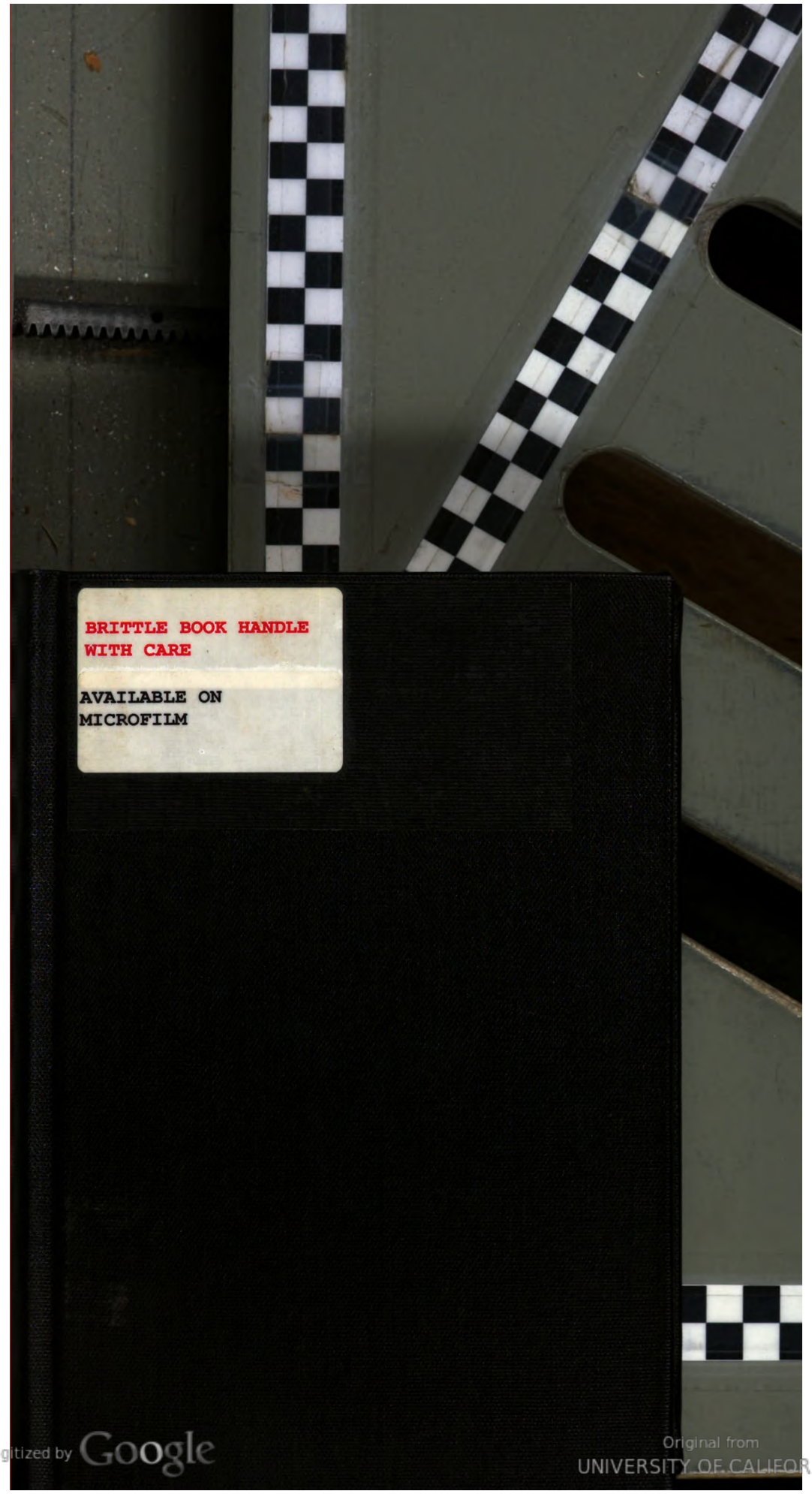

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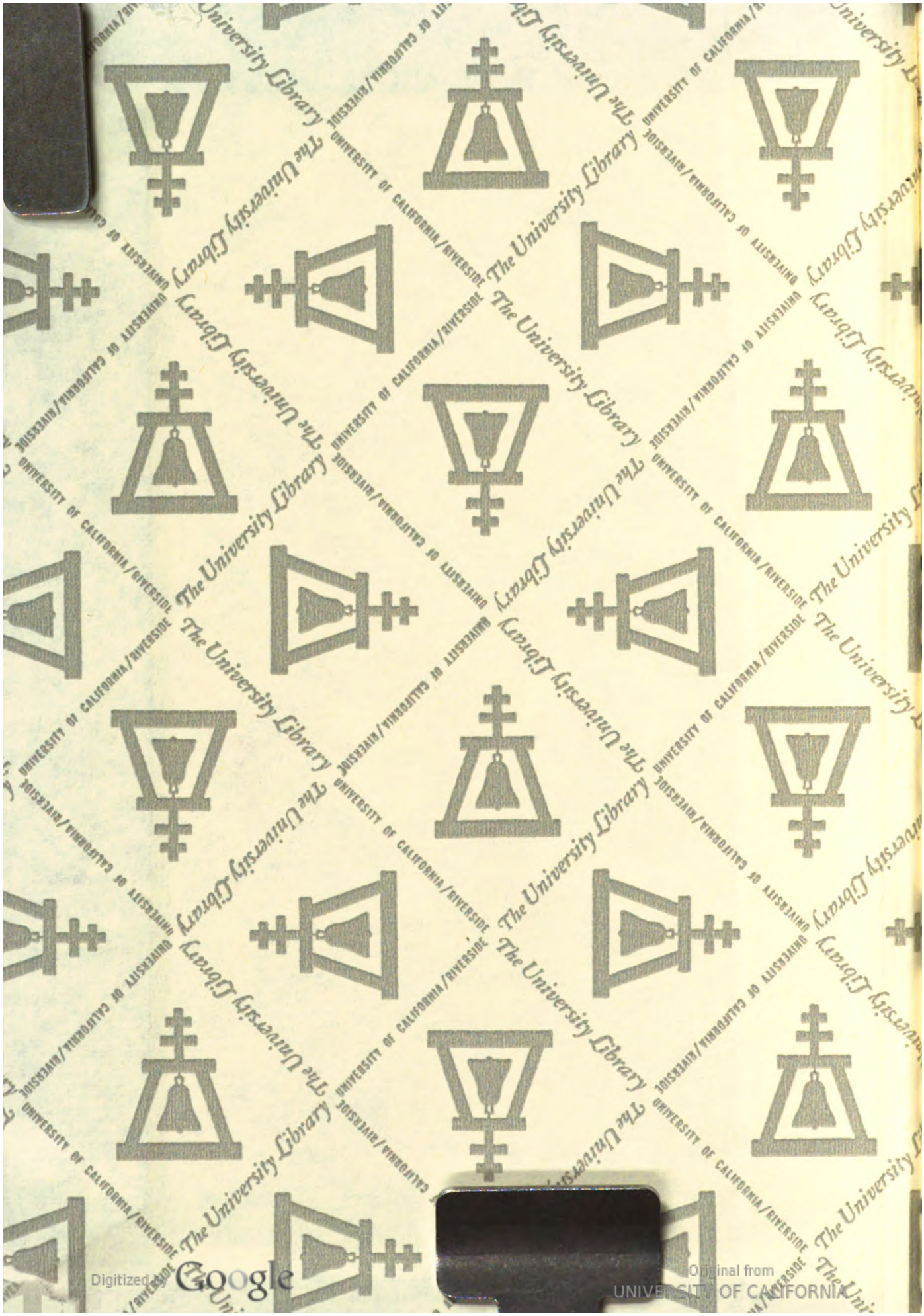

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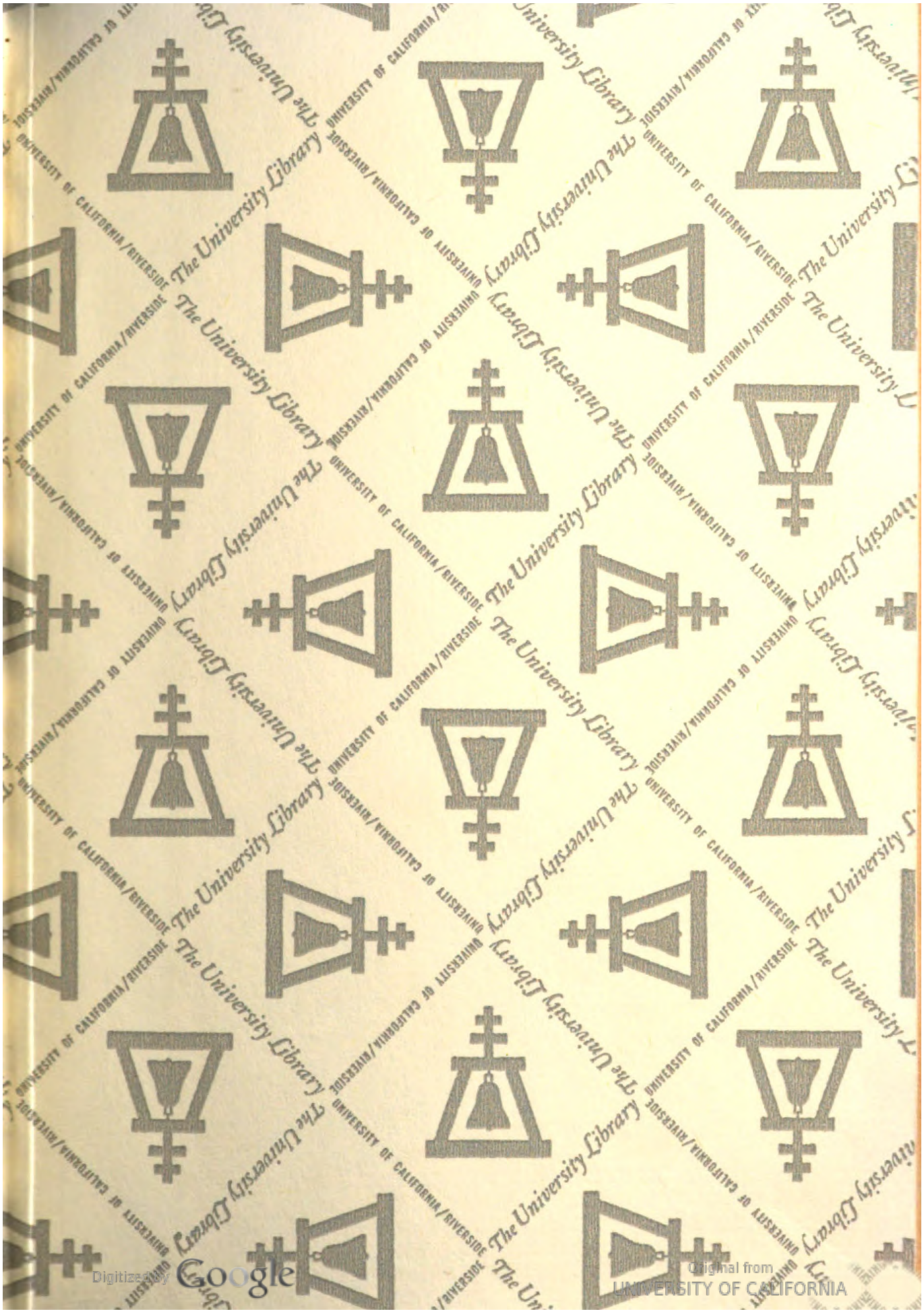

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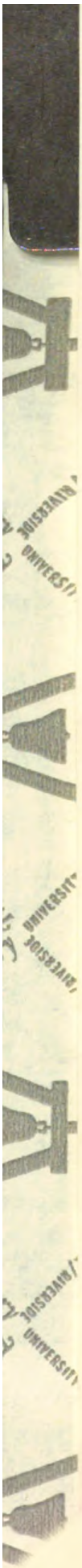

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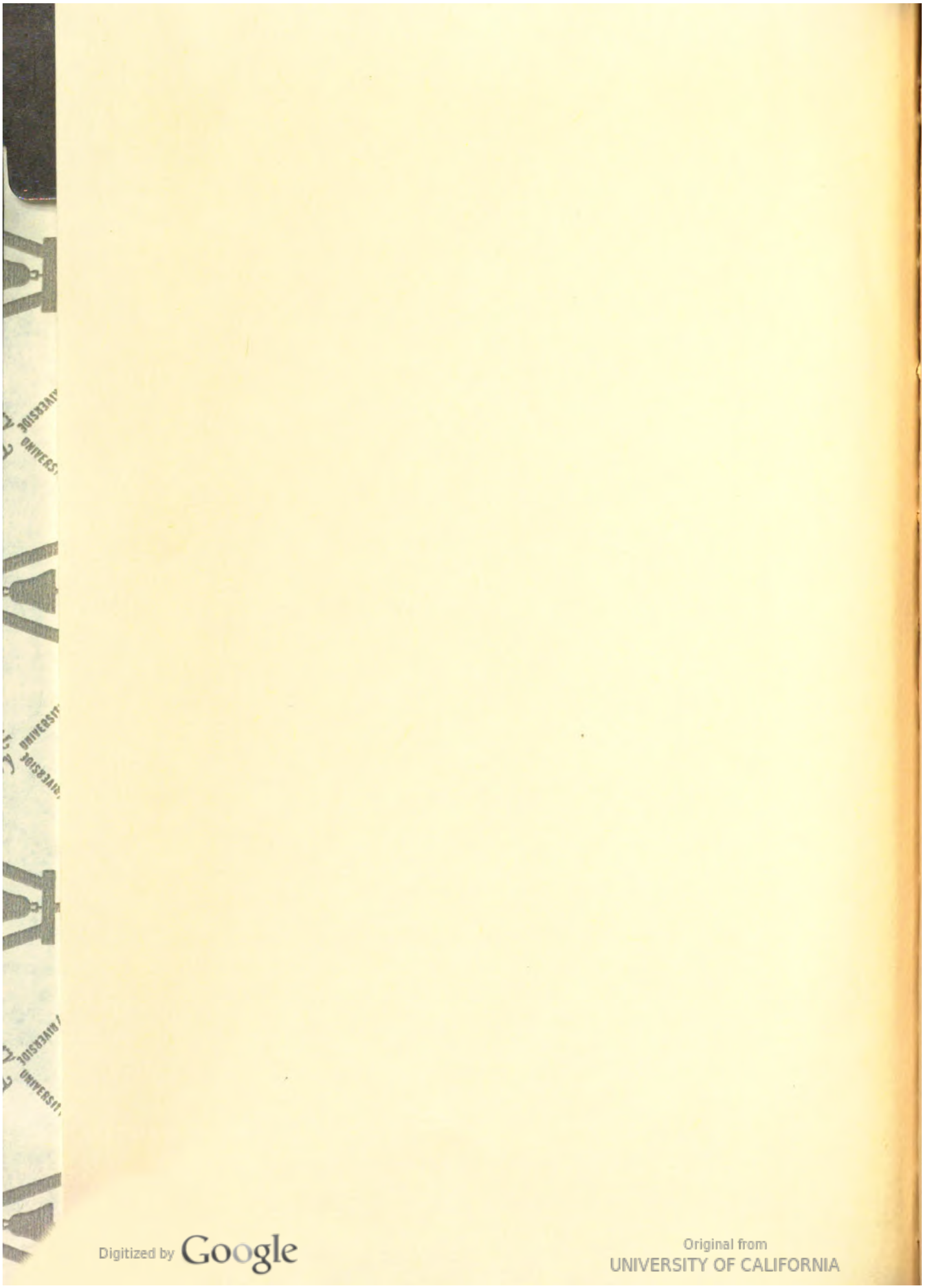

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See "The City of Homes"

THE CHURCH PARADE, RITTENHOUSE SQUARE.

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THE CITY OF HOMES.

BY CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS.

FOR at least two generations in the past, and for as many probably in the future, Philadelphia must essentially be regarded as two distinct and separate towns. Politically there is but one, but from all other stand-points the two towns of which I speak might as well be grouped about the north and south poles. And yet the gulf which separates these two places is but a fairly wide thoroughfare—Market Street it is called.

On one side lies the new town of Philadelphia, with its wide avenues, magnificent homes—generous and modern in its every outline. On the other quite peacefully rests the old town of Philadelphia, with narrow streets, old brick houses, and shrouded in the conservatism which gave the city its individuality two hundred years ago. The new town has the money and progression of a modern Western city, with the boom still on. Its men are ambitious, and spend their money alike on trolleys and cables and new club-houses. But old Philadelphia does not fancy rapid transit. It prefers walking, or an occasional ride on the horse-car. If it has thrown aside the shad-belly coat and the wide-brimmed hat of its Quaker ancestors, it cannot altogether free itself from the blood which ran through the splendid men who once wore these quaint clothes.

One of the oldest houses in this country is on the Bourne Road, just outside of Buzzard's Bay, in Massachusetts. No one would ever suspect that it was built away back in the seventeenth century, because it has a new shingled roof and freshly plastered walls. But the frame stands just as it was built. The rafters are as hard and sound as marble, which perhaps shows that old things are sometimes the best, and that our forefathers had a certain knowledge which the age of telephones and trolleys could not improve.

That is, at least, what the people of this old town think. All Philadelphians have a strong feeling for their home—those who live north of the dividing-line take a pride in their city, those who live south of the line love it. I have neither the ambition nor the purpose to become the Baedeker here of this huge consolidated city, or to specify the details in which its energy and intelligence have made themselves felt. I cannot catalogue its countless manufactories, its free training-schools in art, in the industrial arts, and in music, its academies of natural and applied sciences, its public and historical libraries, its magnificent charities (based on the Quaker principle of helping men to help themselves), and its noble university, which is the centre of the scholarly and educational life of the town.

In these high salient features it bears a family likeness to the three other American cities of the first rank, and competes with them in the public eye with more or less success.

But I only wish here to hint at certain peculiar little traits—idiosyncrasies—in which the old town differs from any other American city. It is these homely oddities which make her dear to her sons and obnoxious to her enemies, and which after all have given her individual character in the world.

First of these is her calm, leisurely temper.

It would be folly to deny that the quiet life of the Quaker City has been a source of much material for the comic writers of our plays and newspapers, and it is equally true that the editors of Philadelphia never seem to tire of resenting these insinuations. They prepare long lists of

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Philadelphia industries, and try to assure the world that their city is a great and always increasing commercial centre. Their defence, it seems to me, if they feel called upon to make one, lies in the fact that they discovered how to live before nine-

OWEN WISTER.

tenths of the cities in America were built, and have stuck to that mode of life ever since. The restful peace which pervades the old city, and which causes the paragraphers so much amusement, is, after all, its first virtue.

A stranger once said to a native of an old New England whaling town, "It takes a great many hours to make the day in this place." The native answered, "That is as we would have it."

It is true that the progressive spirit of the new town has made itself felt in the old—that is, it has seen fit to carry its business projects into its neighbor's country, and erect red trolley poles on the most exclusive streets of the most exclusive city of this country, on all of which the old inhabitants look with ill-disguised resentment and absolute sorrow. To have trolleys on their revered Walnut Street is like introducing sorbet between the two courses of a farmer's dinner.

It is not for me to defend the beauty of the sombre mantle of the old town against the brave trappings of the new. Both, no doubt, have their merits and their demerits; but on one point there can be no possible doubt—each community is perfectly satisfied with itself and its place of residence.

London is a very old town, and has probably contributed more men who make the history of modern civilization good reading than any other now existing. And yet what man or woman, on a first visit to the English metropolis, has not been struck by the simplicity of the Londoner's mode of life and the absolute primitiveness of the city's methods? It is a conceded fact that the Englishman has reduced the art of living to a finer point than any one of his contemporaries; and it is also a fact that the old Philadelphia resembles London in more ways than any other of our American cities.

The likeness to the English town in Philadelphia exists, first of all, in the conservative society, a society so exclusive as to amount to almost an aristocracy. It exists in the endless rows of staid and sombre dwelling-houses, in the gentlemen's love for out-of-door sports, in the Quaker's devotion to simplicity, the primitive ways of his forefathers, and, above all, in his regard for precedent. It is to be presumed that the first ambition of the modern aggressive man is the accumulation of wealth; but money, after all, can bring naught else to the well-balanced mind than a quiet contentment among one's friends, and this is what the good Philadelphian claims to have found years ago. In art and letters he has kept pace with modern times, but his growth has been an unostentatious one. The money gained has been spent on building up the interior of the houses—not on "fronts."

When the Philadelphian returns from New York, with its avenues lined with magnificent homes, or from Chicago, with its palaces, he is impressed just as much as is the stranger with the narrow streets

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and the low brick dwellings of his own home. But to one who is part of this city, who knows all that its life can give him, there is something in its atmosphere which makes him love it with all its outward faults. He is content with its brick-walled lanes and its jangling horse-cars. He has a distinct affection for the cobble-stoned streets and the green grass of Rittenhouse Square, where all the good Philadelphia babies get their first airing, and later take their maiden lessons in provincial French from their white-capped *bonnes*.

Here is an important spot for the old Philadelphian born and bred. A very ordinary park is Rittenhouse Square, and its importance is due no doubt to its situation, which is, indeed, of the best. On its four sides are the favored sites of the town, and it lies just in the centre of old Philadelphia. It is here that the young mothers wheel their first-born in blue-ribboned carriages, or send them with their nurses. It is here that the Biddles and Cadwalladers and all the rest have skipped rope and ridden three-wheeled velocipedes. It is here that the young men sit in long rows of a Sunday morning and wait for Holy Trinity to open its doors and turn out its large faction of the church parade. It is here that the fair young women of Philadelphia may be seen any bright afternoon talking among themselves, or to young men who come over from the Rittenhouse Club, which is just across the way, or to other young men who have taken a short or a long cut, as the case might be, to the square on the way home from their offices

A NORTH BROAD STREET MANSION.

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downtown. It is here that young men meet the young women they think most of, that husbands meet their wives, and sometimes the wives of other men. Rittenhouse Square is a stage on which nearly all of the old Philadelphians have played some of their most important parts.

The church parade to which I have just referred is in a measure identified with Rittenhouse Square, for it is here that it may be seen at its best, and where the men and women who take part in this social function stop for a moment's rest and become mere lookers-on at this unusual procession. At noon on Sunday morning the services in the various churches about the square are ended, and the congregation with one accord direct their steps to Walnut Street. The parade is confined to the south pavement, and extends from Fourteenth Street to Nineteenth. In these five short blocks the conservative society of old Philadelphia puts itself in evidence. It comes prepared to see and be seen, and it makes up with much care for the spectacle. It jostles and crowds itself up and down the narrow pavement in a very serious and dignified manner, as befits its high social standing and the day.

AGNES REPPLIER.

On the north side of Rittenhouse Square the pavement is hardly ten feet wide, and it is lined on either side with velvety grass and high, spreading trees. Under the overhanging branches there is a congested mass of fair girls and women in their best frocks, and men in their more sombre clothes. It is a very fine and a very beautiful crowd to see, and its equal probably only exists in Hyde Park on a warm July afternoon. But this gathering is interesting not only collectively but individually, for every one in it knows every one else. It is composed practically of one class of society, and a fairly well-known man could walk the entire five blocks without having an opportunity of putting his hat on his head. It is one of the unwritten laws of the Quaker City that these people shall occupy this street at this particular time, and although there are no gates to shut out the rest of the world, the interloper is about as conspicuous as a cigarette-girl would be at a Claremont tea.

In writing of old Philadelphia one naturally turns first to the social side of its life, for it is in this that the good citizen takes his particular pride. It is true that the town has lost much of its shipping interests, and that New York and Chicago have far outrun it in the race for population, but the social prestige of the place is just as great as it was in the days of Mrs. Rush.

In one particular, at least, Philadelphia society occupies an almost unique position in this country. This peculiarity is its absolute disregard for money. The man with a long rent-roll is no more favored than the clerk who is dependent on his small salary in a downtown office; the girl who has to make her own ball dresses receives just as much attention as her social sister who buys hers in Paris, and it is a fact that the man who marries a rich girl in the Quaker City is usually regarded with severe suspicion. Philadelphia society is formed on a basis

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of Philadelphia birth, and it has not very much regard for anything else. A man who boasts of a grandfather born in the Quaker City, according to the notions of this old society, is considerably more of a person than another man who can trace his family back ten generations in any other State. A young Philadelphia matron to my knowledge had to choose as a guest for dinner between a commonplace girl with a long Philadelphia pedigree and a very bright and amusing girl who had a perfectly secure position in New York. Without a moment's hesitation the hostess chose the commonplace Philadelphian, and she did it with the full knowledge that by so doing she would give the greater satisfaction to her guests, who all happened to be from her own city. I simply state this to show that Philadelphians above all else love their own, and to be born and bred in their city is the highest honor which they recognize. So far as the usual social functions are concerned, those of Philadelphia do not differ very materially from those of other cities, except in the fact that the débutantes form the axle about which the social circle revolves. From two to three years is the usually allotted time in which a girl plays an active part in Philadelphia society. Then she generally has a very expensive wedding, and retires to an inexpensive married existence on Locust Street. Almost every city has its Brides' Row, and in this respect Philadelphia is no exception. The only difference is that the houses on Locust Street are probably smaller than any other brides' houses in the world, and show an architectural variety in their fronts which makes the castles of Chicago's North Side drive appear absolutely plain. In proof of this it is only necessary to state the case of one house. This particular dwelling is sixteen feet wide, and has two bay-windows so close together that the happy occupant can sit between the two and put one leg in each.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL.

The Philadelphia assemblies are perhaps more widely known, and have certainly been more written about since they were first instituted, than any other series of dances given in this country. Their fame and continued prestige are due entirely to their exclusiveness. There are dances given every year in Philadelphia perhaps more brilliant and certainly more interesting than the assemblies; but in no way can they usurp the place of these two annual gatherings. To be included in the assembly list simply means to be a component part of old Philadelphia society, and this distinction is one of which the assembly-goer never tires. The holder of a card to these dances does not go to them because he could not have a better time somewhere else, but because, to the rest of Philadelphia at least, it at once proclaims his standing in the community.

It would never occur to the stranger who visits a New England farm-house to doubt that his host and hostess had not been properly married, and yet the highly embossed marriage certificate is as common in the New England farmer's parlor as the hair-cloth sofa over which it hangs. The old Philadelphian has the same love for ocular evidence as to his respectability, and any one who visits his home a

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CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

week after the invitations to the assemblies have been issued, will find these precious bits of pasteboard as prominently displayed as if they had been the handiwork of a Vandyck. These invitations have no exact commercial value, although some idea of the regard in which they are held may be formed from the fact that as much as $50,000 has been indirectly offered for one.

In its regard for literature, and for those of the literary world, Philadelphia has been rather fickle. Fifty years ago it was the literary centre of this country. Thirty years later, when the late Mr. George H. Boker discussed the possibility of his bringing out a book of poems, a number of his friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose, giving as a reason that it would injure his social position. Ten years ago Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, in writing of Philadelphia, said, "The lighter enjoyments only are sought, and conversation runs principally on personal matters, parties, dress, and the theatre, with hardly a tinge of current reading."

More recently Miss Agnes Repplier paid a visit to Boston, where she received the courtesy to which her work had entitled her. A Boston woman, who had entertained the Philadelphia writer, was a guest a few weeks later at a luncheon given in the Quaker City. In an endeavor to please her Philadelphia friends, the Boston woman spoke of Miss Repplier's great success, but the twelve women at the luncheon had never heard of their distinguished townswoman.

But now all that is changed, and the Quaker City is charged with literary ozone. Any twelve women could now discuss Miss Repplier intelligently, and Mr. Lathrop could no longer accuse the Philadelphians of ignoring intellectual topics in their casual conversations. Whether this literary wave which has swept over the city arose from the sudden and unmistakable talent shown by several members of the younger generation, or whether this coterie of clever writers was simply tossed into notice by the wave, it would be difficult to say. The applause given to this new generation of authors is, however, something of a novelty, for Philadelphia has always been the home of a fair quota of this country's literary lights, albeit they heretofore have had to seek their reward outside their city's gates.

For many years the men who wrote in Philadelphia made no effort to come together, and were as little known to each other as they were to the rest of their fellow-townsmen. It is due to the younger generation that the Philadelphia authors, young and old, are now bonded together for their own and the town's good. The Pegasus Club, numbering among its members such men as S. Weir Mitchell, Owen Wister, Charles L. Moore, Harrison S. Morris, and Francis Howard Williams, began its career some ten years ago, and it was perhaps from the enthusiasm and earnestness of their little gatherings that the greater literary clubs of Philadelphia were inspired. Certain it is that in looking over the directors of the clubs

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of the present day the names of the members of the Pegasus appear with a remarkable frequency.

The Penn Club is an organization of thinking cultured men of every profession, who meet informally, except when they receive distinguished guests. It is through this club that Philadelphia gives the right hand of fellowship to men who have done good work in the world.

The Browning Club was the first literary society of recent date to gain a strong hold in Philadelphia. Beginning as a woman's club in a small way, it now numbers six hundred members, and its success has increased with each succeeding year. Some time ago it gave up the idea of devoting its entire effort to Browning, and has increased the extent of its usefulness by making its end the desire to help good literature before the public.

The Contemporary Club, whose real success is of but a comparatively recent date, is rather more fashionable, and its monthly meetings are perhaps even more largely attended than those of the Browning Club. Formed on the lines of the Nineteenth Century Club in New York, it invites various men and women whose opinion is worth having to speak on given subjects. After the address of the evening, the subject is taken up and debated by any member who either wishes to agree or disagree with the original speaker's views. When the club was first started, men and women of note from other cities were asked to speak, but of late the debates have been, as a rule, left to Philadelphians.

The New Century Club has been more serious and practical in its aims than its contemporaries. In addition to its regular meetings and lectures it has erected a branch known as the Working-Girls' Guild of the New Century Club, which was the first association of working-women in this country. It was founded by Mrs. Eliza S. Turner, to whom, by-the-way, first came the idea of rescue for children during the dog-days—an idea which grew into "The Country Week" method in Philadelphia, and the Fresh-Air Fund, etc., elsewhere. The young women who are members of the Working-Women's

A RESIDENCE IN NEW PHILADELPHIA.

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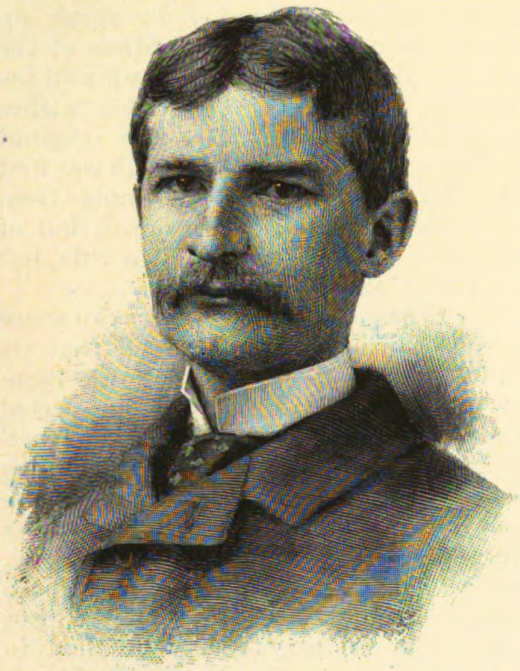

HARRISON S. MORRIS.

Guild Club, who have the time and the means at their disposal, have devoted both to showing their sister members of the guild, who have neither, that there is something in good literature and in good art, and that a week is not necessarily composed of six days behind a counter and one over a Sunday newspaper.

To Dr. William Pepper, provost of the University of Pennsylvania, is due the credit of founding the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching. It is modelled after the English university extension societies. The idea is practically that of a bureau for supplying lecturers who are equipped to speak on any literary or scientific subject. The central office is in Philadelphia, and the course of lectures given under its supervision is a very exhaustive one. Any association can procure lecturers from the staff of the society for as many lectures and on as many subjects as they choose, and in this way the influence of the main society has extended over many States. In addition to the professors from the University of Pennsylvania and other scholars of the Quaker City, the society has brought over a number of distinguished men from England to deliver lectures for them.

Beside those already named there are many other literary clubs in Philadelphia which have but recently sprung into existence. There are "Current-Event" and "Open-Question" classes and "Afternoon Readings" by the score, and so great and fashionable now is the desire for intellectual development that the itinerant lecturer of a most modest talent can usually muster a goodly audience.

In a magazine article it is very difficult to speak at any length of the men and women who are responsible for this new literary life in Philadelphia. Indeed, it is impossible even to mention all of their names.

For many years Dr. Horace Howard Furness has stood at the head of the world of letters in Philadelphia, and his position has always been beyond the disturbing influences of any change in the taste of the public for or against things intellectual. In this country as in Europe he is to-day the first authority on the plays of England's greatest poet. Concerning his work there can be but one regret—which must be shared alike by the public and the author of the variorum Shakespeare—the inability of any one man to complete the task so nobly begun by him. The place which Dr. Furness occupies

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

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in Philadelphia can only be likened to that left vacant by Longfellow in Boston, a place so unlike all others that even to this day it remains unfilled. Dr. William H. Furness, the father of the Shakespearian scholar, is to-day, as he has been for years, one of the central figures in the social and literary world of the Quaker City, although New England, where he won his greatest honors, is still eager to claim him for her own. The literary talent of the family has now descended to the third generation, and Dr. Furness's son, Horace Howard Furness, Jun., seems destined, if his earliest work can be taken as a criterion, to carry on the name in the world of letters. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell is another member of old Philadelphia society who has found time outside of his professional and social duties to leave for posterity the benefits of a wide experience and a strong individuality. To this older set of writers belong Henry C. Lea the historian, Joseph G. Rosengarten, John Foster Kirk, and his wife Ellen Olney Kirk, whose reputations were all established before the late literary era.

DREXEL INSTITUTE.

Of the men whose fame is of a more recent date the name of Mr. Talcott Williams is perhaps more closely allied with Philadelphia than any other. Mr. Williams is known to the world as an editorial writer and an occasional contributor to the magazines, but at home his reputation rests largely on his ability as a talker of unusual interest. Mr. Williams's knowledge is probably more diverse and encyclopædic than anything Philadelphia has ever known, and so great is his knowledge of facts that he is practically recognized as a specialist on all known subjects. A gentleman who belonged to a dining-club of which Mr. Williams was also a member, on one occasion became somewhat piqued at the editor's universal

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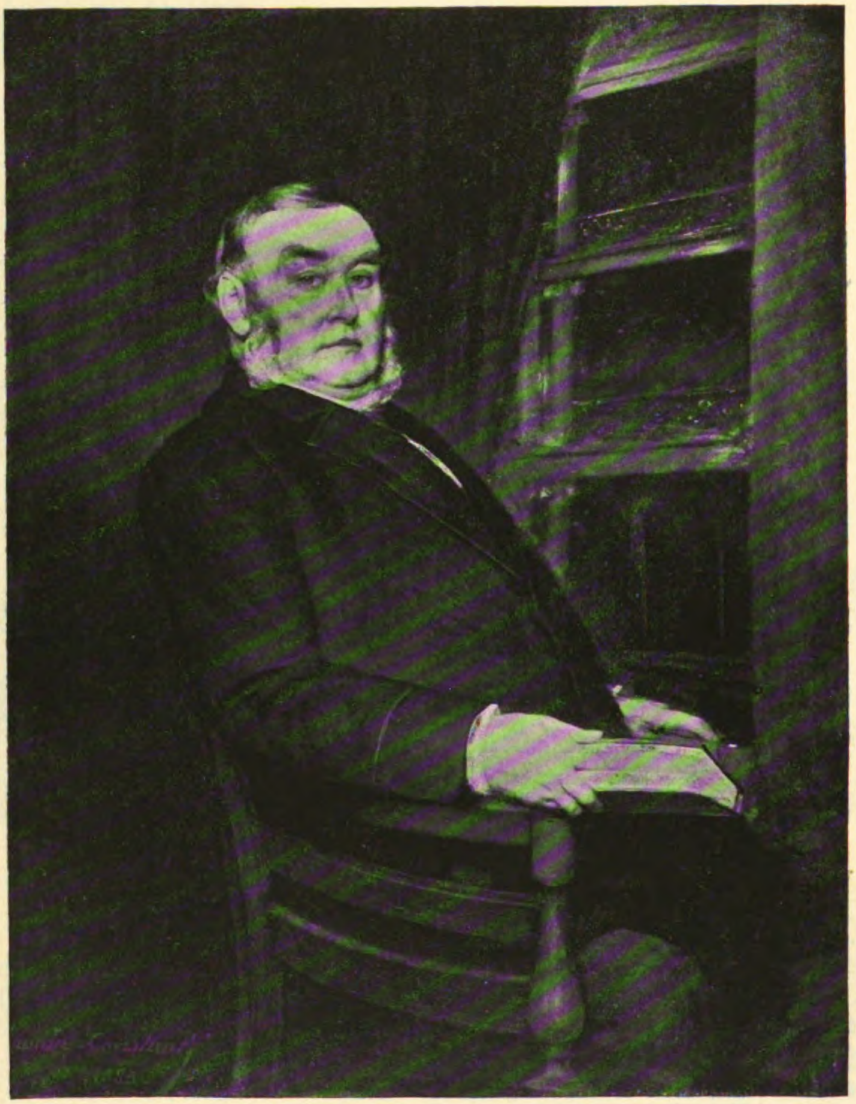
knowledge, and decided to find one subject of which the latter was ignorant. He remembered having read in an obscure book in his early youth of a peculiar kind of grass which grew in a small river in South America. Before the next club dinner he got down his book and looked up the facts about the grass; then he went to the dinner prepared to tell Mr. Williams something he did not already know. After some difficulty the grass question was introduced, and the gentleman told all he had learned from the obscure book. Mr. Williams listened with much interest until he had finished, and then proceeded to explain to the guests why this grass was peculiar, adding many and various interesting facts concerning the river, the natives who inhabited its banks, and the adjoining country.

Mr. Charles Leonard Moore has won a high place among our poets almost in spite of himself, for no man has done more to hide himself from the public than has Mr. Moore. He lives very quietly in West Philadelphia, away from the bustle of the city and from the circle which for its own glory would be too eager to thrust him into prominence. But the mountain has gone to Mahomet, and there are few homes in Philadelphia where there is brighter and better talk



GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.

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than in Mr. Moore's home across the river from the now all-literary Quaker City. Mr. Moore is not the only intellectual light in West Philadelphia, for the honor is shared by that clever essayist Miss Agnes Repplier, who after years of hard work at last made its value patent to the great reading public. Miss Repplier has played a very important part in the new literary clubs of Philadelphia, which is a fortunate thing for the city, because she is one of the few women who talk as well as they write.

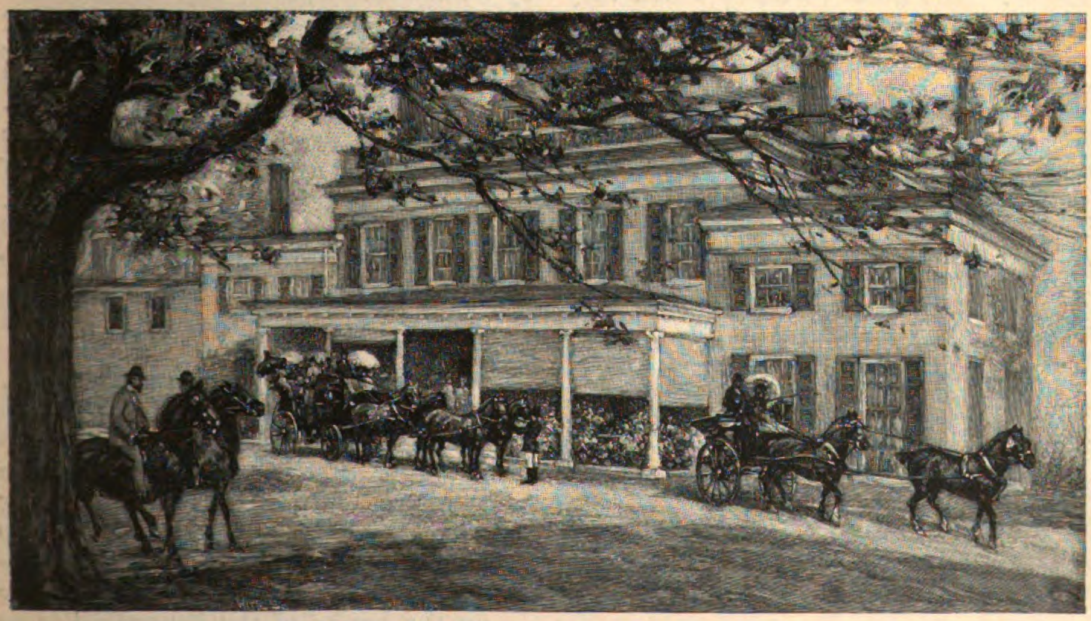
In these clubs no one has been more aggressive than Mr. Harrison S. Morris. Exactly what Philadelphia owes to this young man it would be rather hard to compute, for in addition to his clever verse he has done much to give practical expression through the new literary clubs to the intellectual energy so recently developed. He, like the young editor E. W. Bok, is one of a class who have the best interest of the city at heart—that is, a class who wish to see Philadelphia a great centre of art and music and literature, and who are putting forth their best endeavor for this end.

Among the men and women who give to the old city its distinction as a home for scholars whose reputation is national are Dr. Charles J. Stillé, Dr. Morris Jastrow, Jun., Dr. Louis Starr, Dr. H. C. Wood, Dr. D. G. Brinton, Professor MacMasters, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, the foremost Egyptologist in this country, Felix E. Schelling, and Richard M. Jones, one of the most thorough educators in America.

Among the well-known authors of Philadelphia are Anne K. Wharton, Frank Lee Benedict, the novelist, Mrs. Annis W. Wister, whose fingers have created a soul under the ribs of many a dead German novel in its translation to the world of English letters, and her nephew, Mr. Owen Wister, well known as a composer, but who is now coming to the front as a writer of extremely clever stories of Western life. Foremost among the younger men are John Ingham, the poet, Langdon Mitchell, poet and playwright, and Professor Henry S. Pancoast, whose recent work on English literature has achieved such solid success.

Louise Stockton holds a unique place among American writers. Her stories have a morbid escaping flavor like that of long-buried wine. By right of her poetic genius and other natural magnetisms, Mrs. Florence Earle Coates holds a high place in this group.

Among the Philadelphians who have emigrated from their native city are E. A. Abbey, A. B. Frost, Frank Stockton, and Richard Harding Davis. But so many are the authors and artists who remain, and so earnest is their endeavor, that whenever New York or death again snatches one of them away from Phila-



THE COUNTRY CLUB.

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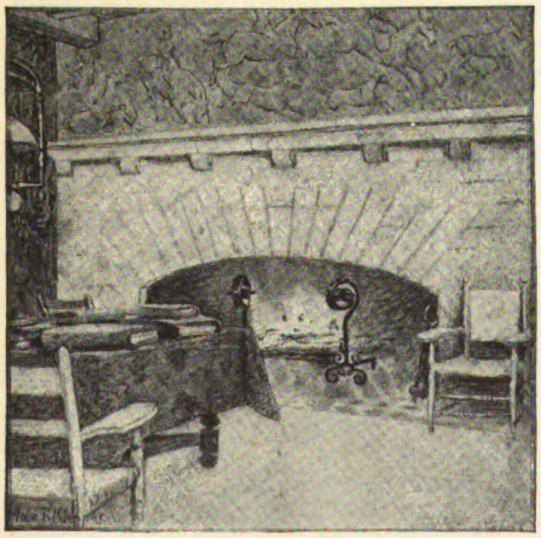
delphia, she can say with King Harry when Percy fell,

> "I have within my realm
> Five hundred good as he."

The Quaker's preference for science and the teaching of trades to the study of letters and art is still very manifest, and to the world at large Philadelphia is best known as the home of many of our scientific men and the centre of our technical schools. The latest addition to the latter, the Drexel Institute, will hereafter command an important place in the history of Philadelphia, not only for the success which may attend its teachings, but as a lasting monument to its founder. Of the many philanthropic schemes brought to a successful completion by the late Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, this institution will add the greatest lustre to his memory. The Drexel Institute was founded after years of thought and investigation, for the benefit of young men and women who desired a thorough education in the technical trades. Its scope is as broad and charitable as was the life of its founder, who lived but to see the first fruits of his labors. In this as in nearly all of the charitable work of Mr. Drexel, his life-long friend Mr. George W. Childs was closely interested. No history of the modern Philadelphia could be complete without a tribute, however unworthy, to the lives of these two men, who must always rank among its best citizens and stanchest friends. The great fortunes which they accumulated were largely spent in the broadest schemes of philanthropy, and the effect of their work has been patent not only in their own homes, but throughout the English-speaking world.



IN THE HOUSE OF THE RADNOR HUNT CLUB.

Although Philadelphia prides itself upon being the home of the oldest known club, it is not essentially a club town—that is, in the sense that London and New York are. It is true that a certain number of bachelors in Philadelphia regard their club as their home, but it is also true that for the better part of the day the rooms of such representative clubs as the Philadelphia and Rittenhouse are practically deserted, which shows perhaps as well as anything else that the leisure class of Philadelphia is a very limited one. Even the young men with independent incomes generally have an office downtown, where they go for a few hours every day to read their newspapers and write their letters. As a matter of fact, Poor Richard's city has never looked leniently on the rich idler. The small non-working class has the same partiality for the Philadelphia Club which it has always had, and the historic institution to-day occupies just the same site in lower Walnut Street, and the same reputation for its almost Southern hospitality which it has always enjoyed. Further up the street, just across from the square, is the Rittenhouse Club, where the members usually represent the younger element of old Philadelphia society. This club, inspired by its continued prosperity, several years since bought the property adjoining the old club-house, and turned the two houses into one. The original house was of marble, while the new acquisition was of brownstone, and the fact that the front of this, one of the first club-houses in Philadelphia, is still half of one stone and half of the other, throws some light on the indifference of Quaker stock for external display. The most unique and the most interesting of the Philadelphia clubs is the State in Schuylkill, without doubt the oldest club in the world that can boast of a continuous existence. There are but twenty-five members, and their object is cooking and eating. Although they have been forced to move from the original club-house, their present home on the banks of the Schuylkill is as homely and picturesquely beautiful as

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A MEET OF THE RADNOR HUNT CLUB.

any house in the beautiful State of Pennsylvania. A certain number of young men who are on the club's waiting list, and who are known as apprentices, assist in the cooking, wait on the regular members, and perform other menial services, which in time fits them to become full-fledged cooks and club members.

The Radnor Hunt Club is now the headquarters for the hunting set of Philadelphia. It is fair to say that the success of any hunt club depends largely on its similarity to the English article, and in this particular the Radnor Club seems to have been most fortunate. Not only are their grounds and buildings very reminiscent of those of the old country, but even the splendid pack of Belvoir hounds from the Duke of Rutland's place seems to thrive and increase better here than at any of the other American hunt clubs. Of course the hunting season is very limited, but the members use the club-house as a meeting-place throughout the entire year.

Of the many new clubs, the Philadelphia Country Club has probably met with more success than its contemporaries. Its scope has been a very broad one, and besides the adornment of its beautiful house and very extensive grounds, which are much affected by the women-folk of Philadelphia, it has gone in for pony-racing, golf, and polo to a very considerable extent. The club is at its very best on a warm afternoon in the spring or early summer. There is always a crowd about the polo field watching the ponies scampering madly about the broad green enclosure, and still another little party following the golf-players on the long journey of the links. The broad porches of the club-house are filled with smartly dressed women, and under the shade trees on the lawns are little groups gathered about small tables with tea-cups and long thin glasses on them. In the front of the house are the club gardens and the long drive, filled with an unending line of carts and traps of all

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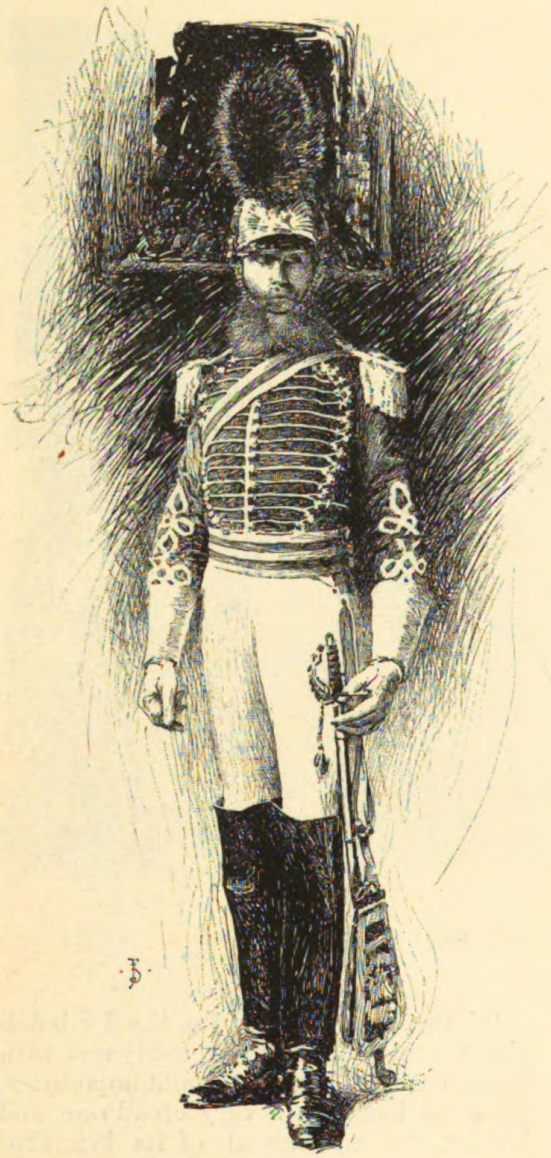

CAPTAIN JOSEPH LAPSLEY WILSON, OF THE FIRST CITY TROOP.

sorts, and about five o'clock the four-in-hands wind their way up from the main road and give their passengers a chance to refresh themselves, and their horses a short rest before the last stretch into the city. The Country Club is either very restful and bucolic, or very athletic and exciting, just as one chooses to take it. It can be used for a summer house, or as a half-way house on an afternoon's drive, but from any stand-point it is a very pleasant place for the stranger, for he will see the older society of Philadelphia, and he will see it in its moments of ease and when it is at its best.

The First City Troop of Philadelphia should in a measure be ranked among the city's clubs. It is the smart military organization of the town, and has many and sundry claims to distinction. In the first place, it was Washington's body-guard, and is therefore usually chosen to escort our successive Presidents on their triumphal processions through the streets of Washington on Inauguration day. The uniform of dark blue coats with silver facings, tightly fitting trousers, high boots, and bear-tail helmets is probably the most picturesque of all the uniforms worn by our soldiers. No one has ever seen this crack cavalry company in full array, with their helmets and sabres flashing in the sun, and listened to the beat of their horses' hoofs, without feeling that their ideal of a soldier has been very nearly realized.

The Troop, owing to the number of old Philadelphians included in its ranks, is very much of a social organization, and when it is not subduing strikers or engaged in other warlike employment, it gives an occasional dance or a race-meeting. Once every year the Troop goes into camp. Then the young men lay aside their bear-tail helmets and spend a large part of the day in a pair of trousers and a flannel shirt in the highly unpleasant task of grooming horses, digging ditches, and other menial duties, which are, nevertheless, absolutely necessary in every well-regulated camp. For one week they forego the pleasures of a spring mattress for a narrow cot, and the luxury of an arm-chair in the Rittenhouse Club for the limited confines of a camp-stool. But be it said to their credit, and the credit of their fathers, who were troopers before them, that they regard this week of toil as the pleasantest of the year, and prefer to spend their annual vacation in this wise rather than on the broad restful piazza of a summer hotel.

Certainly in his love of sport the Philadelphian shows most clearly his similarity to his English cousin. An English boy after he enters his teens is taught Latin and cricket, and while there may be some doubt as to whether the Philadelphian becomes as proficient in the former as the Englishman, there can be no question as to his efforts to successfully master the latter. There are more

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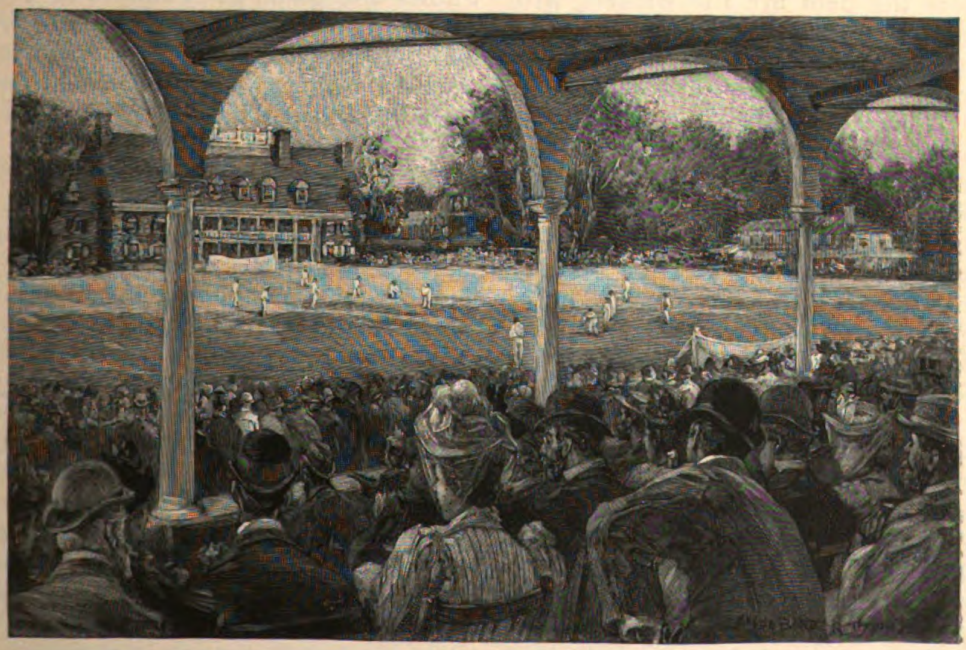
good cricket clubs in the Quaker City than in all the other cities of this country put together, and it is only there that a team from England or its colonies can look for a great attendance and a close game. Exactly why this is so it would be difficult to say, unless it is that the game, the best of all men's games, is unquestionably a slow one, and appeals to the leisurely methods of the Quakers. If any one wishes to test the Philadelphian's love for this game, it is only necessary for him to journey out to any of the numerous club grounds in the neighborhood of the city and see over a hundred men and boys practising bowling and batting. The word "practising" is used here advisedly, for not one out of every ten players ever gets an opportunity to try his skill in a first-class match.

In looking over the lists of teams which have represented Philadelphia for the last forty years one will find in them a striking repetition of the surnames, and it is unquestionably true that it is to the fathers who have brought their children up in the faith that the success of cricket in Philadelphia is due. It was said at one time that an entire cricket eleven, and a very good eleven at that, could be made up out of the Newhall family. So enthusiastic have they always been on the subject that one of its members gave his child a cricket bat as its first plaything. History does not state whether the nurse or the crib suffered the most, but the child will unquestionably be heard from later on as a fine cricketer.

But for continued prosperity in cricket, as in all things, there must be a prize—a reward that all may covet. In Philadelphia cricket the prize is a place on the eleven which is to uphold the honor of the town against an opposing English or Australian team of players. There is a committee formed from the different clubs, and each member of the committee urges the particular players from his own club, and, after much debating, an eleven is chosen; and on the night when the eleven names are announced there is a great deal of joy and a great deal of sorrow in the cricketing homes of Philadelphia.

When the day of the match arrives, the men close down their desks and the women forego their household and social duties, and all turn their steps towards the grounds of the club fortunate enough to have secured the sporting event of the year.

To the lover of this old game there is something about a cricket field which gives him certain sensations of pleasure not exactly akin to anything else. Before him lies the great stretch of velvet lawn, not just like other lawns, because it brings back to him former times, when



MANHEIM CRICKET GROUNDS.

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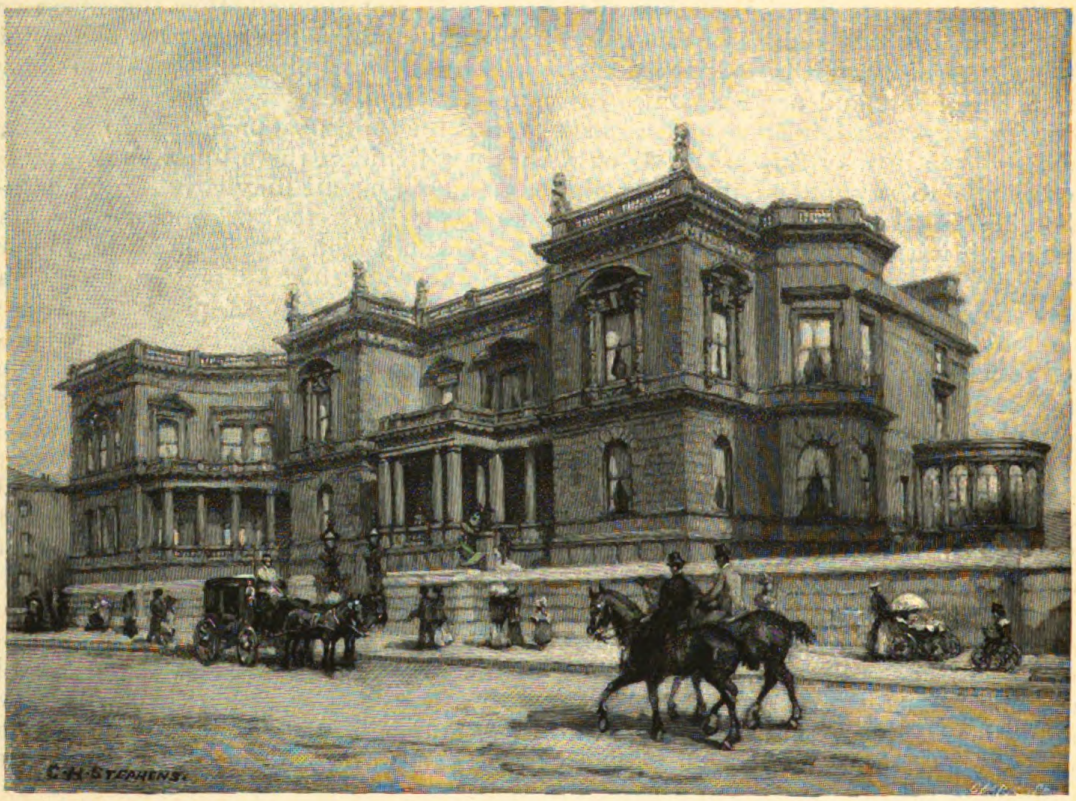

A RESIDENCE IN NORTH BROAD STREET.

he or his children have fought out memorable battles, in which they won a great victory or suffered an honorable defeat, because cricket is a gentleman's game, and even defeat is honorable. In the centre of the field are the wickets, with their brass caps and varnished sides shining in the sun defiantly at the opposing bowler, who is trying so hard to destroy their symmetry.

Dotted about the field are the umpires, in their historic linen dusters, and the thirteen athletes in their white flannels, slouch hats, and colored scarfs, with their skin browned, and all as active as years of hard practice can make them, and keen as men can be to win a name in the cricket history of the town which has trusted its honor to their prowess. On three sides of the roped arena sit perhaps, after all, the true lovers of the game. These are the young men from the downtown offices, whose knowledge of the players is largely through the newspapers, but who all cheer them on with a proficient use of their pet names; and there, too, are the mill men, who come with their wives and children, with their lunch in their baskets. They generally know nothing of the local players, because they come from the home of the great game, and only designate the players from abroad as the "Notts" or the "Surrey" men. But this part of the onlookers knows the game as it should be played, and it is but seldom that they can be induced to remove their pipes and make a remark, which, being translated, would probably mean "played," or "well cut, sir."

On the fourth side of the field are the club-house and the grand stand. The occupants of the former are exclusive, and thoroughly appreciate their high privileges. They are generally elderly men, fathers or grandfathers of the players. They are very reminiscent and very hopeful, that is, until their own boys go to the bat, and then they forget the other old men about them, and concentrate their attention on the pride of the house, and their entire hatred of mankind on the opposing bowler. No one ever knows what becomes of the fathers of the unsuccessful players; but when the son has piled up a large score, the father is always modest, but much in evidence. He has lived over again the best years of his

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own life, and if he takes the victory as his own, there will be very few to gainsay it. But the prettiest part of it all is the long grand stand with its rows upon rows of fair girls and young women, all dressed in their bravest clothes, and all there to do honor to the young men with the white flannels. At the cricket match one sees the same people as at the opera. The only difference is that in the former case there is the beauty of the open-air scene about them and the tinge of the October day in their faces. They come for all day, and at noon break up into little groups and lunch on sandwiches and champagne, while the cricketers, as all good athletes should, eat roast beef and drink ale out of pewter mugs in the club-house. The international cricket matches are to Philadelphia what the Horse Show is to New York in bringing people together in the fall, and there is much said of the past summer and the coming winter. It is unlike the Horse Show, however, in the fact that there are many girls who give their entire attention to the entertainment, and not a few keep an accurate score of the game, which any one who has tried knows to be a very wonderful and very difficult thing to do.

In Philadelphia rowing comes next to cricket in popularity, because there is no city which offers the same advantages to the man who believes in this sort of exercise. The sport is not confined to the racing set, but to men who find time to leave their offices on a summer afternoon and take a spin of several miles up the river, and return late in the evening after a fish dinner. Unlike the wooden affairs one finds along the Harlem, the club-houses that line the Schuylkill are made of stone, with broad piazzas, from which the members can look out either upon the river or the grassy slopes and broad drives of Fairmount Park.

Every clear afternoon large barges filled with young men in flannels and girls in their smartest summer clothes put out from the down-river boat-houses, and wind their way up the clear waters of the Schuylkill. When the little club-house, tucked away among the trees on the green banks of the river, has been reached, every one gets out and at once sets to work preparing for dinner. Sometimes there is a caterer, but more often the party are their own cooks, and the fame of the amateur cook of Philadelphia is as deserved and as widespread as that of its reputation for fine butter and tender chickens.

North Philadelphia, which was referred to in the early part of this article as New Philadelphia, is by far the largest and most beautiful section of Penn's city, but it is for the most part of very recent date, and it has, I believe, no history.

I can describe it generally no better than to say that it is like Chicago on a very small scale, with the important advantage that it is much cleaner. The men who have made money in North Philadelphia have, for the most part, preferred to there live out their lives, and have, with few exceptions, shown a desire to be accounted members of the society of old Philadelphia. They have built beautiful homes and great blocks of massive business houses. They have gone away from their own town and brought back all those things which give a home individuality and beauty.

There may be much that is showy and ostentatious in this new town, but its display is not of tinsel. In their homes, as in their offices and places of amusement, they have spent money with a lavish hand, and they have done it wisely.

North Broad Street has its own society and its own amusements. Theatrical companies move from the theatres of old Philadelphia to those of the new town with the knowledge that they will play to as different a community as if they had taken a railway journey of many hours. And yet the theatres may not be ten blocks apart. It is simply because they are on the opposite sides of that great dividing-line—Market Street.

Still further north of this modern city lies Kensington, the paradise of small houses, where every laboring-man is a landed proprietor and every woman the mistress of her own house. There are miles and miles of these little brick homes, encircling the old town on all sides, with their white facings and marble steps. Here is the first cause of the prosperity, the vast magnitude, and, above all, the health and happiness of this great manufacturing city, in which the skilled laborer with small pay must necessarily play so important a part. Here also is to be found the inspiration for that name which so aptly tells the secret of the Philadelphian's love for his Philadelphia—"The City of Homes."

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A KENTUCKY CARDINAL.

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN.

Part II.

VIII.

IN August the pale and delicate poetry of the Kentucky land makes itself felt as silence and repose. Still skies, still woods, still sheets of forest water, still flocks and herds, long lanes winding without the sound of a traveller through fields of the universal brooding stillness. The sun no longer blazing, but muffled in a veil of palest blue. No more black clouds rumbling and rushing up from the horizon, but a single white one brushing slowly against the zenith like the lost wing of a swan. Far beneath it, the silver-breasted hawk, using the cloud as his lordly parasol. The eagerness of spring gone, now all but incredible as having ever existed; the birds hushed and hiding; the bee, so nimble once, fallen asleep over his own cider-press in the shadow of the golden apple. From the depths of the woods may come the notes of the cuckoo; but they strike the air more and more slowly, like the clack, clack, clack of a distant wheel that is being stopped at the close of harvest. From the whirring wings of the locust there flows one long last wave of abandoned sound, passing into silence. All nature a vast sacred goblet, filling drop by drop to the brim and not to be shaken. But the stalks of the later flowers begin to be stuffed with hurrying bloom, lest they be too late; and the night-hawk rapidly mounts his stairway of flight higher and higher, higher and higher, as though he would rise above the warm white sea of atmosphere and breathe in cold ether.

Always in August my nature will go its own way and seek its own peace. I roam solitary, but never alone, over this rich pastoral land, crossing farm after farm, and keeping as best I can out of sight of the laboring or loitering negroes. For the sight of them ruins every landscape, and I shall never feel myself free till they are gone. What if they sing? The more is the pity that any human being could be happy enough to sing, so long as he was a slave in any thought or fibre of his nature.

Sometimes it is through the after-math of fat wheat-fields, where float like myriad little nets of silver gauze the webs of the crafty weavers, and where a whole world of winged small folk flit from tree-top to tree-top of the low weeds. They are all mine—these Kentucky wheat-fields. After the owner has taken from them his last sheaf, I come in and gather my harvest also—one that he did not see, and doubtless would not begrudge me—the harvest of beauty. Or I walk beside strong-smelling hemp-fields, as along the shores of softly waving emerald seas; or past the rank and file of fields of Indian-corn, which stand like armies that had gotten ready to march, but been kept waiting for further orders, until at last the soldiers had gotten tired, as the gayest will, of their yellow plumes and green ribbons, and let their big hands fall heavily down at their sides—even let the white and blue morning-glories creep over their stiff veteran legs without so much as a kick of nervousness.

This year as never before I have felt the beauty of the world. And with the new brightness in which every common scene has been apparelled there has stirred within me a need of human companionship unknown in the past. It is as if Nature had spread out her last loveliness and said: "See! You have before you now all that you can ever get from me! It is not enough. Realize this in time. I am your Mother. Love me as a child. But remember! such love can be only a little part of your life."

Therefore I have spent the month restless, on the eve of change, drawn to Nature, driven from her. In September it will be different, for then there are more things to do on my small farm, and I see people on account of my grapes and pears. My malady this August has been an idle mind—so idle that a letter from Georgiana seems its main event. This was written from the old home of Audubon on the Hudson, whither they had gone sight-seeing. It must have been to her much like a pilgrimage to a shrine. She wrote informally, telling me about the place, and enclosing a sprig of cedar from one of the trees in the yard. Her mind was evidently overflowing on the subject. It was rather pleasant to have the overflow turned my way.

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I saw Georgiana once more before her leaving. The sudden appearance of her brother and cousin, and the news that she would return with them for the summer, spurred me up to make another attempt at those Audubon drawings.

How easy it was to get them! It is what a man thinks a woman will be willing to do that she seldom does. But she made a confession. When she first found that I was a smallish student of birds, she feared I would not like Audubon, since men so often sneer at those who do in a grand way what they can do only in a poor one. I had another revelation of Georgiana's more serious nature, which is always aroused by the memory of her father. There is something beautiful and steadfast in this girl's soul. In our hemisphere vines climb round from left to right; if Georgiana loved you, she would, if bidden, reverse every law of her nature for you as completely as a vine that you had caused to twine from right to left.

Sylvia enters school the 1st of September, and Georgiana is to be at home then to see to that. How surely she drives this family before her—and with as gentle a touch as that of a slow south wind upon the clouds.

Those poor first drawings of Audubon! He succeeded; we study his early failures. The world never studies the failures of those who do not succeed in the end.

The birds are moulting. If man could only moult also—his mind once a year its errors, his heart once a year its useless passions! How fine we should all look if every August the old plumage of our natures would drop out and be blown away, and fresh quills take the vacant places! But we have one set of feathers to last us through our fourscore years and ten—one set of spotless feathers, which we are told to keep spotless through all our lives in a dirty world. If one gets broken, broken it stays; if one gets blackened, nothing will cleanse it. No doubt we shall all fly home at last, like a flock of pigeons that were once turned loose snow-white from the sky, and made to descend and fight one another and fight everything else for a poor living amid soot and mire. If then the hand of the unseen Fancier is stretched forth to draw us in, how can he possibly smite any one of us, or cast us away, because we came back to him black and blue with bruises and besmudged and bedraggled past all recognition?

IX.

To-day, the 7th of September, I made a discovery. The pair of redbirds that built in my cedar-trees last winter got duly away with the brood. Several times during summer rambles I cast my eye about, but they were not to be seen. Early this afternoon I struck out across the country toward a big sink-hole in a field two miles away. The sink itself at the bottom of the basin is a small affair, but the basin is some fifty yards in diameter, very deep, and enclosed by a fence. A series of these circular basins, at regular distances apart, runs across the country over there, suggesting the remains of ancient earth-works. The bottom had dropped out of this one, probably communicating with the many caves that are characteristic of this blue limestone formation.

Within the fence everything is an impenetrable thicket of weeds and vines—blackberry, thistle, ironweed, pokeweed, elder, golden-rod. As I drew near, I saw two or three birds dive down, with the shy way they have at this season; and when I came to the edge, everything was quiet. But I threw a stone at a point where the tangle was deep, and there was a great fluttering and scattering of the pretenders. And then occurred more than I had looked for. The stone had hardly struck the brush when what looked like a tongue of vermilion flame leaped forth near by, and darting across, stuck itself out of sight in the green vines on the opposite slope. A male and a female cardinal flew up also, balancing themselves on sprays of the blackberry, and uttering excitedly their quick call-notes. I whistled to the male as I had been used, and he recognized me by shooting up his crest and hopping to nearer twigs with louder inquiry. All at once, as if an idea had struck him, he sprang across to the spot where the first frightened male had disappeared. I could still hear him under the vines, and presently he reappeared and flew up into a locust-tree on the farther edge of the basin, followed by the other. What had taken place or took place then I do not know; but I wished he might be saying: "My son, that man over there is the one who was very good to your mother and me last winter, and who owns the tree you were born in. I have warned you, of course, never to trust Man, but I would advise you, when you

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have found your sweetheart, to give him a trial, and take her to his cedar-trees."

If he said anything like this, it certainly had a terrible effect on the son; for, having mounted rapidly to the tree-top, he clove the blue with his scarlet wings as though he were flying from death. I lost sight of him over a corn-field.

Georgiana returned the last of August. The next morning she was at her window, looking across into my yard. I had to pass that way, and welcomed her gayly, expressing my thanks for the letter.

"It is a long time since I went away," she said, with calm simplicity. I lingered awkwardly, stripping upward the stalks of some weeds; for her tone and manner held me.

"Very few Kentucky birds are migratory," I replied at length, with desperate brilliancy and an overwhelming grimace.

"I shall go back some time—to stay," she said, and turned away with a parting faintest smile.

Is that West Point brother giving trouble? If so, the sooner a war breaks out and he gets killed, the better. One thing is certain: if, for the next month, fruit and flowers will give Georgiana any pleasure, she shall have a good deal of pleasure. She is so changed! But why need I take on about it?

They have been cleaning out a drain under the streets along the Town Fork of Elkhorn, and several people are down with fever.

. . . . . .

X.

New-Year's night again, and bitter cold.

When I forced myself away from my fire before dark, and ran down to the stable to see about feeding and bedding the horses and cows, every beast had its head drawn in toward its shoulders, and looked at me with the dismal air of saying: "Ugh! If *I* only had an overcoat around my neck and ears!" The dogs in the kennel, with their noses between their hind legs, were shivering under their blankets and straw like a nest of chilled young birds. The fowls on the roost were mere white and blue puffs of feathers. Nature alone has the making of her creatures; why doesn't she make them comfortable?

After supper my old cook and her husband came in, and standing against the wall with their arms folded, told me more of what happened after I got sick. That was about the middle of September, and it is only two weeks since I became well enough to go in and out through all sorts of weather.

It was the middle of September then, my servants said, and as within a week after taking the fever I was very ill, a great many people came out to inquire for me. Some of these, walking around the garden, declared it was a pity for such fruit and flowers to be wasted, and so helped themselves freely every time. The old doctor, who always fears for my health at this season, stopped by nearly every day to repeat how he had warned me, and always walked back to his gig in a round-about way, which required him to pass a favorite tree; and once he was so indignant to find several other persons gathered there, and mournfully enjoying the last of the fruit as they predicted I would never get well, that he came back to the house—with two pears in each duster pocket and one in his mouth—and told my man it was an outrage. The preacher, likewise, who appears in the spring-time, one afternoon knocked reproachfully at the front door and inquired whether I was in a condition to be reasoned with. In his hand he carried a nice little work-basket, which may have been brought along to catch his prayers; but he took it home piled with grapes.

And then they told me, also, how many a good and kind soul came with hushed footsteps and low inquiries, turning away sometimes with brightened faces, sometimes with rising tears—often people to whom I had done no kindness or did not even know; how others, whom I had quarrelled with or did not like, forgot the poor puny quarrels and the dislike, and begged to do for me whatever they could; how friends went softly around the garden, caring for a flower, putting a prop under a too heavily laden limb, or climbing on stepladders to tie sacks around the finest bunches of grapes, with the hope that I might be well in time to eat them—touching nothing themselves, having no heart to eat; how dear, dear ones would never leave me day or night; how a good doctor wore himself out with watching, and a good pastor sent up for me his spotless prayers; and at last, when I began to mend, how from far and near there poured in flowers and jellies and wines, until, had I been the multitude by

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the sea of Galilee, there must have been baskets to spare. God bless them! God bless them all! And God forgive us all the blindness, the weakness, and the cruelty with which we judge each other when we are in health.

This and more my beloved servants told me a few hours ago, as I sat in deep comfort and bright health again before my blazing hickories; and one moment we were in laughter and the next in tears —as is the strange life we live. This is a gay household now, and my cook cannot face me without inward amusement that I am a roaring lion for my food.

In particular, my two nearest neighbors were much at odds as to which had better claim to nurse me; so that one day Walters, able to endure it no longer, thrust Mrs. Cobb out of the house by the shoulder-blades, locked the door on her, and then opened the shutters and scolded her out of the window.

One thing I miss. My servants have never called the name of Georgiana. The omission is unnatural, and must be intentional. Of course I have not asked whether she showed any care; but that little spot of silence affects me as the sight of a tree remaining leafless in the woods where everything else is turning green.

XI.

To-day I was standing at a window, looking out at the aged row of cedars, now laden with snow, and thinking of Horace and Soracte. Suddenly, beneath a jutting pinnacle of white boughs which left under themselves one little spot of green, I saw a cardinal hop out and sit full-breasted toward me. The idea flashed through my mind that this might be that shyest, most beautiful fellow, whom I had found in September, and whom I tried to make out as the son of my last winter's pensioner. At least he has never lived in my yard before; for when, to test his shyness, I started to raise the window-sash, at the first noise of it he was gone. My birds are not so afraid of me. I must get on better terms with this stranger.

Mrs. Walters over for a while afterwards. I told her of my fancy that this bird was one of last summer's brood, and that he appeared a trifle larger than any male I had ever seen. She said of course. Had I not fed the parents all last winter? When she fed her hens, did they not lay bigger eggs? Did not bigger eggs contain bigger chicks? Did not bigger chicks become bigger hens, again? According to Mrs. Walters, a single winter's feeding of hot corn meal, scraps of bacon, and pods of red pepper will all but bring about a variation of species; and so if the assumed rate at which I am now going were kept up a hundred years, my cedar-trees would be full of a race of redbirds as large and as fat as geese.

Standing toward sundown at another window, I saw Georgiana sewing at hers, as I have seen her every day since I got out of bed. Why should she sew so much? There is a servant also; and they sew, sew, sew, as if eternal sewing were eternal happiness, eternal salvation. The first day she sprang up, letting her work roll off her lap, and waved her handkerchief inside the panes, and smiled with what looked to me like radiant pleasure that I was well again. I was weak, and began to tremble, and going back to the fireside, lay back in my chair with a beating of the heart that was a warning. Since then she has recognized me by only a quiet kindly smile. Why has no one ever called her name? I believe Walters knows. She comes nowadays as if to tell something, and goes away with a struggle that she has not told it. But a secret can no more stay in the depths of Walters's mind than cork at the bottom of water; some day I shall see this mystery riding on the surface.

XII.

Yes, Walters knew; while unconscious I talked of Georgiana, of being in love with her. Walters added, sadly, that Georgiana came home in the fall engaged to that New York cousin. Hence the sewing—he is to marry her in June.

I am *not* in love with her. It is now four weeks since hearing this conventional fiction, and every day I have been perfectly able to repeat: "I am *not* in love with Georgiana!" There was one question which I put severely to Walters: Had she told Georgiana? Walters shook her head violently, and pressed her lips closely together, suggesting how impossible it would be for the smallest monosyllable in the language to escape by that channel; but she kept her eyes wide open, and the truth issued from them, as smoke in a hollow tree, if stopped in at a lower hole, simply rises and comes out at a

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higher one. "You should have shut your eyes also," I said, laughing, although I would rather have done anything else. "You have told her every word of it, and the Lord only knows how much more."

This February has let loose its whole pack of grizzly sky-hounds. Unbroken severe weather. Health has not returned as rapidly as was promised, and I have not ventured outside the yard. But it is a pleasure to chronicle the beginning of an acquaintanceship between his proud eminence the young cardinal and myself. For a long time he would have naught to do with me, fled as I approached, abandoned the evergreens altogether, and sat on the naked tree-tops, as much as threatening to quit the place altogether if I did not leave him in peace. Surely he is the shyest of his kind, and, to my fancy, the most beautiful; and therefore nature seems to have stored him with extra caution toward his archenemy.

But in the old human way I have taken advantage of his necessities. The north wind has been my friend against him. I have called in the aid of sleets and snows, have besieged him in his white castle behind the glittering array of his icicles with threats of starvation. So one day, dropping like a glowing coal down among the other birds, he snatched a desperate hasty meal from the public poor-house table that I had spread under the trees.

It is the first surrender that decides. Since then some progress has been made in winning his confidence, but the struggle going on in his nature is plain enough still. At times he will rush away from me in utter terror; at others he lets me draw a little nearer, a little nearer, without moving from a limb; and now, after a month of persuasion, he begins to discredit the experience which he has inherited from centuries upon centuries of ancestors. In all that I have done I have tried to say to him: "Don't judge me by mankind in general. With me you are safe. I pledge myself to defend you from enemies, high and low."

This had not escaped the notice of Georgiana at the window, and more than once she had let her work drop to watch my patient progress and to bestow upon me a rewarding smile. Is there nearly always sadness in it, or is the sadness in my eyes? If Georgiana's brother is giving her trouble, I'd like to take a hand-axe to *his* feet. I suppose I shall never know whether he cut her foot in two. She carries the left one a little peculiarly; but so many women do that.

Sometimes, when the day's work is over and the servant is gone, Georgiana comes to the window and looks away toward the sunsets of winter, her hands clasped behind her back, her motionless figure in relief against the darkness within, her face white and still. Being in the shadow of my own room, so that she could not see me, and knowing that I ought not to do it, but unable to resist, I have softly taken up the spy-glass which I use in the study of birds, and have drawn Georgiana's face nearer to me, holding it there till she turns away. I have noted the traces of pain, and once the tears which she could not keep back and was too proud to heed. Then I have sat before my flickering embers, with I know not what all but ungovernable yearning to be over there in the shadowy room with her, and, whether she would or not, to fold my arms around her, and drawing her face against mine, whisper: "What is it, Georgiana? And why must it be?"

XIII.

The fountains of the great deep opened. A new heaven, a new earth. Georgiana has broken her engagement with her cousin. Mrs. Cobb let it out in the strictest confidence to Mrs. Walters. Mrs. Walters, with stricter confidence still, has told me only.

The West-Pointer had been writing for some months in regard to the wild behavior of his cousin. This grew worse, and the crisis came. Georgiana snapped her thread and put up her needle. He travelled all the way down here to implore. I met him at the gate as he left the house—a fine, straight, manly, handsome young fellow, with his face pale with pain and his eyes flashing with anger—and bade him a long, affectionate, inward God-speed as he hurried away. It was her father's influence. He had always wished for this union. Ah, the evils that come to the living from the wrongful wishes of the dead! Georgiana is so happy now, that she has been forced to free herself, that the spring in this part of the United States seems to have advanced about half a month.

"What on earth will she do with all those clothes?" inquired Walters the other night, eying me with curious impressiveness.

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"They ought to be hanged," I suggested.

There is a young scapegrace who passes my house morning and evening with his cows. He has the predatory instincts of that being who loves to call himself the image of his Maker, and more than once has given annoyance, especially last year, when he robbed a damson-tree of a brood of Baltimore orioles. This winter and spring his friendly interest in my birds has increased, and several times I have caught him skulking among the pines. Last night what should I stumble on but a trap, baited and sprung, under the cedar-tree in which the cardinal roosts! I was up before daybreak this morning. Awhile after the waking of the birds here comes my young bird-thief, creeping rapidly to his trap. As he stooped I had him by the collar, and within the next five minutes I must have set up in his nervous system a negative disposition to the caging of redbirds that will descend as a positive tendency to all the generations of his offspring.

All day this meditated outrage has kept my blood up. Think of this beautiful cardinal beating his heart out against maddening bars, or caged for life in some dark city street, lonely, sick, and silent, bidden to sing joyously of that high world of light and liberty where once he sported! Think of the exquisite refinement of cruelty in wishing to take him on the eve of May!

It is hardly a fancy that something as loyal as friendship has sprung up between this bird and me. I accept his original shyness as a mark of his finer instincts; but, like the nobler natures, when once he found it possible to give his confidence, how frankly and fearlessly has it been given. The other day, brilliant, warm, windless, I was tramping across the fields a mile from home, when I heard him on the summit of a dead sycamore, cleaving the air with stroke after stroke of his long melodious whistle, as with the swing of a silken lash. When I drew near he dropped down from bough to bough till he reached the lowest, a few feet from where I stood, and showed by every movement how glad he was to see me. We really have reached the understanding that the immemorial persecution of his race by mine is ended; and now more than ever my fondness settled about him, since I have found his happiness plotted against, and have perhaps saved his very life. It would be easy to trap him. His eye should be made to distrust every well-arranged pile of sticks under which lurks a morsel.

To-night I called upon Georgiana and sketched the arrested tragedy of the morning. She watched me curiously, and then dashed into a little treatise on the celebrated friendships of man for the lower creatures, in fact and fiction, from camels down to white mice. Her father must have been a remarkably learned man. I didn't like this. It made me somehow feel as though I were a part of Æsop's Fables, or were being translated into English as that old horror of Androclus and the Lion. In the bottom of my soul I don't believe that Georgiana cares for birds, or knows the difference between a blackbird and a crow. I am going to send her a little story, "The Passion of the Desert."

Sometimes it is all but incredible that Walters, like a potato, has a complete set of eyes underground. She is now confident that Georgiana is sorry for having broken her engagement. I am upset generally to-night.

XIV.

In April I commence to scratch and dig in my garden.

To-day, as I was raking off my strawberry bed, Georgiana, whom I have not seen since the night when she satirized me, called from the window:

"What are you going to plant this year?"

"Oh, a little of everything," I answered, under my hat. "What are *you* going to plant this year?"

"Are you going to have many strawberries?"

"It's too soon to tell. It's too soon to tell about *anything* in this world," I added, significantly.

"It's wrong even to say it's going to rain—isn't it?—until the shower is over."

"Possibly. Sometimes you think it will be a soft shower, and it turns out to be a rattling hail-storm."

"Hail melts so soon!"

"It cuts like the devil while it's falling!"

"Somethings need cutting. Why did you send me that story?"

"Perhaps I wanted to add to your list of famous attachments. Didn't you like it?"

"No. A woman couldn't care for a

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story about a man and a tigress. Either she would feel that she was too much left out, or suspect that she was too much put in. The same sort of story about a lion and a woman—that would be better; in her own country she might never have had even an ordinary proposal, and in the desert she would be fascinating the very king of beasts. And every woman could believe that she would have been lionized in the same way."

I raked in silence for a minute, and when I looked up, Georgiana was gone. I remember her saying once that children should be kept tart, but now and then I fancy that she would like to put a middle-aged adult in pickle. Who knows but that in the end I shall sell my place to the Cobbs and move away?

Five more days of April, and then May! For the last half of this light-and-shadow month, when the clouds, like schools of changeable lovely creatures, seem to be playing and rushing away through the waters of the sun, life to me has narrowed more and more to the redbird, who gets tamer and tamer with habit, and to Georgiana, who gets wilder and wilder with happiness. The bird fills the yard with brilliant singing; she fills her room with her low, clear songs, hidden behind the window curtains, which are now so much oftener and so needlessly closed. I work regularly in my garden, but she does not open them. The other day the redbird sat in a tree near by, and his notes floated out on the air like scarlet streamers. Georgiana was singing, so low that I was making no noise with my rake in order to hear; and when he began, before I realized what I was doing, I had seized a brickbat and hurled it, barely missing him, and driving him away. He did not know what to make of it; neither did I; but as I raised my eyes I saw that Georgiana had opened the curtains to listen to him, and was closing them with her eyes on my face, and a look on hers that has haunted me ever since.

April the 26th. It's of no use. To-morrow night I will go to see Georgiana and ask her to marry me.

April 28th. I am not the least sick, but I am not feeling at all well. So have made a will, and left everything to Walters. She has been over five times to-day, and this evening sat by me a long time, holding my hand, and smoothing my forehead, and urging me to try a cream poultice — a mustard plaster — a bowl of gruel—a broiled chicken.

I believe Georgiana thinks I'll ask her again. Not if I lived by her through eternity! Thy rod and Thy staff--*they* comfort me.

XV.

A poor devil will ask a woman to marry him. She will refuse him. The day after she will meet him as serenely as if he had asked her for a pin.

It is now May 15th, and I have not spoken to Georgiana when I've had a chance. She has been entirely too happy, to judge from her singing, for me to get along with under the circumstances. But this morning, as I was planting a hedge inside my fence under her window, she leaned over and said, as though nothing were wrong between us, "What are you planting?"

I have sometimes thought that Georgiana can ask more questions than Socrates.

"A hedge."

"What for?"

"To grow."

"What do you want it to grow for?"

"My garden is too public. I wish to be protected from outsiders."

"Would it be the same thing if I were to nail up this window? That would be so much quicker. It will be ten years before your hedge is high enough to keep me from seeing you. And even then, you know, I could move up stairs."

"I merely remarked that I was planting a hedge."

When Georgiana spoke again her voice was lowered: "Would you open a gateway for me into your garden, to be always mine, so that I might go out and come in, and never another human soul enter it?"

Now Jacob had often begged me to cut *him* a private gateway on that side of the garden, so that only *he* might come in and go out; and I had refused, since I did not wish him to get to me so easily with his complaints. Besides, a gate once opened, who may not use it? and I was indignant that Georgiana should lightly ask anything at my hands; therefore I looked quickly and sternly up at her, and said, "I will not."

"I thought so," she said, softly, and withdrew her face.

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Afterwards the thought rushed over me that she had not spoken of any gateway through my garden fence, but of another one, mystical, hidden, infinitely more sacred. For her voice descended almost in a whisper, and her face, as she bent down toward me, had on it I know not what angelic expression. She seemed floating to me from heaven!

May 17th. To-day I put a little private gate through my fence under Georgiana's window, as a sign to her. Balaam's beast that I am!

As I passed to-day, I noticed Georgiana looking down at the gate that I made yesterday. She held a flower to her nose and eyes, but behind the leaves of the stem I detected that she was laughing.

"Good-morning!" she called to me. "What did you cut that ugly hole in your fence for?"

"That's not an ugly hole. That's a little private gateway."

"But what's the little private gateway *for*?"

"Oh, well! You don't understand these matters. I'll tell your mother."

"My mother is too old. She no longer stoops to such things. Tell *me!*"

"Impossible!"

"I'm dying to know!"

"What will you give me?"

"Anything—this flower!"

"But what would the flower stand for in that case? A little pri—"

"Nothing. Take it!" and she dropped it lightly on my face and disappeared. As I stood twirling it ecstatically under my nose, and wondering how I could get her to come back to the window, the edge of a curtain was lifted, and a white hand stole out and softly closed the shutters.

May 21st. Again I asked Georgiana to be mine. I am a perfect fool about her. But she's coming my way at last—God bless her!

May 24th. I renewed my suit to Georgiana.

May 27th. I besought Georgiana to hear me.

May 28th. For the last time I offered my hand in marriage to the elder Miss Cobb. Now I am done with her forever. I am no fool.

XVI.

This morning, the 3d of June, I went out to pick the first dish of strawberries for my breakfast. As I was stooping down I heard a timid, playful voice at the window like the echo of a year ago: "Are you the gardener?"

Since Georgiana will not marry me, if she would only let me alone!

"Old man, are you the gardener?"

"Yes, I'm the gardener. I *know* what *you* are."

"How much do you ask for your strawberries?"

"They come high. *Nothing* of mine is to be as cheap hereafter as it has been."

"I am so glad—for your sake. I should like to possess *something* of yours, but I suppose everything is too high now."

"Entirely too high!"

"If I only could have foreseen that there would be an increase of value! As for me, I have felt that I am getting cheaper lately. I may have to *give* myself away soon. If I only knew of some one who loved the lower animals—those that are not worth buying!"

"The fox, for instance?"

"Yes. Suppose a poor fox were chased round and round nearly to death, and at last got so hard pressed that it ran under your house?"

"I'd be above it."

"Let it starve?"

"With pleasure! With the greatest pleasure imaginable!"

"Sylvia will get the highest mark in arithmetic. And Joe is distinguishing himself at West Point. That's what I wanted to tell you. I'll send you over the cream and sugar, and hope you will enjoy all your berries. *We* shall buy some in the market-house next week."

Later in the forenoon I sent the strawberries over to Georgiana. I have a variety that is the shape of the human heart, and when ripe it matches in color that brighter current of the heart through which runs the hidden history of our passions. All over the top of the dish I carefully laid these heart-shaped berries, and under the biggest one, at the very top, I slipped this little note: "Look at the shape of them, Georgiana! I send them all to you. They are perishable."

This afternoon Georgiana sent back the empty dish, and inside the napkin was this note: "They are exactly the shape and color of my emery needle-bag.

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I have been polishing my needles in it for many years."

Later, as I was walking to town, I met Georgiana and her mother coming out. No explanation had ever been made to the mother of that goose of a gate in our division fence; and as Georgiana had declined to accept the sign, I determined to show her that the gate could now stand for something else. So I said: "Mrs. Cobb, when you send your servants over for green corn, you can let them come through that little gate. It will be more convenient."

Only, I was so angry and confused that I called her Mrs. Corn, and said that when she sent her little Cobbs over .... my green servants, etc.

After Georgiana's last treatment of me I resolved not to let her talk to me out of her window. So about nine o'clock this morning I took a negro boy and set him to picking the berries, while I stood by, directing him in a deep manly voice as to the best way of managing that intricate business. Presently I heard Georgiana begin to sing to herself behind the curtains.

"Hurry up and fill that cup," I said to him, savagely. "And that will do this morning. You can go to the mill. The meal's nearly out."

When he was gone I called in an undertone: "Georgiana! Georgiana! Come to the window! Please come, Georgiana! Please come! Please! Oh, Georgiana!"

But the song went on. What was the matter? I could not endure it. There was one way by which perhaps she could be brought. I whistled long and loud again and again. The curtains parted a little space.

"I was whistling to the *bird*," I said.

"I knew it," she answered, looking as I had never seen her. "Whenever you speak to *him* your voice is full of confidence and of love. I believe in it, and like to hear it."

"What do you mean, Georgiana?" I cried, imploringly.

"Ah, Adam!" she said, with a rush of feeling. It was the first time she had ever called me by name. She bent her face down. Over it there passed a look of sweetness and sadness indescribably blended. "Ah, Adam! You have asked me many times to *marry* you! Make me believe once that you *love* me! Make me feel that I could trust myself to you for life!"

"How could I more?" I answered, stirred to the deepest that was in me, throwing my arms backward, and standing with an open breast into which she might gaze.

And she did search my eyes and face in silence.

"What more?" I cried again, and in desperation. "In God's name!"

She rested her face on her palm, looking thoughtfully across the yard. Over there the redbird was singing. Suddenly she leaned down toward me. Love was on her face now. But her eyes held mine with the determination to wrest from them the last truth they might contain, and her voice trembled with doubt:

"Would you put the redbird in a cage for me? Would you be willing to do that for me, Adam?"

At those whimsical cruel words I shall never be able to reveal all that I felt—the surprise, the sorrow, the pain. Scenes of boyhood flashed through my memory. A conscience built up through years of experience stood close by me with admonition. I saw the love on her face, the hope with which she hung upon my reply, as though it would decide everything between us. I did not hesitate; my hands dropped to my side, the warmth died out of my heart as out of spent ashes, and I answered her, with cold reproach,

"I—will—not!"

The color died out of her face also. Her eyes still rested on mine, but now with pitying sadness.

"I feared it," she murmured, audibly, but to herself, and the curtains fell together.

Four days have passed. Georgiana has cast me off. Her curtains are closed except when she is not there. I have tried to see her; she excuses herself. I have written; my letters come back unread. I have lain in wait for her on the streets; she will not talk with me. The tie between us has been severed. With her it could never have been the bond of love.

And for what? I ask myself over and over and over—for what? Was she jealous of the bird, and did she require that I should put it out of the way? Sometimes women do that. Did she take that means of forcing me to a test? Women

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do that. Did she wish to show her power over me, demanding the one thing she knew would be the hardest for me to grant? Women do that. Did she crave the pleasure of seeing me do wrong to humor her caprice? Women do that. But not one of these things can I even associate with the thought of Georgiana. I have sought in every way to have her explain, to explain myself. She will neither give nor receive an explanation.

I had supposed that her unnatural request would have been the end of my love, but it has not; that her treatment since would have fatally stung my pride, but it has not. I understand neither; forgive both; love now with that added pain which comes from discovering that the women dearest to us must be pardoned —pardoned as long as they shall live.

Never since have I been able to look at the redbird with the old gladness. He is the reminder of my loss. Reminder? Do I ever forget? Am I not thinking of that before his notes lash my memory at dawn? All day can they do more than furrow deeper the channel of unforgetfulness? Little does he dream what my friendship for him has cost me. But this solace I have at heart—that I was not even tempted to betray him. Perhaps *he* has saved *me*.

Three days more have passed. No sign yet that Georgiana will relent soon or ever. Each day the strain becomes harder to bear. My mind has dwelt upon my last meeting with her, until the truth about it wavers upon my memory like vague uncertain shadows. She doubted my love for her. What proof was it she demanded? Not *that!* I must stop looking at the redbird, lying here and there under the trees, and listening to him as he sings above me. My eyes devour him whenever he crosses my path, with an uncomprehended fascination that is pain. How gentle he has become, and how, without intending it, I have deepened the perils of his life by the very gentleness that I have brought upon him. This at least I ought to do—show him the nature of a trap and a cage, that he may be warned; for twice already the fate of his species has struck at him, and I have pledged myself to be his friend. This is his happiest season; a few days now, and he will hear the call of his young in the nest.

I shut myself in my workshop in the yard this morning. I did not wish my servants to know. In there I made a bird-trap such as I had often used when a boy. And late this afternoon I went to town and bought a bird-cage. I was afraid the merchant would misjudge me, and explained. He scanned my face silently. I covered the cage with a newspaper and walked out after dark, and it is now locked in the shop beside the trap. To-morrow I will snare the redbird down behind the pines, and keep him trapped long enough to impress on his memory a lifelong suspicion of every such monstrous artifice. Then I will transfer him gently to the cage, and let him have his horrible experience of that for a brief moment; and then I will set him free again in his wide world of light. Above all things, I must see to it that he does not wound himself or have the least feather broken. But would this be possible? It is a fearful ordeal to put him through. He might never trust even *me* again. I will not do it.

It is far past midnight now, and I have not slept or wished for slumber.

Constantly since darkness came on I have been watching Georgiana's window for the light of her candle, but there has been no kindly glimmer yet. The only radiance shed upon the gloom outside comes from the heavens. Great cage-shaped white clouds are swung up to the firmament, and within these pale, gentle, imprisoned lightnings flutter feebly to escape, fall back, rise, and try again and again, and fail.

A little after dark this evening I carried the redbird over to Georgiana....

I have seen her so little of late that I did not know she had been away from home for days. But she was expected to-night, or, at farthest, to-morrow morning. I left the bird with the servant at the door, who looked at me strangely. As I passed out from my front gate on my way there, the boy, who returns about that time from the pasture for his cows, joined me as I hurried along, attracted by the fluttering of the bird in the cage.

"Is it the redbird? *I* tried to ketch him once," he said, with entire forgiveness of me, as having served him right, "but I caught something else. I'll never forget *that* whipping. Oh, but *wouldn't* I like to have him! Mr. Moss, you

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wouldn't mind my trying to ketch one of them little bits o' brown fellows, would you, that hops around under them pine-trees? They ain't no account to nobody. Oh my! but *wouldn't* I like to have him! May I bring *my* trap sometime, and will you help me to ketch one o' them little bits o' brown ones? You can beat *me* ketchin' 'em!"

Several times to-night I have gone across and listened under Georgiana's window. The servant must have set the cage in her room, for, as I listened, I am sure I heard the redbird beating his head and breast against the wires. Awhile ago I went again, and did not hear him. I waited a long time.... *He may be quieted....*

Ah, if any one had said to me that I would ever do what I have done, with what full deep joy could I have throttled the lie in his throat! I put the trap under one of the trees where I have been used to feed him. When it fell he was not greatly frightened. He clutched the side of it, and looked out at me. My own mind supplied his words: "Help! I'm caught! Take me out! You promised!" When I transferred him to the cage, for a moment his confidence lasted still. He mounted the perch, shook his plumage, and spoke out bravely and cheerily. Then all at once came on the terror.

The dawn came on this morning with its old splendor. The birds in my yard, as of old, poured forth their songs. But those loud, long, clear, melodious, deep-hearted, passionate, best-loved notes! As the chorus swelled from shadowy shrubs and vines to the sparkling tree-tops, I listened for some sound from Georgiana's room; but over there I saw only the soft slow flapping of the white curtains like signals of distress.

Toward ten o'clock, wandering restless, I snatched up a book, which I had no wish to read, and went to the arbor where I had so often discoursed to Sylvia about children's cruelty to birds. Through the fluttering leaves the sunlight dripped as a weightless shower of gold, and the long pendants of young fruit swayed gently in their cool waxen greenness. Where some rotting planks crossed the top of the arbor a blue-jay sat on her coarse nest; and presently the mate flew to her with a worm, and then talked to her in a low voice, as much as saying that they must now leave the place forever. I was thinking how love softens even the voice of this file-throated screamer, when along the garden walk came the rustle of a woman's clothes, and springing up, I stood face to face with Georgiana.

"What have you done?" she cried.

"What have *you* done?" I answered as quickly.

"Oh, Adam, *Adam!* You have killed it! How could you? How could you?"

"....Is he dead, Georgiana? Is he dead?...."

I forgot everything else, and pulling my hat down over my eyes, turned from her in the helpless shock of silence that came with those irreparable words.

Then, in ungovernable anger, suffering, remorse, I turned upon her where she sat: "It is *you* who killed it! Why do you come here to blame me? And now you pretend to be sorry. You felt no pity when pity would have done some good. Trifler! Hypocrite!"

"It is false!" she cried, her words flashing from her whole countenance, her form drawn up to repel the shock of the blow.

"Did you not demand it of me?"

"No!"

"Oh, deny it all! It is a falsehood—invented by me on the spot. You know nothing of it! You did not ask me to do this! You did not throw me over without a word because I refused. You have not kept me at a distance since. Been a stranger to a stranger. And then, when I have yielded, you have not run to reproach me here, and to cry: 'How could you? How could you?'"

"No! No! Every word of it—"

"Untruth added to it all! Oh, that I should have been so deceived, blinded, taken in!"

"*Adam!*"

"Lovely innocence! It is too much! Go away!"

"I will not *stand* this any longer!" she cried, unendurably stung. "I *will* go away; but not till I have told you what I could not tell you before, but what your words give me the right to tell you now—why I would not marry you."

"It is too late for that! I do not care to hear!"

"Then you *shall* hear!" she replied, her anger deepening under the taunt. "You shall know that it is because I have believed you capable of speaking to me as you have just spoken; believed you at

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heart cruel, unsparing, and unjust. You think I asked you to do what you have done? No! I asked you whether you would be willing to do it; and when you said you would *not*, I saw then—by your voice, your eyes, your whole face and manner — that you *would*. Saw it as plainly at that moment, in spite of your denial, as I see it now — the cruelty in you, the unfaithfulness, the willingness to betray. It was for *this* reason — not because I heard you refuse, but because I saw you consent—that I felt I could not trust myself with you."

She paused abruptly and looked silently across into my face. What she may now have read in it I do not know. Then the storm of her anger swept her on:

"How often had I not heard you bitter and contemptuous toward people because they are mean, treacherous, cruel! That is why I have distrusted *you*—from the first and always. And then how often have you talked of your love of nature, of our common inhumanity toward lower creatures! But what is it that has gone on under my eyes?

"You set your fancy upon one of these creatures, lie in wait for it, beset it with kindness, persevere in overcoming its wildness, win its confidence at last, entangle it by every appeal that can be made to its poor feeble intelligence. You are amused, delighted, proud of your success. One day—you remember?—it sat near and sang as you had always wished to hear. It annoyed you—you remember? —and you threw at it, to drive it away. With a little less angry aim you would have struck it, killed it. In all my life I have not seen anything more inhuman than that. How do I know but that some day, when I came to sit by you and do what you had always wished, you would not be tired of me, and throw a stone at *me*? When a woman submits to this once, she will have them thrown at her whenever she sings at the wrong time, and she will never know when the right time is.

"Then you thought you were asked to sacrifice it, and you did. How do I know that some day you might not be tempted to sacrifice me? I should not have your love to rely upon then—only your faithfulness, kindness, pity. But the simple life that you won, and then betrayed and ruined, trusted to these in vain; how could I hope to be spared by them?"

"If you have finished," I said, very quietly, after the abrupt silence of a few minutes, during which she sat with her eyes on the ground, "I have something to say to you; and since we need not meet after this, I will say it now.

"You speak of kindness. If you had to tell me this at all, why did you not tell me long ago, before it was too late? I trapped the *bird;* you trapped *me*. I understood you to ask something of me, to cast me off when I refused it. Such was my faith in you that beneath your words I did not look for a snare. How hard it was for me to forgive you what you asked is my own affair now, but forgive you I did. How hard it was to grant it, that also is now, and will always be, my own secret. I beg you merely to believe this: knowing it to be all that you have described—and far more—still, I did it. Had you demanded of me something worse, I should have granted that. If you think a man will not do wrong for a woman, you are mistaken. If you think men always love the wrong that they do for the women whom they love, you are mistaken again.

"You have held up my faults to me. I knew them before. I have not loved them. And for these you cast me off. Do not think that I am trying to make a virtue out of anything I say; but in all my thoughts of you there has been no fault of yours that I have not hidden from my sight, and have not resolved as best I could never to see. Yet do not dream that I have found you faultless.

"You fear I might sacrifice you to something else. It is possible. Every man resists temptation only to a certain point; every man has his price. Nature justifies him. It is a risk you will run with any.

"If you doubt that every man is cruel, unjust, capable of sacrificing one thing that he loves to another that he loves more, tempt him, lie in wait for his weakness, ensnare him in the toils of his greater passion, and learn the truth.

"I trapped and caged the redbird, hoping to teach him the cruel lesson that he must never let it be done again. But in the last moment—you know why—I did what I did.

"I make no defence. Believe all that you say. But had you loved me, I might have been all this, and it would have been nothing."

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With this I walked slowly out of the arbor, but Georgiana stood beside me. Her light touch was on my arm.

"Let me see things clearly!"

"You have a lifetime in which to see things clearly," I answered. "How can that possibly concern me now?" And I passed on into the house.

During the morning I wandered restless. For a while I lay on the grass down behind the pines. How deep and clear are the covered springs of memory! All at once it was a morning in my boyhood on my father's farm. I, a little Saul of Tarsus among the birds, was on my way to the hedge-rows and woods, as to Damascus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter. Then suddenly the childish miracle, which no doubt had been preparing silently within my nature, wrought itself out. For from the distant forest trees, from the old orchard, from thicket and fence, from the wide green meadows, and down out of the depths of the blue sky itself, a vast chorus of innocent creatures sang to my newly opened ears the same words: "Why persecutest thou me?" One sang it with indignation; another with remonstrance; still another with resignation; others yet with ethereal sadness or wild elusive pain. Once more the house-wren met me at the rotting gate-post, and cried aloud, "*per-se-cu-test—per-se-cu-test—per-se-cu-test—per-se-cu-test!*" And as I peeped into the brush-pile, again the brown thrush, building within, said, "*thou—thou—thou!*"

Through all the years since, I had thought myself changed, and craved no greater glory than to be accounted the chief of their apostles. But now I was stained once more with the old guilt, and once more I could hear the birds in my yard singing that old, old chorus against man's inhumanity.

Toward the middle of the afternoon I went away across the country—by any direction; I cared not what. On my way back I passed through a large rear lot belonging to my neighbors, and adjoining my own, in which is my stable. There has lately been imported into this part of Kentucky from England the much-prized breed of the beautiful white Berkshire. As I crossed the lot, near the milk-trough, the ash-heap, and place where the parings of fruit and vegetables are thrown from my neighbor's kitchen, I saw a litter of these pigs having their awkward sport over some strange red plaything, which one after another of them would shake with all its might, root and tear at, or tread into greater shapelessness. It was all there was left of him.

I entered my long yard from that side. The sun was setting. Around me was the last peace and beauty of the world. Through a narrow avenue of trees I could see my house, and on its clustering vines fell the angry red of the sun darting across the cool green fields.

The last hour of light touches the birds as it touches us. When they sing in the morning, it is with the happiness of the earth; but as the shadows fall strangely about them, and the helplessness of the night comes on, their voices seem to be lifted up like the loftiest poetry of the human spirit, with sympathy for realities and mysteries past all understanding.

A great choir was hymning now. On the tops of the sweet old honeysuckles the cat-birds; robins in the low boughs of maples; on the high limb of the elm the silvery-throated lark, who had stopped as he passed from meadow to meadow; on a fence rail of the distant wheat-field the quail. And many another. I walked to and fro, receiving the voice of each as a spear hurled at my body. The sun sank to the upper rim. The shadows rushed on and deepened. Suddenly, as I turned once more in my path, I caught sight of the figure of Georgiana moving straight toward me from the direction of the garden. She was bareheaded, dressed in white; and she advanced over the smooth lawn, through evergreens and shrubs, with a gentle grace and dignity of movement such as I had never beheld. I kept my weary pace; and when she came up, I did not lift my eyes.

"Adam!" she said, with gentle reproach. I stood still then, but with my face turned away.

"I was wrong. Forgive me!" All girlishness was gone out of her voice now. It was the woman.

I could not speak. I only turned my face farther from her, and we stood in silence.

"Don't punish me too much, Adam," she pleaded.

I answered quietly, wearily, for there was nothing left in me to appeal to:

"I am glad we can part kindly.... Neither of us may care much for the kindness now, but we will not be sorry

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for it hereafter. . . The quarrels, the mistakes, the right and the wrong of our lives, the misunderstandings — they are so strange, so pitiful, so full of pain, and come so soon to nothing. . . I was wrong —more wrong than you.... Forgive *me;* I was coming to ask this as soon as I could. I do not know what I said this morning—did not know at the time. Try to forget," and I lifted my hat, and took the path toward my house.

There was a point ahead where it divided, the other branch leading toward the garden gate through which Georgiana had come. Just before reaching the porch I turned my head, with the idea that I should see Georgiana's white figure moving across the lawn; but I discovered that she was following me. Mounting my doorsteps, I turned. She had paused on the threshold. I waited. At length she said, in a voice low, despairing and sorrowful,

"And you are not going to forgive me, Adam?"

"I *do* forgive you!" The silence fell and lasted. I no longer saw her face. At last her voice barely reached me again:

"And—is—*that*—all?"

"That is all."

A moment longer she waited, then turned slowly away; and I watched her figure grow fainter and fainter till it was lost. I sprang after her; my voice rang out hollow in the darkness, and broke with terror and pain:

"Georgiana! Georgiana!"

I overtook her; I caught her in my arms.

"Oh, Georgiana, tell me it is not true, what you said this morning! Is it true? Is it true?"

"No! no! no!" she cried, and her arms were around me.

When we came in to-night, we set our candles in our windows—two poor little foolish children, so sick and lonesome in the darkness without one another! Happy, happy night to come when one short candle will do for us both!

IN SEARCH OF LOCAL COLOR.

THE novelist stood at the corner of Rivington Street and the Bowery, trying to find fit words to formulate his impression of the most characteristic of New York streets as it appeared on a humid morning in June. The elevated trains clattered past over his head, and he gave no heed to them, so intent was he in making a mental record of the types which passed before him. Suddenly he was almost thrown off his feet. A young man, slipping on the peel of a banana cast away carelessly upon the sidewalk, had stumbled heavily against him.

"I beg your pardon," cried the young man as he recovered himself. "I—why, Mr. De Ruyter!" he exclaimed, recognizing the author.

"John Suydam!" returned Rupert de Ruyter, holding out his hand cordially. "Well, this is good fortune! Do you know, I was on my way to the University Settlement to look you up."

"You would have found me there in ten minutes," Suydam answered. "This is my week to be in residence; in fact, I think I shall be here for the summer now. You see, I passed my A.M. examination at Columbia last week—"

"So they examine you for it now, eh?" the novelist queried. "In my time we got it almost for the asking; at least I did, and that was only twenty years ago. What are you going to do with it, now you've got it? I heard you were to study for the ministry."

"I had thought of the church," answered Suydam. He was a tall, spare young fellow, with straight brown hair and a resolute chin. "But I don't know now what I shall do. I have a little money, you know—enough to live on, if

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I choose. So I may stay here at the Settlement; the work is very interesting."

"No doubt," the novelist responded, readily; "you must see many curious cases. I wish I could cut loose for a while, and spend a month with you here."

"Why don't you?" suggested Suydam, eagerly.

"Oh, I have too much on hand," De Ruyter replied. "I've got to read the Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard next week; and besides, I've promised to finish a series of New York stories for the *Metropolis*. That is why I was on my way to find you this morning. I want you to help me."

"But I never wrote a story in my life," said the young man, promptly.

"I don't want you to write the stories," De Ruyter retorted. "Of course I can do that for myself. But I thought that you could help me to a little local color."

"Local color?" echoed Suydam, doubtfully.

"Yes," the novelist went on, "local color—that's what I want—fresh impressions."

"I don't quite see—" the young man began, hesitatingly.

"Oh, I can explain what I want," Rupert de Ruyter interrupted. "You see, I'm a New-Yorker born, as you are, and I've lived here all my life, and I know the city pretty well; that is, I know certain aspects of it thoroughly. I can do the Patriarchs, or a Claremont tea, or any other function of the smart set; I know the way men talk in clubs; I've studied the painters and the literary men and the journalists; I can describe a first night at the theatre or a panic in the Street; but I've pretty nearly exhausted the people I know, and I thought I would come down here and get introduced to a set I didn't know."

"I shall be glad to take you to the Settlement," Suydam responded, "and—"

"It isn't the Settlement I want, thank you," De Ruyter interrupted. "The people in the Settlement are variants of types I know already. The people I want to meet are people I don't know anything about—the very poor people, the tenement-house people, the people who work for the sweaters. Do you know any of those?"

"Yes," Suydam answered, "I know many of them. But they are not half so picturesque and so pathetic as the sensational newspapers make them out. Wouldn't you rather go and see the Chinese quarter?"

"That isn't what I want," the novelist made answer. "The Chinese quarter is barbarous; it is exotic; it is extraneous; it is a mere accidental excrescence on New York. But the tenement-house people have come to stay; they are an integral and a vital part of the city. I don't care about Chinatown, and I do care about Mulberry Bend. Now, Suydam, you know Mulberry Bend, don't you?"

"Yes," Suydam returned. "I know Mulberry Bend."

"Do you know any tenement-house in the Bend, or near it, which is characteristic—which is typical of the worst that the Bend has to show?" De Ruyter asked.

"Yes," Suydam responded again. "I think I could find a tenement of that kind."

"Then take me there now, if you can spare me an hour or two," said the novelist.

"I can put off my errand till this afternoon," the young man answered. "I think I can show you what you want. Come with me."

They had been standing where they had met, at the corner of the Bowery and Rivington Street. Now, under John Suydam's guidance, they walked a little way up the Bowery, beneath the single track of the elevated railroad. Then they turned into a side street, and pushed their way westward.

Whenever they came to a crossing, De Ruyter remarked that three of the corners always, and four of them sometimes, were saloons. The broad gilt signs over the open doors of these bar-rooms bore names either German or Irish, until they came to a corner where one of the saloons called itself the Caffè Cristoforo Colombo. A wooden stand, down the side street, and taking up a third of the width of the walk, had a sign announcing ice-cold soda-water at two cents a glass with fruit syrups; with chocolate and cream, the price was three cents. Right on the corner of the curb stood a large wash-tub half filled with water, in which soaked doubtful young cabbages and sprouts; its guardian was a thin slip of a girl with a red handkerchief knotted over her head.

At this corner Suydam turned out of the side street, and went down a street no wider perhaps, but extending north and south in a devious and hesitating

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way not common in the streets of New York. The sidewalks of this sinuous street were inconveniently narrow for its crowded population, and they were made still narrower by tolerated encroachments of one kind or another. Here, for instance, from the side of a small shop projected a stand on which unshelled pease wilted under the strong rays of the young June sun. There, for example, were steps down to the low basement, and in a corner of the hollow at the foot of these stairs there might be a pail with dingy ice packed about a can of alleged ice-cream, or else a board bore half a dozen tough brown loaves, also proffered for sale to the chance customer. Here and there, again, the dwellers in the tall tenements had brought chairs to the common door, and were seated, comfortably conversing with their neighbors, regardless of the fact that they thus blocked the sidewalk, and compelled the passer-by to go out into the street itself.

AT RIVINGTON STREET AND THE BOWERY.

And the street was as densely packed as the sidewalk. In front of Suydam and De Ruyter as they picked their way along was a swarthy young fellow with his flannel shirt open at the throat and rolled up on his tawny arms; he was pushing before him a hand-cart heaped with gayly colored calicoes. Other hand-carts there were, from which other men, young and old, were vending other wares —fruit more often than not; fruit of a most untempting frowziness. Now and then a huge wagon came lumbering through the street, heaped high with lofty cases of furniture from a rumbling and clattering factory near the corner. And before the heavy horses of this wagon the children scattered, waiting till the last moment of possible escape. There were countless children, and they were forever swarming out of the houses and up from the cellars and over the sidewalks and up and down the street. They were of all ages, from the babe in the arms of its dumpy, thick-set mother to the sweet-faced and dark-eyed girl of ten or twelve really, though she might seem a precocious fourteen. They ran wild in the street; they played about the knees of their mothers, who sat gossiping in the doorways; they hung over the railing of the fire-escapes, which gridironed the front of every tall house.

Everywhere had the Italians treated the balcony of the fire-escape as an outdoor room added to their scant accommodation. They adorned it with flowers growing in broken wooden boxes; they used its railings to dry their parti-colored flannel shirts; they sat out on it as though it were the loggia of a villa in their native land.

Everywhere, also, were noises and smells. The roar of the metropolis was here sharpened by the rattle of near machinery heard through open windows, and by the incessant clatter and shrill

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MULBERRY STREET FRUIT-VENDERS.

cries of the multitude in the street. The rancid odor of ill-kept kitchens mingled with the mitigated effluvium of decaying fruits and vegetables.

But over and beyond the noises and the smells and the bustling business of the throng, Rupert de Ruyter felt as though he were receiving an impression of life itself. It was as if he had caught a glimpse of the mighty movement of existence, incessant and inevitable. What he saw did not strike him as pitiful; it did not weigh him down with despondency. The spectacle before him was not beautiful; it was not even picturesque; but never for a moment, even, did it strike him as pathetic. Interesting it was, of a certainty—unfailingly interesting.

"I haven't found anything so Italian as this for years," he said to his guide as they picked their way through a tangle of babies sprawling out of a doorway. "I remember seeing nothing more Italian in my first walk in Italy—up the hill-side at Menaggio, after we landed from the boat to Como. Some of the faces here are of a purer Greek type than any you meet in northern Italy. Did you see that young mother we passed just now?"

"The one nursing the infant?" Suydam returned.

"Yes," De Ruyter went on. "She had the oval face and the olive complexion the Greeks left behind them in Sicily. She was not pretty, if you like, but she had the calm beauty of a race of sculptors. Her profile might have come off a Syracusan coin. And to see such a face here, in the city that was New Amsterdam and is New York!"

"We haven't time down here to think of Syracuse and New Amsterdam," said Suydam; "we are too busy thinking about New York. And if we ever do think of Sicily it is only to remember that the Sicilians we have here are the hottest tempered of all the Italians, the most revengeful and vindictive."

"If I didn't know," the novelist remarked, "that the Italians had developed their mercantile faculty at the expense of all their artistic impulses, I should wonder how it was that scions of the race of Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci and Raffael of Urbino could now be willing to live in a house as hideous as that!" and with a sweep of his hand he indicated a lofty double tenement, made uglier by much misplaced ornament. "It isn't even picturesque by decay. In fact, this whole region is in better repair than I had expected."

"Look at the house behind you," answered his companion.

The house behind them was one of the oldest tenements in the street. The balconies of its fire-escape were as cluttered as those of the neighboring dwellings; and every window gave signs that the room behind was inhabited. Yet the building, as a whole, seemed neglected.

"This house does seem out at elbows and dishevelled," De Ruyter admitted. "It looks like a tramp, doesn't it?"

"It does not look very clean," said Suydam. "And the back building is dirtier yet. That's where we are going, if you like."

"Well," De Ruyter answered, "if there is local color to be found anywhere round here, I guess we shall find a fair share of it in this place."

"This way, then," Suydam said, plunging into a covered alleyway, which extended under the house, and led into a small yard paved with uneven flag-stones,

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and shut in on all four sides by the surrounding buildings. Even on that sunny pure morning there was a dank chill in the air, and there were patches of moisture here and there on the pavement.

back building. Followed by the novelist, the young man from the University Settlement went down these steps and into the cellarlike room, which occupied about half the space under the back building.

IN MULBERRY BEND.

"The new building laws don't allow back buildings of this sort," Suydam explained. "But there are thousands of them in the city, put up before the new laws went into effect. Perhaps we had better try the basement first."

In one corner of the yard half a dozen steps led down into the basement of the

The air in this room was so foul that De Ruyter held his breath for a moment. The room was not more than twelve feet square; its walls were unplastered, showing the coarse foundation-stones; its floor was of earth, trodden to hardness, except where the drippings from the beer-cans had moistened it; the beams of the floor

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above seemed rotten. In the damp heat of this room ten or a dozen men and boys were seated on old chairs and on broken boxes, smoking, playing cards by the light of a single foul and flaring kerosene-lamp, and drinking the dregs of beer-kegs collected in old cans.

The inhabitants of the cellar looked up as Suydam and De Ruyter entered, and then they resumed their previous occupations, with no further attention to the intruders.

The man nearest to the door was a powerfully built fellow of fifty, with gray hair cropped close to his head. He was playing cards. He had a knife thrust in his leathern belt.

"Good-morning, Giacomo," said Suydam to this grizzled brute. "I haven't heard of you for a long while now. When did you get off the Island?"

"Las' week," was the gruff answer.

"And where is your wife now?" the young man asked.

"She work," answered Giacomo.

Suydam did not pursue the conversation further. Judging that the novelist had seen enough, he turned and went up the rickety steps again, followed by his friend.

"Ouf!" said De Ruyter, drawing a long breath, as they stood again in the cramped yard. "I don't see how they can breathe that air and live."

"They don't live," answered Suydam; "at least the weaker are soon pushed to the wall and die, leaving only the tougher specimens you saw. Now we will go up stairs, if you like."

"I'm ready," De Ruyter responded. "This is exactly what I came to see."

In the centre of the back building there was an entry. The door was off its hinges. Just inside the passage were the stairs, with the railing broken, and many of the steps dangerously decayed. There was little light as they went up, and a rank odor of decaying fish accompanied them.

At the head of the stairs there was a door on either hand. Suydam knocked at them in turn, and then tried to open them; but they were locked, and there was no response to the repeated hammerings.

"I say," remarked the novelist, as they went up to the floor above, "do these people like to have us intrude on them in this way?"

"Some don't," Suydam answered, promptly, "and of course I try never to intrude. But most of them don't mind. Most of them have no sense of home. Most of them don't know what privacy means. How could they?"

"True," echoed the novelist. "How could they?"

"Here is an exemplification of what I mean," said the young man from the Settlement as they came to the next landing.

The door leading into the room on the right was open. The room was perhaps ten feet square; it contained two beds. On one of the beds a man sat cross-legged sewing; he glanced up for a moment only as the two visitors darkened the doorway, and then he went on with his work. On the other bed were two little children, half naked and asleep; one was a boy of three, the other a girl of nearly two. On the edge of this bed sat a tall boy of seventeen, also sewing. In the narrow alley between the two beds were two sewing-machines, one tended by a girl of fifteen or sixteen perhaps, a thin, stunted child, with bent shoulders. The other machine was operated by the mother of these children, a large-framed woman of forty, with the noble head so often seen among the Trasteverines.

She knew Suydam, and she smiled.

ITALIAN MOTHER AND CHILD.

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"Good-mornin'," she said.

"Good-morning," responded Suydam. "I am showing a friend over the building. You seem a little crowded here."

"Not crowd' now," she answered. "Only one boarder now," and she indicated the man seated cross-legged on the bed. "Last week two."

"Where is your husband?" asked the young man.

"Oh, he got another girl," she replied, with a vague gesture, apparently of disapproval.

Suydam and De Ruyter went a floor higher, glancing into the rooms which were open. Suydam knew most of the inhabitants, and they seemed glad to see him. Evidently they looked on him as a friend.

"I SAW HIM NOT TEN MINUTES AGO."

On the top floor, under the steps which led to the roof, was a den scarce six feet by eight. Small as it was, this room had better furniture than most of those De Ruyter had seen; it contained evidences of a desire to make a home. There were violent chromos pinned to the wall. The bed had a parti-colored coverlet. The sole inhabitant was a tall, dark Italian with fiery eyes. He was cooking macaroni with ropy cheese over an oil-lamp. His door was ajar only.

"Good-morning, Pietro," said Suydam, cheerfully.

Pietro obeyed his first impulse, and shut the door swiftly. Then he changed his mind, for he opened the door and peered out suspiciously. Recognizing Suydam, he was about to throw it wide, when he caught sight of De Ruyter. There was a moment of hesitancy, and then he took his hand from the knob of the door and went on with his cooking.

"I am showing my friend over the building," explained Suydam.

The Italian said nothing. Apparently his cooking absorbed all his attention. But he gave De Ruyter a searching glance.

Suydam turned to the novelist. "This is Pietro Barretti," he said; "he is one of the most expert layers of mosaic in America. He is from Naples; that's the reason he cooks macaroni so well, I suppose."

"Certainly I haven't seen macaroni cooked that way since I was in Naples last," the novelist remarked, for the sake of talk, not knowing just what to make of the Italian's manner.

"Your wife not here?" asked Suydam.

"No," the Italian answered, abruptly.

"Where is she?" persisted the young man.

"She mort," responded Barretti.

"Dead?" Suydam cried. "That is very sad. When did she die?"

"Ten days," the Italian replied.

When Suydam and De Ruyter had made an end of their visit, and were going down the stairs cautiously, the young man from the University Settlement asked the novelist if he had seen anything interesting.

"Oh yes," was the answer. "I've got lots of color; just what I wanted. And that Italian whose wife was mort—he's copy, I'm sure."

"Copy?" queried Suydam.

"I mean I can use him in one of my sketches for the *Metropolis*," the novelist

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explained. "I wish I knew what his wife was like."

"She was a pretty girl—dark-haired, dark-eyed, with a lively smile," Suydam said. "He was very jealous of her. I've been told they used to quarrel bitterly."

"I shouldn't like to have that fellow for an enemy," De Ruyter declared, as they passed through the alleyway and came out in the open air. "He has an eye like a glass stiletto."

The novelist and the young man from the University Settlement walked up the street together. As they drew near to a police station, jealously guarded by its green lamps, three officers came out and turned down the street.

When the policemen were abreast of the two friends, one of them stepped aside and accosted the young man from the Settlement.

"Mr. Suydam," he said, "you gentlemen from the Settlement sometimes know what's going on better than we do. Have you seen Pietro Barretti lately—the one they call Italian Pete?"

"I saw him not ten minutes ago—in his own room," Suydam answered.

"He's all right, boys," cried the policeman. "He's there."

"Do you want him?" asked Suydam.

"Don't we?" the policeman replied, promptly. "We've got to bring him in."

"What has he done?" De Ruyter inquired.

"Oh, he's done enough!" responded the officer. "He murdered his wife last week, that's what he's done."

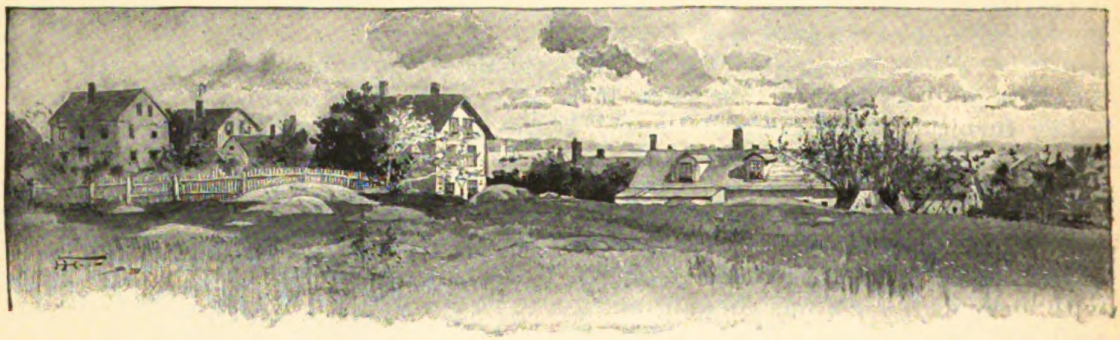
Suydam looked at De Ruyter.

"Yes," said De Ruyter, "that completes the picture. I can get a good *mot de la fin* now."

MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Second Part.



GALLOWS HILL, SALEM.

VI.

I DO not know how I first arrived in Boston, or whether it was before or after I had passed a day or two in Salem. As Salem is on the way from Portland, I will suppose that I stopped there first, and explored the quaint old town (quainter then than now, but still quaint enough) for the memorials of Hawthorne and of the witches which united to form the Salem I cared for. I went and looked up the House of Seven Gables, and suffered an unreasonable disappointment that it had not a great many more of them; but there was no loss in the death-warrant of Bridget Bishop, with the sheriff's return of execution upon it, which I found at the Court-house; if anything, the pathos of that witness of one of the cruelest delusions in the world was rather in excess of my needs; I could have got on with less. I saw the pins which the witches were sworn to have thrust into the afflicted children, and I saw Gallows Hill, where the hapless victims of the perjury were hanged. But that death-warrant remained the most vivid color of my experience of the tragedy; I had no need to invite myself to a sense of it, and it is still like a stain of red in my memory.

The kind old ship's captain whose guest I was, and who was transfigured to poetry

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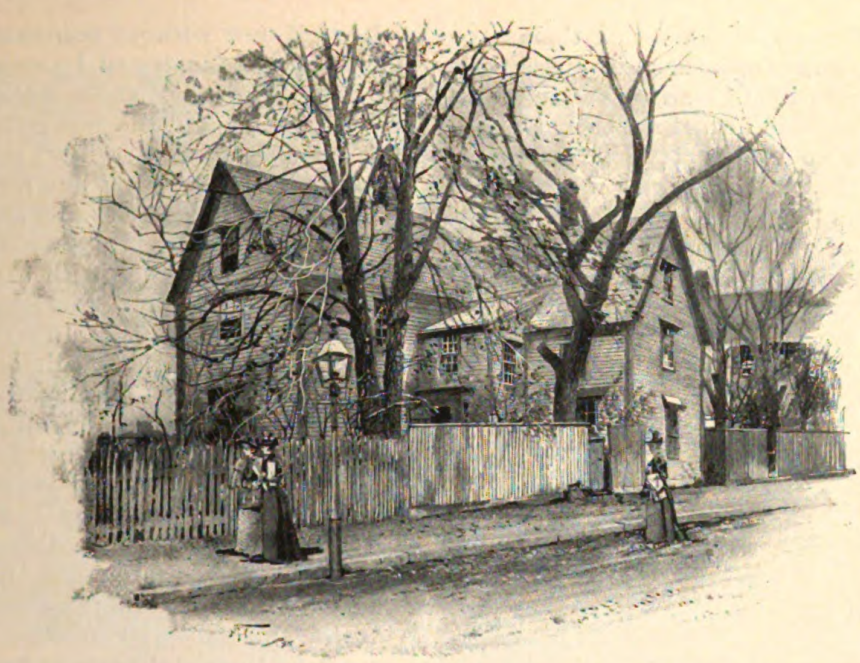

HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES.

in my sense by the fact that he used to voyage to the African coast for palm-oil in former days, led me all about the town, and showed me the Custom-house, which I desired to see because it was in the preface to the Scarlet Letter. But I perceived that he did not share my enthusiasm for the author, and I became more and more sensible that in Salem air there was a cool undercurrent of feeling about him. No doubt the place was not altogether grateful for the celebrity his romance had given it, and would have valued more the uninterrupted quiet of its own flattering thoughts of itself; but when it came to hearing a young lady say she knew a girl who said she would like to poison Hawthorne, it seemed to the devout young pilgrim from the West that something more of love for the great romancer would not have been too much honor for him in his own country. Hawthorne had already had his say, however, and he had not used his native town with too great tenderness. Indeed, the advantages to any place of having a great genius born and reared in its midst are so doubtful that it might be well for localities designing to become the birthplaces of distinguished authors to think twice about it. Perhaps only the largest capitals, like London and Paris, and New York and Chicago, ought to risk it. But the authors have an unaccountable perversity, and will seldom come into the world in the large cities, which are alone without the sense of neighborhood, and the personal susceptibilities so unfavorable to the practice of the literary art.

I dare say that it was owing to the local indifference to her greatest name, or her reluctance from it, that I got a clearer impression of Salem in some other respects than I should have had if I had been invited there to devote myself solely to the associations of Hawthorne. For the first time I saw an old New England town, I do not know but the most characteristic, and took into my young Western consciousness the fact of a more complex civilization than I had yet known. My whole life had been passed in a region where men were just beginning ancestors, and the conception of family was very imperfect. Literature of course was full of it, and it was not for a devotee of Thackeray to be theoretically ignorant of its manifestations; but I had hitherto carelessly supposed that family was nowhere regarded seriously in America except in Virginia, where it furnished a joke for the rest of the nation. But now I found myself confronted with it in its ancient houses, and heard its names pronounced with a certain consideration, which I dare say was as much their due in Salem as it could be anywhere. The names were all strange, and all indifferent to me, but those fine square wooden mansions, of a tasteful architecture, and

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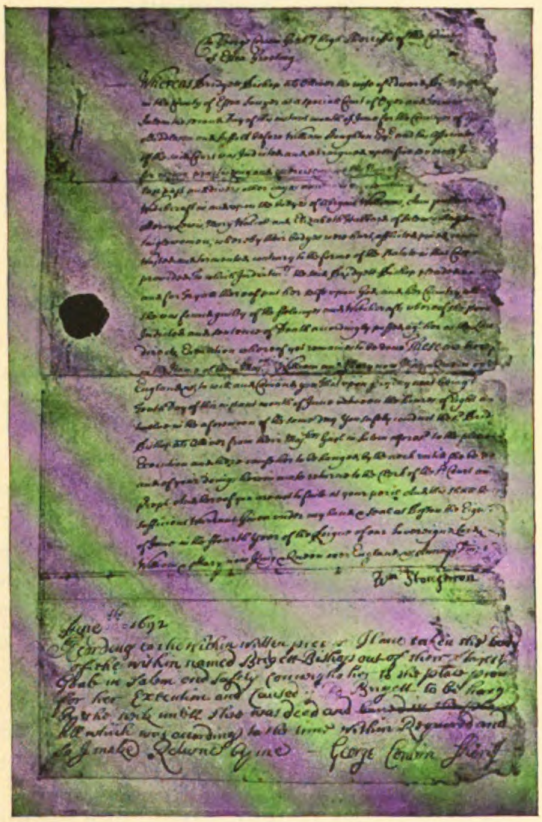
a pale buff-color, withdrawing themselves in quiet reserve from the quiet street, gave me an impression of family as an actuality and a force which I had never had before, but which no Westerner can yet understand the East without taking into account. I do not suppose that I conceived of family as a fact of vital import then; I think I rather regarded it as a color to be used in any æsthetic study of the local conditions. I am not sure that I valued it more even for literary purposes, than the steeple



RETURN WARRANT OF SHERIFF GEORGE CORWIN FOR HANGING BRIDGET BISHOP.

which the captain pointed out as the first and last thing he saw when he came and went on his long voyages, or than the great palm-oil casks, which he showed me, and which I related to the tree that stood

"Auf brennender Felsenwand."

Whether that was the kind of palm that gives the oil, or was a sort only suitable to be the dream of a lonely fir-tree in the North on a cold height, I am in doubt to this day.

I heard, not without concern, that the neighboring industry of Lynn was penetrating Salem, and that the ancient haunt of the witches and the birthplace of our subtlest and somberest wizard was becoming a great shoe-town; but my concern was less for its memories and sensibilities than for an odious duty which I owed that industry, together with all the others in New England. Before I left home I had promised my earliest publisher that I would undertake to edit, or compile, or do something literary to, a work on the operation of the more distinctive mechanical inventions of our country, which he had conceived the notion of publishing by subscription. He had furnished me, the most immechanical of humankind, with a letter addressed generally to the great mills and factories of the East, entreating their managers to unfold their mysteries to me for the purposes of this volume. His letter had the effect of shutting up some of them like clams, and others it put upon their guard against my researches, lest I should seize the secret of their special inventions and publish it to the world. I could not tell the managers that I was both morally and mentally incapable of this; that they might have explained and demonstrated the properties and functions of their most recondite machinery, and upon examination afterwards found me guiltless of having anything but a few verses of Heine or Tennyson or Longfellow in my head. So I had to suffer in several places from their unjust anxieties, and from my own weariness of their ingenious engines, or else endure the pangs of a bad conscience from ignoring them. As long as I was in Canada I was happy, for there was no industry in Canada that I saw, except that of the peasant girls, in their Evangeline hats and kirtles, tossing the hay in the way-side fields; but when I reached Portland my troubles began. I went with that young minister of whom I have spoken to a large foundry, where they were casting some sort of ironmongery, and inspected the process from a distance beyond any chance spurt of the molten metal, and came away sadly uncertain of putting the rather fine spectacle to any practical use. A manufactory where they did something with coal-

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A TYPICAL STREET IN OLD SALEM.

oil (which I now heard for the first time called kerosene) refused itself to me, and I said to myself that probably all the other industries of Portland were as reserved, and I would not seek to explore them; but when I got to Salem, my conscience stirred again. If I knew that there were shoe-shops in Salem, ought not I to go and inspect their processes? This was a question which would not answer itself to my satisfaction, and I had no peace till I learned that I could see shoe-making much better at Lynn, and that Lynn was such a little way from Boston that I could readily run up there, if I did not wish to examine the shoe machinery at once. I promised myself that I would run up from Boston, but in order to do this I must first go to Boston.

VII.

I am supposing still that I saw Salem before I saw Boston, but however the fact may be, I am sure that I decided it would be better to see shoe-making in Lynn, where I really did see it, thirty years later. For the purposes of the present visit, I contented myself with looking at a machine in Haverhill, which chewed a shoe sole full of pegs, and dropped it out of its iron jaws with an indifference as great as my own, and probably as little sense of how it had done its work. I may be unjust to that machine; heaven knows I would not wrong it; and I must confess that my head had no room in it for the conception of any machinery but the mythological, which also I despised, in my revulsion from the eighteenth-century poets to those of my own day.

I cannot quite make out after the lapse of so many years just how or when I got to Haverhill, or whether it was before or after I had been in Boston. There is an apparitional quality in my presences, at this point or that, in the dim past; but I hope that, for the credit of their order, ghosts are not commonly taken with such trivial things as I was. For instance, in Haverhill I was much interested by the sight of a young man, coming gayly down the steps of the hotel where I lodged, in peg-top trousers so much more peg-top than my own that I seemed to be wearing mere spring-bottoms in comparison; and in a day when every one who respected himself had a necktie as narrow as he could get, this youth had one no wider

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than a shoestring, and red at that, while mine measured almost an inch, and was black. To be sure, he was one of a band of negro minstrels, who were to give a concert that night, and he had a right to excel in fashion.

dustries which it would have been well for me to celebrate, but I either made believe there were none, or else I honestly forgot all about them. In either case I released myself altogether to the literary and historical associations of the place. I

"GIRLS IN EVANGELINE HATS AND KIRTLES TOSSING HAY."

I will suppose, for convenience' sake, that I visited Haverhill, too, before I reached Boston: somehow that shoe-pegging machine must come in, and it may as well come in here. When I actually found myself in Boston, there were perhaps in-

need not say that I gave myself first to the first, and it rather surprised me to find that the literary associations of Boston referred so largely to Cambridge. I did not know much about Cambridge, except that it was the seat of the university

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where Lowell was, and Longfellow had been, professor; and somehow I had not realized it as the home of these poets. That was rather stupid of me, but it is best to own the truth, and afterward I came to know the place so well that I may safely confess my earlier ignorance.

I had stopped in Boston at the Tremont House, which was still one of the first hostelries of the country, and I must have inquired my way to Cambridge there; but I was sceptical of the direction the Cambridge horse-car took when I found it, and I hinted to the driver my anxieties as to why he should be starting east when I had been told that Cambridge was west of Boston. He reassured me in the laconic and even sarcastic manner of his kind, and we really reached Cambridge by the route he had taken.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AT FORTY.

The beautiful elms that shaded great part of the way massed themselves in the "groves of academe" at the Square, and showed pleasant glimpses of "Old Harvard's scholar factories red," then far fewer than now. It must have been in vacation, for I met no one as I wandered through the college yard, trying to make up my mind as to how I should learn where Lowell lived; for it was he whom I had come to find. He had not only taken the poems I sent him, but he had printed two of them in a single number of the Atlantic, and had even written me a little note about them, which I wore next my heart in my breast pocket till I almost wore it out; and so I thought I might fitly report myself to him. But I have always been helpless in finding my way, and I was still depressed by my failure to convince the horse-car driver that he had taken the wrong road. I let several people go by without questioning them, and those I did ask abashed me farther by not knowing what I wanted to know. When I had remitted my search for the moment, an ancient man, with an open mouth and an inquiring eye, whom I never afterwards made out in Cambridge, addressed me with a hospitable offer to show me the Washington Elm. I thought this would give me time to embolden myself for the meeting with the editor of the Atlantic if I should ever find him, and I went with that kind old man, who when he had shown me the tree, and the spot where Washington stood when he took command of the continental forces, said that he had a branch of it, and that if I would come to his house with him he would give me a piece. In the end, I meant merely to flatter him

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THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.

into telling me where I could find Lowell, but I dissembled a passion for a piece of the historic elm, and the old man led me not only to his house but his wood-house, where he sawed me off a block so generous that I could not get it into my pocket. I feigned the gratitude which I could see that he expected, and then I took courage to put my question to him. Perhaps that patriarch lived only in the past, and cared for history and not literature. He confessed that he could not tell me where to find Lowell; but he did not forsake me; he set forth with me upon the street again, and let no man pass without asking him. In the end we met one who was able to say where Mr. Lowell was, and I found him at last in a little study at the rear of a pleasant, old-fashioned house near the Delta.

Lowell was not then at the height of his fame; he had just reached this thirty years after, when he died; but I doubt if he was ever after a greater power in his own country, or more completely embodied the literary aspiration which would not and could not part itself from the love of freedom and the hope of justice. For the sake of these he had been willing to suffer the reproach which followed their friends in the earlier days of the anti-slavery struggle. He had outlived the reproach long before; but the fear of his strength remained with those who had felt it, and he had not made himself more generally loved by the Fable for Critics than by the Biglow Papers, probably. But in the Vision of Sir Launfal and the Legend of Brittany he had won a liking if not a listening far wider than his humor and his wit had got him; and in his lectures on the English poets, given not many years before he came to the charge of the Atlantic, he had proved himself easily the wisest and finest critic in our language. He was already, more than any American poet,

> "Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
> The love of love,"

and he held a place in the public sense which no other author among us has held. I had myself never been a great reader of his poetry, when I met him, though when I was a boy of ten years I had heard my

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father repeat passages from the Biglow Papers against war and slavery and the war for slavery upon Mexico, and later I had read those criticisms of English poetry, and I knew Sir Launfal must be Lowell in some sort; but my love for him as a poet was chiefly centred in my love for his tender and lofty rhyme, Auf Wiedersehen, which I cannot yet read without something of the young pathos it first stirred in me. I knew and felt his greatness somehow apart from the literary proofs of it; he ruled my fancy and held my allegiance as a character, as a man; and I am neither sorry nor ashamed that I was abashed when I first came into his presence; and that in spite of his words of welcome I sat inwardly quaking before him. He was then forty-one years old, and nineteen my senior, and if there had been nothing else to awe me, I might well have been quelled by the disparity of our ages. But I have always been willing and even eager to do homage to men who have done something, and notably to men who have done something in the sort I wished to do something in, myself. I could never recognize any other sort of superiority; but that I am proud to recognize; and I had before Lowell some such feeling as an obscure subaltern might have before his general. He was by nature a bit of a disciplinarian, and the effect was from him as well as in me; I dare say he let me feel whatever difference there was, as helplessly as I felt it. At the first encounter with people he always was apt to have a certain frosty shyness, a smiling cold, as from the long, high-sunned winters of his Puritan race; he was not quite himself till he had made you aware of his quality: then no one could be sweeter, tenderer, warmer than he; then he made you free of his whole heart; but you must be his captive before he could do that. His whole personality had now an instant charm for me; I could not keep my eyes from those beautiful eyes of his, which had a certain starry serenity, and looked out so purely from under his white forehead, shadowed by auburn hair untouched with age; or from the smile that shaped the auburn beard, and gave the face in its form and color the Christ-look which Page's portrait has flattered in it.

His voice had as great a fascination for me as his face. The vibrant tenderness and the crisp clearness of the tones, the perfect modulation, the clear enunciation, the exquisite accent, the elect diction—I

GROVES OF ACADEME, HARVARD.

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did not know enough then to know that these were the gifts, these were the graces, of one from whose tongue our rough English came music such as I should never hear from any other. In his speech there was nothing of our slipshod American slovenliness, but a truly Italian conscience and an artistic sense of beauty in the instrument.

I saw, before he sat down across his writing-table from me, that he was not far from the medium height; but his erect carriage made the most of his five feet and odd inches. He had been smoking the pipe he loved, and he put it back in his mouth, presently, as if he found himself at greater ease with it, when he began to chat, or rather to let me show what manner of young man I was by giving me the first word. I told him of the trouble I had in finding him, and I could not help dragging in something about Heine's search for Börne, when he went to see him in Frankfort; but I felt at once this was a false start, for Lowell was such an impassioned lover of Cambridge, which was truly his *patria*, in the Italian sense, that it must have hurt him to be unknown to any one in it; he said, a little dryly, that he should not have thought I would have so much difficulty; but he added, forgivingly, that this was not his own house, which he was out of for the time. Then he spoke to me of Heine, and when I showed my ardor for him, he sought to temper it with some judicious criticisms, and told me that he had kept the first poem I sent him, for the long time it had been unacknowledged, to make sure that it was not a translation. He asked me about myself, and my name, and its Welsh origin, and seemed to find the vanity I had in this harmless enough. When I said I had tried hard to believe that I was at least the literary descendant of Sir James Howels, he corrected me gently with "James Howel," and took down a volume of the Familiar Letters from the shelves behind him to prove me wrong. This was always his habit, as I found afterwards: when he quoted anything from a book he liked to get it and read the passage over, as if he tasted a kind of hoarded sweetness in the words. It visibly vexed him if they showed him in the least mistaken; but

"The love he bore to learning was at fault"

"A PLEASANT OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE NEAR THE DELTA."

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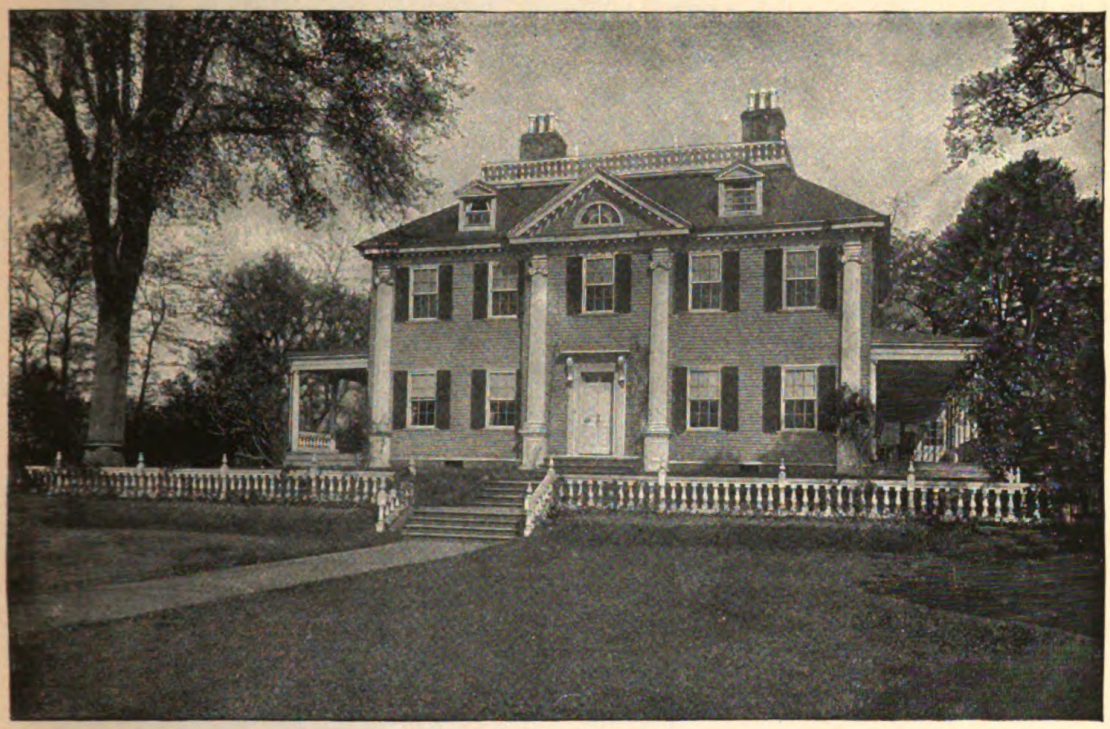

LONGFELLOW'S HOUSE, BRATTLE STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

for this foible, and that other of setting people right if he thought them wrong. I could not assert myself against his version of Howel's name, for my edition of his letters was far away in Ohio, and I was obliged to own that the name was spelt in several different ways in it. He perceived, no doubt, why I had chosen the form likest my own, with the title which the pleasant old turncoat ought to have had from the many masters he served according to their many minds, but never had except from that erring edition. He did not afflict me for it, though; probably it amused him too much; he asked me about the West, and when he found that I was as proud of the West as I was of Wales, he seemed even better pleased, and said he had always fancied that human nature was laid out on rather a larger scale there than in the East, but he had seen very little of the West. In my heart I did not think this then, and I do not think it now; human nature has had more ground to spread over in the West; that is all; but "it was not for me to bandy words with my sovereign." He said he liked to hear of the differences between the different sections, for what we had most to fear in our country was a wearisome sameness of type.

He did not say now, or at any other time during the many years I knew him, any of those slighting things of the West which I had so often to resent from Eastern people, but suffered me to praise it all I would. He asked me what way I had taken in coming to New England, and when I told him, and began to rave of the beauty and quaintness of French Canada, and to pour out my joy in Quebec, he said, with a smile that had now lost all its frost, Yes, Quebec was a bit of the seventeenth century; it was in many ways more French than France, and its people spoke the language of Voltaire, with the accent of Voltaire's time.

I do not remember what else he talked of, though once I remembered it with what I believed an ineffaceable distinctness. I set nothing of it down at the time; I was too busy with the letters I was writing for a Cincinnati paper; and I was severely bent upon keeping all personalities out of them. This was very well, but I could wish now that I had transgressed at least so far as to report some of the things that Lowell said; for the paper did not print my letters, and it would have been perfectly safe, and very useful for the present purpose. But perhaps he did not say anything very mem-

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"THE ELMY QUIET OF THE CAMBRIDGE STREETS."

orable; to do that you must have something positive in your listener; and I was the mere response, the hollow echo, that youth must be in like circumstances. I was all the time afraid of wearing my welcome out, and I hurried to go when I would so gladly have staid. I do not remember where I meant to go, or why he should have undertaken to show me the way across-lots, but this was what he did; and when we came to a fence, which I clambered gracelessly over, he put his hands on the top, and tried to take it at a bound. He tried twice, and then laughed at his failure, but not with any great pleasure, and he was not content till a third trial carried him across. Then he said, "I commonly do that the first time," as if it were a frequent habit with him, while I remained discreetly silent, and for that moment at least felt myself the elder of the man who had so much of the boy in him. He had, indeed, much of the boy in him to the last, and he parted with each hour of his youth reluctantly, pathetically.

VIII.

We walked across what must have been Jarvis Field to what must have been North Avenue, and there he left me. But before he let me go he held my hand while he could say that he wished me to dine with him; only, he was not in his own house, and he would ask me to dine with him at the Parker House in Boston, and would send me word of the time later.

I suppose I may have spent part of the intervening time in viewing the wonders of Boston, and visiting the historic scenes and places in it and about it. I certainly went over to Charlestown, and ascended Bunker Hill Monument, and explored the navy-yard, where the immemorial man-of-war begun in Jackson's time was then silently stretching itself under its long shed in a poetic arrest, as if the failure of the appropriation for its completion had been some kind of enchantment. In Boston, I early presented my letter of credit to the publisher it was drawn upon, not that I needed money at the moment, but from a young eagerness to see if it would be honored; and a literary attaché of the house kindly went about with me, and showed me the life of the city. A great city it seemed to me then, and a seething vortex of business as well as a whirl of gayety, as I saw it in Washington Street, and in a promenade concert at Copeland's restaurant in Tremont Row. Probably

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I brought some idealizing force to bear upon it, for I was not all so strange to the world as I must seem; perhaps I accounted for quality as well as quantity in my impressions of the New England metropolis, and aggrandized it in the ratio of its literary importance. It seemed to me old, even after Quebec, and very likely I credited the actual town with all the dead and gone Bostonians in my sentimental census. If I did not it was no fault of my cicerone, who thought even more of the city he showed me than I did. I do not know who he was now, and I never saw him after I came to live there, with any certainty that it was he, though I was often tormented with the vision of a spectacled face like his, but not like enough to warrant me in addressing him.

He became part of that ghostly Boston of my first visit, which would sometimes return and possess again the city I came to know so familiarly in later years, and to be so passionately interested in. Some color of my prime impressions has tinged the fictitious experiences of people in my books, but I find very little of it in my memory. This is like a web of frayed old lace, which I have to take carefully into my hold for fear of its fragility, and make out as best I can the figure once so distinct in it. There are the narrow streets, stretching saltwards to the docks, which I haunted for their quaintness, and there is Faneuil Hall, which I cared to see so much more because Wendell Phillips had spoken in it than because Otis and Adams had. There is the old Colonial House, and there is the State House, which I dare say I explored, with the Common sloping before it. There is Beacon Street, with the Hancock House where it is incredibly no more, and there are the beginnings of Commonwealth Avenue, and the other streets of the Back Bay, laid out with their basements left hollowed in the made land, which the gravel trains were yet making out of the westward hills. There is the Public Garden, newly planned and planted, but without the massive bridge destined to make so ungratefully little of the lake that occasioned it. But it is all very vague, and I could easily believe now that it was some one else who saw it then in my place.

I think that I did not try to see Cambridge the same day that I saw Lowell, but wisely came back to my hotel in Boston, and tried to realize the fact. I went out another day, with an acquaintance from Ohio, whom I ran upon in the street. We went to Mount Auburn together, and I viewed its monuments with a reverence which I dare say their artistic quality did not merit. But I am not sorry for this, for perhaps they are not quite so bad as some people pretend. The gothic chapel of the cemetery, unstoried as it was, gave me, with its half-dozen statues standing or sitting about, an emotion of such quality as I am afraid I could not receive now from the Acropolis, Westminster Abbey, and Santa Croce in one. I tried hard for some æsthetic sense of it, and I made believe that I thought this thing and that thing in the place moved me with its fitness or beauty; but the truth is that I had no taste in anything but literature, and did not feel the effect I would so willingly have experienced.

I did genuinely love the elmy quiet of the dear old Cambridge streets, though, and I had a real and instant pleasure in the yellow colonial houses, with their white corners and casements and their green blinds, that lurked behind the shrubbery of the avenue I passed through to Mount Auburn. The most beautiful among them was the most interesting for me, for it was the house of Longfellow; my companion, who had seen it before, pointed it out to me with an air of custom, and I would not let him see that I valued the first sight of it as I did. I had hoped that somehow I might be so favored as to see Longfellow himself, but when I asked about him of those who knew, they said, "Oh, he is at Nahant," and I thought that Nahant must be a great way off, and at any rate I did not feel authorized to go to him there. Neither did I go to see the author of the Amber Gods, who lived at Newburyport, I was told, as if I should know where Newburyport was; I did not know, and I hated to ask. Besides, it did not seem so simple as it had seemed in Ohio, to go and see a young lady simply because I was infatuated with her literature; even as the envoy of all the infatuated young people of Columbus, I could not quite do this; and when I got home, I had to account for my failure as best I could. Another failure of mine was the sight of Whittier, which I then very much longed to have. They said, "Oh, Whittier lives at Amesbury," but that put him at an indefinite distance, and without the introduction I

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never would ask for, I found it impossible to set out in quest of him. In the end, I saw no one in New England whom I was not presented to in the regular way, except Lowell, whom I thought I had a right to call upon in my quality of contributor, and from the acquaintance I had with him by letter. I neither praise nor blame myself for this; it was my shyness that withheld me rather than my merit. There is really no harm in seeking the presence of a famous man, and I doubt if the famous man resents the wish of people to look upon him without some measure, great or little, of affectation. There are bores everywhere, but he is likelier to find them in the wonted figures of society than in those young people, or old people, who come to him in the love of what he has done. I am well aware how furiously Tennyson sometimes met his worshippers, and how insolently Carlyle, but I think these facts are little specks in their sincerity. Our own gentler and honester celebrities did not forbid approach, and I have known some of them caress adorers who seemed hardly worthy of their kindness; but that was better than to have hurt any sensitive spirit who had ventured too far, by the rules that govern us with common men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRENCH DIPLOMACY UNDER THE THIRD REPUBLIC.

BY MR. DE BLOWITZ.

THE Second Empire had just fallen in the great "débâcle" of Sedan, when the 4th of September saw the birth of the "Government of National Defence."

With the disappearance of the Empire went also its diplomatists. The Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne Lauraguais was succeeded by Jules Favre, and this change was an earnest of the alteration destined to take place throughout the French Foreign Office. The most aristocratic representative of the Second Empire gave way at the rise of the popular lawyer, the indefatigable foe of absolutism, the man at once the most eloquent as orator, the vaguest as politician, the most inexperienced and sentimental as diplomatist whom France possessed; a man of whom Prince Bismarck etched in July 2, 1878, the following portrait:

"Thiers and Jules Favre," said he to me, "had come to Versailles to negotiate for peace. Finally, as we could not come to an understanding, I began to speak in German. Thiers looked at me through his spectacles with angry eyes, and said, 'You know perfectly well that we do not understand German!' 'But as we cannot come to an understanding in the tongue of the conquered, I am going to use that of the conqueror,' I replied. Thiers then, his eyes flashing, went to a table and began to draw up an article on the point in discussion. As for Jules Favre—his face worn and wrinkled, his cheeks bathed in tears, his hair in disorder, his arms extended—he went, with his tall thin body loosely clad in ill-fitting garments, like an immense bat, to the obscurest corner of the room, and remained there motionless until Thiers, rising, came brusquely up to me, handed to me what he had written, and asked, 'Is that it?' 'Yes, that's just it,' I replied; and the negotiations began afresh."

Then the Prince added: "Ah, this poor little Thiers! He was nevertheless a great patriot, a great citizen, a great diplomatist, and the French were very unjust to him. His silent wrath was far more effective than the sobs of Jules Favre."

The diplomatists of the Empire who still remained at their posts were like forgotten sentinels, who no longer knew the watchword, and who awaited resignedly to be relieved by some new-comer.

In Vienna, St. Petersburg, and London the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, General Fleury, and the Marquis de la Valette, surprised by the tottering of the imperial throne, counted the days until their recall, and fulfilled their duties without any sort of enthusiasm in the midst of the disorder of reorganization attempted by men without antecedents or experience. Benedetti, who had asked for his passports, and who in advance was marked out as the scapegoat of the defeat, did not suffer, owing to his previous recall, the violent fall which he would have experienced had he not ceased to be an accredited ambassador. When, on the 28th July, 1870, the *Times* published the plan of the secret treaty from the pen of Count Benedetti, and intrusted to Count Bismarck—a treaty according to

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which France was to annex Belgium and Luxembourg—it was as an immense explosion throughout the entire world.

Inasmuch as later on and throughout the war the *Times*, better organized and better served, gave always the exact truth as to the engagements; and inasmuch as this news, unfortunately for France, was always news of German victories, the French feeling against the English journal tended gradually to become bitter; and even to-day, at each fresh incident, it awakes with redoubled vigor of animosity. The fact is worth noting that while the Emperor Napoleon III. has been almost pardoned, while the councillors and ministers who drove him into this war live either peacefully or forgotten in the midst of their fellow-citizens, while the fallen Chancellor of Germany is no longer attacked, yet the journal which revealed the Benedetti plot has not been forgiven, because it is always ready for the battle, and always vigilant. When this revelation was made, although it was at the very commencement of the war, amid the noise and terror of the battles between two great powers, there was a veritable explosion of hatred and anger throughout France against the diplomatist who had furnished such a weapon to the enemies of his nation, and the entire diplomacy of the Second Empire, as it were, found itself involved in the reprobation directed against this act, at once perfidious and maladroit, of which the Comte Benedetti was accused.

It appears to me to-day that it was the feeling aroused by this colossal stupidity which brought about the complete and speedy disappearance of the diplomacy of the Second Empire; for as soon as possible a clean sweep was made. It was submerged, so to speak, in the transformation movement undergone by France—a movement which swept away all the ancient landmarks.

It is perhaps the most noteworthy fact of contemporary psychology, the curious alteration in the French temperament since the war of 1870–71. Almost always it is to be remarked that the vanquished borrow from the conqueror the very principles by which the latter has won his victory. It was unavoidable that France should adopt the military system of Germany, regulating according to that model its methods of administration, of recruiting, and of mobilization, its railways, its manœuvres, and its military territories. But what is new and surprising is that also in the campaigns which it conducts abroad, in its general processes and its spirit, in the sternness of its treatment of the foreigner to whom formerly its soil was so hospitable and indulgent, it seems to have been inspired by the Prussian soul; and one might almost imagine one's self listening to a North German negotiator when, in Tunis, at Hué, at Abomey, or at Bangkok, the representative of France indicates to the petty kinglets trembling with fright the irrefragable and imperious will of his great nation.

It may be said that the diplomacy of the Third Republic did not really enter on the scene until the appointment of M. Waddington, on December 13, 1877, to the ministry of foreign affairs in the cabinet of M. Dufaure. This was after the failure of the parliamentary *coup d'état* attempted by Marshal de MacMahon and the Duc de Broglie on May 16th, and it is from this moment that a new spirit becomes manifest in French diplomacy. Up to then this diplomacy vibrated between the spirit of the Empire and that of the Republic, drawing its inspiration now from a converted Orleanism, and now from a militant Orleanism, which remained faithful to its origin, and directed the policy of the Republic towards the inevitable haven of the monarchy.

M. Waddington had become minister of foreign affairs on December 13, 1877. I hasten to add in the lifetime of M. Waddington* and of his friends who knew him then, that it was I who was intrusted by M. Dufaure with the pleasant duty of offering him this portfolio. M. Dufaure had wished to give it to the Comte de Saint-Vallier, and to make M. Waddington minister of education, a post which he had already held. M. Dufaure—a man superior in character, talent, and political probity, and inspired by the purest devotion to his country, a man whom even his enemies respected as much as they dreaded him—honored me, I am proud to say, with a long friendship, a sort of reflection of that accorded me by Thiers. At the request of some of my friends I went to see him to induce him to change his plan by sending M. de Saint-Vallier to Berlin, placing M. Bardoux at the ministry of education, and giving the portfo-

* This paper was written before the death of M. Waddington, January 13, 1894.

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lio of foreign affairs to M. Waddington. When I had laid before him my reasons in favor of this combination, he replied, "That is absolutely just, and I charge you to go to see M. Waddington and to ask him, on my behalf, if he consents to this change."

It was evening; there was no time to lose, for the appointment was to appear in the *Journal Officiel*. I found M. Waddington at his house, then, as to-day, in the Rue Dumont-d'Urville, and I informed him of M. Dufaure's proposition. M. Waddington appeared disposed to accept it, but I must state that Madame Waddington, an American by birth, Miss King, made persistent objections. Her good sense and the slight attractions that the idea of shining at the Quai d'Orsay had for her inspired the following weighty arguments: "My husband has been much liked at the ministry of education. He is fitted for that post, and every one feels this. He is sure of doing a great deal of good there, and of being useful to his country. The position, moreover, is congenial, with those emoluments of honor and consideration which he deserves. At the Quai d'Orsay he will have to do with men who play with words as a fencing-master does with his sword, who are masters in the art of getting the better of others, and it will not be long before he will be reproached with being of English origin, and have his cosmopolitanism, which is a virtue in a diplomatist, flung in his face as a crime. I beg that you will not insist."

However, I insisted. I knew that I was rendering a service to France and working in the interests of the peace of Europe, and at eleven o'clock at night I was able to bring to M. Dufaure M. Waddington's acceptance.

On the morrow the list of the new cabinet appeared in the *Officiel*.

M. Waddington, as minister of foreign affairs, was loyal, sympathetic, circumspect, and modest. The diplomatic corps was fond of him. His salons at the Quai d'Orsay took on an animation which was of great service to the Republic. The American colony in Paris brought thither its brilliancy, its beauty, and its elegance. The English colony there displayed its handsomest and most aristocratic profiles; and the upper circle of the Republic found there the opportunity of showing to its foreign guests that it played as fine a rôle in the salon as the "societies" that had preceded it.

At the Berlin Congress, where M. Waddington represented France, his simplicity, his loyalty, his sincere and unostentatious patriotism, coupled with his quiet firmness in defending what he believed to be useful to his country, were recognized on every hand; and all, Prince Bismarck among the first, felt that France, as represented by M. Waddington, on this first appearance, so to say, since her defeat, carried herself with dignity, and appeared in a rôle distinctly sympathetic. Afterwards, moreover, during the ten years at the London embassy, M. Waddington managed to preserve peace between the two nations without ever sacrificing any of the great interests intrusted to him, or employing that useless and even dangerous rudeness which ignorant and irresponsible advisers seek to inspire in the representatives of France abroad.

It was under him that was begun the purification, so to speak, of the French diplomatic corps. The first change was that of M. Gontaut-Biron, whose recall immediately removed the friction between France and Germany. The Duc Decazes, who had been annoyed by being asked to take this step, kept M. Gontaut-Biron at Berlin. "Prince Bismarck," said he, "has our milliards and our provinces; let him content himself with that. He isn't the minister of foreign affairs in France. I am."

The German Chancellor had reproached M. Gontaut-Biron with frequenting only his enemies. But the arrival of the Comte de Saint-Vallier put an end to the glum hostility which had not ceased to exist between France and Germany, quite apart from the feelings sown by the war in the souls of both conqueror and conquered. Neither one nor the other knew how to bear tactfully the result of the conflict; triumph would seem to be as delicate a condition to endure as defeat. In this disastrous Franco-German war, which the world has paid for by its troubled spirit now during twenty-three years, and for which it will continue to pay for yet a long time still, neither party has known how to play the game, as one may say, generously. But to M. de Saint-Vallier this justice must be rendered, that he knew what was wanted of him, and conformed himself as far as possible to his orders, which were to win, now that

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the war was over, the repose of peace. As soon as he began to serve as intermediary between the imperious German Chancellor and France, the relations of the two countries became more agreeable and less strained.

At the Berlin Congress M. Waddington, M. de Saint-Vallier, and the peaceable M. Despres managed to win the esteem of everybody, and France gained there a civic victory worth all the conquests she has made since. With an infinite tact she defended, by the voice of M. Waddington, the Greeks, whom Gambetta made his *protégés*, and the Jews of Roumania, who had invoked the protection of the emancipating nations. M. Waddington's ardor and energy in these disinterested causes were much admired. The Greeks were not in great favor at the Congress. They were blamed for wishing to share in the spoils without having earned by their acts any such right. M. Delyannis made some big speeches, which did not conceal the emptiness of his arguments. M. Rangabé, slight, nervous, loquacious, made it too evident that the Greeks imagined themselves finer than anybody else. M. Gennadios alone, young, amiable, and persuasive, solicited instead of pleading with eloquence, and succeeded in winning the good graces of the plenipotentiaries.

Whatever was done for Greece was due really to M. Waddington. Prince Bismarck, the Jupiter of the Congress, was by no means favorable to them, and everybody said that he was opposed to having the Greek clause inserted in the text of the treaty.

On the day when the Congress was to settle this question I met Count Herbert Bismarck. I took the liberty of saying to him that there was a rumor that his father had refused to insert the Greek clause, and I remarked that, inasmuch as this clause was defended at the Congress by M. Waddington, history would say that Prince Bismarck showed very little generosity in combating a cause so disinterestedly demanded by France. Count Herbert replied, "I don't know what my father thinks on this matter, but I am going to see him before the sitting opens, for your observation is worth his knowing."

The Greek clause was inserted in the treaty, and I venture to affirm that it was to please M. Waddington that this was done.

But the Greeks have never shown to him the slightest good-will on account of this. M. Delyannis and M. Rangabé vied with each other in demanding the honor of the success, and in throwing into the shade the efforts of M. Gennadios; and Greece, while evidently little satisfied with what was done for her, yet could not explain by what right it had demanded anything.

Nor were the Roumanian Jews any more grateful than the Greeks to M. Waddington for the immense concessions which he obtained for them. It is the Jews, indeed, that are now writing in the French papers who have been most bitter and insulting in their attacks during the last ten years in which he has so well served the interests of France and Europe at the London embassy.

After M. de St.-Vallier, the laborious, correct, and conciliatory Baron de Courcel was appointed to the French embassy in Berlin. He continued the traditions of M. de St.-Vallier with a rare tact and experience, and since then, as president of the Bering Sea Arbitration, he has given proof of a distinguished *savoir-faire*, and a remarkable maturity of judgment.

He was succeeded by M. Jules Herbette, who has been at Berlin since 1885. M. Herbette was one of the class of improvised ambassadors, so to speak, brought in by the Third Republic to take the place of those of the Empire.

At the time of his appointment as ambassador at Berlin I criticised M. Herbette with a vivacity for which I was blamed; but I saw in this appointment a danger for France, and therefore for Europe. I hasten to declare that events have not borne me out; that instead of this ambassador's presence at Berlin having brought about any of those consequences that I then feared, the retired rôle which he played under Prince Bismarck's government has been of immense service to him since the fall of the Chancellor. M. Herbette, who had served up to then only in the consulates, did not appear destined for the high post which he now occupies; but he had had the great cleverness to manage to gain an influence over the decisions of the ministers of foreign affairs, by making himself the eye of the radical leaders who were alert at the Quai d'Orsay. While Gambetta lived he enjoyed his protection, and M. Waddington, know-

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ing that M. Herbette was in confidential relations with the omnipresent head of the advanced republicans, owned to the terror which he felt of this secret watcher whom he had so near him. When Gambetta died, M. Herbette attached himself to MM. Clémenceau and Rochefort. Owing to these connections, which he took care should not escape the knowledge of his chiefs, M. Herbette came, in 1882, under M. Duclerc's ministry, whom an inexplicable chance had brought to the Quai d'Orsay, to occupy the post of director of the cabinet, and he still held this position at M. de Freycinet's fourth return to power, in 1886.

The trembling soul of M. de Freycinet, who lived always in terror of the violent radicals, took counsel of itself at each glimpse of M. Herbette, whom he knew to be supported by them.

"Do me the favor," said he to me one day, "to pass by the office of my *chef du cabinet* when you come to see me. The radicals do not like you, and the *huissiers* of my antechamber send every day a list to Herbette of the people whom I receive."

At this moment, be it understood, the ministerial hare trembled before the gun of the radical guard, which it felt was aimed at him. But it will be understood that I never went back to this heroic minister, who thus received all of a tremble an old friend whose devotion he had had reason to know, frightened lest he should receive a black mark from radicals who, while apparently his enemies, were really his secret allies.

But the tyranny of M. Herbette was not confined to watching the visitors received by M. de Freycinet. It controlled and annulled the will and the orders of the minister, who soon ceased to be master of his department. It was then that, in order to rid himself of this dreadful and autocratic guardian, the minister brought about the recall of M. de Courcel, to replace him by M. Herbette. What I then objected to, and there is no reason to change my opinion, was less the choice in itself of the present ambassador to Germany than the motives which dictated it—than the strangeness, in a word, of a minister of foreign affairs, engaged in that secret struggle which has gone on between France and Germany ever since the war, intrusting such a post to any one whatever for reasons in which the country's interest was not predominant, but for a merely personal end.

Fortunately, I repeat, the consequences have not been what there was reason to dread they might be. Prince Bismarck remained almost invisible for M. Herbette, and the latter, from fear of committing some irreparable mistake, also kept himself prudently in the background, where he could not compromise his country. At complicated moments a Ferdinand de Lesseps, a Jules Simon, or a Burdeau was sent, and the negotiations passed over the head of the ambassador, while Prince Bismarck, spite of the ardor of the Flourens ministry, spite of the mad attitude of General Boulanger, took note especially of the utterances of M. Jules Grévy, whose wisdom he appreciated highly, and whom he encouraged in his firm intention not to imperil peace. When Prince Bismarck fell, M. Jules Herbette found himself, naturally enough, among those who applauded his fall, and who took with enthusiasm the side of Count Caprivi.

His position, therefore, has improved, and to-day, with those habits of prudence which he necessarily adopted during the reign of the great Chancellor, his embassy, which can never be brilliant, and never marked by any of those solutions which give distinction to a public man, rendering him deserving of his country's gratitude, has now ceased to be a danger.

After Germany, the countries which have most preoccupied France since the war of 1870 are Russia and England.

Since Sadowa, Austria had played an effaced rôle. Gravitating now to the side of Germany, now to that of Russia, it was well understood that it would remain for some time only the satellite of one or the other of these powers, so ambitious, so avid, and so unscrupulous. For more than half a century the fortunes of war had turned against her. She had seen dropping away from her crown the jewels of whole kingdoms. She had been forced willy-nilly into the German confederation, and at home she had been compelled to cut her throne in twain. It was Comte de Beust, a diplomatist of sentiment and imagination, whom she had borrowed from one of the German federal states, who brought about this imperial division of Austria-Hungary, as a result of which the rivalries of race are sure to burst forth with fresh fury when Francis Joseph, the last idol of the Austrian Empire, is no more.

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Italy, the glory of whose generals has hitherto been eclipsed by the finesse of its diplomacy, and which must remain forever hostile to the papacy, which is to her both a cause of moral greatness and of real weakness, has always been treated by France as a minor and a pupil. The choice of its representatives in the kingdom of Italy has never been a cause of any special anxiety to the Third Republic. As for Spain, on its peninsula beyond the Pyrenees, decadent Spain, wrecked by its own interior maladies, has been as a sort of training-school for the diplomatic apprentices who were later on to enter the more responsible posts of Europe.

For such reasons as these the choice of ambassadors to these three countries has been conditioned rather by purely personal considerations than by the large interests of the state. While, therefore, some of the ambassadors in Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Spain have become distinguished, their talent equalling their ambition, others have remained obscure, serving neither their own cause nor that of the Republic.

From March 14, 1871, to July 17, 1886, a period of fifteen years, the Republic has sent to Vienna seven ambassadors—the Marquis de Banville and the Marquis d'Harcourt, a product of the prerepublican school—M. Teisserenc de Bort, the Comte Duchatel, the Comte de Montmartin, and the Comte Foucher de Careil, and M. Decrais. It was M. Teisserenc de Bort who organized the universal exposition of 1879, and who was French ambassador in Vienna at the time of the famous first visit of Prince Bismarck to that capital.

Prince Bismarck once said to me, "In 1866 I did not care to take any territory from Austria, because I wished to return thither after twelve or fifteen years without being hissed."

During the Berlin Congress he had concocted with Count Andrassy the alliance of which Bosnia and Herzegovina were the prize, and in 1879, as he had anticipated, he returned to Vienna in triumph as an ally of Austria. On meeting M. Teisserenc de Bort there he reassured him as to the consequences of the visit, declaring to him that it was not in any way aimed at France; and it was from this source especially that M. Teisserenc de Bort, a man of quiet, loyal, and refined nature, borrowed the chief elements of the telegram which he addressed to the Quai d'Orsay on this event, which was the work of the Triple Alliance.

M. Foucher de Careil, rich, affable, and high-bred, and member of Parliament, succeeded later on to the Vienna post, and proved to the Republic that it could count a faithful servant among the great lords. Unfortunately he had Bonapartist origins, which deprived the true Republic of a large part of the renown which his magnificent way of living in Vienna would otherwise have thrown about it.

In 1886, M. Decrais, coming from Rome, succeeded M. Foucher de Careil, and he occupied this post up to the moment when, after a prolonged vacancy in the London embassy, he was appointed, just the other day, to succeed M. Waddington. Avocat at the Cour d'Appel, M. Decrais, had also been prefect in several departments. He had the good fortune to displease the men of the 16th May, to throw up his post at Bordeaux at their accession, and recover it after the failure of this episode; then to enter by way of Brussels into diplomacy, to be appointed head of the Foreign Office at Gambetta's fall, and to quit that office to become ambassador to the Quirinal. This post had become difficult owing to the question of Tunis. France had seized Tunis, and established a protectorate there the year before. Since then the post had been intrusted to the Marquis de Reverseaux as *chargé d'affaires*, and then to M. de Bacourt in the same function. The growling wrath of Italy at first rendered the functions of French ambassador in Rome impossible, and spite of the coolness which characterizes the Marquis de Reverseaux to-day in Egypt, he promptly handed over his functions to M. de Bacourt.

It was in these circumstances that M. Decrais arrived at Rome, and I shall have rendered justice to his qualities of prudence, moderation, and affability, to his modest and conciliatory manner, when I say that in 1884, at a soirée at the Farnese Palace, I noted with my own eyes that Italians of every rank and opinion in Roman society circulated freely in his salons. It was his success in this post that opened to him the doors of the Vienna embassy. He was expected there to discover the secret doings of the Triple Alliance, which was then the chief preoccupation of France. And it is to the characteristic qualities that I have named that he owes his appointment now to London.

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He is one of those who know how to be at once persistent and moderate in the form in which he expresses his desires. He associates himself willingly with every French ambition, but while eagerly approving any enterprise which tends to French expansion, he seeks always to dissipate resentments. If he succeeds in putting an end to the policy of recrimination now employed in France towards England, he will not only bring about a sensible amelioration in the relation of the two countries, but thereby confirm the opinion of his real qualities now held by the diplomatic world.

In Spain the Third Republic has been represented by the Marquis de Bouillé, now forgotten, by the Comte de Chaudordy, Vice-Admiral Jaurès, M. Andrieux, the Baron de Michels, M. de Laboulaye, M. Cambon, and M. Roustan.

The Comte de Chaudordy was sent during the siege to form part of the government of Tours, at the head of which was Gambetta. He represented there the minister of foreign affairs. His despatches during this painful period produced in Europe more emotion than practical result. New France, however, was aware of the efforts of the Comte de Chaudordy, and his appointment as ambassador to Madrid was an act of gratitude quite as much as of politics. His embassy was honorable, and his modest way of living aroused no umbrage in the souls of the fastidious lords of Spain. One can say of his embassy what is said of the happy peoples which have no history.

Admiral Jaurès at Madrid was what he was everywhere else — a brave soldier, without artifice, who said what he thought, and who made more than once those social mistakes which go unnoted in any ordinary situation, but which are sure to be remarked when a man is an ambassador. However, he had rendered France a service. Monarchic Spain always imagined itself in bad odor with France, and Admiral Jaurès more than any one showed the Spaniards that to the French republicans the reality was more important than the surface of things, and that the two nations, spite of the difference of régimes, might live peaceably and amicably side by side.

Among the French ambassadors who succeeded Admiral Jaurès, M. Andrieux, M. Cambon, and M. Roustan alone deserve special mention here.

We shall find M. Cambon later on at Constantinople, the post he now occupies, so for the moment let me say only that he is one of the most interesting and sympathetic products of the active diplomacy of the Third Republic.

As for M. Andrieux, whom a personal fancy and a ministerial condescension carried to Madrid, he was there what he is everywhere, a man of great complexity, railing at everything and believing in nothing, following the caprices of his imagination, snapping his fingers at etiquette, and then again practising it with vigor, loving singularity, yet taking on an air of classic correctness, ironic, dignified, supple if need be, prudent and rash, with aristocratic airs and tastes, yet knowing how to talk the most sinister language of the revolution and the clubs, witty, incisive, sceptical, and yet displaying now and then naïvetés which one would blame in a child.

The present ambassador, M. Roustan, is known in America, because it was thence that he came to occupy the post of Madrid, for which he seems better fitted than for that of Washington. He is familiarly nicknamed the "Mameluke," and indeed he is above all an Oriental. It was in the East that he gained his reputation, that he acquired his habits, his manner, his ways, his hates, and his ambitions. At Beirut, Damascus, Bagdad, Cairo, Alexandria successively, he penetrated the Mussulman world, charmed by the mysteries of the Orient. Thence in 1884 he emerged to appear suddenly at Tunis. He has about him much of the air of the Spaniard who preserves the strange stamp of the Moor, and seems a proud and complex mixture of Europe and the East.

At Tunis it was incontestably M. Roustan who conceived the occupation of that country and the French protectorate. It was he who succeeded in unveiling the mysteries of the Bardo, and when, in 1878, Prince Bismarck advised France to go to Tunis, the French government had been for a long time ready, thanks to M. Roustan, to begin definite action. The rivalry between M. Roustan and the Italian agents had been obvious for some time. It was seen to be the prelude of the formidable conflict sure to burst forth one day between the two nations.

But M. Roustan had spent long years in preparing the submission of this country to France. The concession of the Tu-

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nis railway to MM. Florio and Roubatino, the Genoese outfitters of vessels, who, with Madame Ribizzo, had been powerful instruments of Italian emancipation, gave the signal so long awaited for a definite attempt against Tunis. Indeed, it is largely to M. Roustan that France owes its possession of this country. He had been enabled, with the secret aid of Madame Ellias, wife of the general, to penetrate into the most remote corners of the Bardo, and had thus learned the weakness and the temperamental fright of Sadoc Bey. He knew that the first French general who appeared at the Bardo as bearer of an imperious order would see Sadoc fall unresistingly into the hands of France. Unceasingly he placed this point of view before the Quai d'Orsay, and when the Foreign Office came to be occupied by the old translator of Aristotle, M. Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, M. Roustan found in the imagination and energy of the ex-secretary of Thiers a minister ready to heed him and to act.

The concessions to M. Roubatino necessitated instant action, however. And the die was thrown, the plan carried out with a vigorous promptitude which paralyzed all resistance, and placed Europe, and especially Italy, in the presence of a *fait accompli*.

The conquest of Tunis was unquestionably in itself the finest that France has realized in sixty years. But the political consequences of this conquest weigh, and will weigh for a long time yet, on France and on European peace. It was this that brought France and Italy into opposition, driving the latter into the arms of Austria and Germany, and thus preparing the Triple Alliance, which is a constant object of exasperation to France, and which now imposes upon the whole of the continent of Europe armaments and sacrifices under which her prosperity threatens to go hopelessly down.

But none of these results was anticipated by France. It took possession of Tunis without sacrifices, almost without effort. Even by the side of Algeria it is the African pearl of great price along the Mediterranean coast. The old Carthage, the fertile granary of Rome, might become at will the granary of France, if only the latter, by removing the ruins which cover its soil, knew how to restore it to its former flourishing condition.

But democracies are ungrateful. The character, the honor, the probity, even almost the patriotism of M. Roustan were attacked, and the man who had planned and carried out the conquest of Tunis, ill sustained by the trembling minister of foreign affairs of the time, M. de Freycinet, had to take refuge in the law courts of his country to defend himself against the infamous accusation by which he was recompensed for his great gift to France.

It was upon his triumphant issue from this trial that M. Roustan was sent to Washington. The Atlantic was thus placed between him and his bitter foes, who had not seemed disposed to let go their hold of their prey.

I have thus given a rapid sketch of the diplomatists of the third French Republic who have represented their country in Germany, Italy, and Spain, and I have pointed out why less care seems in general to have been taken in the appointment of ambassadors to the latter two countries, the posts at Rome and Madrid often being filled apparently somewhat at random. As to England and Russia, on the contrary, greater pains have been taken by the French Foreign Office. It is now necessary to add, and the fact is curious, that this special care, so far as England is concerned, first became noticeable only in October, 1882, when France became aware that that country had definitely set its foot, so to speak, in the valley of the Nile.

The Egyptian question, which is to-day the chief cause of division between France and England, is the most complex question of modern history, and the historians of the future will assuredly find its origin and its detailed record wellnigh insoluble. Why did France not go to Egypt with England? Why did England go thither without France? And why did France, who refused to accompany England into the valley of the Nile, so soon as England was established there, demand in the most violent manner possible the evacuation of the country?

The reply to these leading questions is even almost humiliating. But the inquiry is of the highest importance, for it is nothing more or less than an attempt to determine the origin of an international conflict which has lasted now for more than ten years, and which is still rife.

When Gambetta came into power on November 14, 1881, he showed his readiness to join England in common action

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in Egypt in the exercise there of what was known as the *condominium*. On the very morrow of his accession he sent to the other powers the famous note—a document which the *Times* divulged on New-Year's day, 1882—in virtue of which the Franco-English protectorate of Egypt became all but an accomplished fact. Fallen from power, Gambetta, faithful to this policy, sought to impose it on M. de Freycinet, his successor. But the vacillating barometric temper of the latter, which marked alternately "warm" or "cold," "rain" or "fine weather," according as the wind blew from the Clémenceau north or the Gambetta south, inspired no confidence and offered no reliance for a consistent and energetic plan. Not wishing to displease either Gambetta or M. Clémenceau, M. de Freycinet adopted a policy of hesitation, which finally swerved rather to the region of the English policy, although not definitely fixing itself on either side.

When the English fleet bombarded Alexandria, with that rapid and energetic policy characteristic of England in all its foreign relations, M.. de Freycinet announced triumphantly that the French vessels had, by his order, been present at the bombardment, but merely as spectators. He thus imagined to conciliate both Gambetta and M. Clémenceau. And he believed that he had thus prepared for France the ultimately exclusive possession of Egypt, thinking that England's conduct would be looked upon as too odious to be allowed to have serious consequences.

This reasoning, however, utterly failed. M. Clémenceau, uncompromising in his opposition to the policy of Gambetta, succeeded in preventing any co-operation between France and England, and Egypt was thus abandoned to the exclusive and the henceforward inevitable intervention of the latter. When to-day M. Clémenceau is blamed as a traitor on account of his Egyptian policy, when ignorant men, adopting shameful tactics, which redound upon themselves, reproach him with having given up Egypt to England for motives repugnant to the universal conscience, they forget, or they are unaware, that it was political passion alone, the uncompromising antagonism of the man against Gambetta, which determined his entire policy. This real ground of his action I have neither to defend nor attack, but simply to state—if, indeed, he had not also the rooted conviction that he was thus acting in the veritable interests of France and of European peace.

Later on, when the *Journal des Débats*, aroused by the letters of Gabriel Charmes, who had gone to Cairo for his health, began the aggressive campaign, untiringly demanding English evacuation, this was the signal throughout French journalism for a general chorus of persistent attacks upon English policy in the valley of the Nile. Papers such as the *Temps*, the *République Française*, the *Siècle*, and others of the Gambetta hue, adopted the watchword of the *Débats*, and, not to be outdone in patriotism, soon fanned to a flame the feeling of rivalry between France and England, which the alliance between the former country and Russia has tended only to accentuate.

Until 1892 the ambassadorship to London had been regarded chiefly as a post of honor, to be filled by men to whom the government wished to offer some politeness or reward of devotion. The first Duc Decazes was ambassador to London in 1820, and the second became so in 1873, under the government of Marshal de MacMahon. The first Duc de Broglie filled this post in 1848, and the second was awarded it in 1871, but neither the young duke nor the young marshal remained in London for any length of time. In both cases it was a mere act of filial sentiment, the proud wish or fancy of a *grand seigneur* to see his name revived so honorably in the English capital in the person of his son. The second Duc de Broglie during his short embassy spent most of his time in the Assembly at Versailles combating the policy of Thiers, to whom he owed his official dignity, and leaving the London post, for the most part, to be directed by M. Gavard.

The Duc Decazes remained in London for only a few months, and after him the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, now the Duc de Dondeauville, the Comte de Jarnac, a sympathetic and clever gentleman, who died shortly afterwards at his post, and the Marquis d'Harcourt, father of the friend and private secretary of Marshal de MacMahon, were sent across the Channel, rather as the recipients of honorary distinctions than as the bearers of an important mission for their country.

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Admiral Pothuau and M. Léon Say were installed successively, but for brief periods, at Albert Gate. In the former the English beheld an amiable and polished republican, who was also a charming man of the world, as good a listener as he was a discreet talker, who produced an excellent impression, and whose presence helped to continue the good relations then existing between the two countries. M. Léon Say, member of the Cobden Club, convinced free-trader, and inspirer of the *Journal des Débats*, with a manner at once easy and rather English than French, made in London a short and effective appearance.

Then came M. Challemel-Lacour. Spite, however, of his prominence to-day, spite of his undoubted knowledge, spite of his rich and effective eloquence, he, the President to-day of the French Senate, and an Academician, whom another weakness of M. de Freycinet sent to London, was not, I venture to say, a happy choice. His avoidance of the world, his domineering manner, his nervous impetuous way of dealing with English statesmen, his undisguised irritation at the somewhat indifferent attention paid to him, and finally the more or less deserved attack of which he was the object in the House of Commons—all combined to stretch to a state of tension the bonds of cordiality and good-will previously existing between the two countries, and his departure from Albert Gate was welcomed as a fortunate event.

His successor was the sickly and morose recluse M. Tissot, and he immediately preceded M. Waddington, who was appointed in 1883, and who resigned in 1893.

It is M. Decrais who now succeeds M. Waddington. But M. Decrais has no time to lose. There are signs that the English nation, irritated by the incessant insults of which it is the object, mistaking the importance of the organs of public expression in which these insults appear, regarding as a national sentiment what is only a method of coarse polemic, or a sort of unhealthy journalistic rivalry, is beginning to ask itself if the time is not ripe to take sides openly against France, and to ally its cause with that of the latter's foes. There is no doubt whatever that such action on England's part would produce an international explosion which otherwise may for a long time be held in check. The moment is therefore critical. The fast-growing feeling of irritation against France beyond the Channel must be removed. One may say, indeed, with Thiers, "*Il n'y a plus une faute à commettre.*"

The principle of the choice of the French ambassadors to St. Petersburg has greatly changed since the war of 1870, in consonance with the various changes in the policy to be carried out there. When the war broke out, Alexander II., who, from the very beginning of his reign, remembered with bitterness the defeat of Sebastopol, was not, and could not be, a friend of France nor of England; and his veneration for William I. made him naturally sympathetic to Germany. Yet to General Comte Fleury, the representative of Napoleon III., a *beau cavalier*, brave and gallant, who caracoled proudly by the closed imperial carriage, he felt himself strongly drawn. However, when war was declared, he not only showed no desire to put any obstacle in the way of Germany, but he positively so acted that Austria-Hungary throughout the war was forced to remain all but inert. Austria-Hungary, which, before 1866, exercised with Prussia a sort of *condominium* over the federated German states, and which felt against Germany a natural grudge, was naturally disposed to aid France, and to take thus its revenge on Prussia. But the attitude of Alexander II. all but paralyzed it, and the supplications of Thiers, who ran throughout Europe during the rigors of a cruel winter, to come to the aid of France, met at Vienna only the deafest of ears, and at St. Petersburg only the vainest and vaguest of consolations.

Thus, when William I. found himself victorious, with the imperial German crown glowing before his eyes, his first telegram, to Alexander II., began with these words, "After God, it is to your Majesty that I owe my victory." And this remark was no doubt as sincere as it was true.

It was General Le Flô, war minister at the close of the Franco-German struggle, whom Thiers sent to St. Petersburg. General Le Flô was an old soldier, plain, good, sympathetic to everybody, and already advanced in years. Alexander II. received him with a real kindness, treating him with much consideration, and even with a special respect. I have al-

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ready related* how General Le Flô, in 1875, succeeded in interesting Alexander II. in the lot of France, and how the Tsar declared that no gun should be fired by Germany without that country's having to reckon with him. This was the culminating point of General Le Flô's mission.

But in 1876 Prince Bismarck showed much annoyance at General Le Flô's presence at St. Petersburg, and General Chanzy was sent to take his place. General Chanzy remained in this post for five years and a half. He was still young, a brave soldier, accomplished in his profession, serious, and even a little taciturn. During the second campaign of 1870–71 he had commanded the armies of the Loire with a masterly energy and vigilance which marked him out for the highest destinies. He became ambassador during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and his attitude at this time won for him and his country the sympathy of Alexander II. This sympathy grew apace during the Berlin Congress of 1878, and even afterwards up to the end of his mission. He died shortly afterwards, a little pained at the ingratitude of his contemporaries. Moreover, during his last years he had paid the penalty for the immense efforts expended during the war by a real physical exhaustion, and his health was furthermore undermined by the suffering of his patriotic soul on account of the defeat of the French.

The next appointment, that of the Comte de Chaudordy, was really only provisional, and after a few weeks Admiral Jaurès, the ambassador to Spain of whom I have already spoken, succeeded him. He remained at St. Petersburg for more than a year and a half. Alexander II. had been assassinated the year before. At Alexander III.'s accession there was a marked change in Russian policy. But the mission of Admiral Jaurès, it must be admitted, was not fortunate. The simplicity of his manner and of his general bearing, the *brusquerie* of his sailor language, were scarcely likely to please the Russian aristocracy. He became on several occasions the hero of certain ironic stories, real or imaginary, that much amused at the time the society of St. Petersburg, which is so little indulgent for those who chance to become its butt. He soon discovered this fact, and when he requested to be recalled, he anticipated by only a few weeks the intentions of his government.

His successor was General Appert. General Appert was a plain, intelligent, and energetic soldier, who joined to real military bravery the utmost civil courage. He was violently hated by the French revolutionary and socialist party, which never pardoned him for having organized the military tribunals before which, under Thiers, after the Commune, were tried the leaders and the soldiers of this formidable insurrection. He had married a charming and affable Danish lady, a woman of grace and intelligence. This fact was instanced to M. Challemel-Lacour, and especially to Jules Ferry, to his advantage when his appointment was mooted. It was felt with reason that the sympathy existing between Madame Appert and the court of Denmark would have its force in the warmth of the reception offered her by the Russian Empress, and help to smooth the way of the new ambassador. General Appert, as a matter of fact, turned out to be one of the most successful representatives that France has ever had at St. Petersburg. In the end the royal couple felt almost a real friendship for him and his wife.

Everything seemed moving favorably, and the future looked bright, when an odd incident, very vaguely understood, brought a sudden close to General Appert's embassy and cast a chill over the relations of France and Russia.

Madame Juliette Adam, the founder of the *Nouvelle Revue*, one of the prime movers in the scheme of a *rapprochement* between the two countries, was no friend of the general. She wished, in order to bring about this *rapprochement*, for which she worked ardently and untiringly at the Russian court, an ambassador who would accept and follow out all her plans. Over M. de Freycinet, in 1886 minister of foreign affairs for the fourth time, she had a real ascendant. Among her friends and political partisans she counted General Billot, who was a distinguished and intelligent republican, very ambitious, and really worthy, from his knowledge of political affairs, for a diplomatic and military post such as that of St. Petersburg. Ambitious herself, Madame Adam wished to show how great an influence she possessed over the French government, and

* "The French Scare," HARPER'S MAGAZINE, May, 1893.

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she took advantage of the incurable weakness of M. de Freycinet to wrest from him a promise to intrust the St. Petersburg embassy to General Billot, and summarily to recall General Appert. This sudden act, coming so inexplicably, and made contrary to the true interests of France, struck General Appert as by a positive and undeserved disgrace, but it dealt as well a blow at the dignity of the Tsar and the heart of the Empress. The fact of the recall first became known to the Russian court through Madame Appert herself, who brought the news to the Empress. The latter was as much pained as she was indignant. She informed the Emperor, and he immediately sent for the general. When the news was confirmed by the ambassador he manifested his indignation in so marked and significant a way that General Billot never ventured to appear in St. Petersburg to present his credentials. For a long time the Tsar was angry with France, and the post of French ambassador went unoccupied until October, 1886, when M. de Laboulaye, after a prolonged interregnum, was appointed to it.

This appointment, however, was of no great significance, and was made chiefly lest the post remain any longer vacant, and in order to give satisfaction to the Emperor by not sending General Billot. It bore no special fruit. M. de Laboulaye, who was in delicate health, could not stand the Russian climate, and asked to be relieved. His request was granted, and he was replaced by the Comte Lannes de Montebello, who was then at Constantinople.

M. de Montebello had been a secretary at St. Petersburg, though of the second class and some twenty years before. He had left behind him very pleasant memories. Afterwards he served at Washington, in 1872, as first secretary, and later on at Madrid. Before going to St. Petersburg he was also *chargé d'affaires* at Munich and minister plenipotentiary at Brussels. He is still young, has the air which the French call *distingué*, is discreet as a diplomatist, as well as patient and painstaking. At Constantinople especially he was much liked, where his receptions, presided over by the Comtesse de Montebello, had always a real success. Quite lately, although he is as yet scarcely installed at St. Petersburg, he was much talked of for the London embassy, where, in 1878, he had been first secretary. The comtesse, it is said, would have greatly liked her husband to accept the post, but he, mindful of the existing difficulties between France and England, preferred the easier and more secure post at St. Petersburg. Moreover, Alexander III., whose laconism is famous, said to M. de Staal, Russian ambassador in London, so that the words should be repeated: "The Comte and Comtesse de Montebello suit me perfectly." This was an all but determining reason in the eyes of the French government against M. de Montebello's removal. They did not care to renew the Appert incident. M. de Montebello, therefore, remains at a post the importance of which is still uncertain; for the relation between the two governments, which, until the last Franco-Russian demonstration in France, had not taken the form of an alliance, may now be considered as a *de facto* understanding.

One of the most remarkable of the diplomatists of the Third Republic is unquestionably M. Paul Cambon, commander of the Legion of Honor, member of the Institute, and present ambassador of the French Republic at Constantinople. He began his career as secretary-general in the Préfecture of Nice, and passed successively from grade to grade until he was appointed to the Préfecture of the Nord, one of the most considerable posts of the sort in France. Strikingly intelligent and with a real distinction, affable in his manner, no one was astonished at his appointment, after the conquest of Tunis, to a mission intended to consolidate that country, to organize the local administration, and introduce there the elements of order and authority which were so much needed.

M. Roustan, his predecessor in Tunis, victim of a personal hatred to which I have already alluded, but really responsible for this conquest, had given up his post to return to France in order to defend his honor in the courts of his country. The irritation of the Italians was still keen. A firm and tactful hand was needed at the moment, and it was felt that no one better than M. Cambon combined these two necessary qualities.

Unfortunately for M. Cambon, however, he had with him at Tunis in military command General Boulanger, the same General Boulanger whose adventures, whose popularity, whose power, whose

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aspirations towards the government of France, whose flight into Belgium, and whose romantic end were later on to obtain such sad celebrity. General Boulanger was out of his element in Tunis. The simple manners and the practical energy of M. Paul Cambon irritated the ambitious pretender. He sought to draw upon himself the attention of the public by every sort of noisy means. He dreamed of striking the imagination of France by some unexpected act which would give him a sudden prominence, and prove to this country that it was military dominance and not civil administration which Tunis then required to render it at once prosperous and glorious.

These two powers—the civil power, represented by M. Paul Cambon, and the military power, personified by General Boulanger—constantly came into hostile contact. The general, impetuous and ignorant, with an ambition infinitely greater than his capacity, was irritated by the coolness, the knowledge, the energy of M. Paul Cambon. And it was he who finally was forced to quit the country. M. Paul Cambon remained the resident general. Thus victorious over the audacity of General Boulanger, M. Paul Cambon was free to work as he willed. He showed in Tunis great qualities of tact, of firmness, and of patience which attracted the attention of his superiors, and thus when, owing to him, Tunis had become pacified, when it entered upon that path of civilization and progress in which it walks to-day, the government naturally chose him to represent it as ambassador at the court of Spain.

Within fourteen years the young secretary-general of the Maritime Alps had become an ambassador; and he had achieved this brilliant career without any of those noisy methods of *réclame* intended to attract the crowd and to create a spurious popularity. It is by qualities of sterling merit, by the natural grace of his mind and character, and by the most real services rendered to his country, that M. Paul Cambon has won this brilliant and rapid success.

His departure from Madrid aroused unanimous and sincere regret. Everything was done to keep him in Spain. But the post of Constantinople was vacant. The Sultan's court was a hot-bed of warring interests and deadly rivalries. The distrustful and taciturn soul of Abdul Hamid gravitated between the various influences, and a man of the rarest qualities was required to oppose the multiple intrigues which enmesh the Yildiz Kiosque. A mind at once subtle, penetrating, energetic, and conciliatory was required to steer a plain course betwixt the mutually hostile elements which seek to dominate on the banks of the Bosporus. Russia and Germany were constantly at swords' points; now one was successful, now the other. Italy was the docile satellite of Germany and Austria, and the latter, eternally suspicious of Russia, sought and seeks to frighten the Sultan against the ambitious and covetous Muscovites. England and France, the one established in the Nile Delta, the other regretting not to have gone there, and hoping one day to do so, or at least to eject England at Constantinople, find themselves face to face in the attitude of duellists, the one seeking to induce the Sultan to tolerate its presence at Cairo, the other trying to excite his sense of dignity and pride as sovereign, and thus drive him to demand imperiously the evacuation of the vassal state.

Hitherto, spite of the violent language of which now and then he is the object in the mother country, M. Paul Cambon has managed to remain on friendly terms with his rivals in diplomacy at Constantinople. He possesses one of the very greatest, if not the greatest quality in a public man, namely, patience. He cannot be made to hurry. He has no petty ambition to finish matters hastily nor to attract public attention by some brilliant and daring but dangerous act. He always awaits the propitious moment. He lays his plans calmly and seizes the occasion that presents itself, never letting it escape him. I am convinced that wherever he may be put he will satisfy the hopes that are placed in him, and that he will certainly manage to prove himself a useful representative of his country without exasperating those with whom he may be obliged to treat, or even those whom he is forced to fight.

M. Foucher de Careil, M. Cambon, M. Decrais, M. Waddington, M. Challemel-Lacour, M. Arago, ambassador at Berne, and Generals Le Flô and Appert, while they have obtained in their diplomatic career varying fortunes and successes, yet have this bond of union, that they all entered it by what may be called the main entrance, directly after having served with

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distinction in other prominent political or administrative posts. But among the most curious and the most rapid careers of another sort, four must be signalled out as especially interesting. These are the careers of M. Gérard, minister plenipotentiary at Rio de Janeiro, of M. Barrère at Munich, of M. de Coutouly at Bucharest, and of M. Charles Rouvier, to-day French resident general in Tunis.

Of these four men M. Gérard is incontestably the one whose rapid and brilliant career is the least explicable, and would seem to be the least justifiable. M. Gérard was still at the Normal School when, some years after the war of 1870, the Empress Augusta, who was very fond of the French language and literature, asked for a French reader to be sent to her. M. Gréard, to-day rector of the University of Paris, selected M. Gérard. The latter set out for Berlin, where he lived for some time somewhat mysteriously as French reader to the German Empress. After a long stay in the capital of the German Empire he returned to France, and entered into relations with Gambetta, whom he informed minutely as to German affairs, and of whom he became a *protégé*, kept somewhat in the background, but nevertheless loyally sustained. Some time afterwards the *Nouvelle Revue* of Madame Adam published, under the name of Cte. Vasili, the first number of the series entitled "Les Sociétés Européennes." This first article, devoted to Berlin society, made a scandal at Berlin, and aroused a great sensation in France ; it irritated Germany, and was attributed, and is still attributed to M. Gérard. But another effect of it was to ally its author closer than ever to Gambetta, who, when he had become minister of foreign affairs, appointed him his *chef du cabinet*. Successively secretary of embassy at Berne and at Madrid, M. Gérard was appointed French minister at Montenegro, and then minister plenipotentiary at Rio de Janeiro, where he now is. He is still a young man, possessing all the necessary duplicity to produce the illusion of being a diplomatist, but in all the posts which he has occupied he has left behind him the same feeling of distrust which he aroused in Germany, and which the publication of the article on German society would seem to have justified.

At the Berlin Congress in 1878 were three young men whose position at the time gave little reason to anticipate the brilliant future which awaited them. M. Barrère, correspondent at Constantinople of Gambetta's journal, *La République Française*, had come to Berlin to report the work of the Congress in letters to this paper. The Agence Havas was represented there by M. Rouvier. M. de Coutouly, finally, who had been the *Temps* correspondent in Spain, was in Berlin on a similar errand. M. Barrère, grandson of the member of the Convention of the same name, had been exiled from France. When scarcely twenty years of age he had been mixed up in the Commune of 1871. It was he who had been charged with the duty, or who took it upon himself, of informing the Commune as to the acts of the regular government which was then sitting at Versailles, and as to the movements of the French army besieging Paris. He was one of the persons prosecuted after the Commune, and he escaped by exile the condemnation against him.

When the amnesty allowed M. Barrère to return to France, Gambetta's favor protected him against the consequences of his participation in the Commune. Owing to him, M. Barrère entered the diplomatic career, became a member of the Commission of the Danube, signed the Convention of Galatz, sat at the Conference of London, and signed the treaty which regulates the navigation of the lower Danube; represented France in Egypt, sat on the Commission to which were intrusted the international judicial reforms in Egypt, sat also in the Conference of London the end of which was the settlement of the finances of Egypt; and finally, in the Conference of Venice, aided in the discussion of the important question of the neutrality of the Suez Canal. It was thus that after these continued and important labors he became successively French minister at Stockholm and *chargé d'affaires* at Munich, where he now is. M. Camille Barrère, it must be admitted, has displayed in his rapid career a distinguished intelligence which has attracted the attention of all the diplomatists whose colleague this former member of the Commune became.

M. Gustave de Coutouly was also in 1878 at Berlin, as correspondent of the *Temps*. His modesty there, and the apparent difficulties which he experienced in informing himself as to the work of the Congress, seemed likely then to tend to injure his

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future career; but his distinguished manner and his painstaking and conscientious efforts, together with his marked desire to attenuate the excessive judgments of his colleagues of the French press, and his talent as a writer, marked him out for the notice of M. Waddington and M. St.-Vallier, the French plenipotentiaries at the Congress. He had their protection and won their friendship. He produced everywhere a generally favorable impression, which the good opinion of M. Waddington strengthened. The latter was then minister of foreign affairs in France, and on his return to France opened to M. de Coutouly the diplomatic career, in which he soon began to carve out a successful course. Beginning in 1879 as *rédacteur* at the Quai d'Orsay, and passing by the Mexican ministry, he became six years afterwards minister plenipotentiary of France at Bucharest, where he still remains, in an important post, in which his real talents have made it possible for him to render valuable services to his country.

Of the four young men whom fate has thus made diplomatists, M. Charles Rouvier is certainly the one who has now reached a sort of *apogée* in his career. Representative of the Agence Havas at the Conference of Berlin, relegated to the modest situation in which the economic administration of this company confines its agents of the second class, he managed at the Berlin Congress to play a rôle which won him the sympathy of all—to be tempted to none of those acts of which his relations might be the pretext, to obtain protectors and friends among all whom he approached, and particularly to show to M. Waddington and M. de St.-Vallier a possible diplomatic coadjutor. At his return to Paris, M. Waddington did not forget him. He appointed him *rédacteur* in his ministry; in May, 1879, secretary of the second class at Buenos Ayres; then *chargé d'affaires* at Rio de Janeiro; and in November, 1883, minister plenipotentiary there. This last post was won within a space of four years. True, he occupied the post at Buenos Ayres during nine years, but during all this time he refused the advancements offered him, and the departure of his protector, M. Waddington, for Albert Gate, did not seem to remove him from the view of M. Waddington's successors; so that when M. Massicault died it was to M. Charles Rouvier that were intrusted the functions of resident general at Tunis. He has already displayed there the masterly qualities which distinguish him: firmness without stiffness, sureness of judgment, promptness of resolution, and remarkable talents as an administrator; a character at once energetic and conciliatory, and a patriotism sincere without being aggressive. It may be predicted that the career of this young diplomatist will be limited only by the highest post at the disposal of his country.

I have thus rapidly run through the list of the leading personalities among the diplomatists of the Third Republic. Of some men I have made no mention. I have tried to explain the origin of those diplomatists who are new to the diplomatic career. In a study necessarily concise and incomplete I have indicated how this diplomatic *personnel* has been recruited. I have shown that the majority of diplomatists to-day in the service of the French Republic are, so to speak, improvised, men who have undertaken the career which is the most complex, the most serious, and the most responsible in the world without previous preparation.

But such is the marvellous faculty of conception and of assimilation which characterizes the French race that this diplomacy without a past, and recruited from all ranks as events have dictated, has committed none of those mistakes which may compromise irremediably the cause sustained or the interests defended. This new diplomacy, springing into life almost unprepared for the conflict, finding itself suddenly face to face with the veterans of diplomatic battles, sitting in those congresses, those conferences, those international commissions in which, during twenty-three years in Europe, the most serious and the most complex questions have been debated, has nowhere and at no time shown itself incompetent, ignorant, or capable of being easily entrapped. It has managed everywhere to defend itself with less authority, perhaps, but with more suppleness than have been shown by those with whom it has had to negotiate, and if the results secured by it have not been always absolutely in harmony with the true well-being of France, it is not so much the diplomatists who are to blame as the conditions in which they have been obliged to work, and the often inconsequent character of the ideas which they have been called upon to defend.

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TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Sixth.

"Vi ravviso, o luoghi ameni!"

BEHOLD our three musketeers of the brush once more reunited in Paris, famous, after long years.

In emulation of the good Dumas, we will call it "cinq ans après."

Taffy stands for Porthos and Athos rolled into one, since he is big and good-natured, and strong enough to "assommer un homme d'un coup de poing," and also stately and solemn, of aristocratic and romantic appearance, and not too fat—not too much ongbongpwang, as the Laird called it—and also he does not dislike a bottle of wine, or even two, and looks as if he had a history.

The Laird, of course, is d'Artagnan, since he sells his pictures well, and by the time we are writing of has already become an Associate of the Royal Academy; like Quentin Durward, this d'Artagnan was a Scotsman:

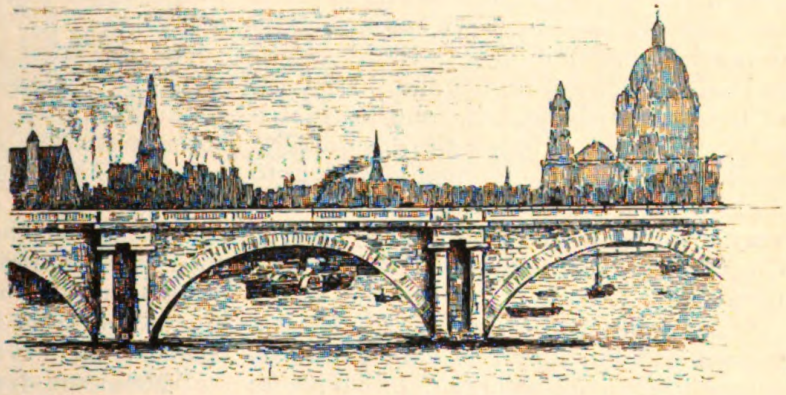
"Ah, wass na he a Rogny, this piper of Dundee!"

And Little Billee, the dainty friend of duchesses, must stand for Aramis, I fear! It will not do to push the simile too far; besides, unlike the good Dumas, one has a conscience. One does not play ducks and drakes with historical facts, or tamper with historical personages. And if Athos, Porthos, and Co. are not historical by this time, I should like to know who are!

Well, so are Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee—*tout ce qu'il y a de plus historiques!*

Our three friends, well groomed, frock-coated, shirt-collared within an inch of their lives, duly scarfed and scarf-pinned, chimney-pot-hatted, and most beautifully trousered, booted, and even gaitered, are breakfasting together on coffee, rolls, and butter at a little round table in the huge court-yard of an immense caravansérai, paved with asphalt, and covered in at the top with a glazed roof that admits the sun and keeps out the rain—and the air.

A magnificent old man as big as Taffy, in black velvet coat and breeches and black silk stockings, and a large gold chain round his neck and chest, looks down like Jove from a broad flight of marble steps—to welcome the coming guests, who arrive in cabs and railway omnibuses through a huge archway on the boulevard, or to speed those who part through a lesser archway opening on to a side street.



"A LITTLE PICTURE OF THE GOOD OLD THAMES."

"Bon voyage, messieurs et dames!"

At countless other little tables other voyagers are breakfasting or ordering breakfast; or, having breakfasted, are smoking and chatting and looking about. It is a babel of tongues—the cheerfulest, busiest, merriest scene in the world, apparently the costly place of rendezvous for all wealthy Europe and America; an atmosphere of bank-notes and gold.

Already Taffy has recognized and been recognized by half a dozen old fellow-Crimeans, of unmistakable military aspect like himself; and three canny Scots-

* Begun in January number, 1894.

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men have discreetly greeted the Laird; and as for Little Billee, he is constantly jumping up from his breakfast and running to this table or that, drawn by some irresistible British smile of surprised and delighted female recognition: "What, *you* here? How nice!"

At the top of the marble steps is a long terrace, with seats and people sitting, from which tall glazed doors, elaborately carved and gilded, give access to luxurious drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, reading-rooms, lavatories, postal and telegraph offices; and all round and about are huge square green boxes, out of which grow tropical and exotic evergreens all the year round —with beautiful names that I have forgotten. And leaning against these boxes are placards announcing what theatrical or musical entertainments will take place in Paris that day or night; and the biggest of these placards (and the most fantastically decorated) informs the cosmopolite world that Madame Svengali intends to make her first appearance in Paris that very evening, at nine punctually, in the Cirque des Bashibazouchs, Rue St.-Honoré!

Our friends had only arrived the previous night, but they had managed to secure stalls a week beforehand. No places were any longer to be got for love or money. Many people had come to Paris on purpose to hear la Svengali—many famous musicians from England and everywhere else—but they would have to wait many days.

The fame of her was like a rolling snowball that had been rolling all over Europe for the last two years—wherever there was snow to be picked up in the shape of golden ducats.

Their breakfast over, Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee, cigar in mouth, arm in arm, the huge Taffy in the middle (*comme autrefois*), crossed the sunshiny boulevard into the shade, and went down the Rue de la Paix, through the Place Vendôme and the Rue Castiglione to the Rue de Rivoli—quite leisurely, and with a tender midrif-warming sensation of freedom and delight at almost every step.

Arrived at the corner pastry-cook's, they finished the stumps of their cigars as they looked at the well-remembered show in the window; then they went in and had, Taffy a Madeleine, the Laird a baba, and Little Billee a Savarin—and each, I regret to say, a liqueur-glass of rhum de la Jamaïque.

After this they sauntered through the Tuileries Gardens, and by the quay to their favorite Pont des Arts, and looked up and down the river—*comme autrefois!*

It is an enchanting prospect at any time and under any circumstances; but on a beautiful morning in mid-October, when you haven't seen it for five years, and are still young! and almost every stock and stone that meets your eye, every sound, every scent, has some sweet and subtle reminder for you—!

Let the reader have no fear. I will not attempt to describe it. I shouldn't know where to begin (nor when to leave off)!

Not but what many changes had been wrought; many old landmarks were missing. And among them, as they found out a few minutes later, and much to their chagrin, the good old Morgue!

They inquired of a gardien de la paix, who told them that a new Morgue—"une bien jolie Morgue, ma foi!"—and much more commodious and comfortable than the old one, had been built beyond Notre Dame, a little to the right.

"Messieurs devraient voir ça—on y est très bien!"

But Notre Dame herself was still there, and la Sainte-Chapelle and Le Pont Neuf, and the equestrian statue of Henri IV. *C'est toujours ça!*

And as they gazed and gazed, each framed unto himself, mentally, a little picture of the good old Thames they had just left—and thought of Waterloo Bridge, and St. Paul's, and London—but felt no homesickness whatever, no desire to go back!

And looking down the river westward there was but little change.

On the left-hand side the terraces and garden of the old Hôtel de la Rochemartel (the sculptured entrance of which was in the Rue de Lille) still overtopped the neighboring houses and shaded the quay with tall trees, whose quietly falling leaves yellowed the pavement for at least a hundred yards of frontage—or backage, rather; for this was but the rear of that stately palace.

"I wonder if l'Zouzou has come into his dukedom yet?" said Taffy.

And Taffy the realist, Taffy the modern of moderns, also said many beautiful

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"AN ATMOSPHERE OF BANK-NOTES AND GOLD."

things about old historical French duke-doms; which, in spite of their plentifulness, were so much more picturesque than English ones, and constituted a far more poetical and romantic link with the past; partly on account of their beautiful high-sounding names!

"Amaury de Brissac de Roncesvaulx de la Rochemartel-Boisségur! what a generous mouthful! Why, the very sound of it is redolent of the twelfth century! Not even Howard of Norfolk can beat that!"

For Taffy was getting sick of "this ghastly thin-faced time of ours," as he sadly called it (quoting Mr. Swinburne, who had just published a beautiful poem called "Faustine" in the *Spectator*), and beginning to love all things that were old and rotten and forgotten and of bad repute, and long to paint them just as they really were.

"Ah! they managed these things better in France, especially in the twelfth century, and even the thirteenth!" said the Laird. "Still, Howard of Norfolk isn't bad at a pinch—*fote de myoo!*" he continued, winking at Little Billee. And they promised themselves that they would leave cards on Zouzou, and if he wasn't a duke, invite him to dinner; and also Dodor, if they could manage to find him.

Then along the quay and up the Rue de Seine, and by well-remembered little mystic ways to the old studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts.

Here they found many changes. A row of new houses on the north side, by Baron Haussmann—the well-named—a boulevard was being constructed right through the place. But the old house had been respected; and looking up, they saw the big north window of their good old abode blindless and blank and black, but for a white placard in the middle of it, with the words: "À louer. Un atelier, et une chambre à coucher."

They entered the court-yard through the little door in the porte cochère, and beheld Madame Vinard standing on the step of her loge, her arms akimbo, giving orders to her husband—who was sawing logs for firewood, as usual at that time of the year—and telling him he was the most helpless log of the lot.

She gave them one look, threw up her arms, and rushed at them, saying, "Ah, mon Dieu! les trois Angliches!"

And they could not have complained

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of any lack of warmth in her greeting, or in Monsieur Vinard's.

"Ah! mais quel bonheur de vous revoir! Et comme vous avez bonne mine, tous! Et Monsieur Litrebili, donc! il a grandi!" etc., etc. "Mais vous allez boire la goutte avant tout—vite, Vinard! Le ratafia de cassis que Monsieur Durien nous a envoyé la semaine dernière!"

And they were taken into the loge and made free of it—welcomed like prodigal sons; a fresh bottle of black-currant brandy was tapped, and did duty for the fatted calf. It was an ovation, and made quite a stir in the quartier.

Le Retour des trois Angliches—cinq ans après!

She told them all the news: about Bouchardy; Papelard; Jules Guinot, who was now in the Ministère de la Guerre; Barizel, who had given up the arts and gone into his father's business (umbrellas); Durien, who had married six months ago, and had a superb atelier in the Rue Taitbout, and was coining money; about her own family—Aglaë, who was going to be married to the son of the charbonnier at the corner of the Rue de la Canicule—"un bon mariage; bien solide!" Niniche, who was studying the piano at the Conservatoire, and had won the silver medal; Isidore, who, alas! had gone to the bad—"perdu par les femmes! un si joli garçon, vous concevez! ça ne lui a pas porté bonheur, par exemple!" And yet she was proud! and said his father would never have had the pluck!

"À dix-huit ans, pensez donc!"

"And that good Monsieur Carrel; he is dead, you know! Ah, messieurs savaient ça? Yes, he died at Dieppe, his natal town, during the winter, from the consequences of an indigestion—que voulez-vous! He always had the stomach so feeble! . . . Ah! the beautiful interment, messieurs! Five thousand people, in spite of the rain! Car il pleuvait averse! And M. le Maire and his adjunct walking behind the hearse, and the gendarmerie and the douaniers, and a bataillon of the douzième chasseurs-à-pied, with their music, and all the sapper-pumpers, en grande tenue with their beautiful brass helmets! All the town was there, so there was nobody left to see the procession go by! q'c'était beau! Mon Dieu, q'c'était beau! c'que j'ai pleuré, d'voir ça! n'est-ce-pas, Vinard?"

"Dame, oui, ma biche! j'crois bien! It might have been Monsieur le Maire himself that one was interring in person!"

"Ah, ça! voyons, Vinard; thou'rt not going to compare the Maire of Dieppe to a painter like Monsieur Carrel?"

"Certainly not, ma biche! But still, M. Carrel was a great man all the same, in his way. Besides, I wasn't there—nor thou either, as to that!"

"Mon Dieu! comme il est idiot, ce Vinard—of a stupidity to cut with a knife! Why, thou might'st almost be a Mayor thyself, sacred imbecile that thou art!"

And an animated discussion arose between husband and wife as to the respective merits of a country mayor on one side and a famous painter and member of the Institute on the other, during which les trois Angliches were left out in the cold. When Madame Vinard had sufficiently routed her husband, which did not take very long, she turned to them again, and told them that she had started a magasin de bric-à-brac, "vous verrez ça!"

Yes, the studio had been to let for three months. Would they like to see it? Here were the keys. They would, of course, prefer to see it themselves, alone; "je comprends ça! et vous verrez ce que vous verrez!" Then they must come and drink once more again the drop, and inspect her magasin de bric-à-brac.

So they went up, all three, and let themselves into the old place where they had been so happy—and one of them for a while so miserable!

It was changed indeed.

Bare of all furniture, for one thing; shabby and unswept, with a pathetic air of dilapidation, spoliation, desecration, and a musty shut-up smell; the window so dirty you could hardly see the new houses opposite; the floor a disgrace!

All over the walls were caricatures in charcoal and white chalk, with more or less incomprehensible legends; very vulgar and trivial and coarse, some of them, and pointless for trois Angliches.

But among these (touching to relate) they found, under a square of plate-glass that had been fixed on the wall by means of an oak frame, Little Billee's old black and white and red chalk sketch of Trilby's left foot, as fresh as if it had been done only yesterday! Over it was written: "Souvenir de la Grande Trilby, par W. B. (Litrebili)." And beneath, carefully engrossed on imperishable parchment,

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"AH! THE BEAUTIFUL INTERMENT, MESSIEURS!"

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"PAUVRE TRILBY."

and pasted on the glass, the following stanzas:

"Pauvre Trilby—la belle et bonne et chère!
Je suis son pied. Devine qui voudra
Quel tendre ami, la chérissant naguère,
Encadra d'elle (et d'un amour sincère)
Ce souvenir charmant qu'un caprice inspira—
Qu'un souffle emportera!

"J'étais jumeau: qu'est devenu mon frère?
Hélas! Hélas! L'Amour nous égara.
L'Éternité nous unira, j'espère;
Et nous ferons comme autrefois la paire
Au fond d'un lit bien chaste où nul ne troublera
Trilby—qui dormira.

"Ô tendre ami, sans nous qu'allez-vous faire?
La porte est close où Trilby demeura.
Le Paradis est loin . . . et sur la terre
(Qui nous fut douce et lui sera légère)
Pour trouver nos pareils, si bien qu'on cherchera—
Beau chercher l'on aura!"

Taffy drew a long breath into his manly bosom, and kept it there as he read this characteristic French doggerel (for so he chose to call this touching little symphony in *ère* and *ra*). His huge frame thrilled with tenderness and pity and fond remembrance, and he said to himself (letting out his breath): "Dear, dear Trilby! Ah! if you had only cared for *me*, *I* wouldn't have given you up—not for any one on earth. *You* were the mate for *me!*"

And that, as the reader has guessed long ago, was big Taffy's "history."

The Laird was also deeply touched, and could not speak. Had he been in love with Trilby too? Had he ever been in love with any one?

He couldn't say. But he thought of Trilby's sweetness and unselfishness, her gayety, her innocent kissings and caressings, her drollery and frolicsome grace, her way of filling whatever place she was in with her presence, the charming sight and the genial sound of her, and felt that no girl, no woman, no lady he had ever seen yet, was a match for this poor waif and stray, this long-legged, cancan-dancing, quartier-latin grisette, blanchisseuse de fin, "and Heaven knows what besides!"

"Hang it all!" he mentally ejaculated, "I wish to goodness I'd married her *myself!*"

Little Billee said nothing either. He felt unhappier than he had ever once felt for five long years—to think that he could gaze on such a memento as this, a thing so strongly personal to himself, with dry eyes and a quiet pulse! and he unemotionally, dispassionately, wished himself dead and buried for at least the thousand and first time!

All three possessed casts of Trilby's feet and photographs of herself. But

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nothing so charmingly suggestive of Trilby as this little masterpiece of a true artist, this happy fluke of a happy moment. It was Trilbiness itself, as the Laird thought, and should not be suffered to perish.

They took the keys back to Madame Vinard in silence.

She said: "Vous avez vu—n'est-ce pas, messieurs?—le pied de Trilby! c'est bien gentil! C'est Monsieur Durien qui a fait mettre le verre, quand vous êtes partis; et Monsieur Guinot qui a composé *l'épitaphe*. Pauvre Trilby! qu'est-ce qu'elle est devenue! comme elle était bonne fille, hein? et si belle! et comme elle était vive, elle était vive, elle était vive! Et comme elle vous aimait tous bien — et surtout Monsieur Litrebili—n'est-ce pas?"

Then she insisted on giving them each another liqueur-glass of Durien's ratafia de cassis, and took them to see her collection of bric-à-brac across the yard, a gorgeous show, and explained everything about it—how she had begun in quite a small way, but was making it a big business.

"Voyez cette pendule! It is of the time of Louis Onze, who gave it to Madame de Pompadour (!). I bought it at a sale in—"

"Combiang?" said the Laird.

"C'est cent-cinquante francs, monsieur—c'est bien bon marché—une véritable occasion, et—"

"Je prong!" said the Laird, meaning "I take it!"

Then she showed them a beautiful brocade gown "which she had picked up a bargain at—"

"Combiang?" said the Laird.

"Ah, ça, c'est trois cents francs, monsieur. Mais—"

"Je prong!" said the Laird.

"Et voici les souliers qui vont avec, et que—"

"Je pr—"

But here Taffy took the Laird by the arm and dragged him by force out of this too seductive siren's cave.

The Laird told her where to send his purchases—and with many expressions of love and good-will on both sides, they tore themselves away from Monsieur et Madame Vinard.

The Laird, however, rushed back for a minute, and hurriedly whispered to Madame Vinard: "Oh—er—le piay de Tril-

"JE PRONG!"

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by—sur le mure, vous savvy—avec le verre et toot le reste—coopy le mure—comprenny?... Combiang?"

"Ah, monsieur!" said Madame Vinard—"c'est un peu difficile, vous savez—couper un mur comme ça! On parlera au propriétaire si vous voulez, et ça pourrait peut-être s'arranger, si c'est en bois! seulement il fau—"

"Je prong!" said the Laird, and waved his hand in farewell.

They went up the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres, and found that about twenty yards of a high wall had been pulled down—just at the bend where the Laird had seen the last of Trilby, as she turned round and kissed her hand to him—and they beheld, within, a quaint and ancient long-neglected garden; a gray old garden, with tall warty black-boled trees, and damp green mossy paths that lost themselves under the brown and yellow leaves and mould and muck which had drifted into heaps here and there, the accumulation of years—a queer old faded pleasance, with wasted bowers, and dilapidated carved stone benches and weather-beaten discolored marble statues—noseless, armless, earless fauns and hamadryads! And at the end of it, in a tumble-down state of utter ruin, a still inhabited little house, with shabby blinds and window-curtains, and broken window-panes mended with brown paper—a Pavillon de Flore, that must have been quite beautiful a hundred years ago—the once mysterious love-resort of long-buried frolicsome abbés, and well-forgotten lords and ladies gay—red-heeled, patched, powdered, frivolous, and shameless, but, oh! how charming to the imagination of the nineteenth century! And right through the ragged lawn (where lay, upset in the long dewy grass, a broken doll's perambulator by a tattered Punchinello) went a desecrating track made by cart wheels and horses' hoofs; and this, no doubt, was to be a new street—perhaps, as Taffy suggested, "La Rue *Neuve* des Mauvais Ladres! The *new* street of the bad lepers!"

"Ah, Taffy!" sententiously opined the Laird, with his usual wink at Little Billee—"I've no doubt the *old* lepers were the best, bad as they were!"

"I'm quite *sure* of it!" said Taffy, with sad and sober conviction and a long-drawn sigh. "I only wish I had a chance of painting one—just as he really was!"

How often they had speculated on what lay hidden behind that lofty old brick wall! and now this melancholy little peep into the once festive past, the touching sight of this odd old poverty-stricken abode of Heaven knows what present grief and desolation, which a few strokes of the pickaxe had laid bare, seemed to chime in with their own gray mood, that had been so bright and sunny an hour ago, and they went on their way quite dejectedly, for a stroll through the Luxembourg Gallery and Gardens.

The same people seemed to be still copying the same pictures in the long quiet genial room, so pleasantly smelling of oil-paint—Rosa Bonheur's "Labourage Nivernais"—Hébert's "Malaria"—Couture's "Decadent Romans."

And in the formal dusty gardens were the same pioupious and zouzous still walking with the same nounous, or sitting by their sides on benches by basins with gold and silver fish—and just the same old couples petting the same toutous and loulous!*

Then they thought they would go and lunch at le père Trin's—the Restaurant de la Couronne, in the Rue du Luxembourg—for the sake of auld lang syne! But when they got there, the well-remembered fumes of that little refectory, which had once seemed not unappetizing, turned their stomachs. So they contented themselves with warmly greeting le père Trin, who was quite overjoyed to see them again, and anxious to turn the whole establishment topsy-turvy that he might entertain such guests as they deserved.

Then the Laird suggested an omelet at the Café de l'Odéon. But Taffy said, in his masterful way, "D—— the Café de l'Odéon!"

And hailing a little open fly, they drove to Ledoyen's, or some such place, in the Champs Élysées, where they feasted as became three prosperous Britons out for a holiday in Paris—trois mousquetaires—and afterwards had themselves driven in an open carriage and pair through the Bois de Boulogne to the fête de St. Cloud (or what still remained of it, for it lasts six weeks), the scene of so

* *Glossary.*—Pioupiou (*alias* pousse-caillou, *alias* tourlourou)—a private soldier of the line. Zouzou—a Zouave. Nounou—a wet-nurse with a pretty ribboned cap and long streamers. Toutou—a nondescript French lapdog, of no breed known to Englishmen (a regular little beast!). Loulou—a Pomeranian dog—not much better.

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"OON PAIR DE GONG BLONG."

many of Dodor's and Zouzou's exploits in past years, and found it more amusing than the Luxembourg Gardens; the frolicsome spirit of Dodor seemed to pervade it still.

But it doesn't want the presence of a Dodor to make the blue-bloused sons of the Gallic people (and its neatly shod, white-capped daughters) delightful to watch as they take their pleasure. And the Laird (thinking perhaps of Hampstead Heath on an Easter Monday) must not be blamed for once more quoting his favorite phrase—the pretty little phrase with which the most humorous and least exemplary of British parsons began his famous journey to France.

When they came back to the hotel to dress and dine, the Laird found he wanted a pair of white gloves for the concert—"Oon pair de gong blong," as he called it—and they walked along the boulevards till they came to a haberdasher's shop of very good and prosperous appearance, and going in, were received graciously by the "patron," a portly little bourgeois, who waved them to a tall and aristocratic and very well dressed young commis behind the counter, saying, "Une paire de gants blancs pour monsieur."

And what was the surprise of our three friends in recognizing Dodor!

The gay Dodor, Dodor l'irrésistible, quite unembarrassed by his position, was exuberant in his delight at seeing them again, and introduced them to the patron and his wife and daughter, Monsieur, Madame, and Mademoiselle Passefil. And it soon became pretty evident that, in spite of his humble employment in that house, he was a great favorite in that family, and especially with mademoiselle.

Indeed, Monsieur Passefil invited our three heroes to stay and dine then and there; but they compromised matters by asking Dodor to come and dine with *them* at the hotel, and he accepted with alacrity.

Thanks to Dodor, the dinner was a very lively one, and they soon forgot the regretful impressions of the day.

They learnt that he hadn't got a penny in the world, and had left the army, and had for two years kept the books at le père Passefil's and served his customers, and won his good opinion and his wife's, and especially his daughter's, and that soon he was to be not only his employer's partner, but his son-in-law; and that, in spite of his impecuniosity, he had man-

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aged to impress them with the fact that in marrying a Rigolot de Lafarce she was making a very splendid match indeed!

His brother-in-law, the Honorable Jack Reeve, had long cut him for a bad lot. But his sister, after a while, had made up her mind that to marry Mlle. Passefil wasn't the worst he could do; at all events, it would keep him out of England, and *that* was a comfort! And passing through Paris, she had actually called on the Passefil family, and they had fallen prostrate before such splendor; and no wonder, for Mrs. Jack Reeve was one of the most beautiful, elegant, and fashionable women in London, the smartest of the smart.

"And how about l'Zouzou?" asked Little Billee.

"Ah, old Gontran! I don't see much of him. We no longer quite move in the same circles, you know; not that he's proud, or me either! but he's a sub-lieu-

GECKO.

tenant in the Guides—an officer! Besides, his brother's dead, and he's the Duc de la Rochemartel, and a special pet of the Empress; he makes her laugh more than anybody! He's looking out for the biggest heiress he can find, and he's pretty safe to catch her, with such a name as that! In fact, they say he's caught her already—Miss Lavinia Hunks, of Chicago. Twenty million dollars! At least so the *Figaro* says!"

Then he gave them news of other old friends; and they did not part till it was time for them to go to the Cirque des Bashibazoucks, and after they had arranged to dine with his future family on the following day.

In the Rue St.-Honoré was a long double file of cabs and carriages slowly moving along to the portals of that huge hall, Le Cirque des Bashibazoucks. Is it there still, I wonder? I don't mind betting not! Just at this period of the Second Empire there was a mania for demolition and remolition (if there is such a word), and I have no doubt my Parisian readers would search the Rue St.-Honoré for the Salle des Bashibazoucks in vain!

Our friends were shown to their stalls, and looked round in surprise. This was before the days of the Albert Hall, and they had never been in such a big place of the kind before, or one so regal in aspect, so gorgeously imperial with white and gold and crimson velvet, so dazzling with light, so crammed with people from floor to roof, and cramming itself still.

A platform carpeted with crimson cloth had been erected in front of the gates where the horses had once used to come in, and their fair riders, and the two jolly English clowns, and the beautiful nobleman with the long frock-coat and brass buttons, and soft high boots, and four-in-hand whip—"la chambrière."

In front of this was a lower stand for the orchestra. The circus itself was filled with stalls—stalles d'orchestre. A pair of crimson curtains hid the entrance to the platform at the back, and by each of these stood a small page, ready to draw it aside and admit the diva.

The entrance to the orchestra was by a small door under the platform, and some thirty or forty chairs and music-stands, grouped around the conductor's estrade, were waiting for the band.

Little Billee looked round, and recognized many countrymen and countrywomen of his own—many great musical celebrities especially, whom he had often met in London. Tiers upon tiers of people rose up all round in a widening circle, and lost themselves in a hazy mist of light at the top—it was like a picture by Martin! In the imperial box were the English ambassador and his family, with an august British personage sitting in the middle, in front, his broad blue ribbon across his breast and his opera-glass to his royal eyes.

Little Billee had never felt so excited,

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so exhilarated, by such a show before, nor so full of eager anticipation. He looked at his programme, and saw that the Hungarian band (the first that had yet appeared in western Europe, I believe) would play an overture of gypsy dances. Then Madame Svengali would sing "un air connu, sans accompagnement," and afterwards other airs, including the "Nussbaum" of Schumann (for the first time in Paris, it seemed). Then a rest of ten minutes; then more csárdás; then the diva would sing "Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre," of all things in the world! and finish up with "un impromptu de Chopin, sans paroles."

Truly a somewhat incongruous bill of fare!

Close on the stroke of nine the musicians came in and took their seats. They were dressed in the foreign hussar uniform that has now become so familiar. The first violin had scarcely sat down before our friends recognized in him their old friend Gecko.

Just as the clock struck, Svengali, in irreproachable evening dress, tall and stout and quite splendid in appearance, notwithstanding his long black mane (which had been curled), took his place at his desk. Our friends would have known him at a glance, in spite of the wonderful alteration time and prosperity had wrought in his outward man.

"IT WAS TRILBY."

He bowed right and left to the thunderous applause that greeted him, gave his three little bâton-taps, and the lovely music began at once. We have grown accustomed to strains of this kind during the last twenty years; but they were new then, and their strange seduction was a surprise as well as an enchantment.

Besides, no such band as Svengali's had ever been heard, and in listening to this overture the immense crowd almost forgot that it was a mere preparation for a great musical event, and tried to encore it. But Svengali merely turned round and bowed—there were to be no encores that night.

Then a moment of silence and breathless suspense—curiosity on tiptoe!

Then the two little page-boys each drew a silken rope, and the curtains parted and looped themselves up on each side symmetrically; and a tall female figure appeared, clad in what seemed like a classical dress of cloth of gold, embroidered with garnets and beetles' wings; her snowy arms and shoulders bare, a gold coronet of stars on her head, her thick light brown hair tied behind and flowing

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"AU CLAIR DE LA LUNE."

all down her back to nearly her knees, like those ladies in hair-dressers' shops who sit with their backs to the plate-glass window to advertise the merits of some particular hair-wash.

She walked slowly down to the front, her hands hanging at her sides in quite a simple fashion, and made a slight inclination of her head and body towards the imperial box, and then to right and left. Her lips and cheeks were rouged; her dark level eyebrows nearly met at the bridge of her short high nose. Through her parted lips you could see her large glistening white teeth; her gray eyes looked straight at Svengali.

Her face was thin, and had a rather haggard expression, in spite of its artificial freshness; but its contour was divine, and its character so tender, so humble, so touchingly simple and sweet, that one melted at the sight of her. No such magnificent or seductive apparition has ever been seen before or since on any stage or platform—not even Miss Ellen Terry as the priestess of Artemis in the Laureate's play, *The Cup*.

The house rose as she came down to the front; and she bowed again to right and left, and put her hand to her heart quite simply and with a most winning natural gesture, an adorable gaucherie; like a graceful and unconscious school-girl, quite innocent of stage deportment.

It was Trilby!

Trilby the tone-deaf, who couldn't sing one single note in tune! Trilby, who couldn't tell a C from an F!!

What was going to happen?

Our three friends were almost turned to stone in the immensity of their surprise.

Yet the big Taffy was trembling all over; the Laird's jaw had all but fallen on to his chest; Little Billee was staring, staring his eyes almost out of his head. There was something, to them, so strange and uncanny about it all; so oppressive, so anxious, so momentous!

The applause had at last subsided. Trilby stood with her hands behind her, one foot (the left one) on a little stool that had been left there on purpose, her lips parted, her eyes on Svengali's, ready to begin.

He gave his three beats, and the band struck a chord. Then, at another beat from him, but in her direction, she began, without the slightest appearance of effort, without any accompaniment whatever, he still beating time—conducting her, in fact, just as if she had been an orchestra herself:

"Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot!
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot.
Ma chandelle est morte...
Je n'ai plus de feu!
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu!"

This was the absurd old nursery rhyme with which la Svengali chose to make her début before the most critical audience in the world! She sang it three times over—the same verse. There is but one.

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The first time she sang it without any expression whatever—not the slightest. Just the words and the tune; in the middle of her voice, and not loud at all; just as a child sings who is thinking of something else; or just as a young French mother sings who is darning socks by a cradle, and rocking her baby to sleep with her foot.

But her voice was so immense in its softness, richness, freshness, that it seemed to be pouring itself out from all round; its intonation absolutely, mathematically pure; one felt it to be not only faultless, but infallible; and the seduction, the novelty of it, the strangely sympathetic quality! How can one describe the quality of a peach or a nectarine to those who have only known apples?

Until la Svengali appeared, the world had only known apples—Catalanis, Jenny Linds, Grisis, Albonis, Pattis! The best apples that can be, for sure—but still only apples!

If she had spread a pair of large white wings and gracefully fluttered up to the roof and perched upon the chandelier, she could not have produced a greater sensation. The like of that voice has never been heard, nor ever will be again. A woman archangel might sing like that, or some enchanted princess out of a fairy-tale.

Little Billee had already dropped his face into his hands and hid his eyes in his pocket-handkerchief; a big tear had fallen on to Taffy's left whisker; the Laird was trying hard to keep his tears back.

She sang the verse a second time, with but little added expression and no louder; but with a sort of breathy widening of her voice that made it like a broad heavenly smile of universal motherhood turned into sound. One felt all the genial gayety and grace and impishness of Pierrot and Columbine idealized into frolicsome beauty and holy innocence, as though they were performing for the saints in Paradise—a baby Columbine, with a cherub for clown! The dream of it all came over you for a second or two—a revelation of some impossible golden age—priceless—never to be forgotten!

Little Billee had lost all control over himself, and was shaking with his suppressed sobs—Little Billee, who hadn't shed a single tear for five long years! Half the people in the house were in tears, but tears of sheer delight, of delicate inner laughter.

Then she came back to earth, and saddened and veiled and darkened her voice as she sang the verse for the third time; and it was a great and sombre tragedy, too deep for any more tears; and somehow or other poor Columbine, forlorn and betrayed and dying, out in the cold at midnight—sinking down to hell, perhaps—was making her last frantic appeal! It was no longer Pierrot and Columbine—it was Marguerite—it was Faust!

"OUVRE-MOI TA PORTE
POUR L'AMOUR DE DIEU!"

It was the most terrible and pathetic of all possible human tragedies, but expressed with no dramatic or histrionic exaggeration of any sort; by mere tone, slight subtle changes in the quality of the sound—too quick and elusive to be taken count of, but to be felt with, oh, what poignant sympathy!

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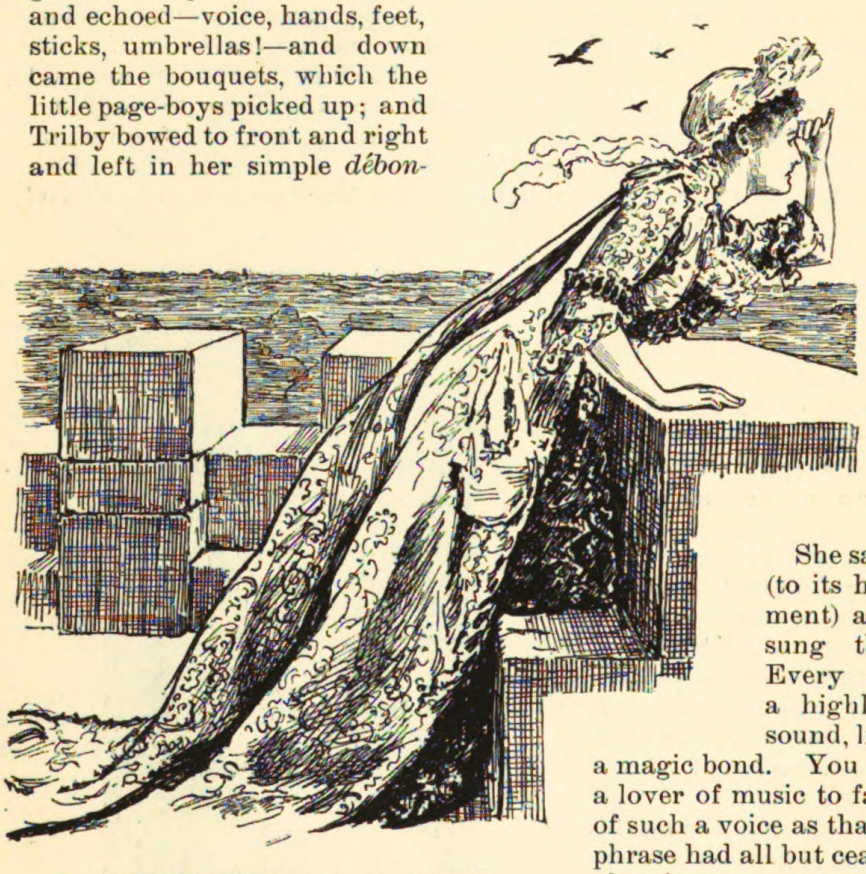
When the song was over, the applause did not come immediately, and she waited with her kind wide smile, as if she were well accustomed to wait like this; and then the storm began, and grew and spread and rattled and echoed—voice, hands, feet, sticks, umbrellas!—and down came the bouquets, which the little page-boys picked up; and Trilby bowed to front and right and left in her simple *débon-*



"MALBROUCK S'EN VA-T'EN GUERRE."

naire fashion. It was her usual triumph. It had never failed, whatever the audience, whatever the country, whatever the song.

Little Billee didn't applaud. He sat with his head in his hands, his shoulders still heaving. He believed himself to be fast asleep and in a dream, and was trying his utmost not to wake; for a great happiness was his. It was one of those nights to be marked with a white stone!

As the first bars of the song came pouring out of her parted lips (whose shape he so well remembered), and her dovelike eyes looked straight over Svengali's head, straight in his own direction —nay, *at* him—something melted in his brain, and all his long-lost power of loving came back with a rush.

It was like the sudden curing of a deafness that has been lasting for years. The doctor blows through your nose into your Eustachian tube with a little India-rubber machine; some obstacle gives way, there is a snap in your head, and straightway you hear better than you had ever heard in all your life, almost too well; and all your life is once more changed for you!

At length he sat up again, in the middle of la Svengali's singing of the "Nussbaum," and saw her; and saw the Laird sitting by him, and Taffy, their eyes riveted on Trilby, and knew for certain that it was *no* dream this time, and his joy was almost a pain!

She sang the "Nussbaum" (to its heavenly accompaniment) as simply as she had sung the previous song. Every separate note was a highly finished gem of sound, linked to the next by a magic bond. You did not require to be a lover of music to fall beneath the spell of such a voice as that; the mere melodic phrase had all but ceased to matter. Her phrasing, consummate as it was, was as simple as a child's.

It was as if she said: "See! what does the composer count for? Here is about as beautiful a song as was ever written, with beautiful words to match, and the words have been made French for you by one of your smartest poets! But what do the words signify, any more than the tune, or even the language? The 'Nussbaum' is neither better nor worse than 'Mon ami Pierrot' when *I* am the singer; for I am *Svengali;* and you shall hear nothing, see nothing, think of nothing, but *Svengali, Svengali, Svengali!*"

It was the apotheosis of voice and virtuosity! It was "il bel canto" come back to earth after a hundred years—the bel canto of Vivarelli, let us say, who sang the same song every night to the same King of Spain for a quarter of a century, and was rewarded with a dukedom, and wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

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And, indeed, here was this immense audience, made up of the most cynically critical people in the world, and the most anti-German, assisting with rapt ears and streaming eyes at the imagined spectacle of a simple German damsel, a Mädchen, a Fräulein, just "verlobte"—a future Hausfrau—sitting under a walnut-tree in some suburban garden—à Berlin!—and around her, her family and their friends, probably drinking beer and smoking long porcelain pipes, and talking politics or business, and cracking innocent elaborate old German jokes; with bated breath, lest they should disturb her maiden dream of love! And all as though it were a scene in Elysium, and the Fräulein a nymph of many-fountained Ida, and her people Olympian gods and goddesses.

And such, indeed, they were when Trilby sang of them!

After this, when the long, frantic applause had subsided, she made a gracious bow to the royal British opera-glass (which had never left her face), and sang "Ben Bolt" in English!

And then Little Billee remembered there was such a person as Svengali in the world, and recalled his little flexible flageolet!

"That is how I teach Gecko; that is how I teach la bedite Honorine; that is how I teach il bel canto. . . . It was lost, il bel canto—and I found it in a dream—I, Svengali!"

And his old cosmic vision of the beauty and sadness of things, the very heart of them, and their pathetic evanescence, came back with a tenfold clearness—that heavenly glimpse beyond the veil! And with it a crushing sense of his own infinitesimal significance by the side of this glorious pair of artists, one of whom had been his friend and the other his love—a love who had offered to be his humble mistress and slave, not feeling herself good enough to be his wife!

It made him sick and faint to remember, and filled him with hot shame, and then and there his love for Trilby became as that of a dog for its master!

She sang once more—"Chanson de Printemps," by Gounod (who was present, and seemed very hysterical), and the first part of the concert was over, and people had time to draw breath and talk over this new wonder, this revelation of what the human voice could achieve; and an immense hum filled the hall—astonishment, enthusiasm, ecstatic delight!

But our three friends found little to say—for what *they* felt there were as yet no words!

Taffy and the Laird looked at Little Billee, who seemed to be looking inwards at some transcendent dream of his own with red eyes, and his face all pale and drawn, and his nose very pink, and rather thicker than usual; and the dream appeared to be out of the common blissful, though his eyes were swimming still, for his smile was almost idiotic in its rapture!

The second part of the concert was still shorter than the first, and created, if possible, a wilder enthusiasm.

Trilby only sang twice.

Her first song was "Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre."

She began it quite lightly and merrily, like a jolly march; in the middle of her voice, which had not as yet revealed any exceptional compass or range. People laughed quite frankly at the first verse:

"Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre. . .
Ne sais quand reviendra!
Ne sais quand reviendra!
Ne sais quand reviendra!"

The *mironton mirontaine* was the very essence of high martial resolve and heroic self-confidence; one would have led a forlorn hope after hearing it once!

"Il reviendra-z-à Pâques—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Il reviendra-z-à Pâques. . .
Ou . . . à la Trinité!"

People still laughed, though the *mironton mirontaine* betrayed an uncomfortable sense of the dawning of doubts and fears—vague forebodings!

"La Trinité se passe—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
La Trinité se passe. . .
Malbrouck ne revient pas!"

And here, especially in the *mironton mirontaine*, a note of anxiety revealed itself—so poignant, so acutely natural and human, that it became a personal anxiety of one's own, causing the heart to beat, and one's breath was short.

"Madame à sa tour monte—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'elle peut monter!"

Oh! How one's heart went with her!

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Anne! Sister Anne! Do you see anything?

"Elle voit de loin son page—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Elle voit de loin son page,
Tout de noir habillé!"

One is almost sick with the sense of impending calamity—it is all but unbearable!

"Mon page—mon beau page!—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Mon page—mon beau page!
Quelle nouvelle apportez?"

And here Little Billee begins to weep again, and so does everybody else! The *mironton mirontaine* is an agonized wail of suspense—poor bereaved duchess!—poor Sarah Jennings! Did it all announce itself to you just like that?

All this while the accompaniment had been quite simple—just a few obvious ordinary chords.

But now, quite suddenly, without a single modulation or note of warning, down goes the tune a full major third, from E to C—into the graver depths of Trilby's great contralto—so solemn and ominous that there is no more weeping, but the flesh creeps; the accompaniment slows and elaborates itself; the march becomes a funeral march, with muted strings, and quite slowly:

"Aux nouvelle que j'apporte—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Aux nouvelle que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer!"

Richer and richer grows the accompaniment. The *mironton mirontaine* becomes a dirge!

"Quittez vos habits roses—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Quittez vos habits roses,
Et vos satins brochés!"

Here the ding-donging of a big bell seems to mingle with the score; . . . and very slowly, and so impressively that the news will ring forever in the ears and hearts of those who hear it from la Svengali's lips:

"Le Sieur Malbrouck est mort—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Le Sieur—Malbrouck—est—mort!
Est mort—et enterré!"

And thus it ends quite abruptly!

And this heart-rending tragedy, this great historical epic in two dozen lines, at which some five or six thousand gay French people are sniffing and mopping their eyes like so many Niobes, is just a common old French comic song—a mere nursery ditty, like "Little Bo-peep"—to the tune,

"We won't go home
till morning,
Till daylight doth
appear. . ."

And after a second or two of silence (oppressive and impressive as that which occurs at a burial when the handful of earth is being dropped on to the coffin lid) the audience bursts once more into madness; and la Svengali, who accepts no encores, has to bow for nearly five minutes, standing amidst a sea of flowers. . .

"AUX NOUVELLE QUE J'APPORTE,
VOS BEAUX YEUX VONT PLEURER!"

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"UN IMPROMPTU DE CHOPIN."

Then comes her great and final performance. The orchestra swiftly plays the first four bars of the bass in Chopin's Impromptu (A flat); and suddenly, without words, as a light nymph catching the whirl of a double skipping-rope, la Svengali breaks in, and vocalizes that astounding piece of music that so few pianists can even play; but no pianist has ever played it like this; no piano has ever given out such notes as these!

Every single phrase is a string of perfect gems, of purest ray serene, strung together on a loose golden thread! The higher and shriller she sings, the sweeter it is; higher and shriller than any woman had ever sung before.

Waves of sweet and tender laughter, the very heart and essence of innocent, high-spirited girlhood, alive to all that is simple and joyous and elementary in nature—the freshness of the morning, the ripple of the stream, the click of the mill, the wind in the trees, the song of the lark in the cloudless sky—the sun and the dew, the scent of early flowers and summer woods and meadows—the sight of birds and bees and butterflies and frolicsome young animals at play—all the sights and scents and sounds that are the birthright of happy children, happy savages in favored climes—things within the remembrance and the reach of most of us! All this, the memory and the feel of it, are in Trilby's voice as she warbles that long smooth lilting dancing laugh, that wondrous song without words; and those who hear feel it all, and remember it with her. It is irresistible; it forces itself on you; no words, no pictures, could ever do the like! So that the tears that are shed out of all these many French eyes are tears of pure, unmixed delight in happy reminiscence! (Chopin, it is true, may have meant something quite different—a hot-house, perhaps, with orchids and arum lilies and tuberoses and hydrangeas—but that is neither here nor there.)

Then comes the slow movement, the sudden adagio, with its capricious ornaments—the waking of the virgin heart, the stirring of the sap, the dawn of love; its doubts and fears and questionings; and the mellow, powerful, deep chest notes are like the pealing of great golden bells, with a light little pearl shower tinkling round—drops from the fringe of her grand voice as she shakes it. . .

Then back again the quick part, da capo, only quicker! hurry, hurry! but distinct as ever. Loud and shrill and sweet beyond compare—drowning the orchestra; of a piercing quality quite ineffable; a joy there is no telling; a clear purling crystal stream that gurgles and

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foams and bubbles along over sunlit stones; "a wonder, a world's delight!"

And there is not a sign of effort, of difficulty overcome. All through, Trilby smiles her broad angelic smile; her lips well parted, her big white teeth glistening as she gently jerks her head from side to side in time to Svengali's bâton, as if to shake the notes out quicker and higher and shriller. . .

And in a minute or two it is all over, like the lovely bouquet of fireworks at the end of the show, and she lets what remains of it die out and away like the after-glow of fading Bengal fires—her voice receding into the distance—coming back to you like an echo from all round, from anywhere you please—quite soft—hardly more than a breath, but *such* a breath! Then one last chromatically ascending rocket, pianissimo, up to E in alt, and then darkness and silence!

And after a little pause the many-headed rises as one, and waves its hats and sticks and handkerchiefs, and stamps and shouts . . . "Vive la Svengali! Vive la Svengali!"

Svengali steps on to the platform by his wife's side and kisses her hand; and they both bow themselves backwards through the curtains, which fall, to rise again and again and again on this astounding pair!

Such was la Svengali's début in Paris.

It had lasted little over an hour, one quarter of which, at least, had been spent in plaudits and courtesies!

The writer is no musician, alas! (as, no doubt, his musical readers have found out by this) save in his thraldom to music of not too severe a kind, and laments the clumsiness and inadequacy of this wild (though somewhat ambitious) attempt to recall an impression received more than thirty years ago; to revive the blessed memory of that unforgettable first night at the Cirque des Bashibazoucks.

Would that I could transcribe here Berlioz's famous series of twelve articles, entitled "la Svengali," which were republished from *La Lyre Éolienne*, and are now out of print!

Or Théophile Gautier's elaborate rhapsody, "Madame Svengali — Ange, ou Femme?" in which he proves that one need not have a musical ear (he hadn't) to be enslaved by such a voice as hers, any more than the eye for beauty (this he *had*) to fall the victim of "her celestial form and face." I forget in which journal this eloquent tribute appeared; it is not to be found in his collected works.

Or the intemperate diatribe by Herr Blagner (as I will christen him) on the tyranny of the prima donna, called "Svengalismus"; in which he attempts to show that mere virtuosity carried to such a pitch is mere viciosity—base acrobatismus of the vocal chords, a hysteric appeal to morbid Gallic "sentimentalismus"; and that this monstrous development of a phenomenal larynx, this degrading cultivation and practice of the abnormalismus of a mere physical peculiarity, are death and destruction to all true music, since they place Mozart and Beethoven, and even *himself*, on a level with Bellini, Donizetti, Offenbach — any Italian tune-tinkler, any ballad-monger of the hated Paris pavement! and can make the highest music of all (even *his own*) go down with the common French herd at the very first hearing, just as if it were some idiotic refrain of the café chantant!

So much for Blagnerismus *v.* Svengalismus.

But I fear there is no space, within the limits of this humble tale, for these masterpieces of technical musical criticism.

Besides, there are other reasons.

Our three heroes walked back to the boulevards, the only silent ones amid the throng that poured through the Rue St.-Honoré, as the Cirque des Bashibazoucks emptied itself of its over-excited audience.

They went arm in arm, as usual; but this time Little Billee was in the middle. He wished to feel on each side of him the warm and genial contact of his two beloved old friends. It seemed as if they had suddenly been restored to him, after five long years of separation; his heart was overflowing with affection for them, too full to speak just yet! Overflowing, indeed, with the love of love, the love of life, the love of death—the love of all that is, and ever was, and ever will be! just as in his old way.

He could have hugged them both in the open street, before the whole world; and the delight of it was that this was no dream; about that there was no mistake. He was himself again at last, after five years, and wide-awake; and he owed it all to Trilby!

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And what did he feel for Trilby? He couldn't tell yet. It was too vast as yet to be measured; and, alas! it was weighted with such a burden of sorrow and regret that he might well put off the thought of it a little while longer, and gather in what bliss he might: like the man whose hearing has been restored after long years, he would revel in the mere physical delight of hearing for a space, and not go out of his way as yet to listen for the bad news that was already in the air, and would come to roost quite soon enough.

Taffy and the Laird were silent also; Trilby's voice was still in their ears and hearts, her image in their eyes, and utter bewilderment still oppressed them and kept them dumb.

It was a warm and balmy night, almost like midsummer; and they stopped at the first café they met on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, and ordered bocks of beer, and sat at a little table on the pavement, the only one unoccupied; for the café was already crowded, the hum of lively talk was great, and "la Svengali" was in every mouth.

The Laird was the first to speak. He emptied his bock at a draught, and called for another, and lit a cigar, and said, "I don't believe it was Trilby, after all!" It was the first time her name had been mentioned between them that evening—and for five years!

"Good heavens!" said Taffy. "Can you doubt it?"

"Oh yes! that was Trilby," said Little Billee.

Then the Laird proceeded to explain that, putting aside the impossibility of Trilby's ever being taught to sing in tune, and her well-remembered loathing for Svengali, he had narrowly scanned her face through his opera-glass, and found that in spite of a likeness quite marvellous there were well-marked differences. Her face was narrower and longer, her eyes larger, and their expression not the same; then she seemed taller and stouter, and her shoulders broader and more drooping, and so forth.

But the others wouldn't hear of it, and voted him cracked, and declared they even recognized the peculiar twang of her old speaking voice in the voice she now sang with, especially when she sang low down. And they all three fell to discussing the wonders of her performance like everybody else all round; Little Billee leading, with an eloquence and a seeming of technical musical knowledge that quite impressed them, and made them feel happy and at ease; for they were anxious for his sake about the effect this sudden and so unexpected sight of her would have upon him after all that had passed.

He seemed transcendently happy and elate—incomprehensibly so, in fact—and looked at them both with quite a new light in his eyes, as if all the music he had heard had trebled not only his joy in being alive, but his pleasure at being with them. Evidently he had quite outgrown his old passion for her, and that was a comfort indeed!

But Little Billee knew better.

He knew that his old passion for her had all come back, and was so overwhelming and immense that he could not feel it just yet, nor yet the hideous pangs of a

"AND THE REMEMBRANCE OF THEM—HAND IN HAND."

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jealousy so consuming that it would burn up his life. He gave himself another twenty-four hours.

But he had not to wait so long. He woke up after a short uneasy sleep that very night to find that the flood was over him; and he realized how hopelessly, desperately, wickedly, insanely he loved this woman, who might have been his, but was now the wife of another man; a greater than he, and one to whom she owed it that she was more glorious than any other woman on earth — a queen among queens—a goddess! for what was any earthly throne compared to that she established in the hearts and souls of all who came within the sight and hearing of her! beautiful as she was besides—beautiful, beautiful! And what must be her love for the man who had taught her and trained her, and revealed her towering genius to herself and the world!—a man resplendent also, handsome and tall and commanding—a great artist from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot!

And the remembrance of them—hand in hand, master and pupil, husband and wife—smiling and bowing in the face of all that splendid tumult they had called forth and could not quell, stung and tortured and maddened him so that he could not lie still, but got up and raged and rampaged up and down his hot, narrow, stuffy bedroom, and longed for his old familiar brain-disease to come back and narcotize his trouble, and be his friend, and stay with him till he died!

Where was he to fly for relief from such new memories as these, which would never cease; and the old memories, and all the glamour and grace of them that had been so suddenly called out of the grave? And how could he escape, now that he felt the sight of her face and the sound of her voice would be a craving—a daily want—like that of some poor starving outcast for warmth and meat and drink?

And little innocent, pathetic, ineffable, well-remembered sweetnesses of her changing face kept painting themselves on his retina; and incomparable tones of this new thing, her voice, her infinite voice, went ringing in his head, till he all but shrieked aloud in his agony.

And then the poisoned and delirious sweetness of those mad kisses,

"by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others"!

And then the grewsome physical jealousy, that miserable inheritance of all artistic sons of Adam, that plague and torment of the dramatic plastic imagination, which can idealize so well, and yet realize, alas! so keenly. After three or four hours spent like this, he could stand it no longer; madness was lying his way. So he hurried on a garment, and went and knocked at Taffy's door.

"Good God! what's the matter with you?" exclaimed the good Taffy, as Little Billee tumbled into his room, calling out,

"Oh, Taffy, Taffy, I'm g-g-going mad, I think!" And then, shivering all over, and stammering incoherently, he tried to tell his friend what was the matter with him, with great simplicity.

Taffy, in much alarm, slipped on his trousers, and made Little Billee get into his bed, and sat by his side holding his hand. He was greatly perplexed, fearing the recurrence of another attack like that of five years back. He didn't dare leave him for an instant to wake the Laird and send for a doctor.

Suddenly Little Billee buried his face in the pillow and began to sob, and some instinct told Taffy this was the best thing that could happen. The boy had always been a highly strung, emotional, over-excitable, over-sensitive, and quite uncontrolled mammy's-darling, cry-baby sort of chap, who had never been to school. It was all a part of his genius, and also a part of his charm. It would do him good to have a good blub. After a while Little Billee grew quieter, and then suddenly he said, "What a miserable ass you must think me, what an unmanly duffer!"

"Why, my friend?"

"Why, for going on in this idiotic way. I really couldn't help it. I went mad, I tell you. I've been walking up and down my room all night, till everything seemed to go round."

"So have I."

"You? What for?"

"The very same reason."

"*What!*"

"I was just as fond of Trilby as you were. Only she happened to prefer *you*."

"*What!*" cried Little Billee again. "*You* were fond of Trilby?"

"I believe you, my boy!"

"In *love* with her?"

"I believe you, my boy!"

"She never knew it, then!"

"Oh yes, she did."

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"She never told me, then!"

"Didn't she? That's like her. *I* told *her*, at all events. I asked her to marry me."

"Well—I *am* d——d! When?"

"That day we took her to Meudon, with Jeannot, and dined at the Garde Champêtre's, and she danced the cancan with Sandy."

"Well—I *am*— And she *refused* you?"

"Apparently so."

"Well, I— Why on earth did she refuse you?"

"Oh, I suppose she'd already begun to fancy *you*, my friend. *Il y en a toujours un autre!*"

"Fancy *me*—prefer *me*—to *you?*"

"Well, yes. It seems odd, eh? old fellow? But there's no accounting for tastes, you know. She's built on such an ample scale herself, I suppose that she likes little 'uns—contrast, you see. She's very maternal, I think. Besides, you're a smart little chap; and you ain't half bad; and you've got brains and talent, and lots of cheek, and all that. I'm rather a *ponderous* kind of party."

"Well—I *am* d——d!"

"*C'est comme ça!* I took it lying down, you see."

"Does the Laird know?"

"No; and I don't want him to—nor anybody else."

"Taffy, what a regular downright old trump you are!"

"Glad you think so; anyhow, we're both in the same boat, and we've got to make the best of it. She's another man's wife, and probably she's very fond of him. I'm sure she ought to be, cad as he is, after all he's done for her. So there's an end of it."

"Ah! there'll never be an end of it for *me*—never—never—oh, never, my God! She would have married me but for my mother's meddling, and that stupid old ass, my uncle. What a wife! Think of all she must have in her heart and brain, only to *sing* like that! And, oh Lord! how beautiful she is—a goddess! Oh, the brow and cheek and chin! did you *ever* see anything like it? Oh, if only I hadn't written and told my mother I was going to marry her! why, we should have been man and wife for five years by this time—living at Barbizon—painting away like mad! Oh, what a heavenly life! Oh, curse all officious meddling with other people's affairs! Oh! oh!..."

"I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOY!"

"There you go again! What's the good? and where do *I* come in, my friend? *I* should have been no better off, old fellow—worse than ever, I think."

Then there was a long silence.

At length Little Billee said:

"Taffy, I can't tell you what a trump you are. All I've ever thought of you—and God knows that's enough—will be nothing to what I shall always think of you after this."

"All right, old chap."

"And now I think *I'm* all right again, for a time—and I shall cut back to bed. Good-night! Thanks more than I can ever express!" And Little Billee, restored to his balance, cut back to his own bed just as the day was breaking.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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A WAITRESS.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

AS the evening was delightful, their coffee was served in the garden. Modesta brought out a low table and a tray; then returning to the kitchen, she came forth again with the coffee-pot, fresh from the fire, and filled the two cups, one for Dennison, the other for his guest, Edward Gray. The coffee was fragrant, very hot, very black. John Dennison never took at night more than this one small cupful; but it was necessary that the quality of the drops within should be of the purest, and Peppino, the cook, knew that he must not fail. The dinner which had preceded the coffee had been excellent.

They were sitting at one end of a flower-bordered walk which leads to a terrace with a parapet; from here opens out a panorama of the velvety hills of Tuscany, with a crowd of serried mountain-peaks rising behind them; below, in the narrow valley of a winding stream, is the small mediæval town of Tre Ponti, or Three Bridges. The garden retains a distinctly monastic air, though its last monk took leave of it several hundred years ago; here are no statues of goddesses and muses, so common in Italy; instead there are two worn stone crosses, with illegible Latin inscriptions at their bases. An arcade along one side is paved with flagstones, and has the air of a cloister; at its end is a fresco representing a monk with his finger on his lips, as if inculcating silence; the face is dim, all save the eyes, but these have a strange vitality, and appear to follow the gazer with intelligence as he turns away. There are two ancient sundials, and there is a relic which excites curiosity—a flight of stone steps attached to a high boundary wall; the steps go up for a distance of eight or nine feet, and then stop, leading to nothing. On the north and west, where it stretches to the verge of the hill, the garden is open, defended only by its parapet. Across its south edge it is shut in by the irregular stone house called Casa Colombina. On the east there is the boundary wall already mentioned, and above this wall there rises outside, not fifteen yards away, a massive square battlemented tower, one hundred and thirty feet high, named Torre Colombina, or Tower of the Dove. This tower is now occupied only by owls, and travellers suppose vaguely that it belongs in some way to the little church of Santa Lucia, which nestles at its feet; they even fancy that it is the campanile for Santa Lucia's bells. But the great stone Tower of the Dove dates from the thirteenth century, and although Santa Lucia cannot be called young, her two hundred and fifty years are nothing to the greater antiquity of her ponderous overshadowing neighbor. Each mountain-peak was bathed in the light of sunset; all was softly fair—the ineffable loveliness of Italy.

Modesta now came to take the tray. She was accompanied by a cat and a dog. The dog was a small dachshund, black, with long silky ears and very crooked paws. The cat, a sinuous yellow matron, appeared to believe that she was the favorite, for she rubbed herself against her mistress's ankles caressingly. As Modesta, with murmured "excuses," lifted the tray, four kittens rushed from the house, gambolling and tumbling over each other; they all made their way to her feet, round which they curled themselves so that she walked in a tangle of cats. She returned toward the house with her tray, laughing, and careful not to step on them. The dog waited a moment with dignity. "Here, Hannibal! Here!" said Dennison. But the dachshund paid no attention to him; he trotted back to the house as fast as his short legs could carry him.

"He is supposed to be my property. But he spends his life in the kitchen," commented Dennison.

"That girl of yours has a passion for animals; one might rather call it a compassion, perhaps, for I have even seen her petting that preternaturally ill-tempered and hideous donkey who turns your water-wheel," remarked Gray. "It seems to extend in all directions, for she runs out to help the old milkman up the hill with his cans, and she gives tidbits to that idiot boy who haunts the main road."

"That isn't half. She feeds regularly two children who live a little below here, on the way down to the valley. Partly she robs me to do it, after the easy Italian fashion; but she also robs herself—I have had proof of that. She almost always has some forlorn object, varying any-

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where from a lame chicken to a blind man, stowed away in a corner of the court or the kitchen, where she can see to and comfort it. And every Friday, when the regular beggars of Tre Ponti—the authorized humbugs—make the round of the villas and poderes on this side of the valley, invariably she has saved something for each one of them."

"She is extraordinarily handsome. With her full throat, her large soft eyes, and that classic head and hair, she looks like a Madonna of one of the old painters. I have never seen a more kindly and beautiful smile."

"It's well enough. But the great thing is that she is perfect as a servant. What she has to do is done without a fault."

"And she is so placid and sweet-tempered, too, as well as skilful," Gray went on. "She's a regular marvel!"

"She's a regular Tuscan!"

"You don't half appreciate the beautiful natures of these people. As to this particular girl—come back to America, and see what we have to put up with! A waitress like that, over there, would be worth her weight in silver—if not gold."

"A what?" asked Dennison.

"A waitress; that's what we call 'em now; we've given up 'help.' Is she married to your cook?"

"Oh no; Peppino is nearly sixty. She is only twenty-five, though she looks thirty. She is a widow, and she is thinking of taking another husband before long. Have you noticed a young fellow working in the vineyard just under your windows?"

"I have noticed some one loafing there."

"That's the man."

"Poor good-natured woman—he has imposed upon her; she will have to earn his living as well as her own. As it happens, I have watched him, and a lazier creature I never saw; he looks at the vines occasionally, and he calls down jokes to the other men below; that is the extent of his exertions. Come out for a walk."

"I don't walk after dinner."

"Come at least as far as the tower."

Thus adjured, Dennison rose. He was a tall man, whose outlines had grown large; but he was muscular still. Gray also was tall. If Edward Gray had a hobby, it was to show to the world that an American business man can be as athletic as an English fox-hunter or an ancient Greek; his face, which was thin and deeply lined, did not come up to his ambition; but his erect figure, wiry and elastic, was well developed and strong.

As they passed through the house, now growing dim in the twilight, they caught a glimpse of the waitress in the distance, seated in the kitchen, knitting. On the table by her side two of the tall slender Tuscan lamps were burning, each with its three little wicks and its three brass chains; in her lap two kittens were curled asleep. The light illumined also a gaudy print on the wall, apparently a Madonna. Beneath the print was a jug filled with flowers.

"Is that little piece of piety your cook's?" Gray asked, as they passed out.

"No. The cook is a free-thinker. It's Modesta; she is overwhelmingly devout. She has the whole house blessed at regular intervals—priest and holy water."

The outer door of Casa Colombina opens directly upon the small square or piazza of Santa Lucia, a grassy space dotted with minute pink daisies. One side of this square is bordered by a low wall. In the daytime this wall's broad flat top was adorned not infrequently by the recumbent figure of one of Modesta's protégés, who, after enjoying her bounty, was taking a siesta here, in the sunshine or the shade, according to the season; sometimes it was Hannibal, with his nose on his paws; sometimes it was the cat; very often it was a beggar or the idiot boy. To-night the slab was empty, and, after a stroll of half an hour up the road and back, Dennison and his visitor sat down here for a moment; it made an excellent seat. It was now dark; the lights of Tre Ponti were twinkling in the valley, the evening star shone above the Tower of the Dove; the soft air of the Italian May was filled with the fragrance of blossoms. Suddenly on one of the mountains in the northern sky there appeared flashing out a gleam. Then a blaze.

"Woods on fire up there," said Gray, who was accustomed to forest fires at home.

But while he was speaking a similar glare appeared on a mountain in the south. And then a third in the east. Many summits and flanks of the Apennines were in sight, and before long there were fifty of the blazing signals visible, some near, some distant, but all at high points.

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TEA IN THE GARDEN.

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"It's the vigil of the Ascension, the night when the mountain peasants light bonfires on their peaks as a species of religious rite," explained Dennison. "In reality it is a relic of pagan times. Their belief is that the ceremony will bring tranquillity to their families during the year."

A figure which had come from the house now passed them. "Lordships will pardon," said Modesta's voice; "they know that I would not wish to disturb. But from the kitchen it is not possible to count the mountain fires. And to count them all is important, since tranquillity is most surely a blessed thing. Excuses." She passed on to a distant angle of the wall, where she stood for five or ten minutes.

"What did she say?" asked Gray, who was sure that he could learn to speak Italian in a week or two. Simplest thing in the world—so much like Latin.

Dennison translated the phrases—the lordships, the excuses, and the proffered opinion as to tranquillity.

"It's awfully pretty," said Gray, admiringly.

Modesta, after finishing her counting, crossed the piazza to the little church. In the starlit darkness they could see her kneel down there in the porch.

"She is clinching it—the tranquillity—by a few private orisons," said Dennison.

Presently, her devotions concluded, the waitress returned to the house. The two men remained where they were. They had all sorts of subjects to thresh out together. They took them up, or rather Gray did, by fits and starts.

"Well, Jack, it's settled then that you're never coming home?" he remarked, as he accepted another cigarette.

"Not at all," Dennison answered. "I shall come back by-and-by, when I feel like it. In the mean while I pay my taxes regularly over there, and I subscribe to all the charities I believe in—three or four. If there were to be another war (but there won't be), I should return at once."

"Well, I don't call it a useful life."

"Is it more useful to make money—at somebody else's expense?"

"It's more useful to be a good citizen; to bring up one's family well; to—"

"Let's stop there," Dennison interposed. "People with families never approve of the people who haven't those blessings. It doesn't occur to them that nobody forced them to marry; they selected the lot, and therefore they accepted responsibilities. But a man who has not undertaken family life ought not to be saddled with its cares. You chose your boys and girls; I chose Italy. Each to his taste. You may ask, 'Isn't the world to be peopled, then?' No trouble about that; it always will be. Personally my own answer to the same question might be, however, the old one, 'Je n'en vois pas la nécessité.'"

"That's where you all end; dreary nihilism!"

They returned to the house. The outer door of Casa Colombina bore no relation to the drawing-room, dining-room, or library. It led to the court, to the cellar, to the gardens, to the podere, to the kitchen, to whatever you please; but it was only by a circuitous route through corridors and purposeless anterooms that Dennison could reach his own apartments. As he and his guest were following this route they caught another glimpse across the court of Modesta in her kitchen. The door was more widely open this time, and they could see the whole interior of the large vaulted hall-like room, with the rows of copper pans on the wall. The kittens were now in their basket on the floor, and Modesta's lap was occupied by the dachshund, who had curled himself into a ball. The waitress was still knitting, her head bent forward over her work. With her smoothly braided hair and her white apron, in her neat quiet room with her cats and her dog and her flower-decked shrine, she was the image of peace.

"Tranquillity is most surely a blessed thing," quoted Gray. "If it were not for the moving needles, I should say she was asleep."

"She probably is asleep; she is knitting unconsciously. She appears to require about fifteen hours of slumber out of the twenty-four," said Dennison, as he lighted wax matches, one after the other, to show the way. When he reached the sitting-room he rang for lights, and presently Modesta appeared, carrying the lamp, her eyes drowsy.

"As soon as Peppino comes in you may close the house," said Dennison. "We shall require nothing more to-night."

The waitress put down the lamp, adjusting its wick so that it burned brightly. Then she lighted the shaded candles which stood on a side table. Hannibal

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had followed her; when she had finished her task she stooped and picked him up. "If the master allows, he must be washed to-morrow," she said. "Or, rather, not to-morrow, for it is a festa, but the day after. As it is now warm weather, Peppino shall take him to the pond, instead of bathing him in the green crockery basin. Annibale himself will not wish to go—silly cherub!" (Here she stroked the dog's head.) "But—what do they wish? It is necessary. Good-night to the lordships." And she disappeared, carrying the dog, and murmuring endearments to him as she went.

After lunch the next day the two men went out for a stroll. The roads were gay with the country-folk, celebrating the festa in the Italian fashion by the simple amusement of being together in the open air. The wrinkled faces of the old women were framed in their new red and yellow kerchiefs, which were folded over their heads and tied under their chins. Each girl wore a flower in her hair, and this hair was always thick, rising up round the face in a dense mass, no matter how closely the long ends were braided and coiled behind. The men were dressed in their best, but they all carried their jackets folded and tossed over one shoulder.

The young men were entertaining themselves.

"They will end by slicing us in two at the ankles," said Gray, indignantly, after he had jumped aside three or four times to escape a sharp disk which met them suddenly as they turned a corner, whizzing past them as it flew down the road, almost invisible from its speed.

"It's a game," said Dennison.

"Oh, is it? I thought it was assassination."

They went down to the Tre Ponti, where they took horses and a rattling phaeton, and went off on one of those quests with whose mild excitements Dennison enlivened his quiet Italian days. This time it was a search for some tapestry, which had been discovered, so it was said, in a villa six miles distant. The villa was one of those which had degenerated, having been used for the last hundred years as a farm-house. During the preceding week an addition had been pulled down, and the demolition had uncovered a window which corresponded to nothing within; further search had revealed a walled-up chamber, and it was this chamber which contained the tapestry. The chamber was there—a small room with a high ceiling. It contained no tapestry; nothing, in fact, but one singular object, a lady's toilet table with a lace cover, an old mirror, two candlesticks, and various saucers, vials, and boxes. The lace, which was falling to pieces from age, was ordinary in quality; the mirror-frame and the candlesticks were made of metal that imitates bronze; and the saucers, vials, and boxes were of glass that imitates crystal; nothing therefore had intrinsic value. Dennison made a small offer for the whole just as it stood, in case the government should not lay claim to the objects.

"It's only for the riddle," he said to his companion, as they drove back to Tre Ponti. "There is a history, of course, and nobody can ever know it; that is the charm; one can fancy anything one pleases. If I get the table, I'll put it in one of the unused bedrooms. And then when there comes a wild windy night, such as we sometimes have in Tuscany, I'll go there after midnight, and see if she doesn't glide slowly in and look at herself in her old glass."

It was late in the afternoon when they drove through the eastern gate of Three Bridges. Leaving the phaeton at the stable, they strolled about the village for a while before returning to Casa Colombina.

But village is hardly the word. Although Tre Ponti has never contained more than two thousand inhabitants (at present there are but fifteen hundred), it is surrounded by an important stone wall with bastions, and two of the old gateways, massive arched portals, are still in use. The narrow winding streets are paved with broad flag-stones, which reach to the house walls on each side, so that one seems to be following hallways open at the top, rather than roads. Nowhere is there an inch of garden; the high blocks stand side by side in solid rows. The only breathing-place is the central square; one side of this piazza is embellished by a palazzo-pubblico, or town-hall, decorated with griffins and armorial bearings. Along another side there is an arcade ornamented with a row of heads by Andrea della Robbia, old women, monks, knights, children, and others, each looking out with lifelike expression from a heavy frame of clustered porcelain fruit.

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"Those frames of fruit would do for a State fair," said Gray, irreverently. "Queer, solid, stony little place! Somehow it looks fierce, too."

"Naturally. They did almost nothing here but fight for hundreds of years; they fought with every town in Tuscany. And almost every town in Tuscany responded by fighting with them."

When Gray had seen everything, they passed through the western gate, taking the road which leads down the hill and across one of the three bridges; on the other side of this bridge begins the path which is a short-cut to Casa Colombina.

In the open space outside of this gate there stands a small café of the most modern type. Its exterior is adorned in fresco on one side of the door with a portrait of Garibaldi as large as life. On the other side there is a second work of art, a painted open window from whose lattice leans a damsel, dressed in the remarkable apparel which is produced by a translation of the latest Paris fashions into Italian. This damsel hospitably offers to the passers-by a glass of wine. "Let's breathe," said Dennison, seating himself on one of the benches which, with a green table, was placed before the door.

"You want to attach yourself to every bench you see, Jack."

"On the contrary, I much prefer my own, at home. It's only for your sake that I go tramping about the country in this way, on my feet."

"What do they have in such a place as this?" asked Gray, fanning himself with his hat. "We can't sit here without ordering something."

"Yes, we can. Don't be throwing your money about."

"Only a quarter. What can I get for that?"

"Red vinegar."

At this moment the proprietor of the café came forth, carrying a three-legged stool and a brazier filled with hot coals. He saluted the gentlemen with a beaming smile, but made no effort to solicit their patronage; placing the stool and the brazier at a little distance, he returned to the house, and came forth again with a large shallow pan, whose bottom was covered with a layer half an inch deep of coffee in the berry. Seating himself on the stool, he began to roast the coffee, holding the pan over the coals by its long handle, and swaying it slightly from side to side with a rhythmical motion. He was a picturesque young man, with a brilliant pink silk handkerchief round his neck. Whenever his roving glance happened to meet that of either of the Americans he smiled genially, as though he wished to assure them that, whatever their mood might be, he should be sure to sympathize with it if admitted to their confidence.

"Ask him for the wine," said Gray.

"You can't possibly drink it," expostulated Dennison.

"I'll take it to Modesta—for her Friday beggars. You won't? Very well, then, I'll do it myself. Here, vyno! Vyno, do you hear? Vyno bono. Oon liry. *Oon!*" And he held up one finger.

The young landlord, with cordial smiles, put down his pan, hurried into the house, and returned with two little tumblers, and one of the graceful Tuscan flasks swathed in its covering of plaited straw. Taking out the stopper, he removed with exaggerated care the protecting layer of oil by means of a long wisp, and then placed the flask on the table with a flourish. "Ecco!"

"They always understand me," said Gray, complacently, when the coffee-roasting had begun again.

"They would understand a Patagonian; one who was a lunatic, and dumb!"

"That is what I mean; they are so extraordinarily intelligent," replied Gray, declining to be snubbed.

Tre Ponti was keeping the festa with much gayety; the streets were full of strolling figures; the benches in front of all the cafés were full. This little wayside hostelry beyond the gate now began to receive its share; four men coming to town from a distant podere stopped here to refresh themselves with wine and chunks of the dark Italian bread. Then came a procession of youths returning from an expedition up the valley. They wore branches of blossoms in their hats, and kept step as they marched. More wine was brought out, and they all drank.

A party of women now appeared, coming through the gateway from the town; one of them had a baby in her arms, and another was carrying a heavy boy of three, whose head, adorned with a red cap, lay sleepily on her shoulder. Set in the wall outside of this gateway there is a large shrine shielded by a grating. It bears an inscription in Italian—"Erected in token of mercies felt on this spot."

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There is a low marble step outside of the grating, and the woman who had the older child knelt down here for a moment, and made the child kneel by her side; taking some flowers from the knot at her belt, she showed him how to throw them through the grating as far as he could, as an offering to the Madonna within. The boy obeyed her; and then she gently bent his head forward with her hand as salutation. The other women knelt also, after this one had risen; but they did it perfunctorily; they bobbed down and bobbed up again, crossing themselves, the whole process taking about two seconds.

"The one carrying the red-capped boy is your waitress again," said Gray, as the women, their devotions over, drew nearer on their way to the bridge. "What is she doing down here?"

"It's her home; she is a Tre Ponti girl —was born here; and her family live here still. She herself much prefers the town to the country; she shares to the full the ideas which Browning expressed in 'Up in a Villa, Down in the City.'"

Modesta had now discovered them, and paused, while the women who were with her gave such a general greeting to "lordships" that it seemed to Gray that he beheld several yards of white teeth, surmounted by rows of dark eyes whose depths held a sweetness which no Northern orbs could ever contain.

"I accompany for a short distance my friend Paola," explained the waitress, "Paola being tired, and having already the baby to carry. This, the one I have, is her Angelo—as the master can perceive for himself, an angel indeed—though his little ankles are not strong. But—what would they have? That requires patience; it will improve. The masters would like without doubt to see also the baby? A miracle of beauty!" And giving the older child to one of her companions, she took the swaddled infant from its mother, and brought it to Dennison and his friend, a smile of pure enthusiasm irradiating her face. "His cheeks—do the masters behold them? And his eyes like stars? Lordships can note the quality of his arms."

Gray lightly pinched the dimpled roll of fat extended towards him. "Oui, oui. Grandeena!" he said, emphatically.

Modesta appeared to be charmed with this attention; she thanked him warmly. Then she carried the baby back to its mother, kissing it before she gave it up, and taking the other child, led the way down the hill, the whole party making fresh obeisances before they turned away.

"What frank, pleasant faces they all have!" said Gray.

"Very frank. They never changed a muscle when, as a token of your admiration of the baby, you told them that it was hailing."

"Hailing? What are you talking about? I said the baby's arm was big."

"Grandina happens to mean 'it is hailing'; that's all."

"It couldn't; it wouldn't be such a fool! Are we going to stay here all night? It's awfully dusty."

For the open space outside of the gate was now filled with loungers, and the café of Garibaldi was crowded both inside and out; the two Americans left their bench and strolled down the hill. When they reached the bridge they stopped to watch the water. As they did so they heard music; down the gorge beside the stream came a party of girls, two and two, with linked arms; they were singing all together something slow and sweet, and as they passed under the bridge each gave a glance upward towards the two gentlemen who were leaning over the parapet to look at them.

"What are they singing?" asked Gray.

"A hymn to the Virgin, with an endless number of verses; stay here a month, and you'll hear it so often that you'll sing it in your sleep."

"That girl who was last did not look like an Italian," Gray went on, as the musical band disappeared round a bend.

"She isn't; she is a Swede. She was brought here last summer by a queer old English woman, who has lived for ten years, off and on, in that villa just above the second bridge; she had a fancy for servants who could not speak a word of English, and she picked up this girl in Stockholm during one of her journeys—for when she wasn't in Tuscany, she was trotting all over the globe. She died, at the last, suddenly; it was two months ago, and, so far, her heirs in England, distant cousins, I believe, have refused to do anything for this stranded maid. The Swedish consul, however, has taken it up, and I hear that there is prospect of a remittance some time or other—enough to pay her expenses back to Stockholm.

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Fortunately for herself, she had learned to speak Italian. And she had made friends in Tre Ponti; she is staying with these friends now, and turning her hand meanwhile to anything that offers in order to support herself until the money comes. Let's go home and have some tea. Dinner will be very late this evening on account of the festa; no hope of its being on the table before nine o'clock."

"Just a minute more," said Gray.

It was no wonder that the man who was unfamiliar with the scene should wish to linger. The sun was sinking out of sight, sending up broad shafts of gold as he disappeared; above the gold a deep rose tint filled the sky. The water of the stream was gilded, and gilded were the bristling turrets of a fourteenth-century monastery, which here crowns a crag where the gorge makes a bend toward the south. Opposite, beyond Casa Colombina, the soaring Tower of the Dove was flushed with pink. And on the eastern side, over their heads, the little stone town with its bastioned walls was colored in bars of salmon and pearl. The close circle of hills, the wider amphitheatre of mountains behind, all of them clothed in the violet mantle which mountains wear in Italy, were tipped with orange. And somehow all these lovely hues seemed to deepen as the chimes of Tre Ponti began to ring the Angelus. The peal of the monastery on the crag soon joined in the anthem, these latter bells flinging themselves far out from their open belfry against the sky, to and fro, to and fro, with an abandon which was in itself a picture. And when the chime stopped, music of another kind took its place, for coming up the road appeared the same band of girls singing their slow hymn; they had left the gorge, and were returning by way of the bridge to Tre Ponti.

They were no longer a small company; a dozen women had joined them, and six or eight youths followed behind. Modesta accompanied the girls, having finished her duties as escort to Paola and her children.

"Here is your waitress coming back," said Gray. "How handsome she looks!"

The arch of the bridge is high, and the ascent which leads to it steep; the two gentlemen were standing in a small projecting half-bastion, which once served, no doubt, as a sentry-box; their figures were therefore inconspicuous from below, and no one saw them. Modesta walked beside one of the girls. Her arms were folded, her hands resting upon them tranquilly; she was clad in a dress of dark blue tint, with a kerchief of cream-colored silk folded over her breast, and in her hair there was a crimson rose; she was singing as she walked, joining in the hymn to the Virgin, and her eyes were slightly raised, fixed dreamily upon the tinted sky. As the group approached the ascent leading to the bridge, a girl at the end of the procession began playfully to push against one of her companions, and the pushing ended in a hoidenish race, the two turning and rushing back down the road, the one who had been attacked in pursuit of the aggressor. The others paused, and stood watching the chase, but without stopping their hymn, which went steadily on, though, as the pursued girl doubled unexpectedly and baffled her pursuer, the mouths of the singers became so widely stretched in their glee that it was impossible for them to pronounce their syllables, and they carried the melody on mechanically, without words and almost in a shriek.

"Modesta is the only one who appears to remember that it is a hymn," remarked Gray.

"Hymn? It's a him of another kind. She probably doesn't know that she is singing at all; much less what. And she doesn't even see those racing tomboys. She only knows one thing, sees one thing, and that is her Goro."

"Goro?"

"Yes; the young fellow she is going to marry. He is just behind her; there at her elbow. You've seen him in our vineyard half a dozen times."

"He appeared dull enough there. To-day he looks very smart. However, he is much too young for her—hardly more than a boy."

The pursued girl had now escaped, and was returning. The pursuer followed, and as they both reached the waiting group she made a last desperate effort, and succeeded in grasping the other again, and so firmly that they both fell to the ground. The hymn now ceased abruptly, drowned in the general laughter as the two girls struggled in the dust. After a moment they rose, shaking their skirts, and joining in the merriment, until suddenly there came from one of them a high yell. Drawing herself away from the others, she stood with her body stiffened

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as though it had been turned into wood, and her eyes closed, while she poured forth in a shrill voice a flood of rapid Italian. Her companions meanwhile were so overcome with their laughter as they listened that they rocked to and fro, and clapped their hands on their sides.

"What was she saying?" asked Gray, when at last the piercing voice stopped.

"You wish a sample? She said: 'Brute, thou! Beast, thou! Thou it is who hast done it, pig of a Vanna! For thou put-test me in a fury so that I say evil words. And now what is the use of my Lent? Didn't I drop with fasting? Wasn't I faint? Didn't I do every one of my devotions? And now all lost through *thee?* Serpent! and frog!'"

Modesta had paid no more attention to this raving outburst than she had paid to the race which had preceded it; she had stopped singing when the others stopped, but her eyes still gazed dreamily at the sky. After a moment or two she turned so that her glance could take in Goro, and then she stood tranquilly waiting, her face serene, content.

Presently the little company, its laugh out, began to move on again, coming up the ascent in a straggling band, the girl who had yelled forth her accusations with her body stiffened so strangely accompanying them, her fit of excitement ended. She even tried to frolic in a shame-faced sort of way; she took the flower from her hair, threw it up and caught it, as though it were a ball, humming a tune to herself carelessly. As they reached the bridge the band perceived the two gentlemen in the semi-bastion; all, that is, save Modesta. In her absorption the waitress saw nothing, until the girl who was beside her pulled her sleeve.

"The master, thine," she whispered. "Thy two lordships."

The waitress now came back to actual life. She waited a moment, until the others had passed on. "It is Goro," she said, presenting him. "The masters already know him well."

"Not in his festival clothes," answered Dennison. "He is nothing," he added, banteringly; "not half good enough! I wouldn't have him, Modesta, if I were you."

When Dennison said "he is nothing," Goro answered, "È vero" (It is true), and laughed lightly. He was a tall youth, with curling hair and a joyous smile.

"Eh—he wishes me so much good!" replied Modesta, fondly.

The next morning Gray took a sunrise walk; he had but five days more to spend in Tuscany, and he wished to make every hour tell. When he came back the waitress was in the court occupied in tying a long cord to Hannibal's collar; beside her were two towels and a cake of soap.

"It is Annibale, who goes now for his bath," she explained; "Peppino takes him. A bath is excellent for Annibale."

The dog's spirits were deeply depressed; his elongated little body seemed almost to sweep the ground, owing to the dejected state of his short legs. "It is nothing, thou silly one!" said Modesta, affectionately. "Thou must be washed—that thou knowest. And as the morning is so warm, thou art to go to the pond."

Peppino now came from the kitchen, ready for the expedition; with a salute to their visitor, he took the end of the cord in his hand, and turned down the path which leads to the fields below.

"I'll go too," said Gray. "Ego," he added, tapping his breast violently, to show that he meant himself.

The two servants were charmed with this idea; Modesta said that it would give Hannibal courage to be accompanied by the gentleman, and Peppino added that it was "too much honor." The cook was very tall, with the countenance of a seer; in his spotless white linen jacket, his long white apron, and white linen cap, his appearance, with his dark eyes and thick gray hair, was striking. He was suspected of belonging to a secret society of nihilistic principles. But his nihilism must have applied only to mankind, for he went down the hill as slowly as he could, in order that Hannibal's neck should not be hurt by undue pressure from his collar. For the dog was following at the extreme length of his cord, dragging back obstinately with all his might, and digging his crooked little paws as deeply into the sand as he possibly could with each reluctant step; as Peppino was six feet in height, and Hannibal ten inches, the spectacle was amusing. At the foot of the hill the glitter of the pond became visible, and Hannibal's resistance grew so desperate that Peppino went back and picked him up, carrying him onward in his arms as though he had been a baby. "Most surely he must not be permitted to stran-

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gle himself," he explained to Gray, in his serious voice. The valley fields belonging to Casa Colombina are six in number; five are for grain and one for vegetables, and all are bordered by rows of fruit trees, with grape-vines trained to swing from trunk to trunk. These fields are watered by artificial rivulets, which are fed from the pond. And the pond is in reality a reservoir for the water of a spring above. They passed the spring first. It is covered by a roof which extends some distance beyond it, supported by pillars of brick; the ground beneath is paved with flag-stones, and here were assembled a collection of the large tubs, of red earthen-ware, in shape and hue like mammoth flower-pots, which the Tuscan peasants use for washing clothes. Above the spring, fastened to one of the pillars, was a china image of St. Agnes, and beneath the image there was a hanging lamp with one wick, its tiny flame like a pale yellow point in the brilliant morning light.

"Modesta?" said Gray, indicating the lamp as they passed.

The cook nodded affirmatively.

"She is foolishly superstitious," he said. "But women—!" A shrug completed the sentence.

The pool was square, paved within, and bordered by a low stone parapet; the water was not quite a foot deep. Peppino soaped Hannibal carefully until he was a mass of white lather; then he placed him gently in the pool, and kept him from returning to the shore by the aid of a long branch. "Walk about, then; walk! Agitate thyself," he said, pressing him softly with the twigs. Hannibal walked as little as he possibly could; his indignation was plainly visible even in the tip of his nose, which was the only part of him above the water. When he was judged to be sufficiently laved the branch was withdrawn, and as he leaped out the cook caught him and dried him with a towel. Another towel was then folded closely round him and fastened with long tapes, leaving only his head and paws and tail free. "Now must thou run back, so as not to take cold," said Peppino, putting on the collar and readjusting the cord. And then the procession returned, the swathed Hannibal this time as far in advance as the cord would permit, and pulling up the hill like a miniature steam-engine. "He is anxious to get back to Modesta," said Gray.

The cook comprehended. "It is true. She spoils him with her indulgence; it is a melancholy weakness in her character," he replied, as with his disengaged hand he took his red handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face, which was heavily bedewed with drops of perspiration, owing to his exertions at the pond.

As they reached the level ground behind the house the cat could be seen audaciously reposing in Hannibal's basket, which had been set outside to air. The dachshund barked angrily; the cook did not set him free, but hurried forward himself to eject the intruder; and as he did so, in some way his foot slipped, and he came down full length on the grass with a thud. And then Modesta, who had appeared at the kitchen door, began to call out in excitement: "He laughs; behold him! Annibale *laughs!*" And, in truth, the dog had that look as, with his mouth set in a broad grin, his tongue hanging out a little, his tail wagging, and his eyes brilliant with glee, he surveyed his prostrate companion. Modesta ran and took him up. "Didst thou laugh, little one? Like a human creature? And, indeed, thou art one; 'tis a man thou art!" Peppino, as soon as he was on his feet again, was almost as much interested as she was; between them they took off the towel, and dried him anew with a fresh one, watching him tenderly meanwhile with bated breath, as though they were expecting every instant to hear him speak.

The last day of Gray's visit came. As they sat at the breakfast table, his host said: "There's a powwow to-night, to celebrate something or other, at one of the poderes about a mile from here. Modesta is going if I give her permission. If I do, she won't be back until after midnight, and the table service at dinner will therefore be at sixes and sevens. As the day is so fine, we might take it for a drive to that tower on the mountain—the one which is adorned, according to *you*, with a winding outside stairway!"

"There certainly is a stairway," persisted Gray.

"And then we could get something in the way of a dinner at a little summer hotel, which is already open for the season. There is a moon for the drive back, and we could stop and have a look at the powwow before coming home—as you're so athirst for everything Tuscan."

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"Excellent," said Gray.

It was three o'clock when they started, and a beautiful May afternoon. A pair of horses and the rattling phaeton had been sent to Casa Colombina from Tre Ponti. Modesta had already departed.

"The celebration begins early," said Gray, as he saw her start.

"She isn't going there now," answered Dennison. "She will go first to the house of Goro's mother, about half a mile from here; there she will sit braiding straw and gossiping with the old woman in a dark cellarlike room until the beloved object comes home and is ready to accompany her. I dare say she is taking him something with which to make himself smart for the occasion—a new necktie or a silk handkerchief."

As they passed out on their way to the carriage they caught a glimpse of the distant white figure of the cook seated with his back towards them outside of his kitchen door in the shade, occupying his leisure in playing the flute; his notes, which just reached them, were soft and long-drawn as sighs.

"What is it?" said Gray, listening. "I'm sure I know it."

"'Com' è gentil'; that is, 'O summer-night.' Peppino is very sentimental in his musical tastes."

"He doesn't go to the party, then?"

"He despises parties. He goes in for bombs."

It was between eight and nine o'clock in the evening when, on their return from the drive, Dennison checked his horses in a hedge-bordered lane, and stopped. (It may be mentioned that they did not reach the tower; no one—that is, no stranger—has ever reached it. Italians are indifferent to its mystery.) "This is the place," he said. "The house is a quarter of a mile from here, and I could have taken you nearer by keeping to the main road; but in that case they might have heard the sound of our wheels. I haven't let any one know we were coming, so that you can have a glimpse of the scene as it really is, and not tamed by the presence of strangers." He tied the horses to the hedge, and climbing over a stone wall, led the way across a broad field, freshly ploughed. On the other side of this field the ground ascended, and the slope was covered by an olive grove. The sparse gray foliage of the pruned trees cast hardly more than a lace-work of shade upon the moonlit ground, and the two men made their way upward easily; in ten minutes they had reached the top. Here, on a broad plateau, stood the farm-house with its outbuildings. Beyond the plateau the ground ascended again, decked by another grove. The door and windows of the house were open, and sounds of laughter came forth. The two Americans drew near cautiously, walking as quietly as they could in the shadow of the trees. But their care was unnecessary; all were assembled within, and no one was looking either from the door or the windows; the noise, too, was so great that no sound outside could have been heard even by a listening ear. Dennison, making a detour, led the way round to one of the back casements. This window, a small one, was breast-high; its little lattices of lead-bordered panes had been thrown back; they opened into the room, as the exterior of the window was guarded by iron rods set close together. The two spectators outside, by looking between these rods, obtained a view of the scene within. The room was large, low, and smoke-browned; it was lighted by all the lamps the house could muster—lamps of the old Tuscan pattern for olive-oil; there were also earthen-ware saucers filled with the same oil, and carrying a floating wick. Two candles illumined a supper table which was placed across one end of the apartment. This table bore upon its white linen cloth the dishes of the feast—dishes and little else, as everything had been eaten save bread, of which there was still a supply (in case any one should feel a return of hunger). There were also fresh flasks of wine for future thirst, and over a handful of coals on the hearth there was a long-handled coffee-pot. A game was now going on, or rather a pantomime; two men in masks were jumping about like harlequins, and every now and then they seized a person from the ranks of spectators, and whirled him or her round and round dizzily; there was guessing connected with it in some way, as everybody called out names loudly; the uproar was incessant, with occasional applause and a great deal of laughter. The feet of the harlequins had raised much dust, and at last the room became dim. "More light, more light, Filippo. We can't see," called several voices.

Filippo, a sinewy little man who had

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"THE DOG WAS FOLLOWING AT THE EXTREME LENGTH OF HIS CORD."

been acting as harlequin himself (for the men took turns), consulted with his wife. They had no more candles, and no more saucers and wicks; but they could make a blaze of brushwood on the hearth, if the company would not mind the additional heat? The wife, a laughing ample matron who still showed a handsome face above her rotund person, opened a door into an out-building, and after some rummaging produced three fagots of small dry twigs; one of these she placed over the coals, and in a minute or two a blaze leaped up the wide chimney, lighting the room brilliantly. The game now went on with redoubled vigor and glee, and the gazers without could see all the faces of the circle distinctly.

"There is Modesta by the table," whispered Gray. "How she does laugh! It doesn't seem natural."

"Oh yes, it is. That is the way they laugh sometimes; they can go on for hours like children."

"Isn't that the Swedish girl with one of the harlequins? How light-colored she looks in that tanned, black-haired crowd! She is rather pretty; instead of letting her go back to Stockholm, one of these Italian youths had better marry her."

"She probably holds herself above them," answered Dennison, in the same low tone. "But, in any case, Tuscan peasants are extremely slow to marry a person who is not a Tuscan. They call even Romans foreigners; generally, too, they call them brutes! Well, we've been here twenty minutes: had enough?"

They turned, and making a second circuit of the house, they crossed the plateau noiselessly and re-entered the grove. They had gone but a few paces down the slope when the distant voices and laughter suddenly grew louder; looking back they saw that the whole company had come outside, following the harlequins, each one of whom held a girl by the elbows, and was whirling her over the grass in the brilliant moonlight. Presently four more couples began to whirl in the same manner, and all the others, inspired by the sight, joined hands, and made a long chain which moved to and fro with rhythmical steps, forming now a star, now a square, now a figure 8. The game was at an end; everybody was dancing. One of the har-

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lequins changed his partner every few minutes, but the other did not loosen his grasp of the girl whom he had brought with him from the house. After a while this second harlequin moved away from the other dancers, and came waltzing across the plateau towards the grove where Dennison and Gray were standing, each hidden in the shadow of a tree trunk; at the top of the slope the man did not stop, but began to descend, still dancing, or pretending to dance, and pulling his unwilling partner with him.

At this instant a woman detached herself from the distant groups of revellers and rushed towards the grove. And as she came on, her figure was such a vision of swiftness of motion and of intensity of purpose that Gray unconsciously held his breath as he watched her. The plateau was broad; she was a full minute in crossing it. As she drew near the grove she lifted her head a little, and the moonlight, which had been behind her, fell across her forehead; then he saw that it was Modesta.

The harlequin also had recognized her, for, suddenly ceasing his gyrations, he released his companion, and ran off in the opposite direction, bounding as he went, in accordance with his assumed character, and joining the chain of dancers near the house with a high leap which gained for him their loud applause. Meanwhile his partner, freed at last, stood still for an instant, with her eyes closed, dizzy from the whirling.

It was during this instant that Modesta reached her; coming down the slope with all the gathered impetus of her tremendous speed, she swooped upon the girl, bore her to the ground, struck her across the cheek, and then, holding her down with one hand, she fumbled in her own pocket with the other.

Dennison meanwhile, as soon as he had recognized his waitress at the top of the descent (he had not distinguished who it was before, his eyesight not being so keen as Gray's), had left his tree, and darting across the intervening space, he now caught her arm tightly, while her hand was still in her pocket. Gray hurried to his aid, and seized her other wrist, dragging her fingers away from the girl on the ground; thus holding her between them, they pulled her to her feet. As they did so, her right hand came out of her pocket. It held a murderous-looking knife.

"You devil," said Dennison, in Italian, "drop that knife!"

They held her so closely that she could not move, but her face glared at them in the moonlight. It was like nothing human; her head was thrust out, the eyes were narrowed and glittering, the nostrils flattened, and the lips drawn up and back from the set fierce teeth. Their four figures—three standing, one on the ground—were below the slope, and no one saw them. There had been no sound from the prostrate girl, who had lost consciousness from fright, paralyzed by the terrible countenance of the woman who had attacked her; and the waitress herself had made no sound as she came. She made no sound now, save that she panted as she breathed; she was like a wild beast who has made one spring and is about to make another.

"Drop the knife, or you shall go to prison," said Dennison, sternly, his hands on her shoulder like a vise.

Her fingers did not move.

"Listen. If you don't drop it, I swear to you I'll send Goro to America by the next Leghorn steamer, with five hundred lire in his pocket."

The knife dropped.

"Pick it up," said Dennison to Gray, in English. "Now see if you can lift that girl and carry her down the hill. Get her across the field somehow to that stone wall where we climbed over; wait there for me—unless she should come to on the way, in which case perhaps she will be able to climb over the wall herself. If she does, wait there with her by the phaeton. I sha'n't be long. But I must take this she-wolf back to the house first."

Gray had bent down. He lifted the inert body at their feet, raising it a little, and as he did so the head fell back, and the moonlight, shining on the hair and temples, showed that it was the Swede. Modesta, as she too saw the face, made a spring at it. But Dennison jerked her back. Then, with a snarling sound in her throat, she twisted her head round and bit savagely at his hand where it held her shoulder.

"Do hurry. She is perfectly insane," he said to Gray.

Gray, having got the Swede off the ground, put his left arm under her back at the shoulders, and his right under her knees, and lifting her in this position, he carried her down the hill with as much

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speed as was possible. This was not great, because the ground was uneven, and as he could not see where to place his steps, he was obliged to feel his way with his feet as he advanced—to shuffle along cautiously. In time, however, he reached the bottom of the hill. Then slowly he began to cross the field. This, too, was difficult, owing to the soft, crumbling earth of the freshly ploughed furrows. But here at last the girl opened her eyes.

"Can you stand?" asked Gray, breathlessly. Then he thought, with irritation, "None of them can speak *anything*."

But the Swede now made of her own accord the motion of trying to get to her feet, and gladly enough he let her slip down and stand on the ground, as his arms were aching. He still supported her, however, lest she should fall.

But the girl seemed to be more terrified than weak; the instant her feet touched the earth she began to run towards the stone boundary wall, looking back every half-minute to see that no one was following. He went with her, trying to help her over the furrows; and as they hurried onward side by side, her face was such a picture of deathly fear that the feeling took possession of him also; he found himself regretting that their figures were so plainly visible on the moonlit expanse, and he too looked nervously over his shoulder, as though he expected to see the Italian woman coming after them madly, with her glittering eyes and the shining knife.

They reached the wall, and climbed over into the road outside, the Swede needing no help, but quicker in her movements than he was. In the road he tried to stop her. But she pulled herself from him. Still holding her, he showed her the horses tied in the shadow of the hedge. This she comprehended. She waited, therefore; but she kept herself several yards away from him, so that he should not stop her in case she should again wish to flee. She was a slender young creature, and she stood there much as a bird poises itself on a twig; not resting, not bearing its full weight, but perched provisionally, as it were, ready to fly away again in an instant.

Gray, who had now recovered his composure, tried to soothe her. With his most encouraging inflections he repeated: "All safe now. *All-ll* safe! Stay right here with me."

She paid not the least attention to him. Her eyes continued their strained watch of the lower trees of the grove. At length a man's figure emerged from these trees, and the girl gave a muffled scream. But Gray had caught hold of her arm; pointing to the horses, and then to Dennison, he said, gesticulating energetically: "Horses are *his*. Dennison's. *My* friend. *Your* friend. (Oh, what *is* 'friend'?) Amicus! Don't you see he's alone? Nobody with him? Solo? Sola?"

And the girl could indeed see for herself that the person approaching was alone. She had understood the fact that the horses belonged to this person, and her hope was in the horses; they could take her away—away from here!

As soon as Dennison was near enough, he began speaking in Italian, and he continued to talk to her as he climbed over the wall, calming her, explaining and arranging. Then he turned the phaeton, and they all took their places within, the Swede sitting between the two men on the broad seat. Dennison drove down the lane, still talking encouragingly. When they reached the main road, he took a direction which led them away from Casa Colombina and Tre Ponti. "We're in for it!" he said, in English, to Gray. "I shall take her to the nearest railway station—not the one you know, but another—and pack her off to Florence; there her consul can see to her. I have explained it to her clearly. She is glad enough to go."

"What was it all about, anyhow?"

"Didn't you comprehend? That harlequin (I'll mention no names, and then she won't be startled) was no less a person than the lover of your Madonna beauty—the youth she expects to marry. During the game he was flirting, or trying to flirt after his fashion, with our present companion. This was too much for the older woman. Hence the knife."

"Which I have in my pocket, by-the-bye."

"Don't take it out now; you can throw it away after we have disposed of our Scandinavian. I suppose she has never before seen such a thing as a brandished weapon of that sort. It's a knife used by the peasants about here to cut hides with; your Madonna probably took it from among Filippo's tools somehow while the festivities were going on. She must have been jealous even then."

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"I told you that her laugh wasn't natural. 'Twas an awful sight, though! She would certainly have murdered the girl if we hadn't happened to be standing just where we were."

"Very likely," answered Dennison. "Tchk, tchk," he added to the horses.

"I hope she is safely locked up by this time?"

"Locked up? She is probably dancing with her harlequin."

"You don't mean to say that you let her go?"

"Quite so. She is all right now; she has come back to her senses. I had six words with the youth, however; he'll treat her better—for the present at least; I have frightened him."

"What did you mean when you said you'd send him away?"

"That was what brought her round. He has had a hankering for a long time to emigrate to—to the land of the free; he would go in a minute if his passage were paid and he had a hundred dollars in his pocket—go and never think of her again; she knows this. But the land of the free doesn't want him—he is incorrigibly lazy; and his departure would end her as far as I am concerned; make her perfectly useless."

"Good heavens! you're not going to take that murderess back?"

"I can't take her back without sending her away first. And that I haven't done," answered Dennison.

"But won't she be arrested, in any case? Every one will know that she attacked this girl, and that the girl has fled."

"No one knows that she attacked her. And even if it is guessed, Tuscan peasants are not so easily alarmed as you suppose; they understand each other. As to the disappearance of this one, *I* shall explain it by saying that I decided to advance the money to send her as far as Florence, instead of making her wait for the remittance which is expected from the consul; it is known that she was to go before long, in any case. It will cost me something, but I like peace and quietness. The other woman is perfect as a servant, and, the cause of her jealousy removed, she will continue perfect."

"Brrrr!" said Gray, uttering the sound that accompanies a shudder.

The Swede recognized the meaning of this; she looked at him quickly with parted lips and her hand extended. She was ready to spring from the phaeton.

"Do be quiet!" said Dennison. Then he spoke to the girl in Italian, quieting her dread.

They reached the station in safety, and soon after sunrise the Northerner, her breath still hurried, her hands cold, was placed in the care of the official who had charge of the Florence train. Dennison gave her his white silk handkerchief to tie over her uncovered head. The daylight had revealed the discolored lines of the bruise on her cheek produced by Modesta's blow. "Poor thing!" said Gray, as the train started, and they had a last glimpse of her frightened eyes at the window.

"Yes; but she will get over it in time; she is strong and healthy. I have telegraphed to the consul at Florence to meet her, and take every care of her; he is to give her money from me, and then he is to send her to Stockholm, comfortably, in the charge of a suitable person. When she arrives there she will find a tidy little sum to her credit at a banker's."

"You're paying well for her scare."

"I'm paying well for my comfort."

They took fresh horses and returned to Casa Colombina.

As the Tower of the Dove came into sight on its hill, Gray said: "She won't be there, will she?—I mean at the house?"

"Oh yes."

"What will she do when she sees us?"

"She will bring in the breakfast just as she brings it every morning, and Hannibal and the cats will follow behind. Perhaps she will talk rather more than usual; if she does, it will be on the most agreeable topics, and her smile (which you admire so much) will be sweeter than ever; her hair will be braided to perfection, and, what is more important, her work will be done to perfection. We shall pretend, both of us, she and I, that we don't see the mark of the bite on my hand. Shall I go on? In a week or two, probably, she will marry her Goro, and then he will be so constantly under my feet that I shall end by installing him as my gardener for life. He will do no work of importance; but, owing to his presence, *I* shall continue to enjoy the services of a waitress whom you yourself have described as a regular marvel."

It may be added that this prophecy has been exactly fulfilled.

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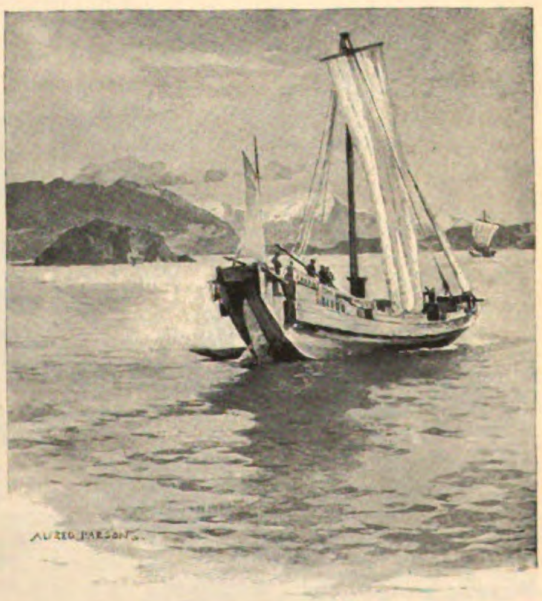
THE JAPANESE SPRING.

BY ALFRED PARSONS.

WE had left Hong-Kong enveloped in its usual spring fog, and for five long weary days had steamed across the China Sea in regular monsoon weather, gray and wet and miserable, but during the fifth some rocky islands, outlying sentinels of the three thousand which compose the Mikado's realm, and occasional square-sailed, high-sterned boats, showed that we were near Japan, the Far East, the Land of Flowers and of the Rising Sun, the country which for years it had been my dream to see and paint, and by six o'clock in the evening, on the 9th of March, we were at anchor in Nagasaki Bay. The aspect of that port on a wet day was not inviting, nor were the little grimy girls, who in a chattering, laughing line carried their baskets of coal on board, so, difficult as it was to decline the hospitable invitations of the English residents, I decided to go on with the ship to Kobe. Early in the morning of the 11th we passed through the Strait of Shimonoseki—the sun shining brightly on the snowy hills and on the crowd of fishing-boats which had been sheltering there from the bad weather—and entered the Inland Sea. After so many days of monotonous gray ocean it was delightful to steam along in sight of land, and wind about among the islets and rocks, so near to many of them that we could see the little villages, the mists of white plum blossoms, the rows of beans and barley growing wherever a level patch could be made on the steep slopes, the people at work in their fields, and always in the distance the ranges of snow-covered mountains in Kiushiu and Shikoku, the islands which enclose this lovely sea on the south. I longed to land and begin work at once, with a nervous dread in my heart that I should find nothing so good elsewhere, and, indeed, though there is plenty of material to be found everywhere in Japan, I saw nothing finer than these islands of the Inland Sea; to cruise about among them in a comfortable boat would be an ideal way to spend a summer, and would probably not be devoid of adventure, for our captain told me many tales of treacherous currents and sudden squalls and sunken reefs.

We reached Kobe next morning, and before I had been on shore more than an hour I had heard of a village six miles away which was celebrated for its plum orchards, and had started off to find it. Okamoto lies at the foot of the hills which rise behind Kobe on the north, and climbs a little way up them, and in front of the highest cottage, a modest tea-house with platforms arranged to accommodate the visitors who come in crowds to gaze at the blossoms, I unfolded my stool and easel, and in spite of a bitter wind and vicious little snow-storms made my first sketch in Japan. All round me and in the village below were the pink and white trees, then a band of rice-lands, pale green with young barley, and beyond them lay Osaka Bay, and the mountains of Yamato, which constantly changed in color as snow-storms passed over, or



IN THE INLAND SEA.

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HILLS NEAR KOBE, FROM GAWA-YAMA.

gleams of sun lighted the shining water and the snow on the distant hills. It is an exciting thing to begin work in a new country, to compare the local color and the atmosphere with those you have tried before, and to find yourself half unconsciously using an entirely new set of pigments, and I was too absorbed to take any notice of the fact that my back was aching, but after two hours, when I had finished my drawing, I found myself unable to rise from that sketching-stool, and for the next fortnight an attack of lumbago prevented my seeing anything more of the plum groves. The Buddhist pictures of their Inferno depict many ingenious tortures; I think they ought to add a man with lumbago doing six miles over a Japanese by-road in a jinricksha. When at last I got back to Okamoto there were still some blossoms, and the trees were tinged with the pink of withered petals, but the luxuriant freshness had gone.

CHERRY BLOSSOMS IN THE RAIN.

On the 13th of April I said good-by to my friends and to the comforts of the Kobe Club, and started for Nara, stopping on my way at Osaka to have a look at the town and see the peach blossoms on Momo-Yama (peach mountain). The narrow streets leading up the hill were crowded with visitors, and among the orchards of dwarf trees temporary tea-sheds and resting-places had been erected for their comfort and refreshment. In spite of the many picturesque features in these fêtes the whole effect is at first disappointing: railings and stages of new raw deal, the untidy and unfinished look of rough bamboo structures, with corners of matting hanging loosely in places where they interfere with the perspective lines, the slovenly pathways, which are mud or dust accord-

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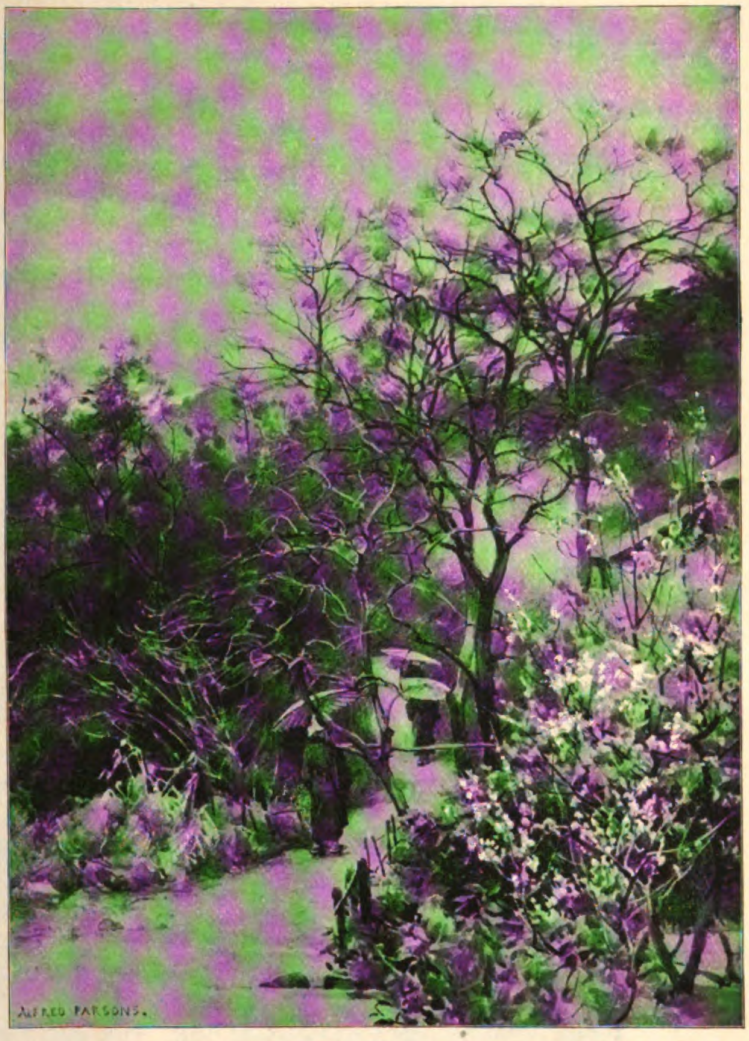
ing to the weather—all these things make unsatisfactory accessories for the figures and the flowers. After a time they obtrude themselves less on your notice, and you have learned to accept the fact that Japan is not a country of big masses and broad effects, but of interesting bits and amusing details. This is usually true of its landscape; the forms of mountains and trees are more quaint than grand, and the cultivated land has no broad stretches of pasture or corn, but is cut up into patches, mainly rice-fields, with various vegetables grown in little squares here and there. It was as yet too early in the year for any rice to be planted out. In the fertile valley through which the railway runs from Osaka to Nara some few fields were lying wet or fallow, others were being prepared by spade labor, and others again, not yet flooded, were covered with the bright green of young barley, or the strong light yellow of rape in flower.



EARLY PLUM BLOSSOMS, OKAMOTO, NEAR KOBE.

Though I had read much about life in Japan, it was an embarrassing experience to be set down for the first time with my baggage in a Japanese room, and to try and adapt myself mentally to the possibilities of living under such conditions. In a bare hut or tent the problem is comparatively simple; there is always one way by which you must enter; but in a Japanese room there is too much liberty; three of the walls are opaque sliding screens, the fourth is a transparent, or rather translucent, one; you can come in or go out where you like; there is no table on which things must be put, no chair on which you must sit, no fireplace to stand with your back to—just a clean matted floor and perfect freedom of choice. European trunks look hopelessly ugly and unsympathetic in such surroundings, nor are matters much improved when the host, in deference to the habits of a foreigner, sends in a rough deal table, with a cloth of unhemmed cotton, intended to be white, and an uncompromising straight-backed deal chair. These hideous articles make a man feel ashamed, for though they are only a burlesque of our civilization, they are produced with an air of pride which shows that the owner is convinced they are the right thing, and one cannot but be humiliated by their ugliness and want of comfort. Yet if you want to read or write you have to keep them and make the best of them, for a long evening on the floor is only to be borne after a good many weeks of practice. Things begin to look brighter and pleasanter when the little waiting-maid

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THE TORII OF KASUGA TEMPLE, NARA.

appears, bringing first some cushions and the hibachi, with its pile of glowing charcoal, and then the tea-tray and a few sweet cakes. This was more the sort of thing I had expected, and made me at once feel at home with my surroundings. It is the first attention shown you in every tea-house, no matter how humble; whether you go as an inmate, or whether you merely sit down for a few minutes' rest on a journey, the little teapot and the tiny cups are at once produced, and the hibachi is placed by your side, a pleasant and friendly welcome, which never failed to make its impression on me, however much the quality of the tea might vary. The Kiku-sui-ya (which means Chrysanthemum Waterhouse) is near the entrance to the great Kasuga Park at Nara; just outside it the road passes under a granite torii flanked with stone lanterns, and winds up to the temple through an avenue of cryptomerias, with rows of lanterns on each side, which get closer together as they near the temple buildings. There are booths here and there where pilgrims can rest and get a cup of tea, for pilgrimage in Japan is

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not made unnecessarily uncomfortable, and where the tame deer congregate to take the nuts and cakes which are sold for them to the passers-by. From early morning till nearly sundown this road is lively with groups of visitors. Nara is so near to Osaka that among them a sprinkling of men, mostly no doubt engaged in commerce, wore foreign dress, but the majority of the people were in their native clothes, and as I sat and painted by the road-side I could study the variations of Japanese costume—from that of the old peasant with his white or blue leggings, straw shoes, big hat, and robe tucked into his girdle, his head shaved down the middle, and the back hair turned up in a queue in the ancient mode, to that of the gay young musumé with her rich silk kimono, gorgeous scarlet petticoat, broad obi, and black-lacquered sandals on her pigeon-toed, white-socked feet. The cryptomerias are good, but the old wistarias are the glory of Kasuga Park. The great Fujiwara family formerly owned or were patrons of the temple, and though it is now imperial property, their crest the wistaria flower (*fuji no hana*) is still worn by the little girls who perform the sacred dance there, and all over the park the wistaria vines are allowed to grow as they choose, their great snaky stems writhing along the ground and twisting up to the tops of the highest trees. One very wet day, when painting out-of-doors was impossible, I went round to see the sights of Nara—Kobūkuji with its pagoda and fine old statues, the great bronze Buddha, a celebrated big bell, and beyond these the Buddhist temple Ni-gwatsu-dō, perched on a hill-side, the steps leading up to it lined with stone lanterns, little shrines, and booths for the sale of endless trifles. The platform surrounding this temple is supported in front by a scaffolding of beams, at the back it abuts against the hill, and from the heavy projecting roof which covers it all hang hundreds of bronze lanterns, votive offerings. Each of these had been appropriated by a sparrow; trusting to the sanctity of the spot, they had piled in all the rubbish they could find to make their nests; odd ends of straw and cotton and paper stuck out everywhere, showing that their stay in the East had not taught them tidy habits; but I am sorry to say that their confidence was misplaced, a temple festival came round before their eggs were hatched, and the whole of them with their embryo families were ruthlessly evicted.

CHERRY-BLOSSOM BADGE, YOSHINO.

The park at Nara is one of the few places in Japan where you can see real turf, and even there I was struck by the scarcity of ground flowers; there were plenty of scentless violets, some yellow and white dandelions, and in the damp ditches a little purple flower called jirobo by the country people, but there was nothing to compare with the masses of daisies, buttercups, and cowslips which make our English meadows so bright in the spring. Perhaps the mountain moorlands would have been as gay at that

CHERRY-TREE AND LANTERNS, NI-GWATSU-DŌ, NARA.

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THE PAGODA OF KOBŪKUJI, NARA.

time as I found them later in the year; the fields are far too well cultivated for any weed to get a chance of flowering.

The earlier cherry-trees were in blossom by this time, and I lingered on, making studies of them, and learning Japanese words and ways from O Nao San, a young lady about twelve years old, who had appointed herself my special attendant and protector at the Kiku-sui Hotel. One night at the theatre I saw a modern farce, with a policeman, an old-fashioned Japanese gentleman, a Chinaman, and an Englishman as the comic characters. They were ridiculous and amusing, but when all the earlier incidents of the piece were narrated with conscientious realism in the evidence before the magistrate the thing became monotonous, and struck me as faulty in dramatic construction. This was the only theatre I saw in Japan in which they had discarded the orchestra and chorus and other traditions of the old stage.

There is a modest little temple opposite Kobūkuji, which is visited by most of the pilgrims to Nara; in its court-yard is a pile of stones from which a stream of water flows, fed by the tears of the mother of Sankatchu, a sacrilegious man who killed some of the sacred deer, who was killed himself in consequence, and buried here by her. Day after day groups of visitors stand by the fountain, listening intently to the guide who tells them the pathetic story, and give their prayers and a few coppers to her memory. The family affections are strong in Japan, and the love between parents and children, and among the children themselves, is always pleasant to see. The little ones are

SARU-HIKI-SAKA, NEAR YOSHINO—LATER CHERRIES.

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CHERRY AND LATE PLUM, TEMA-CHO, NEAR NARA.

never slapped or shaken or pulled about roughly; you may wander through the streets for days without hearing a child cry, nor do they often quarrel in their play. But it is possible to go too far, even in filial piety. There was a murder trial while I was in the country, and by the evidence it appeared that the prisoner's mother was blind, that the doctor had prescribed the application of a warm human liver, and that he, as he could find no other way to get the remedy, had killed his wife in order to restore his mother's sight.

In most forms of Japanese art the technique which is admired by native connoisseurs, and the associations connected with the subject represented, can only be understood by those who have studied Japanese methods and traditions, but the old wooden statuary has more in common with Western art, and often reaches a high point of realism. In the religious figures certain traditions had to be followed, and in looking at these this fact has to be remembered; the exaggerated anatomy, unnaturally fierce expressions, and arbitrary number of limbs often disguise their true merits; but in the portrait figures of daimios, priests, and abbots the treatment is both simple and dignified. Mr. Takenouchi, a sculptor to whom I had letters, was making admirable copies of the principal sculptures at Kobūkuji, which were to be exhibited at Chicago, and afterwards added to the col-

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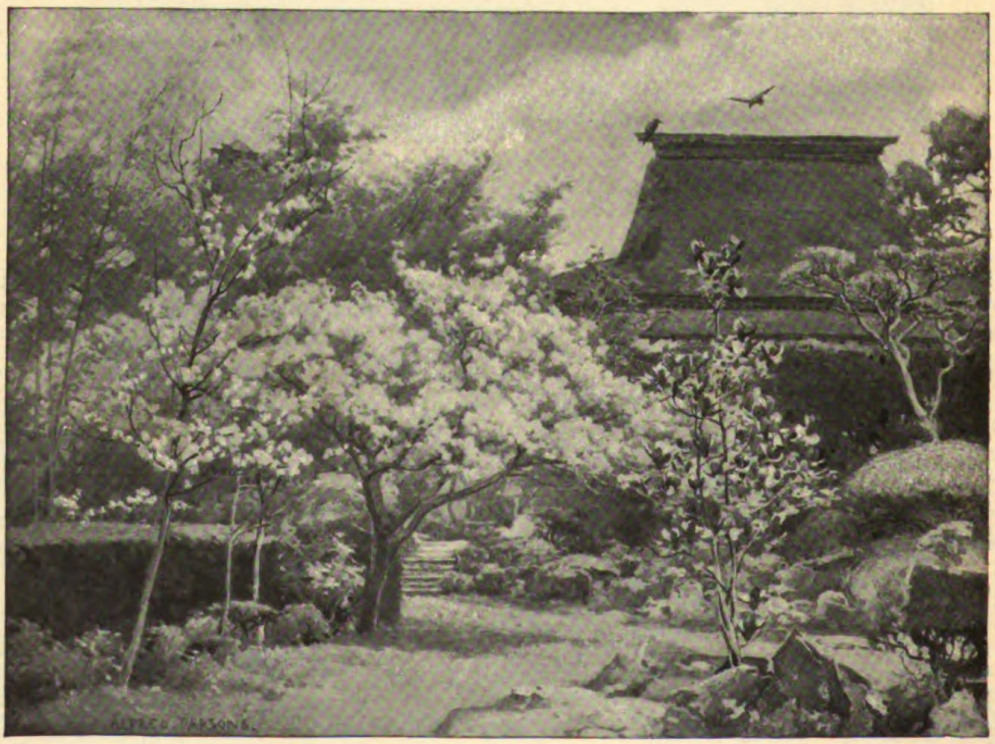
A SPRING FLOWER—JIRO-BO.

lection of the Fine Art Museum in Ueno Park, Tokyo. Among the old masters, Unkei, a sculptor of the twelfth century, is perhaps the most noteworthy; there is a mendicant ascetic by him in the Hall of the Thirty-three Thousand Kwannon at Kyoto, a lean old man, clad only in a few rags, resting on his staff and holding out his left hand for alms, which might rank with the work of Rodin.

On the 25th of April the cherry-trees were in full flower, and I left Nara for Yoshino, a village at the foot of Mount Omine, in Yamato, which has for centuries been noted for its cherry groves. Here the cult of the cherry blossom has its headquarters, and during the ten days or so which the blossoms last the little town is crowded with visitors. I was too late to see the place in its full glory; it stands at some height above the sea, and I consequently imagined that the flowers would be later than those at Nara, but the cherry which grows there in such quantities is an early species, and three days of wind and rain had covered the ground with pink petals and left very few of them on the trees in the celebrated groves. Fortunately there were still some flowery trees to be found in gardens and sheltered corners, and at this time of year it would be impossible to settle down in a Japanese village without finding plenty of subjects to paint. The cherry in the Yoshino groves has a single flower, pale pink in color; this is followed by another kind with white blossoms, more like the European species. Both of these are wild, and from them the Japanese gardeners have raised many varieties, double and single flowered, some with the growth of the weeping-willow, and others with a spreading habit. The flowers vary in color from white to light crimson, and I noticed some young trees with large double blossoms which were pale yellow with a pink flush on the outer petals, like a delicate tea-rose. At the Tatsumi-ya, just by the remains of the huge bronze torii, which, until it was blown down by a hurricane, formed the entrance to the



A BUDDHIST TEMPLE AT YOSHINO—DOUBLE-FLOWERED CHERRY AND MAGNOLIA.

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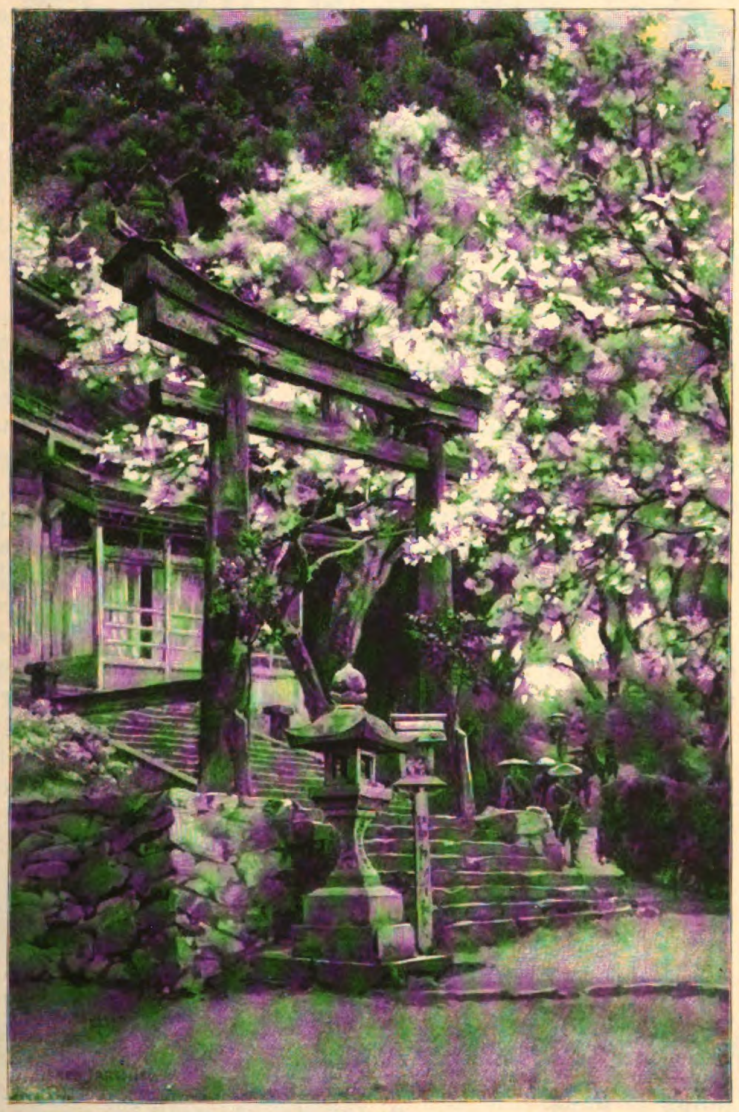
main street, I found a little suite of rooms built in the garden away from the rest of the house, and at once engaged them, in happy anticipation of quiet nights. These isolated rooms have some disadvantages, such as having to get to the bath and back on wet nights, but a very short acquaintance with life in a tea-house makes the traveller disregard such trifling inconveniences for the certainty of peaceful sleep. The Japanese wanderers usually finish their day's journey about five in the afternoon, and, after the preliminary cup of tea, discard their travel-stained clothes for the clean kimono which every well-regulated tea-house supplies to its guests, then bathe in water as near the boiling-point as possible, eat their dinner, sit talking and smoking till midnight, snore till five o'clock in the morning, and then begins the clatter of taking down shutters and the elaborate business of tooth-cleaning and tongue-scraping, with an accompaniment of complex noises suggesting sea-sickness in its worst stages, so it is not till they have departed at six or seven o'clock that a light sleeper gets much chance. In the daytime the tea-house is deserted, except by the proprietor, who sits in the front room and does his accounts, and by the little servant-girls, who, with their heads tied up in towels, kimono tucked into their obi, and sleeves fastened back, showing a good deal of round brown leg and arm, busily sweep and dust the rooms in preparation for the new set of visitors who will arrive in the evening. The thin sliding partitions would be little bar to sound even if they reached to the top of the room, and above them there is generally a foot or so of open wood-work, which allows free ventilation and conversation between the different apartments. Privacy, as we understand it, is no part of the scheme of a Japanese tea-house. Real fresh air from outside is very difficult to get at night. During the hot weather I was always careful to examine the fastenings of the wooden shutters with which, after dark, every house is enclosed like a box, so that I could surreptitiously open a crack opposite my room, although by so doing I was disobeying the police regulations. These shutters do not keep out the noise of the watchman, who all night long wanders round and knocks two blocks of



MI KOMORI JIUJA, A SHINTO TEMPLE NEAR YOSHINO.

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CROSSING THE FERRY, MUDA ON THE GAWA.

wood together, just to let burglars know that he is on the lookout.

In these quarters I spent a week or so, painting all day when the weather would allow me, and in the evening struggling with the language and gambling for beans with the family and the servant-girls, who played *vingt-et-un* (*ni ju ichi*) with such keenness and discretion that I was generally made a bankrupt, with much laughter and clapping of hands, quite early in the game, and had to be set up again by general contribution.

Everything in Yoshino is redolent of the cherry; the pink and white cakes brought in with the tea are in the shape of its blossoms, and a conventional form of it is painted on every lantern and printed on every scrap of paper in the place. The shops sell preserved cherry flowers for making tea, and visitors to the tea-houses and temples are given maps of the district—or, rather, broad sheets roughly printed in colors, not exactly a map or a picture—on which every cherry grove is depicted in pink. And all this is simply enthusiasm for its beauty and its associations, for the trees bear no fruit worthy of the name. There is an old Japanese saying, "What the cherry blossom is among flowers, the warrior is among men." I was reminded constantly of a sentence which a friend had written in one of my books, "Take pains to encourage the beautiful, for the useful encourages itself." It is difficult for an outsider to determine how much of this is genuine enthusiasm and how much is custom or a traditional æstheticism; but it really matters little. That the popular idea of a holiday should be to wander about in the open air, visiting historic places, and gazing at the finest landscapes and the flowers in their seasons, indicates a high level of true civilization, and the custom, if it be only custom, proves the refinement of the people who originated and adhere to it.

NOTES AT MUDA.

The village street of Yoshino winds up a spur of the hills, passing many temples and little hamlets, and gradually becomes a steep and stony mountain path, which ascends to Mount Omine. The great tracts of forest provide occupation for most of the people in this district; strings of men and women were constantly passing, carrying down heavy loads of wood and charcoal from the hills, and in front of many of the cottages match-wood was spread out on mats to dry. It was difficult to understand how it could ever get dry, for all the mists of Japan seemed to collect round these mountains and forests; the landscape was rarely free from them, and constantly looked like a Japanese drawing, all vague and white in the valleys, with ridges of hill and fringes of pine showing in sharp clear lines one behind the other.

It is a warm climate too, and everything grows luxuriantly. There are great clumps of bamboo, enormous azalea bushes, and thick undergrowths of palmetto. On the road-side banks, in this last week of April, there were ferns just unrolling, the fronds of maidenhair (*Adiantum pedatum*) all bright red, young shoots of lily and orchid and Solomon's-seal, and a lovely iris (*I. japonica*), with many lavender-colored flowers on a branching stalk, each outer petal marked with dark purple lines, and decorated with a little horn of brilliant orange. The gardens

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of tea-houses and temples were gay with azalea, camellia, magnolia, and cherry, and with the young leaves of maple and andromeda, as bright as any flowers. During a great part of the year these gardens have but few blooms—they are only an arrangement of greens and grays—but in the spring no amount of clipping and training can prevent the shrubs from blossoming. The cherry-trees and magnolias are let grow as they choose, but the others are trimmed into more or less formal shapes, considered suitable to the species, or helping the carefully studied arrangement of forms, which is the ideal of a Japanese gardener. There are no beds for flowers. In the little ponds the irises and lotus bloom, and in odd corners there may be clumps of lilies, chrysanthemums, or other plants, but these are mere accidents: the designer's aim is a composition of rocks, shrubs, stone lanterns, ponds, and bridges, which will look the same in its general features all the year round, and conform to established rules. One of my Japanese friends told me, as an instance of the complexity of the landscape-gardener's art, that if a certain shrub were used it would be necessary to place near it a stone from Tosa, the distant province where it commonly grows. The decorative garden is quite distinct from the flower garden, where the fine varieties of iris, pæony, and chrysanthemum, for which Japan is famous, are grown by professional florists, or by rich amateurs who can devote a special place to their culture.

On the 3d of May my host at the Tatsumi-ya brought me some pæony flowers arranged in an old bronze vase, which showed me it was time to move on to Hase, where there is a great display of them. So next morning I made an early start for a long jinricksha ride through the hills of Yamato. My baggage and painting materials could not be packed in less than two kuruma, two more were necessary for my boy and myself, and the four vehicles, with two men drawing each, made an imposing procession as we bumped down the steep village street. The whole staff of the Tatsumi-ya had turned out to say good-by; there was a row of little girls kneeling on the floor, their noses on the matting and their brown hands placed flat, palms downward, in front of their heads, and the landlord, after giving me the usual presents and a receipt for my "chadai"—the parting tip—insisted on accompanying me to the end of the town.

THE STREET, HASE.

Our route for two or three miles, as far as the river Yoshino-gawa, was the same that I had climbed on my way up; but nine days had made a great difference in its aspect. Then many of the trees were still bare; now they were covered with spring leaves. After ferrying over to Muda we turned northwards, and a good road led us by low passes and through the grand forests at the foot of Mount Tonomine down to Tosa in the Yamato Valley. Jinricksha travelling is

WHITE WISTARIA, HASE-DERA.

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IRIS JAPONICA.

very pleasant when the roads are good, the weather fine, and the men active; there is no noise of horses' hoofs to disturb the mind, the straw-sandalled feet of the coolies hardly make a sound, nor is your attention distracted from the landscape by having to drive; and the frequent short halts at wayside tea-houses give you a chance of airing your few phrases of Japanese and seeing the ways of the people. My lunch at Tosa was enlivened by two charming waitresses, who had evidently seen but few foreigners, and who were much interested in me and my belongings. My watch, match-box, cigarette-case, and other small articles had to be examined, talked over, and shown to the rest of the household, and I was plied with questions about my age, my family, and other personal matters, as Japanese etiquette prescribes.

This valley of Yamato is the earliest historic home of the present race; in it there are many tumuli which mark the burial-places of legendary emperors, including that of Jimmu Tenno, the first of all, and it is therefore considered sacred ground by the ancestor-loving Japanese. Every year crowds of pilgrims walk over the district, making their "Yamato-meguri," or tour of the holy places of Yamato, and thereout the innkeepers suck no small advantage. Hase was full of them, and every tea-house crammed; in the room next mine at least a dozen must have slept, and I thought myself lucky to get a place to myself. There were still some hours of daylight left after I had settled down, so I wandered up the street and climbed the long flight of steps to the great temple of Kwannon. On each side of the steps small beds were built up, and in these the pæonies grew, and their big flowers, ranging in color from white to dark purple, glowed in the afternoon light against a background of gray stone lanterns. The temple is built on a hill-side, like Ni-gwatsu-dō at Nara and many other Buddhist temples, and it consists of a wide veranda filled with incense-burners and votive pictures and bronze lanterns, and of an inner sanctuary. Across the entrance to this stands an altar, and over it an opening in the dark purple curtains allows a glimpse of the great gold figure of Kwannon, nearly thirty feet high, her face, with its expression of calm beneficence, only just distinguishable by the light of a few dim lamps in the gloom of the windowless shrine. Behind this main temple there are various other buildings, priests' houses and such like, and a little pond for the sacred tortoises.

The main street of Hase is cut up with rivulets; the middle one is used for all domestic purposes, and at all hours you may see the women, with skirts and sleeves tucked up, washing their clothes or their fish and vegetables, and ladling up water for baths and cooking with their long-handled wooden dippers. The side streams turn small water-wheels, which work wooden hammers for pounding and cleaning the rice — an important part of the day's work in every Japanese village. In the most primitive places it is done with a long-headed wooden mallet and the stump of a tree hollowed out for a mortar; in others big wooden hammers are fixed on a pivot, and are raised by stepping on the other end of the handle. A mountain brook, the parent of these little streams,

OLD WISTARIA IN KASUGA PARK, NARA.

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tumbles along close behind the houses; its banks are overhung with bamboos, and the rocks at that season were covered with lavender iris. From Atago-Yama, a hill just across the river, the view is fine: below are the flat gray roofs of Hase, and the *cul-de-sac* in which it lies—bordered on either side with green hills, its windings indicated by the curves of road and shining river, its green surface spotted here and there with gray hamlets—gradually opens out into the wider Yamato Valley. Unebi-Yama, which marks the site of Jimmu Tenno's mausoleum, rises in the centre of the plain, and beyond it all is an enclosing barrier of cloudy mountains.

A TALL WISTARIA, KASUGA PARK, NARA.

A morning's jinricksha ride took me back to my old quarters at Nara, and Kwannon must have rejoiced at my departure from Hase-dera, for while I was there most of the priests and all the acolytes sadly neglected her: they spent the day looking over my shoulder or gazing open-mouthed in my face. This was on the 9th of May, and I was glad to find that the wistaria in Kasuga Park was just in its glory. The masses of flowers turned the lower trees into big bouquets of pale mauve, and seemed to drip like fountains from the tall oaks and cryptomerias; and to add to the beauty, all the undergrowth of andromeda had put out its young leaves in many shades of color; as Chaucer says, "Some very red, and some a glad light green." One glade particularly attracted me: a tiny clear stream wound along through the brilliant grasses, and the trees which covered the steep banks on each side of this little meadow were completely overgrown with the vines, and smothered with their blossoms. This too was a quiet spot, out of the track of tourists and pilgrims, and it was a blessed relief to work without a gazing crowd; the only passers were a few women and children collecting fire-wood or gathering the young fern shoots which were sprouting through the grass. These are cut just as they begin to unroll, and when they are boiled and flavored with soy, they are really quite good to eat, at least one thinks so in Japan.

The wistaria blossoms were almost gone when I decided that though there was still plenty to be done in Nara, it would be better to try some new sketching-ground, and having heard of a tea-house with a fine old garden at Hikone, on the

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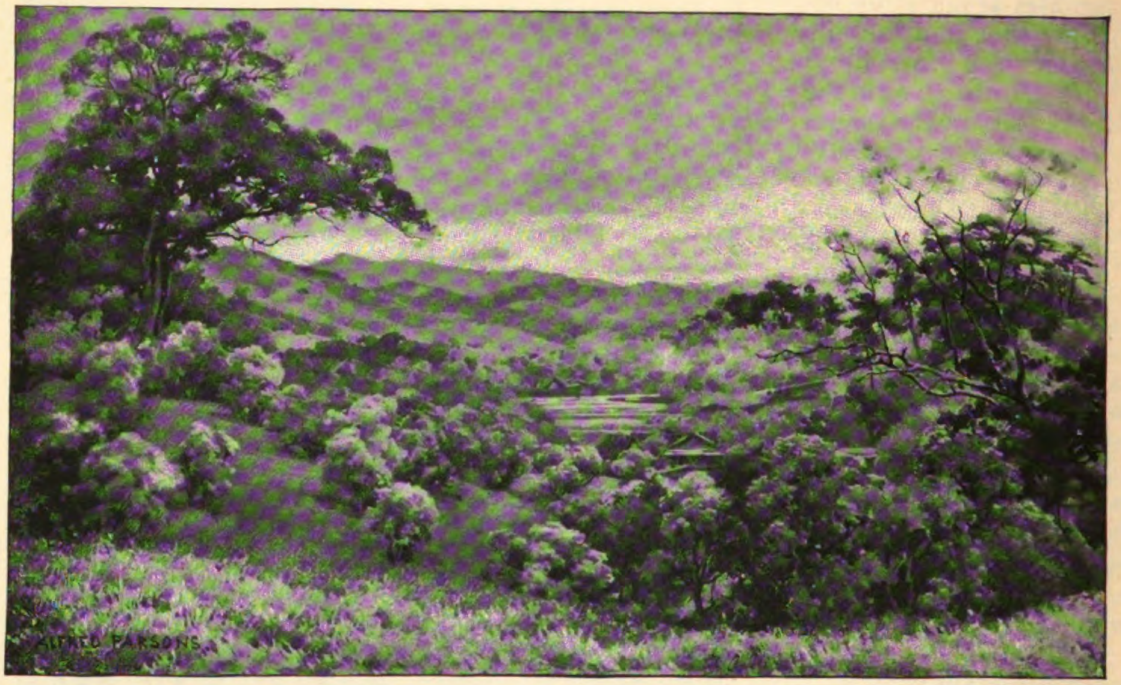
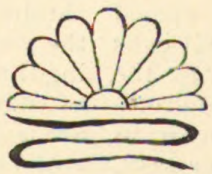


ANDROMEDA BUSHES IN KASUGA PARK, NARA.

shore of Lake Biwa, I determined to move on there for my next venture. I packed all my belongings, and made arrangements for the journey next morning, and then walked once more round the park and the temples, gazing regretfully at all the good things which still remained to be sketched, and climbed Mikasa-Yama, a steep grassy hill behind the park, which on fine days is dotted all over with picnic parties. From its summit there is a great view over the plains round Nara, with the Kizugawa, a good broad stream, winding through them. The grassy ridges and the few wind-beaten pines which grow on them made a fine foreground, and the little green gullies were spotted with low azalea bushes covered with flame-colored flowers. It was too good to leave, and I ought to have unpacked again and prolonged my stay for a few days; but laziness prevailed, the bore of repacking seemed intolerable, and to my lasting remorse it remained unpainted.



BADGE OF THE KIKU-SUI-YA.

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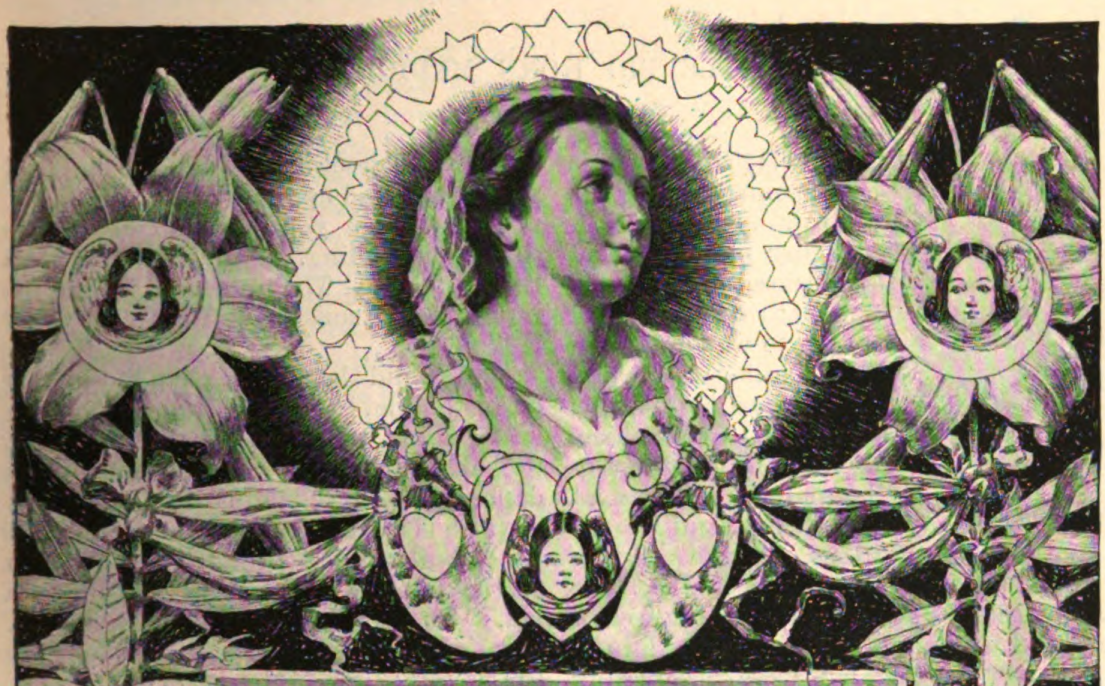

An Engraving, after Murillo.

BY

MARRION WILCOX.

A DAUGHTER OF THE CENTURIES OF ART
Offered for sale in a shop window lay.
When southern nature lent each precious part
To form that woman, in his genial way
The Spanish painter made his glowing heart
Look warmly from her eyes — a summer's day
Hide all its fragrant secrets in her breast:
Made lovely lovelier, with love expressed.

Long, long ago she lived; long, long ago
That happy painter wrought who saw her face —
Painting, with blood and milk, the tropic glow
That lit her cheeks for his dearest solace.
But yesterday, with patient hand and slow,
Another artist did her beauties trace;
With soft gray graven lines, and taste refined,
Chilled native fervor with the touch of mind.

Still modestly the picture seemed to live,
And in itself contain the work of all
Who ever lived for art: yea, and to give
Some trait of each, and tenderly recall
Thought-mellowing hours, hours contemplative.
. . . . In a shop window, an engraving small,
Faint image from Murillo's ardent heart,
Gray daughter of the centuries of art.

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LITTLE BIG HORN MEDICINE.

BY OWEN WISTER.

SOMETHING new was happening among the Crow Indians. A young pretender had appeared in the tribe. What this might lead to was unknown alike to white man and to red; but the old Crow chiefs discussed it in their councils, and the soldiers at Fort Custer, and the civilians at the agency twelve miles up the river, and all the white settlers in the valley, discussed it also. Lieutenants Stirling and Haines, of the First Cavalry, were speculating upon it as they rode one afternoon.

"Can't tell about Indians," said Stirling. "But I think the Crows are too reasonable to go on the war-path."

"Reasonable!" said Haines. He was young, and new to Indians.

"Just so. Until you come to his superstitions, the Indian can reason as straight as you or I. He's perfectly logical."

"Logical!" echoed Haines again. He held the regulation Eastern view that the Indian knows nothing but the three blind appetites.

"You'd know better," remarked Stirling, "if you'd been fighting 'em for fifteen years. They're as shrewd as Æsop's fables."

Just then two Indians appeared round a bluff—one old and shabby, the other young and very gaudy—riding side by side.

"That's Cheschapah," said Stirling. "That's the agitator in all his feathers. His father, you see, dresses more conservatively."

The feathered dandy now did a singular thing. He galloped towards the two officers almost as if to bear them down, and steering much too close, flashed by yelling, amid a clatter of gravel.

"Nice manners," commented Haines. "Seems to have a chip on his shoulder."

But Stirling looked thoughtful. "Yes," he muttered, "he has a chip."

Meanwhile the shabby father was approaching. His face was mild and sad, and he might be seventy. He made a gesture of greeting. "How!" he said, pleasantly, and ambled on his way.

"Now there you have an object-lesson," said Stirling. "Old Pounded Meat has no chip. The question is, are the fathers or the sons going to run the Crow Nation?"

"Why did the young chap have a dog on his saddle?" inquired Haines.

"I didn't notice it. For his supper, probably — probably he's getting up a dance. He is scheming to be a chief. Says he is a medicine-man, and can make water boil without fire; but the big men of the tribe take no stock in him—not yet. They've seen soda-water before. But I'm told this water-boiling astonishes the young."

"You say the old chiefs take no stock in him *yet?*"

"Ah, that's the puzzle. I told you just now Indians could reason."

"And I was amused."

"Because you're an Eastern man. I tell you, Haines, if it wasn't my business to shoot Indians I'd study them."

"You're a crank," said Haines.

But Stirling was not a crank. He knew that so far from being a mere animal, the Indian is of a subtlety more ancient than the Sphinx. In his primal brain—nearer nature than our own—the directness of a child mingles with the profoundest cunning. He believes easily in powers of light and darkness, yet is a sceptic all the while. Stirling knew this; but he could not know just when, if ever, the young charlatan Cheschapah would succeed in cheating the older chiefs; just when, if ever, he would strike the chord of their superstition. Till then they would reason that the white man was more comfortable as a friend than as a foe, that rations and gifts of clothes and farming implements were better than battles and prisons. Once their superstition was set alight, these three thousand Crows might suddenly follow Cheschapah to burn and kill and destroy.

"How does he manage his soda-water, do you suppose?" inquired Haines.

"That's mysterious. He has never been known to buy drugs, and he's careful where he does his trick. He's still a little afraid of his father. All Indians

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are. It's queer where he was going with that dog."

Hard galloping sounded behind them, and a courier from the Indian agency overtook and passed them, hurrying to Fort Custer. The officers hurried too, and arriving, received news and orders. Forty Sioux were reported up the river coming to visit the Crows. It was peaceable, but untimely. The Sioux agent over at Pine Ridge had given these forty permission to go, without first finding out if it would be convenient to the Crow agent to have them come. It is a rule of the Indian Bureau that if one tribe desire to visit another, the agents of both must consent. Now, most of the Crows were farming and quiet, and it was not wise that a visit from the Sioux and a season of feasting should tempt their hearts and minds away from the tilling of the soil. The visitors must be taken charge of and sent home.

"Very awkward, though," said Stirling to Haines. He had been ordered to take two troops and arrest the unoffending visitors on their way. "The Sioux will be mad, and the Crows will be madder. What a bungle! and how like the way we manage Indian affairs!" And so they started.

Thirty miles away, by a stream towards which Stirling with his command was steadily marching through the night, the visitors were gathered. There was a cook-fire and a pot, and a stewing dog leaped in the froth. Old men in blankets and feathers sat near it, listening to young Cheschapah's talk in the flighty lustre of the flames. An old squaw acted as interpreter between Crow and Sioux. Round about, at a certain distance, the figures of the crowd lounged at the edge of the darkness. Two grizzled squaws stirred the pot, spreading a clawed fist to their eyes against the red heat of the coals, while young Cheschapah harangued the older chiefs.

"And more than that I, Cheschapah, can do," said he, boasting in Indian fashion. "I know how to make the white man's heart soft so he cannot fight." He paused for effect, but his hearers seemed uninterested. "You have come pretty

"BOASTING IN INDIAN FASHION."

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far to see us," resumed the orator, "and I, and my friend Two Whistles, and my father, Pounded Meat, have come a day to meet you and bring you to our place. I have brought you a fat dog. I say it is good the Crow and the Sioux shall be friends. All the Crow chiefs are glad. Pretty Eagle is a big chief, and he will tell you what I tell you. But I am bigger than Pretty Eagle. I am a medicine-man."

He paused again; but the grim old chiefs were looking at the fire, and not at him. He got a friendly glance from his henchman, Two Whistles, but he heard his father give a grunt.

That enraged him. "I am a medicine-man," he repeated, defiantly. "I have been in the big hole in the mountains where the river goes, and spoken there with the old man who makes the thunder. I talked with him as one chief to another. I am going to kill all the white men."

At this old Pounded Meat looked at his son angrily, but the son was not afraid of his father just then. "I can make medicine to bring the rain," he continued. "I can make water boil when it is cold. With this I can strike the white man blind when he is so far that his eyes do not show in his face."

He swept out from his blanket an old cavalry sabre painted scarlet. Young Two Whistles made a movement of awe, but Pounded Meat said, "My son's tongue has grown longer than his sword."

Laughter sounded among the old chiefs. Cheschapah turned his impudent yet somewhat visionary face upon his father. "What do you know of medicine?" said he. "Two sorts of Indians are among the Crows to-day," he continued to the chiefs. "One sort are the fathers, and the sons are the other. The young warriors are not afraid of the white man. The old plant corn with the squaws. Is this the way with the Sioux?"

"With the Sioux," remarked a grim visitor, "no one fears the white man. But the young warriors do not talk much in council."

Pounded Meat put out his hand gently, as if in remonstrance. Other people must not chide his son.

"You say you can make water boil with no fire?" pursued the Sioux, who was named Young-man-afraid-of-his-horses, and had been young once.

Pounded Meat came between. "My son is a good man," said he. "These words of his are not made in the heart, but are head words you need not count. Cheschapah does not like peace. He has heard us sing our wars and the enemies we have killed, and he remembers that he has no deeds, being young. When he thinks of this sometimes he talks words without sense. But my son is a good man."

The father again extended his hand, which trembled a little. The Sioux had listened, looking at him with respect, and forgetful of Cheschapah, who now stood before them with a cup of cold water.

"You shall see," he said, "who it is that talks words without sense."

Two Whistles and the young bucks crowded to watch, but the old men sat where they were. As Cheschapah stood relishing his audience, Pounded Meat stepped up suddenly and upset the cup. He went to the stream and refilled it himself. "Now make it boil," said he.

Cheschapah smiled, and as he spread his hand quickly over the cup, the water foamed up.

"Huh!" said Two Whistles, startled.

The medicine-man quickly seized his moment. "What does Pounded Meat know of my medicine?" said he. "The dog is cooked. Let the dance begin."

The drums set up their dull blunt beating, and the crowd of young and less important bucks came from the outer circle nearer to the council. Cheschapah set the pot in the midst of the flat camp, to be the centre of the dance. None of the old chiefs said more to him, but sat apart with the empty cup, having words among themselves. The flame reared high into the dark, and showed the rock wall towering close, and at its feet the light lay red on the streaming water. The young Sioux stripped naked of their blankets, hanging them in a screen against the wind from the jaws of the cañon, with more constant shouts as the drumming beat louder, and strokes of echo fell from the black cliffs. The figures twinkled across each other in the glare, drifting and alert, till the dog-dance shaped itself into twelve dancers with a united sway of body and arms, one and another singing his song against the lifted sound of the drums. The twelve sank crouching in simulated hunt for an enemy back and forth over the same space, swinging together.

Presently they sprang with a shout

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upon their feet, for they had taken the enemy. Cheschapah, leading the line closer to the central pot, began a new figure, dancing the pursuit of the bear. This went faster; and after the bear was taken, followed the elk-hunt, and a new sway and crouch of the twelve gesturing bodies. The thudding drums were ceaseless; and as the dance went always faster and always nearer the dog-pot, the steady blows of sound inflamed the dancers; their chests heaved, and their arms and bodies swung alike as the excited crew filed and circled closer to the pot, following Cheschapah, and shouting uncontrollably. They came to firing pistols and slashing the air with knives, when suddenly Cheschapah caught up a piece of steaming dog from the pot, gave it to his best friend, and the dance was done. The dripping figures sat quietly, shining and smooth with sweat, eating their dog-flesh in the ardent light of the fire and the cold splendor of the moon. By-and-by they lay in their blankets to sleep at ease.

The elder chiefs had looked with distrust at Cheschapah as he led the dance; now that the entertainment was over, they rose with gravity to go to their beds.

"It is good for the Sioux and the Crows to be friends," said Pounded Meat to Young-man-afraid-of-his-horses. "But we want no war with the white man. It is a few young men who say that war is good now."

"We have not come for war," replied the Sioux. "We have come to eat much meat together, and remember that day when war was good on the Little Horn, and our warriors killed Yellow Hair and all his soldiers."

Pounded Meat came to where he and Cheschapah had their blankets.

"We shall have war," said the confident son to his father. "My medicine is good."

"Peace is also pretty good," said Pounded Meat. "Get new thoughts. My son, do you not care any more for my words?"

Cheschapah did not reply.

"I have lived a long while. Yet one man may be wrong. But all cannot be. The other chiefs say what I say. The white men are too strong."

"They would not be too strong if the old men were not cowards."

"Have done," said the father, sternly. "If you are a medicine-man, do not talk like a light fool."

The Indian has an "honor thy father" deep in his religion too, and Cheschapah was silent. But after he was asleep, Pounded Meat lay brooding. He felt himself dishonored, and his son to be an evil in the tribe. With these sore notions keeping him awake, he saw the night wane into gray, and then he heard the distant snort of a horse. He looked, and started from his blankets, for the soldiers had come, and he ran to wake the sleeping Indians. Frightened, and ignorant why they should be surrounded, the Sioux leaped to their feet; and Stirling, from where he sat on his horse, saw their rushing, frantic figures.

"Go quick, Kinney," he said to the interpreter, "and tell them it's peace, or they'll be firing on us."

Kinney rode forward alone, with one hand raised; and seeing that sign, they paused, and crept nearer like crafty rabbits, while the sun rose and turned the place pink. And then came the parley, and the long explanation; and Stirling thanked his stars to see they were going to allow themselves to be peaceably arrested. Bullets you get used to; but after the firing's done, you must justify it to important personages who live comfortably in Eastern towns and have never seen an Indian in their lives, and are rancid with philanthropy and ignorance.

Stirling would sooner have faced Sioux than sentimentalists, and he was fervently grateful to these savages for coming with him quietly without obliging him to shoot them. Cheschapah was not behaving so nicely; and recognizing him, Stirling understood about the dog. The medicine-man, with his faithful Two Whistles, was endeavoring to excite the prisoners as they were marched down the river to the Crow Agency.

Stirling sent for Kinney. "Send that rascal away," he said. "I'll not have him bothering here."

The interpreter obeyed, but with a singular smile to himself. When he had ordered Cheschapah away, he rode so as to overhear Stirling and Haines talking. When they speculated about the soda-water, Kinney smiled again. He was a quiet sort of man. The people in the valley admired his business head. He supplied grain and steers to Fort Custer, and used to say that business was always slow in time of peace.

By evening Stirling had brought his

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prisoners to the agency, and there was the lieutenant of Indian police of the Sioux come over from Pine Ridge to bring them home. There was restlessness in the air as night fell round the prisoners and their guard. It was Cheschapah's hour, and the young Crows listened while he declaimed against the white man for thwarting their hospitality. The strong chain of sentinels was kept busy preventing these hosts from breaking through to fraternize with their guests. Cheschapah did not care that the old Crow chiefs would not listen. When Pretty Eagle remarked laconically that peace was good, the agitator laughed; he was gaining a faction, and the faction was feeling its oats. Accordingly, next morning, though the prisoners were meek on being started home by Stirling with twenty soldiers, and the majority of the Crows were meek at seeing them thus started, this was not all. Cheschapah, with a yelling swarm of his young friends, began to buzz about the column as it marched up the river. All had rifles.

"It's an interesting state of affairs," said Stirling to Haines. "There are at least fifty of these devils at our heels now, and more coming. We've got twenty men. Haines, your Indian experiences may begin quite early in your career."

"Yes, especially if our prisoners take to kicking."

"Well, to compensate for spoiling their dinner party, the agent gave them some rations and his parting blessing. It may suffice."

The line of march had been taken up by ten men in advance, followed in the usual straggling fashion by the prisoners, and the rear-guard was composed of the other ten soldiers under Stirling and Haines. With them rode the chief of the Crow police and the lieutenant of the Sioux. This little band was, of course, far separated from the advance-guard, and it listened to the young Crow bucks yelling at its heels. They yelled in English. Every Indian knows at least two English words; they are pungent, and far from complimentary.

"It's got to stop here," said Stirling, as they came to a ford known as Reno's Crossing. "They've got to be kept on this side."

"Can it be done without gunpowder?" Haines asked.

"If a shot is fired now, my friend, it's war, and a court of inquiry in Washington for you and me, if we're not buried here. Sergeant, you will take five men and see the column is kept moving. The rest remain with me. The prisoners must be got across and away from their friends."

The fording began, and the two officers went over to the east bank to see that the instructions were carried out.

"See that?" observed Stirling. As the last of the rear-guard stepped into the stream, the shore they were leaving filled instantly with the Crows. "Every man jack of them is armed. And here's an interesting development," he continued.

It was Cheschapah riding out into the water, and with him Two Whistles. The rear-guard passed up the trail, and the little knot of men with the officers stood halted on the bank. They were nine — the two Indian police, the two lieutenants, and five long muscular boys of K troop of the First Cavalry. They remained on the bank, looking at the thick painted swarm that yelled across the ford.

"Bet you there's a hundred," remarked Haines.

"You forget I never gamble," murmured Stirling. Two of the five long boys overheard this and grinned at each other, which Stirling noted; and he loved them. It was curious to mark the two shores; the feathered multitude and its yells and its fifty yards of rifles that fronted a small spot of white men sitting easily in the saddle; and the clear, pleasant water speeding between. Cheschapah and Two Whistles came tauntingly towards this spot, and the mass of Crows on the other side drew forward a little.

"You tell them," said Stirling to the chief of the Crow police, "that they must go back."

Cheschapah came nearer, by way of obedience.

"Take them over, then," the officer ordered.

The chief of Crow police rode to Cheschapah, speaking and pointing. His horse drew close, shoving the horse of the medicine-man, who now launched an insult that with Indians calls for blood. He struck the man's horse with his whip, and at that a volume of yells chorussed from the other bank.

"Looks like the court of inquiry," re-

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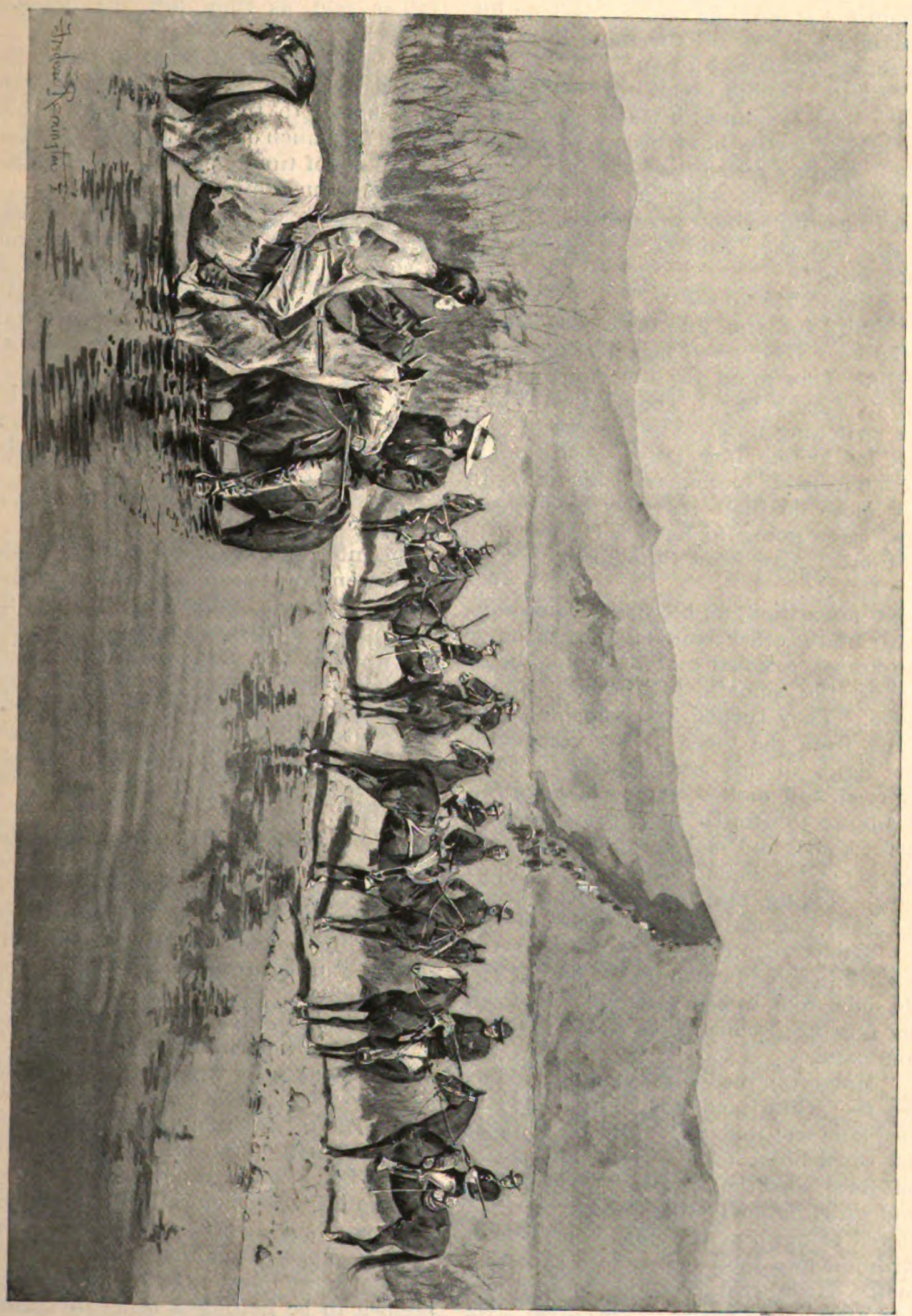

"HIS HORSE DREW CLOSE, SHOVING THE HORSE OF THE MEDICINE-MAN."

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marked Stirling. "Don't shoot, boys," he commanded aloud.

The amazed Sioux policeman gasped. "You not shoot?" he said. "But he hit that man's horse, all the same hit your horse, all the same hit you."

"Right. Quite right," growled Stirling. "All the same hit Uncle Sam. But we soldier devils have orders to temporize." His eye rested hard and serious on the party in the water as he went on speaking with jocular unconcern. "Tempo-rize, Johnny," said he. "You savvy temporize?"

"Ump! Me no savvy."

"Bully for you, Johnny. Too many syllables. Well, now! he's hit that horse again. One more for the court of inquiry. Steady, boys! There's Two Whistles switching now. They ought to call that lad Young Dog Tray. And there's a chap in paint fooling with his gun. If any more do that—it's very catching—Yes, we're going to have a circus. Attention! Now what's that, do you suppose?"

An apparition, an old chief, came suddenly on the other bank, pushing through the crowd, grizzled and little and lean, among the smooth, full-limbed young blood. They turned and saw him, and slunk from the tones of his voice and the light in his ancient eye. They swerved and melted among the cottonwoods, so the ford's edge grew bare of dusky bodies and looked sandy and green again. Cheschapah saw the wrinkled figure coming, and his face sank tame. He stood uncertain in the stream, seeing his banded companions gone and the few white soldiers firm on the bank. The old chief rode to him through the water, his face brightened with a last flare of command.

"Make your medicine!" he said. "Why are the white men not blind? Is the medicine bad to-day?" And he whipped his son's horse to the right, and to the left he slashed the horse of Two Whistles, and whirling the leather quirt, drove them cowed before him and out of the stream, with never a look or word to the white men. He crossed the sandy margin, and as a man drives steers to the corral, striking spurs to his horse and following the frightened animals close when they would twist aside, so did old Pounded Meat herd his son down the valley.

"Useful old man," remarked Stirling; "and brings up his children carefully. Let's get these prisoners along."

"How rural the river looks now!" Haines said, as they left the deserted banks.

So the Sioux went home in peace, the lieutenants, with their command of twenty, returned to the post, and all white people felt much obliged to Pounded Meat for his act of timely parental discipline—all except one white person.

Sol Kinney sauntered into the agency store one evening. "I want ten pounds of sugar," said he, "and navy plug as usual. And say, I'll take another bottle of them Seltzer fizz salts. Since I quit whiskey," he explained, "my liver's poorly."

He returned with his purchase to his cabin, and set a lamp in the window. Presently the door opened noiselessly, and Cheschapah came in.

"Maybe you got that now?" he said, in English.

The interpreter fumbled among bottles of liniment and vaseline, and from among these household remedies brought the blue one he had just bought. Cheschapah watched him like a child, following his steps round the cabin. Kinney tore a half-page from an old Sunday *World*, and poured a little heap of the salts into it. The Indian touched the heap timidly with his finger. "Maybe no good," he suggested.

"Heap good!" said the interpreter, throwing a pinch into a glass. When Cheschapah saw the water effervesce, he folded his newspaper with the salt into a tight lump, stuck the talisman into his clothes, and departed, leaving Mr. Kinney well content. He was doing his best to nourish the sinews of war, for business in the country was discouragingly slack.

Now the Crows were a tribe that had never warred with us, but only with other tribes; they had been valiant enough to steal our cattle, but sufficiently discreet to stop there; and Kinney realized that he had uphill work before him. His dearest hopes hung upon Cheschapah, in whom he thought he saw a development. From being a mere humbug, the young Indian seemed to be getting a belief in himself as something genuinely out of the common. His success in creating a party had greatly increased his conceit, and he walked with a strut, and his face was more unsettled and visionary than ever.

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One clear sign of his mental change was that he no longer respected his father at all, though the lonely old man looked at him often with what in one of our race would have been tenderness. Cheschapah had been secretly maturing a plot ever since his humiliation at the crossing, and now he was ready. With his lump of newspaper carefully treasured, he came to Two Whistles.

"Now we go," he said. "We shall fight with the Piegans. I will make big medicine, so that we shall get many of their horses and women. Then Pretty Eagle will be afraid to go against me in the council. Pounded Meat whipped my horse. Pounded Meat can cut his hay without Cheschapah, since he is so strong."

But little Two Whistles wavered. "I will stay here," he ventured to say to the prophet.

"Does Two Whistles think I cannot do what I say?"

"I think you make good medicine."

"You are afraid of the Piegans."

"No, I am not afraid. I have hay the white man will pay me for. If I go, he will not pay me. If I had a father, I would not leave him." He spoke pleadingly, and his prophet bore him down by ridicule. Two Whistles believed, but he did not want to lose the money the agent was to pay for his hay. And so, not so much because he believed as because he was afraid, he resigned his personal desires.

The next morning the whole band had disappeared with Cheschapah. The agent was taken aback at this marked challenge to his authority—of course they had gone without permission—and even the old Crow chiefs held a council.

Pretty Eagle resorted to sarcasm. "He has taken his friends to the old man who makes the thunder," he said. But others did not feel sarcastic, and one observed, "Cheschapah knows more than we know."

"Let him make rain, then," said Pretty Eagle. "Let him make the white man's heart soft."

The situation was assisted by a step of the careful Kinney. He took a private journey to Junction City, through which place he expected Cheschapah to return, and there he made arrangements to have as much whiskey furnished to the Indian and his friends as they should ask for. It was certainly a good stroke of business. The victorious raiders did return that way, and Junction City was most hospitable to their thirst. The valley of the Big Horn was resonant with their homeward yells. They swept up the river, and the agent heard them coming, and he locked his door immediately. He listened to their descent upon his fold, and he peeped out and saw them ride round the tightly shut buildings in their war-paint and the pride of utter success. They had taken booty from the Piegans, and now, knocking at the store, they demanded ammunition, proclaiming at the same time in English that Cheschapah was a big man, and knew a "big heap medicine." The agent told them from inside that they could not have any ammunition. He also informed them that he knew who they were, and that they were under arrest. This touched their primitive sense of the incongruous. On the buoyancy of the whiskey they rode round and round the store containing the agent, and then rushed away, firing shots at the buildings and shots in the air, and so gloriously home among their tribe, while the agent sent a courier packing to Fort Custer.

The young bucks who had not gone on the raid to the Piegans thronged to hear the story, and the warriors told it here and there, walking in their feathers among a knot of friends, who listened with gay exclamations of pleasure and envy. Great was Cheschapah, who had done all this! And one and another told exactly and at length how he had seen the cold water rise into foam beneath the medicine-man's hand; it could not be told too often; not every companion of Cheschapah's had been accorded the privilege of witnessing this miracle, and each narrator in his circle became a wonder himself to the bold boyish faces that surrounded him. And after the miracle he told how the Piegans had been like a flock of birds before the medicine-man. Cheschapah himself passed among the groups, alone and aloof; he spoke to none, and he looked at none, and he noted how their voices fell to whispers as he passed; his ear caught the magic words of praise and awe; he felt the gaze of admiration follow him away, and a mist rose like incense in his brain. He wandered among the scattered tepees, and turning came along the same paths again that he might once more overhear his worshippers. Great was Cheschapah!

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His heart beat, a throb of power passed through his body, and "Great is Cheschapah!" said he, aloud; for the fumes of hallucination wherewith he had drugged others had begun to make him drunk also. He sought a tepee where the wife of another chief was alone, and at his light call she stood at the entrance and heard him longer than she had ever listened to him before. But she withstood the temptation that was strong in the young chief's looks and words. She did not speak much, but laughed unsteadily, and shaking her head with averted eyes, left him, and went where several women were together, and sat among them.

Cheschapah told his victory to the council, with many sentences about himself, and how his medicine had fended all hurt from the Crows. The elder chiefs sat cold.

"Ump!" said one at the close of the oration, and "Heh!" remarked another. The sounds were of assent without surprise.

"It is good," said Pretty Eagle. His voice seemed to enrage Cheschapah.

"Heh! it is always pretty good!" remarked Spotted Horse.

"I have done this too," said Pounded Meat to his son, simply. "Once, twice, three times. The Crows have always been better warriors than the Piegans."

"Have you made water boil like me?" Cheschapah said.

"I am not a medicine-man," replied his father. "But I have taken horses and squaws from the Piegans. You make good medicine, maybe; but a cup of water will not kill many white men. Can you make the river boil? Let Cheschapah make bigger medicine, so the white man shall fear him as well as the Piegans, whose hearts are well known to us."

Cheschapah scowled. "Pounded Meat shall have this," said he. "I will make medicine to-morrow, old fool!"

"Drive him from the council!" said Pretty Eagle.

"Let him stay," said Pounded Meat. "His bad talk was not to the council, but to me, and I do not count it."

But the medicine-man left the presence of the chiefs, and came to the cabin of Kinney.

"Hello!" said the white man. "Sit down."

"You got that?" said the Indian, standing.

"More water medicine? I guess so. Take a seat."

"No, not boil any more. You got that other?"

"That other, eh? Well, now, you're not going to blind them yet? What's your hurry?"

"Yes. Make blind to-morrow. Me great chief!"

A slight uneasiness passed across the bantering face of Kinney. His Seltzer salts performed what he promised, but he had mentioned another miracle, and he did not want his dupe to find him out until a war was thoroughly set agoing. He looked at the young Indian, noticing his eyes.

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Cheschapah?"

"Me great chief!" The raised voice trembled with unearthly conviction.

"Well, I guess you are. I guess you've got pretty far along," said the frontier cynic. He tilted his chair back and smiled at the child whose primitive brain he had tampered with so easily. The child stood looking at him with intent black eyes. "Better wait, Cheschapah. Come again. Medicine heap better after a while."

The Indian's quick ear caught the insincerity without understanding it. "You give me that quick!" he said, suddenly terrible.

"Oh, all right, Cheschapah. You know more medicine than me."

"Yes, I know more."

The white man brought a pot of scarlet paint, and the Indian's staring eyes contracted. Kinney took the battered cavalry sabre in his hand, and set its point in the earth floor of the cabin. "Stand back," he said, in mysterious tones, and Cheschapah shrank from the impending sorcery. Now Kinney had been to school once, in his Eastern childhood, and there had committed to memory portions of Shakespeare, Mrs. Hemans, and other poets out of a Reader. He had never forgotten a single word of any of them, and it now occurred to him that for the purposes of an incantation it would be both entertaining for himself and impressive to Cheschapah if he should recite "The Battle of Hohenlinden." He was drawing squares and circles with the point of the sabre.

"No," he said to himself, "that piece won't do. He knows too much English.

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Some of them words might strike him as bein' too usual, and he'd start to kill me, and spoil the whole thing. 'Munich' and 'chivalry' are snortin', but 'sun was low' ain't worth a d——. I guess—"

He stopped guessing, for the noon recess at school came in his mind, like a picture, and with it certain old-time preliminaries to the game of tag.

"'Eeny, meeny, money, my,'"

said Kinney, tapping himself, the sabre, the paint-pot, and Cheschapah in turn, one for each word. The incantation was begun. He held the sabre solemnly upright, while Cheschapah tried to control his excited breathing where he stood flattened against the wall.

"'Butter, leather, boney, stry;
Hare-bit, frost-neck,
Harrico, barrico, whee, why, whoa, whack!'

You're it, Cheschapah." After that the weapon was given its fresh coat of paint, and Cheschapah went away with his new miracle in the dark.

"He is it," mused Kinney, grave, but inwardly lively. He was one of those sincere artists who need no popular commendation. "And whoever he does catch, it won't be me," he concluded. He felt pretty sure there would be war now.

Dawn showed the summoned troops near the agency at the corral, standing to horse. Cheschapah gathered his hostiles along the brow of the ridge in the rear of the agency buildings, and the two forces watched each other across the intervening four hundred yards.

"There they are," said the agent, jumping about. "Shoot them, colonel; shoot them!"

"You can't do that, you know," said the officer, "without an order from the President, or an overt act from the Indians."

So nothing happened, and Cheschapah told his friends the white men were already afraid of him. He saw more troops arrive, water their horses in the river, form line outside the corral, and dismount. He made ready at this movement, and all Indian on-lookers scattered from the expected fight. Yet the white man staid quiet. It was issue day, but no families remained after drawing their rations. They had had no dance the night before, as was usual, and they did not linger a moment now, but came and departed with their beef and flour at once.

"I have done all this," said Cheschapah to Two Whistles.

"Cheschapah is a great man," assented the friend and follower. He had gone at once to his hay-field on his return from the Piegans, but some one had broken the little Indian's fence, and cattle were wandering in what remained of his crop.

"Our nation knows I will make a war, and therefore they do not stay here," said the medicine-man, caring nothing what Two Whistles might have suffered. "And now they will see that the white soldiers dare not fight with Cheschapah. The sun is high now, but they have not moved because I have stopped them. Do you not see it is my medicine?"

"We see it." It was the voice of the people.

But a chief spoke. "Maybe they wait for us to come."

Cheschapah answered. "Their eyes shall be made sick. I will ride among them, but they will not know it." He galloped away alone, and lifted his red sword as he sped along the ridge of the hills, showing against the sky. Below at the corral the white soldiers waited ready, and heard him chanting his war-song through the silence of the day. He turned in a long curve, and came in near the watching troops and through the agency, and then, made bolder by their motionless figures and guns held idle, he turned again and flew singing along close to the line, so they saw his eyes; and a few that had been talking low as they stood side by side fell silent at the spectacle. They could not shoot until some Indian should shoot. They watched him and the gray pony pass and return to the hostiles on the hill. Then they saw the hostiles melt away like magic. Their prophet had told them to go to their tepees and wait for the great rain he would now bring. It was noon, and the sky utterly blue over the bright valley. The sun rode a space nearer the west, and thick black clouds assembled in the mountains and descended; their shadow flooded the valley with a lake of slatish blue, and presently the sudden torrents sluiced down with flashes and the ample thunder of Montana. Thus not alone the law against our soldiers' firing the first shot in an Indian excitement, but now also the elements coincided to help the medicine-man's destiny.

Cheschapah sat in a tepee with his

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father, and as the rain splashed heavily on the earth the old man gazed at the young one.

"Why do you tremble, my son? You have made the white soldier's heart soft," said Pounded Meat. "You are indeed a great man, my son."

Cheschapah rose. "Do not call me your son," said he. "That is a lie." He went out into the fury of the rain, lifting his face against the drops, and exultingly calling out at each glare of the lightning. He went to Pretty Eagle's young squaw, who held off from him no longer, but got on a horse, and the two rode into the mountains. Before the sun had set, the sky was again utterly blue, and a cool scent rose everywhere in the shining valley.

The Crows came out of their tepees, and there were the white soldiers obeying orders and going away. They watched the column slowly move across the flat land below the bluffs, where the road led down the river twelve miles to the post.

"They are afraid," said new converts. "Cheschapah's rain has made their hearts soft."

"They have not all gone," said Pretty Eagle. "Maybe he did not make enough rain." But even Pretty Eagle began to be shaken, and he heard several of his brother chiefs during the next few days openly declare for the medicine-man. Cheschapah with his woman came from the mountains, and Pretty Eagle did not dare to harm him. Then another coincidence followed that was certainly most reassuring to the war party. Some of them had no meat, and told Cheschapah they were hungry. With consummate audacity he informed them he would give them plenty at once. On the same day another timely electric storm occurred up the river, and six steers were struck by lightning.

When the officers at Fort Custer heard of this they became serious.

"If this was not the nineteenth century," said Haines, "I should begin to think the elements were deliberately against us."

"It's very careless of the weather," said Stirling. "Very inconsiderate, at such a juncture."

Yet nothing more dangerous than red-tape happened for a while. There was a beautiful quantity of investigation from Washington, and this gave the hostiles time to increase both in faith and numbers.

Among the excited Crows only a few wise old men held out. As for Cheschapah himself, ambition and success had brought him to the weird enthusiasm of a fanatic. He was still a charlatan, but a charlatan who believed utterly in his star. He moved among his people with growing mystery, and his hapless adjutant, Two Whistles, rode with him, slaved for him, abandoned the plans he had for making himself a farm, and desiring peace in his heart, weakly cast his lot with war. Then one day there came an order from the agent to all the Indians: they were to come in by a certain fixed day. The department commander had assembled six hundred troops at the post, and these moved up the river and went into camp. The usually empty ridges, and the bottom where the road ran, filled with white and red men. Half a mile to the north of the buildings, on the first rise from the river, lay the cavalry, and some infantry above them with a howitzer, while across the level, three hundred yards opposite, along the river-bank, was the main Indian camp. Even the hostiles had obeyed the agent's order, and come in close to the troops, totally unlike hostiles in general; for Cheschapah had told them he would protect them with his medicine, and they shouted and sang all through this last night. The women joined with harsh cries and shriekings, and a scalp-dance went on, besides lesser commotions and gatherings, with the throbbing of drums everywhere. Through the sleepless din ran the barking of a hundred dogs, that herded and hurried in crowds of twenty at a time, meeting, crossing from fire to fire among the tepees. Their yelps rose to the high bench of land, summoning a horde of coyotes. These cringing nomads gathered from the desert in a tramp army, and skulking down the bluffs, sat in their outer darkness and ceaselessly howled their long shrill greeting to the dogs that sat in the circle of light. The general sent scouts to find the nature of the dance and hubbub, and these brought word it was peaceful; and in the morning another scout summoned the elder chiefs to a talk with the friend who had come from the Great Father at Washington to see them and find if their hearts were good.

"Our hearts are good," said Pretty

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Eagle. "We do not want war. If you want Cheschapah, we will drive him out from the Crows to you."

"There are other young chiefs with bad hearts," said the commissioner, naming the ringleaders that were known. He made a speech, but Pretty Eagle grew sullen. "It is well," said the commissioner; "you will not help me to make things smooth, and now I step aside and the war chief will talk."

"If you want any other chiefs," said Pretty Eagle, "come and take them."

"Pretty Eagle shall have an hour and a half to think on my words," said the general. "I have plenty of men behind me to make my words good. You must send me all those Indians who fired at the agency."

The Crow chiefs returned to the council, which was apart from the war party's camp; and Cheschapah walked in among them, and after him, slowly, old Pounded Meat, to learn how the conference had gone.

"You have made a long talk with the white man," said Cheschapah. "Talk is pretty good for old men. I and the young chiefs will fight now and kill our enemies."

"Cheschapah," said Pounded Meat, "if your medicine is good, it may be the young chiefs will kill our enemies to-day. But there are other days to come, and after them still others; there are many, many days. My son, the years are a long road. The life of one man is not long, but enough to learn this thing truly: the white man will always return. There was a day on this river when the dead soldiers of Yellow Hair lay in hills, and the squaws of the Sioux warriors climbed among them with their knives. What do the Sioux warriors do now when they meet the white man on this river? Their hearts are on the ground, and they go home like children when the white man says, 'You shall not visit your friends.' My son, I thought war was good once. I have kept you from the arrows of our enemies on many trails when you were so little that my blankets were enough for both. Your mother was not here any more, and the chiefs laughed because I carried you. Oh, my son, I have seen the hearts of the Sioux broken by the white man, and I do not think war is good."

"The talk of Pounded Meat is very good," said Pretty Eagle. "If Cheschapah were wise like his father, this trouble would not have come to the Crows. But we could not give the white chief so many of our chiefs that he asked for to-day."

Cheschapah laughed. "Did he ask for so many? He wanted only Cheschapah, who is not wise like Pounded Meat."

"You would have been given to him," said Pretty Eagle.

"Did Pretty Eagle tell the white chief that? Did he say he would give Cheschapah? How would he give me? In one hand or two? Or would the old warrior take me to the white man's camp on the horse his young squaw left?"

Pretty Eagle raised his rifle, and Pounded Meat, quick as a boy, seized the barrel and pointed it up among the poles of the tepee, where the quiet black fire smoke was oozing out into the air. "Have you lived so long," said Pounded Meat to his ancient comrade, "and do this in the council?" His wrinkled head and hands shook, the sudden strength left him, and the rifle fell free.

"Let Pretty Eagle shoot," said Cheschapah, looking at the council. He stood calm, and the seated chiefs turned their grim eyes upon him. Certainty was in his face, and doubt in theirs. "Let him send his bullet five times—ten times. Then I will go and let the white soldiers shoot at me until they all lie dead."

"It is heavy for me," began Pounded Meat, "that my friend should be the enemy of my son."

"Tell that lie no more," said Cheschapah. "You are not my father. I have made the white man blind, and I have softened his heart with the rain. I will call the rain to-day." He raised his red sword, and there was a movement among the sitting figures. "The clouds will come from my father's place, where I have talked with him as one chief to another. My mother went into the mountains to gather berries. She was young, and the thunder-maker saw her face. He brought the black clouds, so her feet turned from home, and she walked where the river goes into the great walls of the mountain, and that day she was stricken fruitful by the lightning. You are not the father of Cheschapah." He dealt Pounded Meat a blow, and the old man fell. But the council sat still until the sound of Cheschapah's galloping horse died away. They were ready now to risk everything. Their scepticism was conquered.

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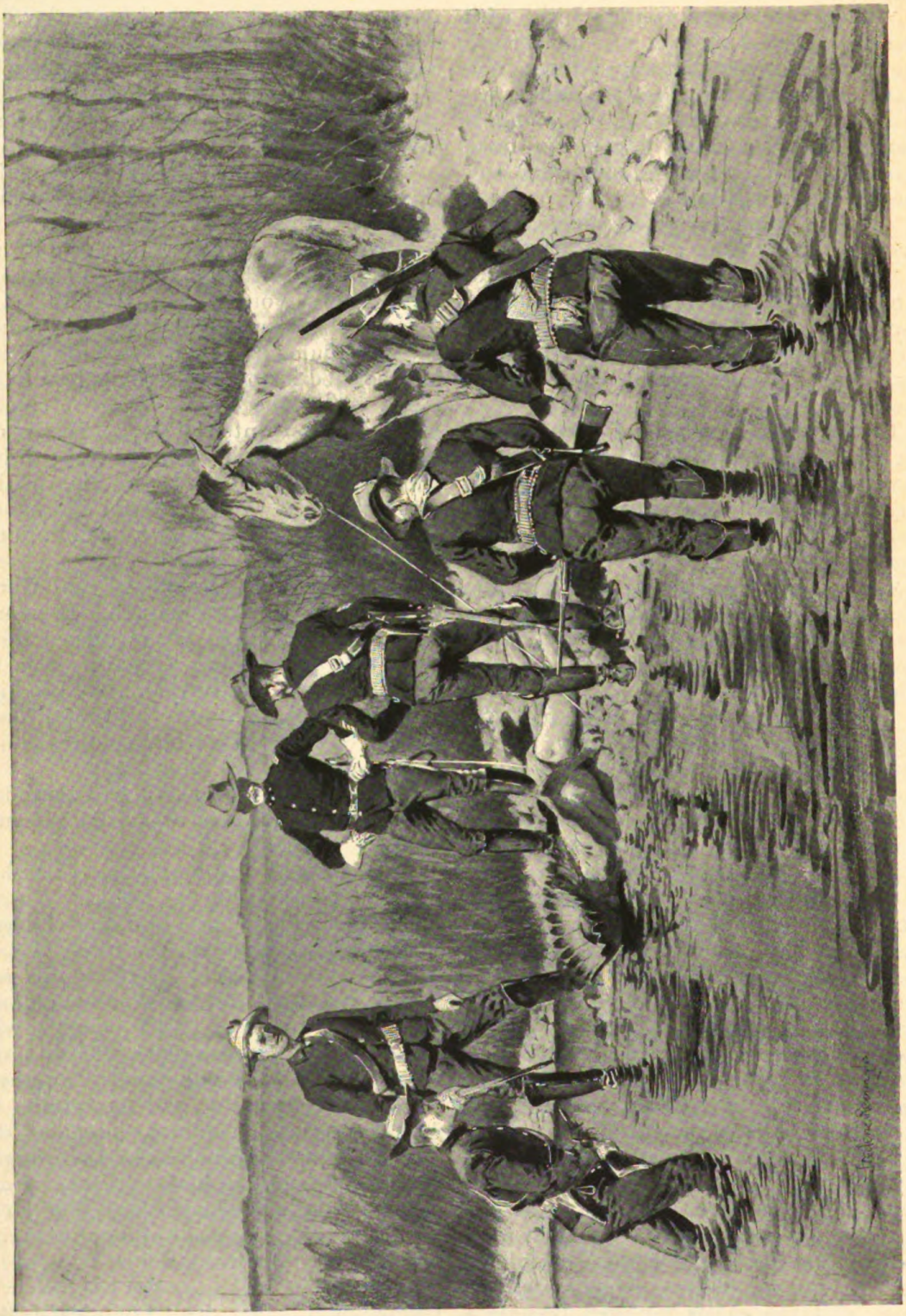

"THE HEAD LAY IN THE WATER."

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The medicine-man galloped to his camp of hostiles, and seeing him, they yelled and quickly finished plaiting their horses' tails. Cheschapah had accomplished his wish; he had become the prophet of all the Crows, and he led the armies of the faithful. Each man stripped his blanket off and painted his body for the fight. The forms slipped in and out of the brush, buckling their cartridge-belts, bringing their ponies, while many families struck their tepees and moved up nearer the agency. The spare horses were run across the river into the hills, and through the yelling that shifted and swept like flames along the wind the hostiles made ready and gathered, their crowds quivering with motion, and changing place and shape as more mounted riders appeared.

"Are the holes dug deep as I marked them on the earth?" said Cheschapah to Two Whistles. "That is good. We shall soon have to go into them from the great rain I will bring. Make these strong, to stay as we ride. They are good medicine, and with them the white soldiers will not see you any more than they saw me when I rode among them that day."

He had strips and capes of red flannel, and he and Two Whistles fastened them to their painted bodies.

"You will let me go with you?" said Two Whistles.

"You are my best friend," said Cheschapah, "and to-day I will take you. You shall see my great medicine when I make the white man's eyes grow sick."

The two rode forward, and one hundred and fifty followed them, bursting from their tepees like an explosion, and rushing along quickly in skirmish-line. Two Whistles rode beside his speeding prophet, and saw the red sword waving near his face, and the sun in the great still sky, and the swimming, fleeting earth. His superstition and the fierce ride put him in a sort of trance.

"The medicine is beginning," shouted Cheschapah; and at that Two Whistles saw the day grow large with terrible shining, and heard his own voice calling and could not stop it. They left the hundred and fifty behind, he knew not where or when. He saw the line of troops ahead change to separate waiting shapes of men, and their legs and arms become plain; then all the guns took clear form in lines of steady glitter. He seemed suddenly alone far ahead of the band, but the voice of Cheschapah spoke close by his ear through the singing wind, and he repeated each word without understanding; he was watching the ground rush by, lest it might rise against his face, and all the while he felt his horse's motion under him, smooth and perpetual. Something weighed against his leg, and there was Cheschapah he had forgotten, always there at his side, veering him round somewhere. But there was no red sword waving. Then the white men must be blind already, wherever they were, and Cheschapah, the only thing he could see, sat leaning one hand on his horse's rump firing a pistol. The ground came swimming towards his eyes always, smooth and wide like a gray flood, but Two Whistles knew that Cheschapah would not let it sweep him away. He saw a horse without a rider floated out of blue smoke, and floated in again with a cracking noise; white soldiers moved in a row across his eyes, very small and clear, and broke into a blurred eddy of shapes which the flood swept away clean and empty. Then a dead white man came by on the quick flood. Two Whistles saw the yellow stripe on his sleeve; but he was gone, and there was nothing but sky and blaze, with Cheschapah's head-dress in the middle. The horse's even motion continued beneath him, when suddenly the head-dress fell out of Two Whistles' sight, and the earth returned. They were in brush, with his horse standing and breathing, and a dead horse on the ground with Cheschapah, and smoke and moving people everywhere outside. He saw Cheschapah run from the dead horse and jump on a gray pony and go. Somehow he was on the ground too, looking at a red sword lying beside his face. He stared at it a long while, then took it in his hand, still staring; all at once he rose and broke it savagely, and fell again. His faith was shivered to pieces like glass. But he got on his horse, and the horse moved away. He was looking at the blood running on his body. The horse moved always, and Two Whistles followed with his eye a little deeper gush of blood along a crease in his painted skin, noticed the flannel, and remembering the lie of his prophet, instantly began tearing the red rags from his body, and flinging them to the ground with cries of scorn. Presently he heard some voices, and soon one voice much

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nearer, and saw he had come to a new place, where there were white soldiers looking at him quietly. One was riding up and telling him to give up his pistol. Two Whistles got off and stood behind his horse, looking at the pistol. The white soldier came quite near, and at his voice Two Whistles moved slowly out from behind the horse, and listened to the cool words as the soldier repeated his command. The Indian was pointing his pistol uncertainly, and he looked at the soldier's coat and buttons, and the straps on the shoulders, and the bright steel sabre, and the white man's blue eyes; then Two Whistles looked at his own naked, clotted body, and turning the pistol against himself, fired it into his breast.

Far away up the river, on the right of the line, a lieutenant with two men was wading across after some hostiles that had been skirmishing with his troop. The hostiles had fallen back after some hot shooting, and had dispersed among the brush and tepees on the further shore, picking up their dead, as Indians do. It was interesting work this splashing breast-high through a river into a concealed hornets'-nest, and the lieutenant thought a little on his unfinished plans and duties in life; he noted one dead Indian left on the shore, and went steadfastly in among the half-seen tepees, rummaging and beating in the thick brush to be sure no hornets remained. Finding them gone, and their dead spirited away, he came back on the bank to the one dead Indian, who had a fine head-dress, and was still ribanded with gay red streamers of flannel, and was worth all the rest of the dead put together, and much more. The head lay in the water, and one hand held the rope of the gray pony, who stood quiet and uninterested over his fallen rider. They began carrying the prize across to the other bank, where many had now collected, among others Kinney, and the lieutenant's captain, who subsequently said, "I found the body of Cheschapah"; and, indeed, it was a very good thing to be able to say.

"This busts the war," said Kinney to the captain, as the body was being lifted over the Little Horn. "They know he's killed, and they've all quit. I was up by the tepees near the agency just now, and I could see the hostiles jamming back home for dear life. They was chucking their rifles to the squaws, and jumping in the river—ha! ha!—to wash off their war-paint, and each son of a —— would crawl out and sit innercint in the family blanket his squaw had ready. If you was to go there now, cap'n, you'd find just a lot of harmless Injuns eatin' supper like all the year round. Let me help you, boys, with that carcass."

Kinney gave a hand to the lieutenant and boys of G troop, First United States Cavalry, and they lifted Cheschapah up the bank. In the tilted position of the body the cartridge-belt slid a little, and a lump of newspaper fell into the stream. Kinney watched it open and float away with a momentary effervescence. The dead medicine-man was laid between the white and red camps, that all might see he could be killed like other people; and this wholesome discovery brought the Crows to terms at once. Pretty Eagle had displayed a flag of truce, and now he surrendered the guilty chiefs whose hearts had been bad. Every one came where the dead prophet lay to get a look at him. For a space of hours Pretty Eagle and the many other Crows he had deceived rode by in single file, striking him with their whips; after them came a young squaw, and she also lashed the upturned face.

This night was untroubled at the agency, and both camps and the valley lay quiet in the peaceful dark. Only Pounded Meat, alone on the top of a hill, mourned for his son; and his wailing voice sounded through the silence until the new day came. Then the general had him stopped and brought in, for it might be that the old man's noise would unsettle the Crows again.

DECORATION DAY.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

THE uses of adversity are sweet:
Red war, the hate of kinsmen is forgot;
Beneath bland skies a nation stays her feet
To laud the hero, grace his sleeping-spot:
For every drop of blood old swords have let,
The rose, the lily, and the violet.

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MEMORIES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

I AM indebted to a broadcloth mob for my first acquaintance with Wendell Phillips. It was he who gave that name to the riotous assemblages of the respectability of Boston which, from time to time during the long antislavery struggle preceding the war, used to break up antislavery meetings and mob antislavery orators. How long ago it all seems! I imagine that the younger generation which has grown up since the war may have some difficulty in realizing the state of things which then existed. The difficulty would perhaps be greater and not less if the inner history of that period were better known than it is. It was not and could not have been widely known at the time. It has had no historian since, nor is it a history which I shall attempt to write, but only the story of an incident or two which may serve as illustrations of those singular days. I confine myself to what I heard and saw.

My connection with the Abolitionists began in the winter of 1860. I had been four years at the bar, and I was a Whig—again a word which takes us a long way back—a Whig by family tradition and relationship, junior law partner to a Whig uncle, and hardly knew anybody who was not of that political faith, which was also a social faith or a social shibboleth. The Whig of those days had an academic partiality for freedom as against slavery. Circumstances sometimes converted it into an active policy; sometimes stifled it, or the expression of it, altogether. Cotton was still King. Webster's apostasy had not cost him the admiring allegiance of his own State. He had dragged her down with him. As Lowell sang:

> "Massachusetts, God forgive her!
> She's a-kneelin' with the rest."

Webster and his party had made Massachusetts and the other Northern States the slave-hunters of the South, and the South took care to find work for them. The Fugitive Slave Law had been passed in 1850. The 7th of the March of that year, the date of Webster's speech in the Senate in favor of that infamous act, proved an epoch-making date. Two years later came the surrender of Sims. Four years later came the surrender of Anthony Burns. The trial, the Court-house in chains, the meeting in Faneuil Hall, the midnight attack on the Court-house, the killing of Batchelder, the decree of the United States Commissioner, Edward Greely Loring, which gave Burns back to his master, and finally that ever-memorable day when, under a guard of United States marines and artillery, with the streets of Boston kept by Massachusetts militia, the shameful procession took its way down State Street, amid the groans and humiliation of the people of the proud old city, and delivered Burns on board a revenue-cutter to go back to the slave plantation in Virginia;—that long yet rapid series of events reconverted in a measure the old Bay State to the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers, and to her ancient hatred of the slave-owner and the slave-hunter. The weapon which Webster had forged turned in his dead hand. From 1850 to 1861 Massachusetts went through a process of re-education. The lesson of freedom which she had unlearned from Webster she learned again from Garrison, from Phillips, from Charles Sumner, from John A. Andrew, from Emerson, from Lowell, finally from John Brown at Harper's Ferry.

The two names which connect themselves more closely than any others with the history of that gloomy winter of 1860-61 in Boston are those of John Brown and Wendell Phillips; and for this reason: The starting-point of the agitation which shook the city during those months was a meeting in Tremont Temple, called in commemoration of the death of John Brown. It was captured by the pro-slavery party under the leadership of Richard S. Fay. The "gentlemen" of Boston got possession of the Tremont Temple by force and stealth, turned out those who had hired it, and passed resolutions of their own. The expelled Abolitionists held another meeting the same evening in a little hall in, I think, Belknap Street. This last I attended, and under the influence of the events of the day and of what I heard in the evening, I wrote a letter to Phillips, whom I did not know, saying how strongly I sympathized with him, and offering to do anything I could for what seemed the cause of free speech and of freedom. This was not entirely the impulse of the moment. I had often

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heard him on the platform, and of course admired him as an orator, and respected the policy he pursued with reference to slavery, though I did not agree with him. Even his enemies—and at that time almost everybody was his enemy—admired his gallantry, and not even the respectable dailies of Boston questioned his unselfish sincerity. His answer to my letter came in the unexpected shape of a visit from the orator himself. My law office was in State Street, and when the door opened my first thought was of a client, not then a very frequent apparition. He came in with that air of keen scrutiny which was, in a way, natural to him, but had grown keener under the pressure of events, and was presently, as dangers thickened about him, to become still more marked. It was the air of a man who did not mean to be taken by surprise. He embraced everything at a glance—me, the office, the books, the furniture, the view out of the window, like a general giving to himself an account of a country seen for the first time. This alertness did not impair the charm of his manner, nor his distinction; —this last I never knew him to lose, and I was to see him tried in many difficult circumstances. He wore the light gray soft felt hat and the pale brown overcoat so well known in the streets of Boston. As I stepped forward he said:

"You wrote me a letter?"

"Yes."

"I want to talk to you, but not now. Will you come to my house at nine this evening?"

Again I said yes. He held out his hand, and was gone without another word. At nine I was at the little house in Essex Street, and was shown at once into the drawing-room on the first floor. I pass over most of the conversation, and most of what I have to say about Phillips personally, in order to find room for matter which touches closely on the history of that eventful time. The beauty and kindliness of his manner would have fascinated an enemy, much more did they one who was already devoted to him. The talk very soon took a practical turn. I knew Phillips was in some danger, and asked him if he knew it. He said he had been threatened, and had heard stories of violence, but that he had heard much the same thing for many years past, "and, after all, you know nothing has happened." He was aware, nevertheless, that times had changed, and that a desperate spirit was abroad. He admitted that the police had warned him that his house might be attacked.

"Then why not defend it?"

"That is the business of the police," he answered.

"But you must have friends who would help?"

He turned rather suddenly, his eyes fixed on me, and asked,

"Will *you* help?"

It was the beginning of a singular experience which was to last some months, and of a friendship which was to last forever. I put myself at his disposal, and he gave me the names of a few men who could be relied on; young Abolitionists all of them, and at least one, Hinton, who had served an antislavery apprenticeship in Kansas under John Brown, and had some share, or was to have had, in the Harper's Ferry expedition. The others were Le Barnes, Hoyt (who had also been in Kansas), Heywood, Edward L. Pierce, the biographer of Sumner, and Frank Sanborn.

This little group came, or some of them came, night after night while the danger lasted, and then at intervals later as fresh crises arose. Essex Street was watched by the police, who had reasons of their own for thinking that an attack was likely to be made on the house. A small police reserve was stationed not far off. The Deputy Chief of Police, Mr. Ham, had charge of the outside arrangements, as he did subsequently when the danger was transferred to the streets. He was not an Abolitionist; but then neither was he a border ruffian. He was simply an excellent officer, who did his duty without fear or favor. Those of us who were inside had the best of it. We camped out in the little red drawing-room; one at a time kept watch; the rest slept on sofas and chairs. A supper was always provided. We had to keep very quiet. Mrs. Phillips, then as always an invalid, slept in the room above, and woke at the slightest noise. We were, of course, well armed, and some of us were accustomed to the use of one weapon or another. Certain pikes with which John Brown had armed his men formed part of our equipment. They might not have been very useful, but they added to the enthusiasm. Hinton had seen some fighting in Kansas, and had military ideas.

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He used to draw up plans of campaign, and decide how the door was to be defended, and how the steep and narrow staircase should be held if our friends once got inside. Each of us had his station; but as the attendance was irregular, these plans might have gone wrong at an awkward moment. The awkward moment, however, never came. It must have been known that the house was garrisoned, and the police preparations were visible, and intended to be visible. In the earlier days, and at times afterwards, mischief was clearly meant. In the intervals the enemy, I think, slept.

All this time Phillips was lecturing here and there about the country, and opportunities were not wanting to resolute men who meant business. On some of these excursions I went with him; more often he went alone. He was about the streets of Boston at all times, day and night. Nothing would induce him to be prudent. He had the fearlessness of a high nature, and also a certain contempt for his foes, and the feeling of him who said, "Better be killed once than die every day from fear." He carried a revolver, and was perfectly ready to use it should the occasion arise. I said to him once that some of the baser sort might try to insult him in the street. "They never shall," he answered. "I keep my eyes open, and I can see a man who comes from behind before he can reach me. I would shoot him sooner than endure an outrage." He knew the use of a revolver, had practised with it, and could shoot quick. The next summer, at Milton, the danger then all over, we used to practise together, and he was more than an average shot.

Phillips was under engagement to speak once a month of a Sunday morning at the Music Hall, to the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society—Theodore Parker's—during the winter of 1860–61, and he did speak. The first critical occasion came not long after the John Brown meeting had been broken up, when he delivered the discourse now reprinted in a volume of speeches, under the title "Mobs and Education." He was warned publicly and privately that he would not be allowed to speak. Some of the respectable dailies of Boston protested against his being heard. They wanted to silence every voice hostile to what they called compromise and we called surrender. Some of his friends urged him to give way. It was not in his nature to give way. He said, in that easy manner which was so engaging, as we sat with him at home, "I suppose some of you will stand by me; but in any case I must go." We found out, moreover, that the police had no notion of allowing a Sunday congregation to be broken up, or what was in effect a religious service interfered with. If Phillips or anybody else was to be gagged, it must be upon some pretext, and here there was none. The police were allowed by the Mayor to make their own preparations, and they were ample, though, as the event showed, there was not much to spare. His friends made their own arrangements independently of the police. We had possession of the platform, about twenty men in all, most of whom were as steel.

The hall, which held nearly 3000 people, was crowded. The discourse was in every sense of the word a Phillipic. The orator was determined at all risks to free his mind about the cotton clerks and State Street merchants who composed and captained the mob which had wrecked the John Brown meeting a fortnight before. As a piece of invective, it ranks high. Phillips knew all these men, and the history of them and of their families, and he so used his knowledge that the sentences stung. Disorder began early. There were cries and yells. More than once the police, of whom two bodies were held in readiness out of sight, proposed to enter the hall, but were dissuaded. We thought Phillips would hold his audience to the end, and he did. But the place was hot with rage. A few men in such circumstances can create a great disturbance, and of the whole audience we judged that perhaps a third were hostile. Word was brought that a crowd was collecting outside, which could have but one meaning. When Phillips ended there was a storm, both of applause, and of groans and angry shouts, from the audience. I went to the police officer in charge. He met me with a beaming face and the remark, "Well, you see it has passed off all right." "It has not yet begun," I said. I begged him to take possession with all his force of the long, narrow, open-air passage leading from the Music Hall to Winter Street, and I told him the message that had come in from our own men. He stared, but replied it could do no harm, and marched

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his two companies off. They were just in time. The mob were already pouring into the passage, which, from its narrowness and length, was only too well suited to their purpose. The police formed in front of the doorway. When the officer saw what he had to deal with, he sent off for re-enforcements. "Tell Mr. Ham we want every man he can spare." Mr. Ham did better than send all he could spare, he came himself. He was an officer who knew his duty, and did it; clear-headed, prompt, resolute, courageous, and a tactician. The passage from the hall enters Winter Street at a point about equidistant from either end. To reach Washington Street, the direct road to Essex Street, you turned out of the passage to the left. Winter Street was already packed from end to end with a mob. The deputy chief sent a body of his men in, formed them to the right across the whole breadth, and cut the mob in two. As Phillips came out of the door his friends closed in, and we started down the passage. There were cries, "There he is," "Down with him," "Kill him," and a rush which came to naught. The police held steadily on, and we reached Winter Street, which there had been no time to clear, nor was the force adequate. Turning the corner was a delicate business, but once in the street the police soon made room for themselves, the different sections of the force united, and the march to Essex Street began. The distance is from a third of a mile to a half. It took us an hour to make the journey. The mob was numbered by thousands. The pressure and crush were very great. But for the police our little company would have been swept away at once, and Phillips with them.

It was just past noon, a brilliant morning, the sun shining, the air clear and cold, and never before had the Sabbath been celebrated in this way in this Puritan capital of a Puritan commonwealth. The morning services in the churches were over, the church bells were silent, prayers had been duly offered up in the commercial spirit then prevalent in the churches, and you heard the echo of them in the curses and murderous threats which filled the air outside. Phillips listened to them, and watched the throng struggling to get at him. We walked together, his arm was in mine, and the pressure of it was light and steady. His eyes burned, and he was evidently ready for whatever might befall, but, on the whole, his bearing was that of an interested observer of events. Washington Street, the main business thoroughfare of Boston, was packed as tight with human beings, mostly in a state of anger, as Winter Street. Once there, I thought the worst over. The solid ranks of the stalwart policemen had never been broken, though often shaken, and we moved a little faster. The mob could not be kept out of Essex Street, but the entrance to the house, which looked down Harrison Avenue, was finally cleared; Phillips, with half a dozen friends, went safely in, the police remained on guard, and the baffled mob had nothing to do but disperse.

It was still only December of 1860, and the winter was before us. There were few days which did not bring some incident or adventure. There was another Sunday at the Music Hall, another uncompromising discourse, and another disturbance, less serious, however, than the first. Close upon that came the meeting of the Massachusetts Antislavery Society, January 21, 1861—one of the critical incidents which preceded the war. Few men, I imagine, who were not then in Boston are aware how high the anti-antislavery feeling ran, or what violent and even criminal measures the party of submission to the South was at that time ready to adopt. It was my fortune to have a foot in both camps. Of the Abolitionists, I knew hardly anybody except Phillips, but Phillips gave me his confidence and told me everything he knew. My Whig friends had not cast me off. They were good enough to look on my connection with Phillips as only a temporary aberration. It was known there would be trouble at Tremont Temple. The respectable classes had been protesting for weeks that the meeting should not be held. The Mayor of Boston, himself none too respectable, was on their side; perhaps not much more than their tool. No doubt public opinion, then more bitterly than ever, was against the society, against Phillips, against Garrison, against everybody who was not willing to see slavery the dominant force in the republic. But among the Abolitionists there was not one, so far as I know, who faltered or

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flinched. They went on with their preparations for the annual meeting just as steadily as if no opposition existed. The programme of speakers, resolutions, business, and the rest was settled. The defence of the platform was organized. The platform was high, and ran along nearly the whole of the east side of the hall, with stairs at either end. It was expected that an attempt would be made to storm it, and to take possession of the meeting, as had been done before. That had to be provided against. Men were chosen to defend it, their positions assigned them, and officers appointed. We were not strong enough to do more, and no attempt was made to hold either the floor of the hall or the deep gallery at the end opposite the platform. An application was addressed, for form's sake, to the police, but nobody relied on them, except perhaps the rioters. Phillips always said he had no blame for the police, or for their officers. They acted under the orders of the Mayor; some of them, as we knew, reluctantly. When allowed, they had behaved extremely well, and once at least Phillips probably owed his life to them. But as we talked matters over before this memorable day, Phillips put his trust elsewhere. "Whoever is Mayor of Boston," said he, "John A. Andrew is Governor of Massachusetts, and we are safe in his hands."

That wintry morning of the 21st of January, 1861, broke gray and cold. The meeting was called for ten o'clock. An hour before that those of us who were on duty had collected in the committee-room. But the mob were earlier than we. Whether by connivance of the hall-keepers or not, they had found their way in long before the hour fixed for opening the doors, and had taken possession of the gallery, and were yelling and singing when we came; stamping also, perhaps to keep their feet warm. Few or none were in the body of the hall, and none on the platform, which we were suffered to occupy without hinderance. It was evident from the first that if we on our side were organized, so were the mob, and that their plan of operations was to be different from what we had imagined. We knew afterwards that their leaders had determined to reserve their main effort for the evening. During the morning they devoted themselves chiefly to turning Tremont Temple into a pandemonium. The business of the Antislavery Society was transacted for the most part in dumb-show. The gallery would allow nobody to be heard. They perceived ladies on the floor, and one of the amusements of the forces in the pay of State Street was to throw cushions at them. They were primed for much rougher work. Free drinks were the order of the day, and at least one bar-room was open all the morning where brandy and rum were to be had for the asking. In the body of the hall sat some of the foremost men of Boston—it would be cruel at this late day to mention their names—men who certainly had never before been seen at an antislavery meeting, and who were there as ringleaders of the mob; silent leaders thus far, but looking on at the riot with evident approval and delight. For it had speedily become a riot. The din and tumult were overwhelming, and presently some of the occupants of the gallery began to come down on the floor and press slowly forward toward the platform. We expected a rush, and were ready, but that was not part of the morning programme. Presently Phillips, a past master in the art of dealing with mobs, rose to speak. A roar greeted him, of hatred and defiance. I have seen him often in presence of a hostile audience. He never was finer than on that morning. The gallery was resolved to silence him, and he was equally resolved that he would not be silenced. He wasted no strength, nor made the least effort to be heard while the rioters were trying their lungs. When they were out of breath he would get in a sentence; then the uproar recommenced. As a rule he wore out his opponents in these contests. Often they were so keen to hear what he said that they forgot for a time to interrupt. He was a master of "chaff," of irony, of invective, and sent his winged shafts into the depths of the throng, which had seldom any articulate answer in its stolid rage. So it went on. Toward the end there came a message from outside, which was handed up to Phillips, who read it. There was a certain commotion at the door of the hall, and people turned to look. "You may well look," said the orator, in those softly penetrating, smooth tones audible to the furthest corner. "I hear that the State House is awake at last, and that State troops will be here shortly

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to sweep that gallery where it belongs—into the calaboose." That quieted them for a moment, and they looked anxious, and I think even the roughs from the North End, who half filled the place, felt and admired the serene courage of the man who faced them. There was, I suppose, no moment all that morning when they were not masters of the meeting had they chosen. On the platform we were not fifty. We were armed; but what were fifty against two thousand? It soon appeared that the alarm of troops was a false one, and the uproar grew wilder than ever. Phillips turned away, his speech half unmade, and much of it unheard. "We have but one chance," he said; "come with me at once." I could not conceive what he meant to do, nor why we should leave the hall and our comrades, but I obeyed, and going down the steps and out by a private door, we were soon in the street. Phillips said, "We are going to the State House to see Governor Andrew."

We found Governor Andrew in his private room on the south of the great hall, on the second floor. Andrew and Phillips were old friends, coworkers, though by different methods, in a common cause; each with a deep respect for the other, and a real personal regard. Phillips, though he would have no part in politics, had rejoiced in Andrew's election as Governor of the great Commonwealth, and had high hopes of his future. I knew Governor Andrew but slightly, and had asked Phillips if it were not better he should see him alone. "No," he said; "I don't wish to see him alone. I want an aide-de-camp and a witness." So we went in together.

The Governor sat at a table with the green blinds behind him closed, the light from the other windows, for it was a corner room, falling full on his face. He welcomed us rather gravely, as if he knew on what errand we had come. In those days—it may still be so—the Governor of Massachusetts was a great man because he was Governor; because he was the successor of a long line of men who to us of Massachusetts were illustrious, and will, I hope, remain illustrious to the men of Massachusetts for all time. Andrew's great fame as a War Governor was, of course, yet to come. We knew him as a successful lawyer, an orator, the head of a party, and a man whose name was stainless. I have often thought since that there was a certain resemblance between him and Gambetta. It was outwardly more a bodily resemblance than anything else. Both were men whose bulk and girth were out of proportion to their height; unwieldy, undignified in movement, wanting in delicacy and in distinction. But both had the stamp of power, of authority; something in the manner, something in the look, which denoted a strong nature; and both were men of extraordinary intellectual energy. Both also were tribunes of the people, and looked to the people as the true source of their position and influence. They were men of large and overflowing sympathies, and they were, the one a consummate, the other an extremely able, politician. One was a great War Minister, the other a great War Governor, and each did services to his country which will not be forgotten so long as either has a country to remember him, and to do honor to his memory. Gambetta looked the Italian he was—dark, dark-eyed, dark-haired, with an olive-tinted skin, beneath which flowed and flamed the hot red blood of his Genoese race. Andrew was pure Saxon, a blond deepening into red, the auburn hair clustering in curls over a broad low Greek brow, with as much fire as the Italian in his deep blue eyes, and plenty of firmness in the chiselled chin with its deep dent; the mouth and lips with as many curves as a Cupid's. I used to go to him sometimes before this in the interest of needy clients. There never was a kinder heart; and he would squander hours that meant much in the effort to help people who had no claim on him.

Phillips went, as his habit was, straight to the point:

"Governor Andrew, we come to you from the Massachusetts Antislavery Society to ask the protection of the State for our meeting. The Mayor is with the mob. The police cannot act without orders, which he refuses to give. We cannot protect ourselves, and we appeal to you as Governor of the Commonwealth to vindicate the rights of public meeting and of free speech, for the sake of which the Commonwealth was founded."

"What would you have me do, Mr. Phillips?"

"Call out the troops and suppress the riot the police encourage; send them to Tremont Temple."

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On the table behind which Governor Andrew sat was a copy of the Revised Statutes. He laid his hand on the book, looked straight at Phillips, and said:

"Show me my authority. Tell me what law of the State of Massachusetts you ask me to enforce."

Phillips answered, the color beginning to come into his face,

"Governor Andrew, it is your business to know the law, not mine."

The Governor opened the volume, turned it, spread it out before us, and repeated,

"Show me the statute."

"I think," said Phillips, "you misunderstand me and my errand. This is not a court of law, and we are not here to split hairs about acts of the Legislature. We are here as citizens to ask you as Governor to see that our rights as citizens are preserved to us. You ask for a statute? I send you to the Bill of Rights. You ask for authority? I answer, you are the Executive of Massachusetts. You have taken an oath to the Commonwealth. You are responsible to the State and to God. In the last resort, you are the guardian of public order and peace, and of the rights of every citizen. You know what they are as well as I do, and I tell you that if you refuse to do your duty now, they exist no longer."

"Gentlemen," replied the Governor, "you both know me, and you know on which side are my private sympathies and feelings and wishes. But you come to me as Governor. You ask me to take a very serious step. The very request for it implies that it may involve bloodshed."

"Not at all," broke in Phillips; "the mob will disperse at the first sight of a musket."

"If you were in my place, under my responsibilities, you might not be quite so sure. But I repeat, you come to me as Governor. My duties and powers as Governor are strictly defined by law. Every one of them is a creation by statute, and I say to you again, show me the statute."

It was impossible to move him from that position. Phillips pleaded and argued, to no purpose, till it became plain to him that Governor Andrew was inexorable. The interview lasted perhaps half an hour, and at moments was a little stormy. The end was abrupt. "We are wasting time," said Phillips to me, bowed to the Governor, and so departed. As we walked down stairs I saw that his face was pale with anger, and in his eyes burned a deeper fire than the mob had managed to call into them. "I will never again speak to Andrew as long as I live," he said. I am not sure whether he ever did.

On thinking the matter over a good while after, I came to the conclusion that Governor Andrew had a reason which he did not care to disclose. Matters were not yet ripe for a conflict. Passions were running high, and on the wrong side. It was nearly three months before the first rebel shot at Fort Sumter. The North did not know its real mind, and few guessed how deep was the feeling for the flag and for the Union, or with what enthusiasm States which had so long bent the knee to the South would spring to their feet in defence of both. A false step might have spoiled all. The use of the State troops might have divided the State against herself, might have strengthened the cause of secession, might have given its Northern friends the pretext they wanted, might have altered the course of events for the worse. Governor Andrew had the statesman's instinct. He calculated forces, and looked ahead. I never doubted that, if he had yielded to his own impulses, he would have called out the militia. I don't think it is quite certain they would have come. Later, Phillips must have seen that there were two sides to the question—two right sides, if you like, which sometimes happens. Be that as it may, it is impossible to doubt that Governor Andrew, then, as ever, acted from honorable convictions of duty.

None the less was the disappointment of the hour bitter. It was the more bitter because of the friendship between the two men whom the exigency of this crisis parted, and for Phillips's public and recent testimony to Andrew, who had said in a letter written after his election as Governor: "The right to think, to know, and to utter, as John Milton said, is the dearest of all liberties. Without this right there can be no liberty to any people; with it there can be no slavery." And in the same letter he had declared that this right of free speech must first be secure before free society can be said to stand on any foundation. "Thank God for such a Governor!" had been Phillips's exclamation in his Music Hall speech only a month before. And now free speech was at the mercy of the or-

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ganized ruffians who had stolen Tremont Temple, and the Governor for whom the orator had thanked God would not stir in defence of the right which he had described as the foundation of free society.

We went back to the Temple to find the meeting adjourned, and there was nothing to do but return to Essex Street. It was evident the business was not over, and the question was, What next? The afternoon brought the answer. One of my friends from the other side came to see me, and began by saying he had something to tell in confidence about the meeting to be held in the evening. I said I would listen to nothing which I might not communicate to my friends. "But it concerns your safety and theirs." "The more reason they should know of it." I saw he was anxious, troubled, and bent on telling, but I would give no promise. Presently, out it came. The leaders of the mob were resolved, it appeared, to do something more than prevent the Abolitionists from being heard. They had conceived the idea of offering up a sacrifice to propitiate their Southern deities. They were going to the Tremont Temple that evening armed, they would be in overwhelming force, and if they were resisted the platform was to be cleared with their revolvers. I said I did not believe they would do anything of the kind; that if they did, we were armed as well as they, and the shooting would not be all on one side. He grew agitated. "What you say is sheer madness. They are ten to your one. If you don't believe what I tell you, I can only say you know my position, you know I am in the confidence of these men, I am betraying it for your sake, and I pledge you my word of honor that what I tell you is true." It was impossible to doubt him. I asked, "What do you want me to do?" "Stay away from the meeting." "You know I cannot. I must go with Mr. Phillips." "Then tell him and keep him out of harm's way." "You don't know Phillips, and I do. He will go to the meeting if a meeting is held." He still urged me. "Say anything you like, only don't use my name. Get the meeting adjourned on some pretext. It is the only chance to save your friends." I thanked him heartily, as he deserved, but could make no promise except that his name should not be mentioned.

What had happened at the Temple in the afternoon gave only too much color of probability to this warning for the evening. The mob had been more violent than in the morning. The Mayor had appeared, said a few words about protecting property, been received with a roar of derision, and had fled with a white face. A rush to the platform had been attempted while Phillips was again speaking, and spectators on the platform had seen in the gathering dusk the gleam of knives in the hands of the leaders. It may be hard to carry the mind back to those days, or to form to one's self a notion of the savage spirit that prevailed. But it did prevail. When the afternoon meeting came to an end the mob lay in wait for Phillips, and when the little guard of friends who had surrounded him on the platform were seen emerging, the mob surged down upon them. They never got very near, and Phillips, meantime, with his usual cool carelessness of danger, was walking home alone. I found him in Essex Street, and told him my friend's story. "Do you believe it?" was his first question. I said I believed in the good faith of the man, and I thought he must know. He was in a position to know what was afoot. "Well, we shall have to face it," was his only comment. All day long, as was the custom at these meetings, there had been ladies on the platform. They at least must be kept away, I suggested. "If you think you can prevent their going, you are welcome to try," was the answer, with a humorous smile. I did try, vainly. I asked Phillips to use his authority. He would not admit that he had any authority in such a matter. Two of them started with us, and we arrived only to find the hall doors shut and a notice posted that the Mayor, in the interest of public order, had closed the Temple. Had he, too, heard of the programme on which his friends had resolved? We never knew. He was aware, of course, that violence was to be expected, and as he would not protect the meeting or the Abolitionists, the next best thing was to close the hall. It was the resource of a weak man. It was a capitulation. But as Mayor Wightman had not the courage nor the wish to do his duty as Mayor, and to defend a particular form of public meeting which happened to be unpopular, it was perhaps well that he should adopt a course which at least saved some imperilled lives.

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Twice or three times before April, Phillips gave discourses in the Music Hall, one section of the mob dancing attendance outside, and another inside interrupting and hooting. There came at last the Sunday which followed Fort Sumter, when he had to decide what attitude he would take to the war for that Union which all his life he had assailed. He had preached Disunion all the winter in terms, and it was no light matter to recall or recant his doctrine. True, the Union now meant Freedom and not Slavery, and the North had all at once flung off its chains, but Phillips had never been a man to follow because others showed the way. It was to him a struggle, the story of which I may tell fully some day. Now I wish only to put side by side the scene of December and the scene of April. The audience which assembled in the Music Hall on the morning of Sunday, April 21, 1861, found the platform and desk and walls and galleries hung with the American flag. It was Charles Follen who had conceived this idea, and Phillips, on being asked whether he objected, answered: "As many flags as you like. I am going to speak for the flag." The papers announced that he was to retract his opinions. "No, not one of them," said Phillips in almost his first sentence. "I need them all, every word I have spoken this winter, every act of twenty-five years of my life, to make the welcome I give this war hearty and hot. Civil war is a momentous evil. It needs the soundest, the most solemn justification. I rejoice before God to-day for every word I have spoken counselling peace. But I rejoice more profoundly still that now, for the first time in my antislavery life, I speak beneath the Stars and Stripes, and welcome the tread of Massachusetts men marshalled for war."

It was Sunday morning, but the vast audience rose to their feet and cheered long. The Sixth Massachusetts Regiment, only two days before, had fought its way through Baltimore. That is enough to explain everything. Phillips, the most hated man in the State, became the idol of the hour. The Music Hall rang with cheers that morning, not once, nor twice, but almost every moment while his speech lasted. It was a scene possible only in such a crisis, at the first great uprising of a great people, in the presence of an orator capable of expressing in words of unmatched eloquence the feeling which burned in every heart.

"No matter what the past has been or said, to-day the slave asks God for a sight of this banner, and counts it the pledge of his redemption."

The slave, too, had become an idol, and Freedom, long forgotten, all at once was accepted as a religion. "Massachusetts has been sleeping on her arms since '83, but the first cannon-shot brings her to her feet with the war-cry of the Revolution on her lips." Washington was in danger. "Rather than surrender that capital, cover every square foot of it with a living body; crowd it with a million of men, and empty every bank vault in the North to pay the cost." These heroic accents must stir every American heart, but no man who did not hear them can form to himself a notion of the passion of patriotism they kindled as they were uttered.

The hall and its approaches and the adjacent streets were filled with the same multitudes, of whom no small part, four months earlier, had done their best to tear the orator in pieces. These were the men who now cheered him. They came to him when his speech ended. They grasped his hand. They owned themselves enemies who had become friends. They offered him their homage. They surrounded him as he left the hall. They attended him as he made his way through the throng outside, almost as slowly as before. The streets were thronged now as then, and thronged with the men who would have burned him then and adored him now. Perhaps never had any man passed more suddenly through a more marvellous change of position and of popular feeling. His return from the Music Hall to Essex Street was a triumphal march. It was the atonement which Boston offered to the great citizen whom she had so long misunderstood and reviled. It was the crown of Phillips's antislavery life. The nation and the government had come round to him. The Boston he loved learned to love him also. They were often at variance afterwards, but the memory of that day of reconciliation will outlive all others. All others, or all save that still more solemn day, twenty-three years later, when the body of the golden-lipped orator lay in state in Faneuil Hall, and Boston passed in mute procession by the mortal remains of her immortal apostle of freedom.

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GOD'S RAVENS.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

CHICAGO has three winds that blow upon it. One comes from the east, and the mind goes out to the cold gray-blue lake. One from the north, and men think of illimitable spaces of pine lands and maple-clad ridges which lead to the unknown deeps of the arctic woods.

But the third is the west or southwest wind, dry, magnetic, full of smell of unmeasured miles of growing grain in summer, or ripening corn and wheat in autumn. When it comes in winter the air glitters with incredible brilliancy. The snow dazzles and flames in the eyes; deep blue shadows everywhere stream like stains of ink. Sleigh-bells wrangle from early morning till late at night, and every step is quick and alert.

But its greatest moment of domination is spring. The bitter gray wind of the east has held unchecked rule for days, giving place to its brother the north wind only at intervals, till some day in March the wind of the southwest begins to blow. Then the eaves begin to drip. Here and there a fowl (in a house that is really a prison) begins to sing the song it sang on the farm, and toward noon its song becomes a chant of articulate joy.

Then the poor crawl out of their reeking hovels on the south and west sides to stand in the sun—the blessed sun—and felicitate themselves on being alive. Windows of sick-rooms are opened, the merry small boy goes to school without his tippet, and men lay off their long ulsters for their beaver coats. Caps give place to hats, and men and women pause to chat when they meet each other on the street. The open door is the sign of the great change of wind.

There are imaginative souls who are stirred yet deeper by this wind—men like Robert Bloom, to whom come vague and very sweet reminiscences of farm life when the snow is melting and the dry ground begins to appear. To these people the wind comes from the wide unending spaces of the prairie west. They can smell the strange thrilling odor of newly uncovered sod and moist brown ploughed lands. To them it is like the opening door of a prison.

Robert had crawled down town and up to his office high in the *Star* block after a month's sickness. He had resolutely pulled a pad of paper under his hand to write, but the window was open and that wind coming in, and he could not write—he could only dream.

His brown hair fell over the thin white hand which propped his head. His face was like ivory with dull yellowish stains in it. His eyes did not see the mountainous roofs humped and piled into vast masses of brick and stone, crossed and riven by streets, and swept by masses of gray white vapor; they saw a little valley circled by low wooded bluffs—his native town in Wisconsin.

As his weakness grew, his ambition fell away, and his heart turned back to nature and to the simple things he had known in his youth, to the kindly simple people of the olden time. It did not occur to him that the spirit of the country might have changed.

Sitting thus, he had a mighty longing come upon him to give up the struggle, to go back to the simplest life with his wife and two boys. Why should he tread in the mill, when every day was taking the life-blood out of his heart?

Slowly his longing took resolution. At last he drew his desk down, and as the lock clicked it seemed like the shutting of a prison gate behind him.

At the elevator door he met a fellow-editor. "Hello, Bloom! Didn't know you were down to-day."

"I'm only trying it. I'm going to take a vacation for a while."

"That's right, man. You look like a ghost."

He hadn't the courage to tell him he never expected to work there again. His step on the way home was firmer than it had been for weeks. In his white face his wife saw some subtle change.

"What is it, Robert?"

"Mate, let's give it up."

"What do you mean?"

"The struggle is too hard. I can't stand it. I'm hungry for the country again. Let's get out of this."

"Where'll we go?"

"Back to my native town—up among the Wisconsin hills and coulies. Go anywhere, so that we escape this pressure—it's killing me. Let's go to Bluff Siding for a year. It will do me good—may bring me back to life. I can do enough

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special work to pay our grocery bill; and the Merrill place—so Jack tells me—is empty. We can get it for $75 for a year. We can pull through some way."

"Very well, Robert."

"I must have rest. All the bounce has gone out of me, Mate," he said, with sad lines in his face. "Any extra work here is out of the question. I can only shamble around—an excuse for a man."

The wife had ceased to smile. Her strenuous cheerfulness could not hold before his tragically drawn and bloodless face.

"I'll go wherever you think best, Robert. It will be just as well for the boys. I suppose there is a school there?"

"Oh yes. At any rate, they can get a year's schooling in nature."

"Well—no matter, Robert; you are the one to be considered." She had the self-sacrificing devotion of the average woman. She fancied herself hopelessly his inferior.

They had dwelt so long on the crumbling edge of poverty that they were hardened to its threat, and yet the failure of Robert's health had been of the sort which terrifies. It was a slow but steady sinking of vital force. It had its ups and downs, but it was a downward trail, always downward. The time for self-deception had passed.

His paper paid him a meagre salary, for his work was prized only by the more thoughtful readers of the *Star*. In addition to his regular work he occasionally hazarded a story for the juvenile magazines of the East. In this way he turned the antics of his growing boys to account, as he often said to his wife.

He had also passed the preliminary stages of literary success by getting a couple of stories accepted by an Eastern magazine, and he still confidently looked forward to seeing them printed.

His wife, a sturdy, practical little body, did her part in the bitter struggle by keeping their little home one of the most attractive on the West Side, the North Side being altogether too high for them.

In addition, her sorely pressed brain sought out other ways of helping. She wrote out all her husband's stories on the type-writer, and secretly she had tried composing others herself, the results being queer dry little chronicles of the doings of men and women, strung together without a touch of literary grace.

She proposed taking a large house and re-renting rooms, but Robert would not hear to it. "As long as I can crawl about we'll leave that to others."

In the month of preparation which followed he talked a great deal about their venture.

"I want to get there," he said, "just when the leaves are coming out on the trees. I want to see the cherry-trees blossom on the hill-sides. The popple-trees always get green first."

At other times he talked about the people. "It will be a rest just to get back among people who aren't ready to tread on your head in order to lift themselves up. I believe a year among those kind simple people will give me all the material I'll need for years. I'll write a series of studies somewhat like Jefferies'—or Barrie's—only, of course, I'll be original. I'll just take his simple plan of telling about the people I meet and their queer ways, so quaint and good."

"I'm tired of the scramble," he kept breaking out of silence to say. "I don't blame the boys, but it's plain to me they see that my going will let them move up one. Mason cynically voiced the whole thing to-day: 'I can say, "sorry to see you go, Bloom," because your going doesn't concern me. I'm not in line of succession, but some of the other boys don't feel so. There's no divinity doth hedge an editor; nothing but law prevents the murder of those above by those below.'"

"I don't like Mr. Mason when he talks like that," said the wife.

"Well—I don't." He didn't tell her what Mason said when Robert talked about the good simple life of the people in Bluff Siding:

"Oh, bosh, Bloom! You'll find the struggle of the outside world reflected in your little town. You'll find men and women just as hard and selfish in their small way. It 'll be harder to bear, because it will all be so petty and pusillanimous."

It was a lovely day in late April when they took the train out of the great grimy terrible city. It was eight o'clock, but the streets were muddy and wet, a cold east wind blowing off the lake.

With clanging bell the train moved away through the ragged gray formless mob of houses and streets (through which

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railways always run in a city). Men were hurrying to work, and Robert pitied them, poor fellows, condemned to do that thing forever.

In an hour they reached the prairies, already clothed upon faintly with green grass and tender springing wheat. The purple-brown squares reserved for the corn looked deliciously soft and warm to the sick man, and he longed to set his bare foot into it.

The boys were wild with delight. They had the natural love of the earth still in them, and correspondingly cared little for the city. They raced through the cars like colts. They saw everything. Every blossoming plant, every budding tree, was precious to them all.

All day they rode. Toward noon they left the sunny prairie land of northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, and entered upon the hill land of Madison and beyond. As they went north, the season was less advanced, but spring was in the fresh wind and the warm sunshine.

As evening drew on, the hylas began to peep from the pools, and their chorus deepened as they came on toward Bluff Siding, which seemed very small, very squalid, and uninteresting, but Robert pointed at the circling wine-colored wall of hills and the warm sunset sky.

"We're in luck to find a hotel," said Robert. "They burn down every three months."

They were met by a middle-aged man, and conducted across the road to a hotel, which had been a roller-skating rink in other days, and was not prepossessing. However, they were led into the parlor, which resembled the sitting-room of a rather ambitious village home, and there they took seats, while the landlord consulted about rooms.

The wife's heart sank. From the window she could see several of the low houses, and far off the hills which seemed to make the town so small and lonely. She was not given time to shed tears. The children clamored for food, tired and cross.

Robert went out into the office, where he signed his name under the close and silent scrutiny of a half-dozen roughly clad men, who sat leaning against the wall. They looked like working-men to him, but they were dangerous people in Mrs. Bloom's eyes.

The landlord looked at the name as Robert wrote. "Your boxes are all here," he said.

Robert looked up at him in surprise. "What boxes?"

"Your household goods. They came in on No. 9."

Robert recovered himself. He remembered this was a village where everything that goes on—everything—is known.

The stairway rose picturesquely out of the office to the low second story, and up these stairs they tramped to their tiny rooms which were like boxes.

"Oh, mamma, ain't it queer?" cried the boys.

"Supper is all ready," the landlord's soft deep voice announced a few moments later, and the boys responded with whoops of hunger.

They were met by the close scrutiny of every boarder as they entered, and they heard also the muttered comments and explanations.

"Family to take the Merrill house."

"He looks purty well flaxed out, don't he?"

They were agreeably surprised to find everything neat and clean and wholesome. The bread was good, and the butter delicious. Their spirits revived.

"That butter tastes like old times," said Robert. "It's fresh. It's really butter."

They made a hearty meal, and the boys, being filled up, grew sleepy. After they were put to bed, Robert said, "Now, Mate, let's go see the house."

They walked out arm in arm like lovers. Her sturdy form steadied him, though he would not have acknowledged it. The red flush was not yet gone from the west, and the hills still kept a splendid tone of purple-black. It was very clear, and the stars were thick, the wind deliciously soft. "Isn't it still?" Robert almost whispered.

They walked on under the budding trees up the hill, till they came at last to the small frame house set under tall maples and locust-trees, just showing a feathery fringe of foliage.

"This is our home," said Robert.

Mate leaned on the gate in silence. Frogs were peeping. The smell of spring was in the air. There was a magnificent repose in the hour, restful, recreating, impressive.

"Oh, it's beautiful, Robert. I know we shall like it."

"We *must* like it," he said.

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First contact with the people disappointed him. In the work of moving in he had to do with people who work at day's work, and the fault was his more than theirs. He forgot that they did not consider their work degrading. They resented his bossing. The drayman grew rebellious.

"Look a-here, my Christian friend; if you'll go 'long in the house and let us alone it 'll be a good job. We know what we're about."

This was not pleasant, and he did not perceive the trouble. In the same way he got foul of the carpenter and the man who ploughed his garden. Some way his tone was not right. His voice was cold and distant. He generally found that the men knew better than he what was to be done and how to do it; and sometimes he felt like apologizing, but their attitude had changed till apology was impossible.

He had repelled their friendly advances because he considered them (without meaning to do so) as workmen, and not as neighbors. They reported, therefore, that he was cranky and rode a high horse.

"He thinks he's a little tin god on wheels," the drayman said.

"Oh, he'll get over that," said McLane. "I knew the boy's folks years ago—tip-top folks too. He ain't well, and that makes him a little crusty."

"That's the trouble—he thinks he's an upper crust," said Jim Cullen, the drayman.

At the end of ten days they were settled, and nothing remained to do but plan a little garden and—get well. The boys, with their unspoiled natures, were able to melt into the ranks of the village-boy life at once, with no more friction than was indicated by a couple of rough-and-tumble fights. They were sturdy fellows, like their mother, and these fights gave them high rank.

Robert got along in a dull smooth way with his neighbors. He was too formal with them. He met them only at the meat-shop and the post-office. They nodded genially, and said, "Got settled yet?" And he replied, "Quite comfortable, thank you." They felt his coldness. Conversation halted when he came near, and made him feel that he was the subject of their talk. As a matter of fact, he generally was. He was a source of great speculation with them. Some of them had gone so far as to bet he wouldn't live a year. They all seemed grotesque to him, so work-scarred and bent and hairy. Even the men whose names he had known from childhood were queer to him. They seemed shy and distant too, not like his ideas of them.

To Mate they were almost caricatures. "What makes them look so—so 'way behind the times, Robert?"

"Well, I suppose they are," said Robert. "Life in these coulies goes on rather slower than in Chicago. Then there are a great many Welsh and Germans and Norwegians, living 'way up the coulies, and they're the ones you notice. They're not all so." He could be generous toward them in general; it was in special cases where he failed to know them.

They had been there nearly two weeks without meeting any of them socially, and Robert was beginning to change his opinion about them. "They let us severely alone," he was saying one night to his wife.

"It's very odd. I wonder what I'd better do, Robert? I don't know the etiquette of these small towns. I never lived in one before, you know. Whether I ought to call first—and, good gracious, who'll I call on? I'm in the dark."

"So am I, to tell the truth. I haven't lived in one of these small towns since I was a lad. I have a faint recollection that introductions were absolutely necessary. They have an etiquette which is as binding as that of McAllister's Four Hundred, but what it is I don't know."

"Well, we'll wait."

"The *boys* are perfectly at home," said Robert, with a little emphasis on boys, which was the first indication of his disappointment. The people, he had failed to reach.

There came a knock on the door that startled them both. "Come in," said Robert, in a nervous shout.

"Land sakes! did I scare ye? Seem so, way ye yelled," said a high-keyed nasal voice, and a tall woman came in, followed by an equally stalwart man.

"How d'e do, Mrs. Folsom? My wife, Mr. Folsom."

Folsom's voice was lost in the bustle of getting settled, but Mrs. Folsom's voice rose above the clamor. "I was tellin' *him* it was about time we got neighbor-

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ly. I never let anybody come to town a week without callin' on 'em. It does a body a heap o' good to see a face out the family once in a while, specially in a new place. How do you like up here on the hill?"

"Very much. The view is so fine."

"Yes, I s'pose it is. Still, it ain't my notion. I don't like to climb hills well enough. Still, I've heard of people buildin' just *for* the view. It's all in taste, as the old woman said that kissed the cow."

There was an element of shrewdness and self-analysis in Mrs. Folsom which saved her from being grotesque. She knew she was queer to Mrs. Bloom, but she did not resent it. She was still young in form and face, but her teeth were gone, and, like so many of her neighbors, she was too poor to replace them from the dentist's. She wore a decent calico dress and a shawl and hat.

As she talked, her eyes took in every article of furniture in the room, and every little piece of fancy-work and bric-à-brac. In fact, she reproduced the pattern of one of the tidies within two days.

Folsom sat dumbly in his chair. Robert, who met him now as a neighbor for the first time, tried to talk with him, but failed, and turned himself gladly to Mrs. Folsom, who delighted him with her vigorous phrases.

"Oh, we're a-movin', though you wouldn't think it. This town is filled with a lot of old skinflints. Close ain't no name for 'em. Jest ask Folsom thar about 'em. He's been buildin' their houses for 'em. Still, I suppose they say the same thing o' me," she added, with a touch of humor which always saved her. She used a man's phrases. "We're always ready to tax some other feller, but we kick like mules when the tax falls on us," she went on. "My land! the fight we've had to git sidewalks in this town!"

"You should be Mayor."

"That's what I tell Folsom. Takes a woman to clean things up. Well, I must run along. Thought I'd jest call in and see how you all was. Come down when ye kin."

"Thank you, I will."

After they had gone, Robert turned with a smile: "Our first formal call."

"Oh dear, Robert, what can I do with such people?"

"Go see 'em. I like her. She's shrewd. You'll like her too."

"But what can I say to such people? Did you hear her say 'we fellers' to me?"

Robert laughed. "That's nothing. She feels as much of a man, or 'feller,' as any one. Why shouldn't she?"

"But she's so vulgar."

"I admit she isn't elegant, but I think she's a good wife and mother."

"I wonder if they're all like that?"

"Now, Mate, we must try not to offend them. We must try to be one of them."

But this was easier said than done. As he went down to the post-office and stood waiting for his mail like the rest, he tried to enter into conversation with them, but mainly they moved away from him. William McTurg nodded at him and said, "How de do?" and McLane asked how he liked his new place, and that was about all.

He couldn't reach them. They suspected him. They had only the estimate of the men who had worked for him, and while they were civil, they plainly didn't need him in the slightest degree, except as a topic of conversation.

He did not improve as he had hoped to do. The spring was wet and cold, the most rainy and depressing the valley had seen in many years. Day after day the rain clouds sailed in over the northern hills and deluged the flat little town with water, till the frogs sang in every street, till the main street mired down every team that drove into it.

The corn rotted in the earth, but the grass grew tall and yellow-green, the trees glistened through the gray air, and the hills were like green jewels of incalculable worth, when the sun shone, at sweet infrequent intervals.

The cold and damp struck through into the alien's heart. It seemed to prophesy his dark future. He sat at his desk and looked out into the gray rain with gloomy eyes—a prisoner when he had expected to be free.

He had failed in his last venture. He had not gained any power—he was really weaker than ever. The rain had kept him confined to the house. The joy he had anticipated of tracing out all his boyish pleasure haunts was cut off. He had relied, too, upon that as a source of literary power.

He could not do much more than walk down to the post-office and back on the pleasantest days. A few people called, but he could not talk to them, and they did not call again.

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In the mean while his little bank account was vanishing. The boys were strong and happy; that was his only comfort. And his wife seemed strong too. She had little time to get lonesome.

He grew morbid. His weakness and insecurity made him jealous of the security and health of others.

He grew almost to hate the people as he saw them coming and going in the mud, or heard their loud hearty voices sounding from the street. He hated their gossip, their dull jokes. The flat little town grew vulgar and low and desolate to him.

Every little thing which had amused him now annoyed him. The cut of their beards worried him. Their voices jarred upon him. Every day or two he broke forth to his wife in long tirades of abuse.

"Oh, I can't stand these people! They don't know anything. They talk every rag of gossip into shreds. 'Taters, fish, hops; hops, fish, and 'taters. They've saved and pinched and toiled till their souls are pinched and ground away. You're right. They are caricatures. They don't read or think about anything in which I'm interested. This life is nerve-destroying. Talk about the health of the village life! it destroys body and soul. It debilitates me. It will warp us both down to the level of these people."

She tried to stop him, but he went on, a flush of fever on his cheek:

"They degrade the nature they have touched. Their squat little town is a caricature like themselves. Everything they touch they belittle. Here they sit while sidewalks rot and teams mire in the streets."

He raged on like one demented—bitter, accusing, rebellious. In such a mood he could not write. In place of inspiring him, the little town and its people seemed to undermine his power and turn his sweetness of spirit into gall and acid. He only bowed to them now as he walked feebly among them, and they excused it by referring to his sickness. They eyed him each time with pitying eyes. "He's failin' fast," they said among themselves.

One day, as he was returning from the post-office, he felt blind for a moment, and put his hand to his head. The world of vivid green grew gray, and life receded from him into illimitable distance. He had one dim fading glimpse of a shaggy bearded face looking down at him, and felt the clutch of an iron-hard strong arm under him, and then he lost hold even on so much consciousness.

He came back, slowly, rising out of immeasurable deeps toward a distant light which was like the mouth of a well filled with clouds of misty vapor. Occasionally he saw a brown big hairy face floating in over this lighted horizon, to smile kindly and go away again. Others came with shaggy beards. He heard a cheery tenor voice which he recognized, and then another face, a big brown smiling face; very lovely it looked now to him—almost as lovely as his wife's, which floated in from the other side.

"He's all right now," said the cheery tenor voice from the big bearded face.

"Oh, Mr. McTurg, do you think so?"

"Ye-e-s, sir. He's all right. The fever's left him. Brace up, old man. We need ye yit awhile." Then all was silent again.

The well mouth cleared away its mist again, and he saw more clearly. Part of the time he knew he was in bed staring at the ceiling. Part of the time the well mouth remained closed in with clouds.

Gaunt old women put spoons of delicious broth to his lips, and their toothless mouths had kindly lines about them. He heard their high voices sounding faintly.

"Now, Mis' Bloom, jest let Mis' Folsom an' me attend to things out here. We'll get supper for the boys, an' you jest go an' lay down. We'll take care of *him*. Don't worry. Bell's a good hand with sick."

Then the light came again, and he heard a robin singing, and a cat-bird squalled softly, pitifully. He could see the ceiling again. He lay on his back, with his hands on his breast. He felt as if he had been dead. He seemed to feel his body as if it were an alien thing.

"How are you, sir?" called the laughing, thrillingly, hearty voice of William McTurg.

He tried to turn his head, but it wouldn't move. He tried to speak, but his dry throat made no noise.

The big man bent over him. "Want 'o change place a little?"

He closed his eyes in answer.

A giant arm ran deftly under his shoulders and turned him as if he were an infant, and a new part of the good old world burst on his sight. The sunshine streamed in the windows through a wav-

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ing screen of lilac leaves, and fell upon the carpet in a priceless flood of radiance.

There sat William McTurg smiling at him. He had no coat on and no hat, and his bushy thick hair rose up from his forehead like thick marsh grass. He looked to be the embodiment of sunshine and health. Sun and air were in his brown face, and the perfect health of a fine animal was in his huge limbs. He looked at Robert with a smile that brought a strange feeling into his throat. It made him try to speak; at last he whispered.

The great figure bent closer: "What is it?"

"Thank—you."

William laughed a low chuckle. "Don't bother about thanks. Would you like some water?"

A tall figure joined William, awkwardly.

"Hello, Evan!"

"How is he, Bill?"

"He's awake to-day."

"That's good. Anything I can do?"

"No, I guess not. All he needs is somethin' to eat."

"I jest brought a chicken up, an' some jell an' things the women sent. I'll stay with him till twelve, then Folsom will come in."

Thereafter he lay hearing the robins laugh and the orioles whistle, and then the frogs and katydids at night. These men with greasy vests and unkempt beards came in every day. They bathed him, and helped him to and from the bed. They helped to dress him and move him to the window, where he could look out on the blessed green of the grass.

O God, it was so beautiful! It was a lover's joy only to live, to look into these radiant vistas again. A cat-bird was singing in the currant hedge. A robin was hopping across the lawn. The voices of the children sounded soft and jocund across the road. And the sunshine—"Beloved Christ, Thy sunshine falling upon my feet!" His soul ached with the joy of it, and when his wife came in she found him sobbing like a child.

They seemed never to weary in his service. They lifted him about, and talked to him in loud and hearty voices which roused him like fresh winds from free spaces.

He heard the women busy with things in the kitchen. He often saw them loaded with things to eat passing his window, and often his wife came in and knelt down at his bed.

"Oh, Robert, they're so good! They feed us like God's ravens."

One day, as he sat at the window fully dressed for the fourth or fifth time, William McTurg came up the walk.

"Well, Robert, how are ye to-day?"

"First rate, William," he smiled. "I believe I can walk out a little if you'll help me."

"All right, sir."

And he went forth leaning on William's arm, a piteous wraith of a man.

On every side the golden June sunshine fell, filling the valley from purple brim to purple brim. Down over the hill to the west the light poured, tangled and glowing in the bloom of the plum and cherry trees, leaving the glistening grass spraying through the elms, and flinging streamers of pink across the shaven green slopes where the cattle fed.

On every side he saw kindly faces and heard hearty voices: "Good-day, Robert. Glad to see you out again." It thrilled him to hear them call him by his first name.

His heart swelled till he could hardly breathe. The passion of living came back upon him, shaking, uplifting him. His pallid lips moved. His face was turned to the sky.

"O God, let me live! It is so beautiful! O God, give me strength again! Keep me in the light of the sun! Let me see the green grass come and go!"

And his heart went out to his neighbors. Their jocund voices thrilled him. He turned to William with trembling lips, trying to speak:

"Oh, I understand you now. I know you all now."

But William did not understand him.

"There! there!" he said, soothingly. "I guess you're gettin' tired." He led Robert back and put him to bed.

"I d' know but we was a little brash about goin' out," William said to him, as Robert lay there smiling up at him.

"Oh, I'm all right now," the sick man said.

"Matie," the alien cried, when William had gone, "we know our neighbors now, don't we? We never can hate or ridicule them again."

"Yes, Robert. They never will be caricatures again—to me."

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EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

AS the portrait is the most difficult attainment in the art of painting, so the character is the most difficult and the most rare attainment in the art of fiction. By this is not meant the analysis of character, or the inquisition of motives, but the creation of a character. There is an impression, in which some artists share, that a good imitation of nature, or what is called "getting a likeness," is a portrait. In the same way many people think that the writer of a novel has succeeded if he has copied, as to visible traits, a real person, and they are apt to fancy that they know the model that has served the writer. It is true that both the painter and the writer use models, but if they use them slavishly, as copyists would, the result is lifeless. It may seem strained to call a good portrait a creation, but it really is, and it is so because the artist uses his imagination and puts into his work a soul, and the particular soul that belongs to his subject. A mere likeness appeals only to those who know the subject well enough to feel the personality in it, and to be pleased with the resemblance. The few great portraits in the world are universally interesting. The subject may be very humble or very ugly, it may be very noble or very beautiful, but its enduring value is independent of these conditions—it is in its quality as a work of art; and that means, in the last analysis, that it is a work of creative genius. And aside from our admiration of its technical excellence—in fact, it can usually be criticised for some technical failure—we admire it because it is living; that is, it represents life. We feel this as we never do in the flat and pale resemblance of the mere likeness. And so we come round in a circle to say that the highest art gives us the most vivid impression of nature, and this is as true in literature as it is in painting and sculpture. In fiction and in painting the greatest triumphs are in the presentation of a vivid personality.

It is true to say that modern fiction deals more with experience than with character. The novelist is more concerned with certain ideas or views of life, with his own experiences—got too often at second hand from other novels—than with the creation of characters in which life can be seen without his explanations. When we refer to certain great works of fiction we always think of their defined and vivid characters, which take their places in history as visible to our minds as any people who ever lived, whereas in most recent novels we find mostly an attempt to set forth ideas or a state of society, and in thinking of them we recall the study of motives, the sketch of traits, incidents of daily life, stopping short of adventure, and the more or less wide and knowing comments of the author. These are, to be sure, the raw materials of fiction, but until they are embodied in personality, in characters, they fail to create perfect illusion. The novelist who has not creative genius, or is too lazy to represent life in characters, sometimes resorts to ear-marks, or names them by label or some trick of phrase or gait. But so little are the characters realized by the author or felt by the reader that the speech of one might be taken for that of another, and is not at all distinguishable in page after page of level dialogue. To avoid this sameness of utterance resort is had to dialect—for so bad spelling and defective grammar are often named. Play-writers have an advantage, for their characters are visibly represented, and can be distinguished by their voices and peculiarities of manner and dress, but they also often resort to the inartistic expedient of catchwords and repeated phrases. It is true that a given society of people use substantially the same language; that is, well-bred people speak in one way, and illiterate people in another way. The great difficulty of the novelist is to distinguish by their speech persons using substantially the same language. But no two persons do converse in the same way; the distinctions between them may be fine, but they are always recognized, for they come out of the character, which is never repeated. This fine discrimination, in dialogue as well as in action, can never be attained by a writer until he dramatically realizes his character, and is then truthful to his conception.

We talk a great deal about novels being

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true to life, but can we think of any novel that is true to the universal apprehension, and that has passed from generation to generation, that does not owe its life to its vivid characters? We are now in an era of *tendenz* novels, of social tracts in which we attempt to manipulate ideas by the use of puppets; but is it possible to show life and human nature except incarnated? There are fictions that are entertaining, like those of Wilkie Collins—did he ever create any character except Count Fosco?—where the interest is that of a puzzle, and all probabilities of the action of the men and women introduced are sacrificed without scruple for the sake of the complicated plot. But the majority of readers, we are convinced, like the good old-fashioned novels of "characters" which are actual individual creations, in whose society they pass delighted hours, following them with sympathy through all their trials, perils, and adventures, because they seem to live, because the women are lovely or hateful, and the men heroic or mean—at any rate, persons who attract our interest profoundly while we are with them. It certainly is not a good novel, however "bright" the author may be, in which we are indifferent to the fate of the persons introduced. If the author cannot make us in love with his heroine, or at least feel that attraction for her that we had for Beatrice Esmond, he has failed. Alas, we read the story in many a volume of recent fiction with admiration for the style and skill of the writer, and without caring any more what becomes of the people to whom we are introduced than the author cared. The power to create characters that shall interest the world we do not believe has departed from the writing tribe, and whenever it is exhibited it will have, as it has always had, its great reward. Whether such characters can be created by industry without genius, without the creative imagination, by a laborious compilation of observed traits and manners, is another question.

Most great novelists who have created personalities universally recognized have been accused of taking their character from some known individual. People like to look around among their acquaintances and find the originals. But this mistake about the novelist arises from the popular notion that art is a copy of life. The account that the novelist gives is that he of course uses the materials that he sees, and that anybody may see, that every creation is suggested to him by some living persons, and that his imagination works upon this suggestion, until finally he has a conception of a fictitious person that stands for a certain type of human nature, but that he did not, as has been supposed, take a snap likeness with a camera.

II.

"In winter prepare for summer." This is a reversal of industrial conditions common with us, but it is what they do in Bermuda. Life and business rather stagnate in the warm months, and the inhabitants live on what they have accumulated in the season when the tourist arrives with money, and requires the service of boatmen and gardeners, fills the hotels and boarding-houses, and buys at the shops the importations from the United States and England. If he fails to find the characteristic native spoon or other knick-knack, he can have it on the arrival of the next steamer from New York. The stranger, if he is not connected with the military or naval service of Great Britain, is pretty certain to be from the United States. In fact, Bermuda is an American winter resort. The Yankee, having got money and leisure, and the attendant ill health, is now looking for a good winter climate. This he searches the world over. In every genial clime he is found loitering about, enjoying himself, and grumbling at the want of progress. He has more money than any one else, and everywhere he goes he raises the prices, and raises also extravagant notions in the minds of the natives of the wealth and the ease of getting a living in America. Bermuda suits him uncommonly well, and but for the two to three days of nasty water between New York and Hamilton, he would overrun these fascinating islands. By so short a voyage in no other direction can he get so completely out of the world, or be so protected from the disturbances of modern life. With a mail once a week, and a cable to Halifax that expensively dribbles only little items of British so-called news, which may wait a week to get into type, he is removed from most of the unrest of the world. The greatest feeling of peace, and the one of which he oftenest speaks, arises from the absence of American newspapers. The drunkard who is denied his hourly dram, and com-

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pelled to sober off on soda-water, can appreciate this withdrawal of the artificial stimulation of the newspaper. In Bermuda the tourist has some conception of what life would be in repose and serenity, without the exciting and intoxicating draught of the daily and almost hourly journal. Fed once a week by all that it is essential or useful to know, he has a chance to think for himself, and to get a connected notion of the relative value of events. He sees that the passion for indiscriminate news, for printed rumors and alarms, is most demoralizing to the mind. Perhaps, however, the real American, whose life is set to the key of excitement, only enjoys this as a new sensation, and would tire of it in time, as he tires of everything else. In such a reposeful and uneventful place one would not expect to find the disease of nervous prostration, which is usually attributed to our overstrained life. But the inhabitants here are subject to it. This suggests the probability that this disease is in the nature of a world epidemic, and not dependent upon any local conditions of worry.

Some enthusiastic sojourners go so far as to say that the winter climate of the Bermudas is heavenly. If the inhabitants could export it, and the United States did not lay a duty on it (which they probably would, either McKinley in the interest of the ice-men, or Wilson in the interest of the grangers), they would get rich. Their other resources are small. The weather, however, is a different thing from the climate. About that there is only one certain thing, and that is its uncertainty. It will rain with little warning, and it will clear off into a brilliant sky and laughing waters with less; the wind will blow, veering from one quarter to another with irresponsible fickleness; a charming morning will bring showers, and a cloudy sunrise or sunset a day of beauty or a night of splendor. But in all this there is a certain moderation; the climate holds firm, the rain and the wind bring little change of temperature, and the thermometer has a small range, the nights being very little cooler than the days. In March, which is perhaps the most disturbed and fickle month, the average of the thermometer is 62° to 72° Fahrenheit. The effect of this is great content and peace of mind. The Englishman likes the weather because it gives him an excuse for carrying an umbrella, and he is educated to an insular state of things. The American likes it also. He carries at home the burden of a continental climate, with its enormous vicissitudes and anxieties, and it is a relief to be where there is no weather bureau, and where one would be useless. These little heaps of lime rocks, covered here and there with a thin soil, guarded from approach on the west and north by a circular reef where the coral insects once worked, are set in mid-ocean, out of the great highways of commerce, but warmed by the Gulf Stream, and infrequently visited by violent storms.

These hills of limestone have been formed by sand blowing up from the disintegrating reefs, and the islands have been worn into fantastic shapes and eaten away by the action of the water. The attention of the traveller is at first attracted by the colors of the waters as he approaches land, and in the innumerable bays and inner sounds. The blue reminds him of the Mediterranean, where the Mediterranean is at its best; but among the islands the blue changes to emerald as vivid as the Pope's ring, to Tyrian purple, to a blending of purple and maroon in the shallow bays, while if he looks across any wide stretch of it there is an iridescent appearance, a shimmering of shifting colors like changeable silk, only the colors seem more solid, and one doubts whether they are sky reflections, and not solid colors of the bottom seen through the transparent water. For the water at a great depth is absolutely transparent. On the eastern coast of Sicily, below Taormina, are seen just such wonderful colors along the shore, just such sparkling blue in the sun, and there it is associated with ages of romance and adventure, with suggestions of treasure wrecked along the coast in the galleys of Phœnicia and Greek voyagers. It is here difficult to believe that these brilliant colors are not inherent in the water, and the fancy is quickened by some of the fish that sport in these halcyon seas. One of these is the angel-fish, flat and oval in form, of a cerulean blue, with two long streamers edged with yellow, apparently one of the happiest, as he is one of the most graceful, of all marine inhabitants. Another is the parrot-fish, a larger animal, so called from his colors of green and brown, who moves about vigorously with his long fins, that imitate in their

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motion the stroke and recover of the Yale boat crew. His head is brown, his back is vivid green in shining scales, and his tail is brown again, with fine shadings of green. He knows that he is one of the handsomest of swimming things. They have a fancy here for keeping fish remarkable for beauty of color or oddity of shape in deep enclosed pools along the shore. These salt aquaria rival the gardens in attraction. One of them is called the Devil's Hole, and is a public show. In this deep pool, sunken in the rock, live several hundred groupers, a fish with no more distinction than a cod, crowded together, and apparently always hungry. They have big heads and enormous mouths, which are blood-red inside, and when they are packed together, standing on their tails, with open mouths lifted out of the water in expectation of the bread which is thrown to them, they present in their ravenous obtrusiveness as disgusting a sight as can anywhere be seen. We had an impression that this must be the Washington of the islands, where all the politicians were standing on their tails with their mouths wide open. This is enough to say about the groupers.

The first impression of the islands to one expecting a semitropical appearance is disappointing on account of the cedar. This is the prevailing tree; indeed, all the islands are covered with this scraggy foliage. The trees for the most part are small, and suggest to us a Northern latitude and a poor soil. It is true that they are Southern cedars, which originally drifted over from Florida, and some people might try to call them cypress, and give them a botanical juniper flavor; but to us they are Northern, and in such contrast to the cerulean waters and soft blue skies and genial atmosphere that we are not easily reconciled to them. Yet they are the only thing that seems to be native to the land. Every other tree and shrub has an exotic appearance—even the mangroves, which grow in the salt marshes, putting down their branches and dropping their long seeds, loaded at one end, into the slime, and creating an impenetrable thicket, and finally land. It is, indeed, called the continent-maker. Palms grow here of several sorts, sago, palmetto, cabbage, and date, but they are little more than specimens. The bananas of small and fairly good variety flourish, but not in quantities sufficient to supply the wants of the islands. The oranges and lemons have succumbed to the scale, and the few other semitropical fruits are of no consequence. The islands are at times brilliant with various flowers, but not in the vigor or profusion of southern California. Very fine indeed are the great fields of lilies in bloom (the export of the bulbs is one of the industries of the islands), and occasionally great fields of scarlet amaryllis excite the imagination like a compact regiment of redcoats. Brilliant also are the tall hedges of scarlet hibiscus, and everywhere the oleander grows wild in profusion. Much more might be made out of the islands in the way of gardens and small fruits if there were more good farmers and horticulturists and more enterprise; but Bermuda is a sort of child of the sea, and looks beyond the horizon for help. Upon many things there is a sort of blight, at least periodic, and it has even fallen upon the pungent onion and the potato, so that the anxiety of a short crop in these great staples is added to the worry about the American tariff.

III.

After all, it is the winter-time, the season when vegetation rests, or desires to rest. The deciduous trees are leafless; the grass is brown and sere. The cultivated fields have a little the appearance of being flogged into vitality. They will bear two crops a year if fertilized and forced, but they do it reluctantly, and not in the winter-time with the exuberant vigor and wealth of increase of summer. Nature likes to take her own time, even in the land of genial skies and equal temperature. About potatoes nature is rather on the side of the American tariff, and says that if you will have potatoes out of season you must pay for them. The winter crop, owing to rain and cloudy weather, is subject to mildew and blight, and it is much smaller than the summer crop from the same ground. It is therefore an expensive crop to raise, and so the Bermuda farmers say that the tariff tinkers who put an *ad valorem* duty on potatoes (having in mind perhaps only the inferior and less costly vegetable of Canada) make it impossible for the growers any longer to force Nature to produce them on these islands. It is a piece of ingratitude also. Have the Bermudians

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not always been the friends of the Virginians, and did not they repeatedly aid them in their early struggles on the James? How many leading names are prominent in both countries! When Sir George Somers was wrecked here (wrecking has always been a pastime of these smiling islands), and built cedar ships and went on his way to Virginia, his colony was more than once in want of corn and other provisions. Did not Sir George look to Bermuda to supply them? Is there no such thing as sentiment, to say nothing of gratitude, between nations?

Bermuda, though in reality only an English military and naval outpost and point of observation, is largely within the circle of this United States influence, and to a considerable extent dependent upon that spreading republic. Its prosperity has always much rested upon the United States. During the late civil war it grew rich rapidly. Its harbors were white with shipping; the town of St. George swarmed with enterprising mariners, capitalists, and adventurers; it was the mart of an enormous trade; goods and munitions of war were piled on its wharfs; the days were full of excitement, and the nights of mirth, and of the luxury and reckless enjoyment that come of wealth suddenly plucked out of danger. If the war had lasted long enough, the streets of St. George might have been paved with gold. It now lies in the sun, in the midst of the jewelled seas, in the historic dignity of an abandoned whale-ship. And yet it is not deserted. The Americans are there in the character of "boarders," of another sort than those that formerly took ship there. And so it is to the Americans again that the islands are owing their modicum of prosperity. The town of Hamilton is, however, the favorite resort of these seekers after a better country. It is the American who fills its great hotels, patronizes its shops, rolls about the islands on the white, solid, perfect roads in the innumerable easy one-horse carriages, and eats the imported fruit and the Chicago beef. Of course this is merely ornamental, and furnishes a sort of transient business and gives a circulating medium, the real basis of the islands being the money brought here by the English government to sustain the regiment of troops and the naval station. And the Bermudians like the Americans, and consider their paper money quite as good as gold; and the Americans like the hospitable Bermudians, and praise their climate and their superb drives (some of them cut in the rocks along the sea and through the hills by convict labor in the beginning of the century), and they try to like the tasteless semitropical fruits.

Now and then a restless American complains that the Bermudians are slow. It must be confessed that they are behind us in some things. I cannot learn that they have a good fire department. The reason of this may be that they have very few fires. There is very little to burn. The islands are not only founded on a rock, they are built up of rock. Every house, even the least, is built of stone, with a stone roof. It is almost literally true that a man desiring to build may dig the stones for his dwelling out of his cellar. It is cut out with a long chisel, and sawed into blocks of any required size, and it cuts as easily as skim-milk cheese, but hardens on exposure. Houses and roofs are constantly whitewashed, and the effect among the green cedars or the banana plantations is not unpleasing. All the water used is caught on the roofs, or on stone concave platforms constructed for the purpose, and stored in cisterns. Much rain is needed for this supply, and it is forth-coming. The islands are therefore too damp for invalids who do not require dampness, but the roads dry immediately after a shower, and mud and overshoes are both practically unknown.

The fifteen thousand inhabitants are more than half black, or rather mulattoes. Comment upon their condition should not be made without longer observation than the writer has given to it, but it is obvious that the race is more self-respecting than it is in some other places, and that it has in many ways made progress during its sixty years of emancipation. Almost everybody speaks good and correct English, and one hears little of what we call negro dialect. This is due no doubt to the schools. There are no mixed schools, and the negro schools are taught by their own color. Most of the public or Board schools are negro. They are under the supervision of an inspector, but also are looked after by the rectors of the parishes of the Established English Church. The catechism is taught in them. and the prayer-book will be found on the desk of the teacher. This care of the Church seems to be salutary, and to con-

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duce to respectability. The negroes have also Methodist churches, but a large proportion of them belong to the English communion. The conditions are not favorable to their owning land—they were turned loose from slavery, as ours were, with nothing but their freedom — and I fancy that in point of thrift they have much the happy-go-lucky character of the race elsewhere. They are boatmen and drivers and washers and doers of odd jobs. The whites complain that it is difficult to get good servants. One of the teachers whom I saw trying to start a Board school—the Board will not recognize a school until it numbers fifteen regular attendants — and getting from her scholars a penny a day, is a washer-woman, and lends a helping hand at "waiting" occasionally. They have only a faint ambition to see more of the world, though many would seek the United States if they could raise money enough for the steamer fare. My boatman confided to me that he did not intend to marry until he had seen something of the rest of the world. "My desires is," he said, "to see the world. I mean to go to the United States; I hear a good deal 'bout that. And if I don't like that, I shall go to Boston. If I don't like that, I sha'n't look any further. I shall come home."

IV.

The superstitious might say that these islands have the fatal dower of beauty. Their history began with shipwrecks. They were for a long time a penal settlement; convicts made the roads, while slaves toiled on the plantations. And now war uses them as one of its stations in the great international game of suspicion and grab. There were no inhabitants when the Spaniards discovered the islands in 1515, nor until the irregular arrival of Sir George Somers in 1609. Los Diabolos is the name the Spaniards gave them. The first settlers were a turbulent and piratical lot, and a part of the occupation of the first Governors seems to have been hanging them. New England contributed some enslaved Pequots to the population, and their features, it is said, can still be traced in the colored race. The islands have had several industries—first buccaneering, then agriculture, then ship-building and the carrying trade for the West Indies, then blockade-running, and finally the diminishing export of onions and potatoes, and the entertainment of winter visitors. But the beauty of water, sky, and picturesque shores still remains, and while there is little existence of enterprise, there is little poverty. Indeed, there is much content. And content is great gain.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of April.—Elections held in various States in March and April showed large Republican gains. There were fatal encounters during elections at Troy on March 6th, and in Chicago and Kansas City April 2d. President Cleveland, on March 30th, vetoed the Bland seigniorage bill, providing for the coinage of all the silver bullion in the Treasury.

Riots and bloodshed occurred in South Carolina, March 30th to April 2d, through the attempt of Governor R. B. Tillman to enforce the dispensary law. Riots broke out in the coke regions near Uniontown, Pennsylvania, on April 4th. Six persons were killed.

The Brazilian revolution ended in the arrival in the harbor of Rio, March 10th, of the armed fleet purchased in the United States by President Peixotto. The insurgent leaders took refuge on Portuguese men-of-war, and afterwards fled to Portugal. On March 1st Senhores Prudente Moraes and Manoel Pereira, candidates of the Constitutional party, were elected President and Vice-President of Brazil by large majorities.

The Queen's speech, read before Parliament on March 12th, recommended the disestablishment of the Church in Wales. The new budget provided for the expenditure of £17,366,100 on the British navy during the coming year. Oxford won the annual boat-race with Cambridge on March 17th.

DISASTERS.

March 20th.—Twenty persons were killed and much damage done by tornadoes in Texas.

March 21st.—Twenty men engaged in removing a sunken wreck at Santander, Spain, were killed by an explosion of dynamite.

OBITUARY.

March 20th.—At Turin, Italy, Louis Kossuth, aged ninety-two years.

March 26th.—At Washington, Senator Alfred Colquitt, of Georgia, aged seventy years.

March 28th.—At New York, George Ticknor Curtis, aged eighty-two years.

April 2d.—At Paris, Charles Édouard Brown-Séquard, aged seventy-seven years.

April 12th.—At New York, David Dudley Field, aged eighty-nine years.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

OUR SUBURBAN FRIENDS.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

YOUR suburban friend is usually one of the young women with whom in earlier and happier days you have sat out dances, and warned against platonic friendships with other men, and the futility of hoping that work in the slums and the organizing of sewing classes are going to make her life a full and a happy one. This young person always decided in the end that you are right, and tells you so in a pretty note which arrives two days before her engagement is announced in the papers, and in which she adds that she has told James, or Ted, or whatever his ugly name happens to be, so much about you that he is good enough to wish to know you, and will you not visit them when they are finally settled? She is uncertain, owing to Ted's income, as to whether they intend living in apartments or in Morristown; but wherever their home is, you are welcome, and there will always be a guest-chamber ready for you. She has decided to furnish it in pink. After a young man has pictured himself established in a mansion on the Avenue, to which he and the young person of the

"SIX WHITE TIES AND NO STUDS."

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first part alone hold a key, a solitary chamber in a suburban villa some forty minutes distant by train from New York city fails to arouse him. And even the fact that the wall-paper and the ribbons around the window curtains are to be pink is not enough to awaken any particular delight. When there are many more pink guest-chambers scattered all along the Long Island shore and through the wilds of New Jersey, the young man begins to feel lonely and ill used, and gives up educating young women for other men to carry into the wilderness, and takes to fingering the back of his head tenderly to discover if he is growing bald. But his old friend does not forget her promise, and in time another note comes, with the rustic and fantastic name of her new home stamped at the top of the page, and with the information given below that the pink room is ready, and that Ted will meet you at the ferry and will see you safely on the right train. There is probably a dinner on in New York on the same evening she mentions, to which you would prefer to go, and there are several other things later which you had meant to attend, but you remember your old friendship sentimentally, and delude yourself with the hope that an evening quietly spent in the country will be good for your nerves. So you wait at your office until it is time to take the train, and meet Ted at Thirty-fourth Street. He gives you a ferry ticket and an afternoon paper, and reads another himself until you reach Long Island City, when he takes your bag and hurries you into a chair car, where he knows every one and where every one knows him, and even the conductor calls him by name, until you begin to feel like an intruder. Ted tries to put you more at your ease by telling you, with some awe, who the different people are as they come in, describing them as, "The president of our improvement society," or, "The champion player in our tennis club; he and that man in the second seat won the doubles last summer." The other passengers call across the car to one another, and say, "I didn't see you on the 8.20 this morning," or, "Your wife asked me if I met you in town to tell you not to forget the salted almonds," or, "Has anybody seen my sister? She came in to the matinée to-day on the 11.30, and I was to have met her at the ferry, but I only got there just in time to jump on the boat." Then some one suggests that she is possibly in the forward car, and another man asks the conductor what made the nine-o'clock express late that morning; and then all the gentlemen take out their watches and compare them with the one the conductor carries, and he treats them with officious condescension. Not being a commuter, you feel as though you had forced yourself into a private car, and clutch your ticket closely to reassure yourself that you have at least a legal right on the premises.

When you reach your station, Ted gives you some of his packages to carry, and goes back to the baggage-car for more, and finds he has forgotten one of them, at which his wife —who looks very well in the front of the cart —chides him for his forgetfulness in a superior manner, which is intended to show you how well he is trained. Then you take your place beside her, and say how delightful the country is, and what a change from the noise of the city; and you stop at the post-office, and later at the general grocery store, and again at the baker's, and the little groom in whip-cord and large brown gloves jumps down at each place, and stores packages away under the back seat and around your legs; and Ted asks if they are in your way, and you say, "Oh no; not at all." They allow you to enjoy the scenery undisturbed for a few minutes, while Ted asks if "that man" came to fix the kitchen range, and did Patrick get the snow-shovel, and what is the matter with the horse's near fore leg that makes him limp that way. You try to interest them in some of their old friends you had seen at a dance the night previous, or in the last amusing mistake of the City Club, and in the anxiety in New York over the tardy arrival of an overdue ocean steamer; and they listen with a far-away polite smile; and whisper, as a dog-cart whirls past: "That's the second time she has driven him from the station this week. If I were his wife I would meet him myself." And Ted nods grimly, and points out the excellence of the road-bed over which you are moving, and tells you just how much he is taxed to support it, and that they are going to have electric lights soon, instead of gasoline. The autumn leaves fall sadly by the side of the road, and all the prettier villas disappear, and you are left wondering as to how much further from civilization they are going to take you, while they discuss the obvious ostentation of the Browns in having two men on the box, and the good thing Jones made out of the sale of his polo ponies. You begin to wonder if this is the haughty young woman who scorned the gossip of a great city, and who used to take you to task for not making the most of yourself. The sun has gone down, and little lights come out from houses set back from the road, which has grown lumpy and full of ruts, so that you are tossed and bumped about; and you think, as the wind cuts in under the lap-robe, that at that hour in New York you would be lazily considering whether or not you had not better leave the club and go home to dress, and that you would have nothing before you for the evening but a succession of amusing things, each within a few blocks distance of the others, and all of so trifling a nature that you could throw them all over if you so pleased and go comfortably to bed. You wake up out of this at the gate, and a maidservant takes your bag, and you stand gloomily on the porch and look out over the frosty lawn at the moon rising behind the bare branches. "There is a

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fine view from here in the daytime," they tell you, and, "You ought to see it from the back porch in summer when the leaves are on the trees." You find, when you go to dress, that your man has carefully given you six white ties and no studs, or possibly your choice of three pairs of trousers and two shoes for the same foot, and you have to stop, after a hot angry scramble through your valise, and go out into the hall half dressed and call for Ted to borrow a stud or a hair-brush. She tells you, when you come down stairs, that she had asked two such pretty girls to dinner, but that the Whist Club met at their house that night, and their mother would not let them off. You say, with disdain, that you came out to see her, and not her neighbors, and then wonder why you should feel conscious of a distinct sense of resentment against the Whist Club, and remember the days when you would have been rude to any other girls, no matter how pretty, had they interfered between you and her. But Ted was not at the head of the table then. After dinner he asks you to excuse him while he runs over to see a man with whom he is working on the Hunt Club ball committee, and who is their nearest neighbor, and lives only half a mile down the road. When he is gone she settles herself on the cushions of the divan and reads you a lecture on the advantages of a married life, unobtrusively using the surroundings as a proof of what she says, and you say, "Yes, indeed," with a sigh, and say how pretty and homelike and like her it all is—the open fire and the rugs and furs, and the photographs of her former friends and rivals, the diplomats and the German officers, the English professional beauties, and the groups of Americans taken at Homburg and Newport. You say that nothing could be prettier or more full of content, and at that moment you start as the whistle of a locomotive shrieks from the station far away, and you say to yourself, with a thrill of envy, "Only forty minutes from now and those happy people in that train will be at Thirty-fourth Street, and with two full hours of entertainment and pleasure still before them!" and you again see the wide-open chair in the club, or some one's ballroom filled with pretty girls with no husbands, or Carmencita dancing through a veil of good tobacco smoke at the Vaudeville. And then, as Ted is to take the 8.20, you go up to your little pink room, and assure them that you have everything you want, and lie awake half the night listening to the dogs barking outside, and trying to read *Lucille* or a six-months-old magazine, which they have thoughtfully left on the table beside your bed.

Your suburban friends cannot understand it when you do not come out to the Hunt Ball a few weeks later, or to stop with them over Sunday, which they think must be such a dull day in town, and they accuse you, in tones of dignified reproach, of having given up your old friends for new, and so make you feel ashamed of yourself.

But they are not fair, for it is not you who are the deserter. You may still be found in your usual haunts, and the address on your card-plate is unchanged. The fault lies at the door of the suburban exile. If they prefer the free open life of the country and a house of their own and a pair of horses to a flat on a side street, they are wise to leave New York behind them; but the difficulty is that they want their friends who are content to live on the side streets also, and they will not see that they cannot have both. They might reply to this that the friend who is not willing to make a little exertion necessary to see them is not worthy the name of friend. But why should they not make the same exertion to see him? It would be such an unusual event in one's life and such a pleasant surprise if Ted sent you word up town that they would like you to dine with them at Delmonico's at seven, and go with them later to the play. The trains run just as frequently to New York as from it. And as Ted and his wife journey towards the city in evening dress in the five-o'clock express, and leave the theatre before the last curtain falls that they may catch the owl-train back, and cross the ferry at night and arrive at home at near one in the morning, it is likely that they will exclaim together, "A friendship that cannot stand a little inconvenience such as we have had is no friendship at all," or would they say, "I will never go through *that* again for all the old friends, living or dead"?

You should think of this, you young married people, before you give up the idea of an apartment, for you cannot have your cakes and ale and enjoy them later, and he who ventures beyond the North and East rivers for fresh air and golf clubs, leaves his friends behind.

A POLITICAL EXPERIENCE.

A CANDIDATE for office was so sorely beset by undesirable visitors that after much patient suffering he gave orders to the servants to deny admittance to all callers save his personal friends. How well the order was carried out he soon had evidence. The bell rang, and the maid, upon opening the front door, was confronted by a body of "delegates" from a "willing" constituency, when the candidate overheard the following colloquy:

"Is Mr. C—— at home?" said the leader.

"He is not," returned the maid.

"When will he be in?"

"Are ye personal friends of his?"

"Well—no," said the leader; "but—"

"Then he's *never* comin' back." And the door was closed with a bang.

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HEROES.

I.—THE BOYS' HERO.

The lad who starts in life as poor as any small
church mouse;
Who has a hard step-mother who will keep him in
the house;
Who runs away, and meets a man who takes him by
the hand,
And tries to make him fit to lead a wicked pirate
band;

Who winks his eye, and learns a lot about the pirate
crew;
Becomes, indeed, their leader, but whose principles
are true,
And gives his followers away to him they wish to
rob—
I think boys like him better if his name be Jack or
Bob;

Who jumps into a raging sea and saves a drowning
girl,
Whose father, as it chances, is a haughty noble earl;
Who goes to conflagrations with a little water-pail,
And takes a hand just when the engines seem about
to fail;

Who goes to war with nothing but a dagger made
of steel,
And with it forces thousands of his enemies to reel;
Or who, perchance, sells papers in a so attractive way
That he becomes a millionaire in one year and a day;

Whom nothing daunts—this hero true the school-boy
much enthralls—
Who if 'twas necessary could swim up Niag'ra Falls;
And when his father's 'bout to taste a bitter galling
cup,
Appears upon the scene in time to pay the mort-
gage up;

Who then goes back and weds the child of him they
call the earl,
The loveliest of all her sex, a truly perfect girl;
Then sits him down in comfort, full of honor and true
worth,
And seems to all mankind to be the finest man on
earth.

II.—THE GIRLS' HERO.

The lad who doesn't run away because he cannot
stand
The ways of his step-mother with her rude, ungentle
hand,
But stays at home to cheer his dad, and mitigate the
strife
That he must suffer from the one he's taken for a wife;

Who earns two dollars every day by writing poetry
That no one knows is writ by him, but which all men
can see
Is finer verse than Milton ever wrote, excelled by none
Save one or two small verses by the immortal Ten-
nyson;

Who could save folks from drowning if the chance
should e'er arise;
Whose words are few, and always of the wisest of
the wise;
Who, spite of all temptations to wed handsome
wealthy girls,
Prefers some little freckled maid with pretty yellow
curls;

Who's always saying noble things, like "I am here!"
and "Hold!"
"You cannot buy my conscience, nay! for all your
store of gold";
Who gives away to those who need, no matter what
his store,
And says, "Take all I've got; I weep because I have
no more";

Who grows to manly stature with a pallor on his
face,
And walks into a drawing-room with really won-
drous grace;
Who never reads or says a thing that strikes the
girls as trash,
And settles down to happiness and twirls a brown
mustache.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

DANGERS OF CHICKEN-RAISING.

An elderly man and a young man were sitting on the veranda conversing.

"Yes," said the young man, "I am going into chicken-farming. I am convinced that there is no business in the world in which there is more money to be made. I have figured on it, and think I know what I can do. Why, look at the way they increase. In four or five years I—"

"My friend," said the old man, "I have had experience in the business. Be warned; do not embark in it. You know not what you do."

"What!" said the young man; "have you tried it and failed?"

"I mean to tell you that I tried it and gave it up," answered the other. "I got ten hens, intending to get rich, as you purpose doing. I installed them in a coop and awaited returns. But before they had laid an egg I happened to pick up a pencil and a bit of paper and do some calculating. At a low estimate I saw that each of my hens could raise three broods the first summer. Allowing for one bad egg in each sitting, there would be twelve chicks to each brood. Calling half of them pullets, this would give six to each brood, or 18 to each hen for the season, or 180 for the entire flock. Adding my original ten, I would have 190 hens at the end of the first summer. Figuring at the same ratio, I saw that I would have 3610 at the end of the second summer. I was encouraged, and went on to find that I would have 68,590 when the third summer closed. I sharpened my pencil, and bent over my paper with feverish interest. The fourth summer, I discovered, would leave me with 1,303,210 likely hens. When the autumn leaves of the fifth dying summer should swirl about me I would have 24,760,990 cacklers. Another year of joys and sorrows—my sixth—would find me surrounded by 470,458,810 live and enterprising hens. Once again, when the seventh summer should fade into glorious autumn, I found that a matter of 8,938,717,390 distinct hens and a rooster or two would be with me in the gallinaceous flesh. The inspiring figures for the eighth year I have forgotten, as, likewise, I have those of the ninth. I only know I found that at the end of ten years I would have more prime hens than there was space for on the surface of the globe, counting the arctic regions, and supposing roosts across all rivers and twenty fowls in each tree. I was dumfounded. But I did not hesitate. I saw what I owed to the human race. I seized an axe and hurried to the coop. My boy, I loved those hens, but I loved humanity more; and I led them to the block like a Spartan, and chopped off their heads. I breathed more freely when it was all over, and the horrible vision was gone of the whole earth four feet deep in hens, and every blessed one of them cackling. Young man, do not go into the chicken business; it leads to awful things."

The young man started up. "Great Cæsar!" he exclaimed. "I won't. I did not realize what I was doing."

H. C.

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AN ANALOGY.

"Doesn't it seem a pity to cut these just to decorate a room? They only wither and die."

"Well, they'll wither and die anyhow; and for my part, I hope that when I wither and die it will be after having been plucked from the parent stem to decorate a household."

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A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.

BOBBIE. "Pop had a great time while you were away."

MRS. BINGO. "He did? What did he do?"

BOBBIE. "Well, he came home early the day after you left, and then a lot of things came from the store."

MRS. BINGO. "Were there any bottles?"

BOBBIE. "You just wait. About eight o'clock four men came in. Then pop cleared off the library table, brought out some cards and some red, white, and blue things, and they began to play. There was a side table with some bottles on it, and about ten o'clock they had a dandy lunch."

MRS. BINGO. "They did, did they? Well, Bobbie, how did you find this out? You ought to have been in bed."

BOBBIE. "Yes, 'm; they thought I was, but I was outside the door all the time until the lunch came in, and then I just couldn't stand it."

MRS. BINGO. "And did you know what those dreadful men were playing?"

BOBBIE. "Of course. Poker."

MRS. BINGO (*her eyes gleaming*). "That will do, Bobbie. But how is it you have told me this? Usually when anything your papa has done before comes to me, it has not been through you."

BOBBIE. "Well, mamma, I wouldn't have told you this time if pop hadn't acted so when I came down stairs."

MRS. BINGO. "Why, he didn't whip you, did he?"

BOBBIE. "Oh, no, 'm! But he wouldn't let me come into the game." TOM MASSON.

WHY WARD WEPT.

IT was on a day when Ward and Gwynn and Arthur and Milford and Jim were all discharged together. Usually only two were discharged at a time, which was much more convenient, since, with three employed, all five could keep the wolf from the door. Being all discharged at the same time put them in a dilemma, and they held council on the sidewalk in front of the office. Money was needed, as the hostelries of the neighborhood had grown strangely cold. Time was when mine host would not only provide unlimited refreshment and cigars, but would also, on occasion, lend a few dollars. Ward, who was expert in obtaining loans, owed every house of entertainment within a quarter of a mile of the office at least ten dollars for cash borrowed, and the others were as much in arrears as they possibly could get.

Money, therefore, was necessary for the day's entertainment, for men must eat, though they are out of work and sad at heart.

So they consulted. The religious editor was not to be thought of. He had just returned from a week's spree, and had tried to borrow a quarter from the bootblack on the corner. The military editor was away at camp. The managing editor had been sounded, and had given out a hollow ring. The correspondence editor was sober, as usual, and in that condition would bite a man who asked for a loan. The horse editor was down at the race-track, and the society editor was attending a function somewhere. As to the cashier, that gentleman had lost their confidence. Between them their accounts were overdrawn to the tune of one thousand dollars, and they could see a grim reminder of it in his eye.

So it came about that they agreed to patronize the editor-in-chief once more. He had discharged them with all the usual contumely, but they felt that they still loved him.

Ward was sent, therefore, with a flag of truce. He was gone but five minutes, and returned weeping bitterly. What could have happened?

His companions hastened to him, with deep concern on their faces.

"You didn't get it," growled Milford, gloomily.

"Get it!" wept Ward. "Of course I got it. But I only asked for twenty dollars. He'd have given fifty as easily."

And all bohemia joined in the mourning.

SYDNEY REID.

DOMESTIC DIALECT.

THERE are many wonderful dialects in existence, as readers of modern literature have doubtless by this time discovered. One of these, which has not been touched upon to any considerable extent, is what might be called the suburban domestic dialect, that used by servants in rural communities in the daily routine of house-work. Several instances of the inspiring qualities of this have come to hand.

A friend of the Drawer, a suburbanite, was greeted, one winter's morning as he entered his dining-room, with this choice specimen: "Mr. J——, the colt has frizz the pipes. They've bust, and the cellar's all afloat."

The same domestic, while cleaning up in a hallway adjoining the library in which her employer was engaged in writing, thinking that he might prefer not to witness the operation of polishing up the floor, entered the room and said, "Mr. J——, do you want the door cluz or the curtains drew?"

AN EFFECTIVE SPEECH.

AT a meeting of the Temperance Union, held in a small Pennsylvania city some time since, the attendance consisted wholly of white people, with one exception—the pastor of the African M. E. Church. He was a full-blooded negro, as black as the absence of light. The colored brother was requested to address the meeting; and rising in his place, he gazed around upon his exclusively white audience solemnly. Then he said, "Brethren and sisters, I feel exactly like a huckleberry in a bowl of milk."

It was the most effective speech of the session.

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GOOD ADVICE.

"What you need for shootin', Si, is one o' two things. One's aim. Ef ye don't aim straight, ye can't hit nothin'. But if ye can't aim, I'd 'dvise ye to buy some o' that noiseless powder, so's the ducks won't know yer shootin' at 'em; then mebbe ye can do 'em up with a club."

THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

THAT a quick-witted sense of the ludicrous may often lead its possessor out of difficulties was evidenced not long ago in the case of a certain George D——, at Oxford. D—— was one of the brightest men of his class, but unfortunately, his intellectual Dr. Jekyll bore daily company with a mischief-loving Hyde, whose diabolical tendencies frequently got him into disgrace. Was there trouble with the townsmen the night before, it was D—— who was first questioned by the Dean. Was there some unique bit of deviltry played on a first-year man, it was upon D—— that the faculty's eye of suspicion was turned.

He was, as usual, "on the ragged edge of suspension," when one Sunday morning, at church-time, in his third year, he was descried by the Dean sitting at the open window of his quadrangle room in his shirt sleeves, calmly smoking a long Dutch pipe and drinking beer. The Dean was on his way to church, and the cool public irreverence of the man shocked him. The next morning he summoned D—— to his study.

"Sir," said the Dean, "your irreverence is disgraceful. What do you mean by this public disrespect of the Lord's day?"

"I was not aware that drinking beer and smoking a pipe was so wicked," said D——.

"It is, sir," thundered the Dean; "and if I ever see you in your shirt sleeves drinking beer and smoking a pipe again on Sunday, your connection with this university ceases."

D—— bowed his head respectfully and went out. The following Sunday the Dean took particular pains to be a trifle late for church and to pass by young D——'s window. What was his amazement to discover that worthy lolling on his window-couch, smoking and drinking! He was furious. Such impudent defiance of his orders! He would expel him then and there. But as he approached nearer, his anger changed into wonderment; and then, as he quickly walked by, his sense of humor brought a smile to his face. The letter of the law had been obeyed. Young D—— was faultlessly arrayed in his dress suit, drinking *champagne* and smoking a *cigar!*

WALTER C. NICHOLS.

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SURELY A MISTAKE.

Poor Mike was very ill—almost as ill as he was short, and what that meant those who know him can best say, for physically he was hardly more than a dwarf.

The doctor was called in, and after investigation, informed Mrs. Mike that her husband was suffering from actinomycosis, a name which appeared to strike terror to the soul of the anxious woman.

"Act phwat?" said she.

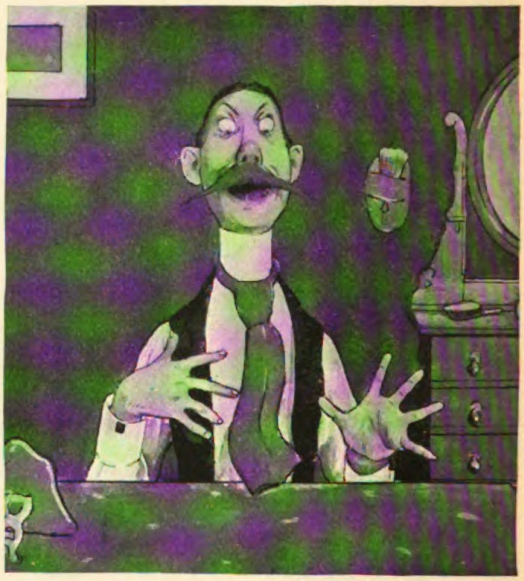
"Actinomycosis," replied the doctor.

"Him?" cried Mrs. Mike. "Ah, docther, how can yez say thot? A little man loike Moikel couldn't hould the name of ut, much liss th' disaze thot goes wid ut!"

BACHELOR BERGMANN AND HIS BEST BELOVED.

1.

Herr Bergmann scarce knew what to say
When his cravat behaved this way;



2.

But when it grasped his neck like this,
It filled him with ecstatic bliss,

3.

And with a sigh, close to his breast
His best beloved Bergmann pressed.

4

And now, where all the world may see,
United stand his love and he.

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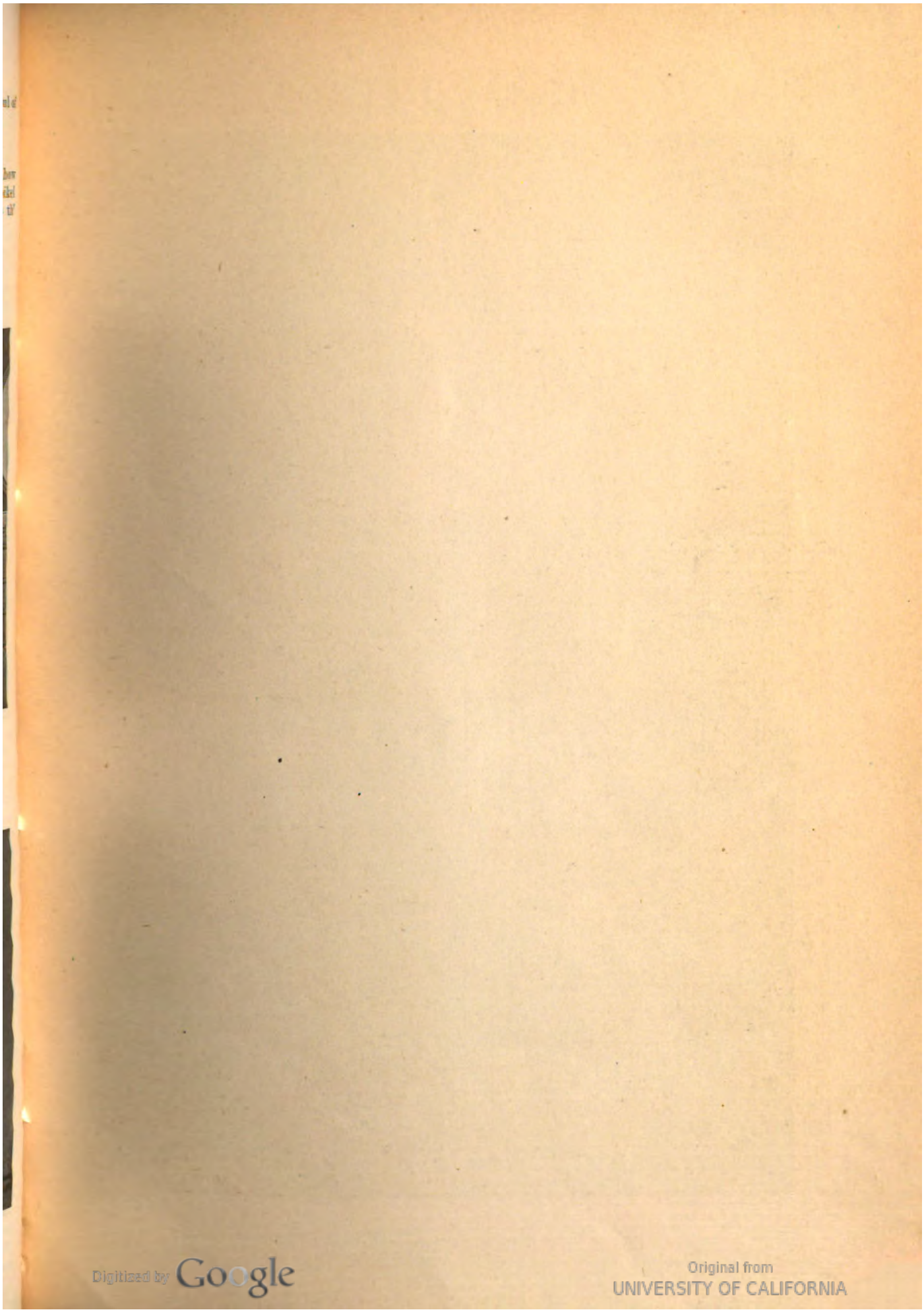

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See "The Golden House."

THE STUDIO DANCE.

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HARPER'S

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE GOLDEN HOUSE.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHAPTER I.

IT was near midnight. The company gathered in a famous city studio were under the impression, diligently diffused in the world, that the end of the century is a time of license if not of decadence. The situation had its own piquancy, partly in the surprise of some of those assembled at finding themselves in bohemia, partly in a flutter of expectation of seeing something on the border-line of propriety. The hour, the place, the anticipation of the lifting of the veil from an Oriental and ancient art, gave them a titillating feeling of adventure, of a moral hazard bravely incurred in the duty of knowing life, penetrating to its core. Opportunity for this sort of fruitful experience being rare outside the metropolis, students of good and evil had made the pilgrimage to this midnight occasion from less-favored cities. Recondite scholars in the physical beauty of the Greeks, from Boston, were there; fair women from Washington, whose charms make the reputation of many a newspaper correspondent; spirited stars of official and diplomatic life, who have moments of longing to shine in some more languorous material paradise, had made a hasty flitting to be present at the ceremony, sustained by a slight feeling of bravado in making this exceptional descent. But the favored hundred spectators were mainly from the city—groups of late diners, who fluttered in under that pleasurable glow which the red Jacqueminot always gets from contiguity with the pale yellow Clicquot; theatre parties, a little jaded, and quite ready for something real and stimulating; men from the clubs and men from studios—representatives of society and of art graciously mingled, since it is discovered that it is easier to make art fashionable than to make fashion artistic.

The vast dimly lighted apartment was itself mysterious, a temple of luxury quite as much as of art. Shadows lurked in the corners, the ribs of the roof were faintly outlined; on the sombre walls gleams of color, faces of loveliness and faces of pain, studies all of a mood or a passion, bits of shining brass, reflections from lustred ware struggling out of obscurity; hangings from Fez or Tetuan, bits of embroidery, costumes in silk and in velvet, still having the aroma of balls a hundred years ago, the faint perfume of a scented society of ladies and gallants; a skeleton scarcely less fantastic than the draped wooden model near it; heavy rugs of Daghestan and Persia, making the footfalls soundless on the floor; a fountain tinkling in a thicket of japonicas and azaleas; the stems of palmettoes, with their branches waving in the obscurity overhead; points of light here and there where a shaded lamp shone on a single red rose in a blue Granada vase on a toppling stand, or on a mass of jonquils in a barbarous pot of Chanak-Kalessi; tacked here and there on walls and hangings, colored memoranda of Capri and of the North Woods, the armor of knights, trophies of small-arms, crossed swords of the Union and the Confederacy, easels, paints, and palettes, and rows of canvases leaning against the wall—the studied litter, in short, of a successful artist, whose surroundings contribute to the popular conception of his genius.

On the wall at one end of the apartment was stretched a white canvas; in front of it was left a small cleared space, on the edge of which, in the shadow, squatting on the floor, were four swarthy musicians in Oriental garments, with a man-

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dolin, a guitar, a ney, and a darabooka drum. About this cleared space, in a crescent, kneeled or sat upon the rugs a couple of rows of men in evening dress; behind them, seated in chairs, a group of ladies, whose white shoulders and arms and animated faces flashed out in the semi-obscurity; and in their rear stood a crowd of spectators—beautiful young gentlemen with vacant faces and the elevated Oxford shoulders, rosy youth already blasé to all this world can offer, and gray-headed men young again in the prospect of a new sensation. So they kneel or stand, worshippers before the shrine, expecting the advent of the Goddess of Æsthetic Culture.

The moment has come. There is a tap on the drum, a tuning of the strings, a flash of light from the rear of the room inundates the white canvas, and suddenly a figure is poised in the space, her shadow cast upon the glowing background.

It is the Spanish dancer!

The apparition evokes a flutter of applause. It is a superb figure, clad in a high tight bodice and long skirts simply draped so as to show every motion of the athletic limbs. She seems, in this pose and light, supernaturally tall. Through her parted lips white teeth gleam, and she smiles. Is it a smile of anticipated triumph, or of contempt? Is it the smile of the daughter of Herodias, or the invitation of a *ghazeeyeh*? She pauses. Shall she surprise, or shock, or only please? What shall the art that is older than the Pyramids do for these kneeling Christians? The drum taps, the ney pipes, the mandolin twangs, her arms are extended, the castanets clink, a foot is thrust out, the bosom heaves, the waist trembles. What shall it be, the old serpent dance of the Nile, or the posturing of decorous courtship when the olives are purple in the time of the grape harvest? Her head, wreathed with coils of black hair, a red rose behind the left ear, is thrown back. The eyes flash, there is a snakelike movement of the limbs, the music hastens slowly in unison with the quickening pulse, the body palpitates, seems to flash invitation like the eyes, it turns, it twists, the neck is thrust forward, it is drawn in, while the limbs move still slowly, tentatively; suddenly the body from the waist up seems to twist round, with the waist as a pivot, in a flash of athletic vigor, the music quickens, the arms move more rapidly to the click of the heated castanets, the steps are more pronounced, the whole woman is agitated, bounding, pulsing with physical excitement. It is a Mænad in an access of gymnastic energy. Yes, it is gymnastics; it is not grace; it is scarcely alluring. Yet it is a physical triumph. While the spectators are breathless, the fury ceases, the music dies, and the Spaniard sinks into a chair, panting with triumph, and inclines her dark head to the clapping of hands and the bravas. The kneelers rise; the spectators break into chattering groups; the ladies look at the dancer with curious eyes; a young gentleman with the elevated Oxford shoulders leans upon the arm of her chair and fans her. The pose is correct; it is the somewhat awkward tribute of culture to physical beauty.

To be on speaking terms with the phenomenon was for the moment a distinction. The young ladies wondered if it would be proper to go forward and talk with her.

"Why not?" said a wit. "The Duke of Donnycastle always shakes hands with the pugilists at a mill."

"It is not so bad"—the speaker was a Washington beauty in an evening dress that she would have condemned as indecorous for the dancer—"it is not so bad as I—"

"Expected?" asked her companion, a sedate man of thirty-five, with the cynical air of a student of life.

"As I feared," she added, quickly. "I have always had a curiosity to know what these Oriental dances mean."

"Oh, nothing in particular, now. This was an exhibition dance. Of course its origin, like all dancing, was religious. The fault I find with it is that it lacks seriousness, like the modern exhibition of the dancing dervishes for money."

"Do you think, Mr. Mavick, that the decay of dancing is the reason our religion lacks seriousness? We are in Lent now, you know. Does this seem to you a Lenten performance?"

"Why, yes, to a degree. Anything that keeps you up till three o'clock in the morning has some penitential quality."

"You give me a new view, Mr. Mavick. I confess that I did not expect to assist at what New-Englanders call an 'evening meeting.' I thought Eros was the deity of the dance."

"That, Mrs. Lamon, is a vulgar error.

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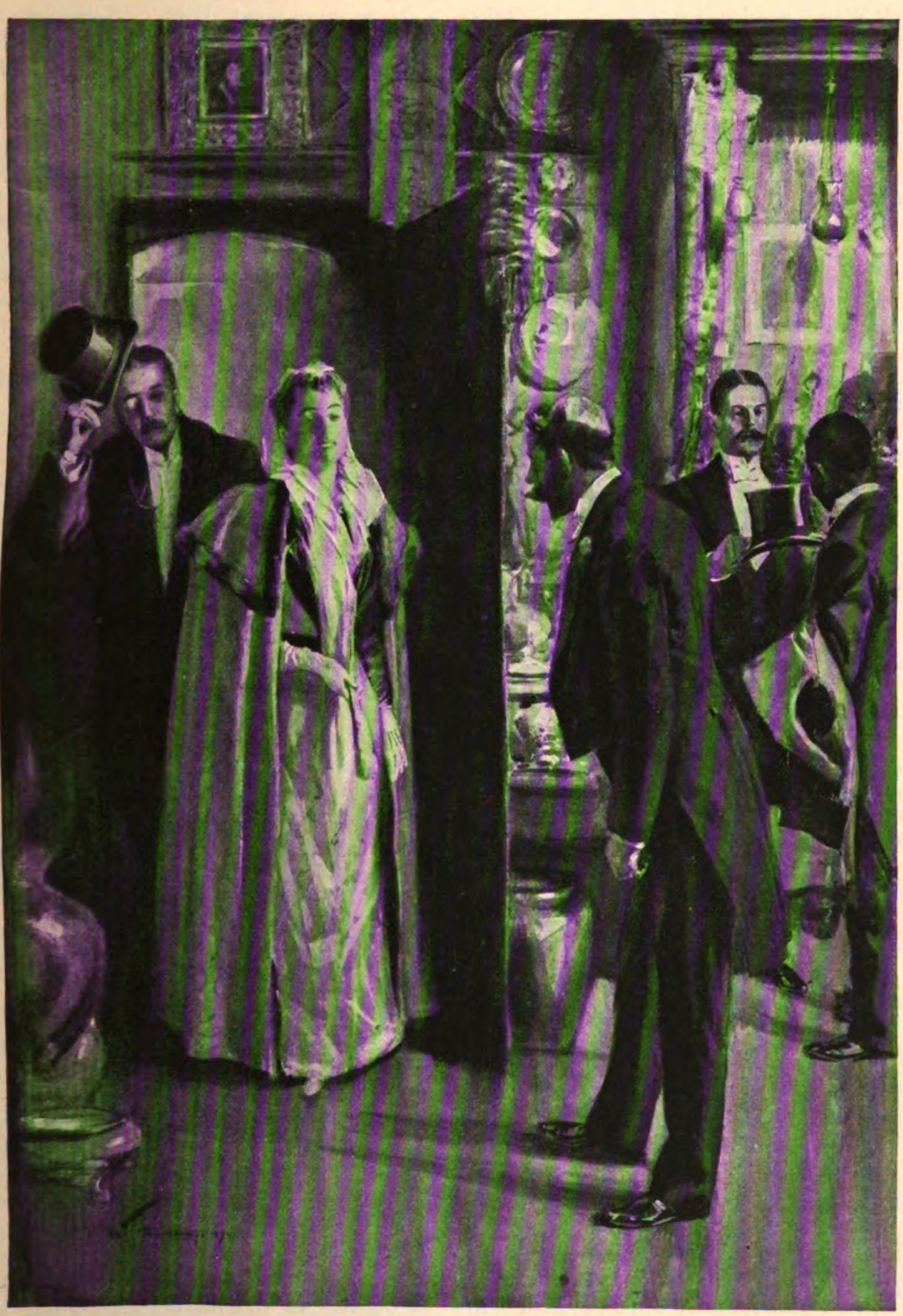

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It is an ancient form of worship. Virtue and beauty are the same thing—the two graces."

"What a nice apothegm! It makes religion so easy, and agreeable."

"As easy as gravitation."

"Dear me, Mr. Mavick, I thought this was a question of levitation. You are upsetting all my ideas. I shall not have the comfort of repenting of this episode in Lent."

"Oh yes; you can be sorry that the dancing was not more alluring."

Meantime there was heard the popping of corks. Venetian glasses filled with champagne were quaffed under the blessing of sparkling eyes, young girls, almond-eyed for the occasion, in the costume of Tokyo, handed round ices, and the hum of accelerated conversation filled the studio.

"And your wife didn't come?"

"Wouldn't," replied Jack Delancy, with a little bow, before he raised his glass. And then added, "Her taste isn't for this sort of thing."

The girl, already flushed with the wine, blushed a little—Jack thought he had never seen her look so dazzlingly handsome—as she said, "And you think mine is?"

"Bless me, no, I didn't mean that; that is, you know"—Jack didn't exactly see his way out of the dilemma—"Edith is a little old-fashioned; but what's the harm in this, anyway?"

"I did not say there was any," she replied, with a smile at his embarrassment. "Only I think there are half a dozen women in the room who could do it better, with a little practice. It isn't as Oriental as I thought it would be."

"I cannot say as to that. I know Edith thinks I've gone into the depths of the Orient. But, on the whole, I'm glad—" Jack stopped on the verge of speaking out of his better nature.

"Now don't be rude again. I quite understand—that she is not here."

The dialogue was cut short by a clapping of hands. The spectators took their places again, the lights were lowered, the illumination was turned on the white canvas, and the dancer, warmed with wine and adulation, took a bolder pose, and, as her limbs began to move, sang a wild Moorish melody in a shrill voice, action and words flowing together into the passion of the daughter of tents in a desert life. It was all vigorous, suggestive, more properly religious, Mavick would have said, and the applause was vociferous.

More wine went about. There was another dance, and then another, a slow languid movement, half melancholy and full of sorrow, if one might say that of a movement, for unrepented sin; a gypsy dance this, accompanied by the mournful song of Boabdil, "The Last Sigh of the Moor." And suddenly, when the feelings of the spectators were melted to tender regret, a flash out of all this into a joyous defiance, a wooing of pleasure with smiling lips and swift feet, with the clash of cymbals and the quickened throb of the drum. And so an end with the dawn of a new day.

It was not yet dawn, however, for the clocks were only striking three as the assembly, in winter coats and soft wraps, fluttered out to its carriages, chattering and laughing, with endless good-nights in the languages of France, Germany, and Spain.

The streets were as nearly deserted as they ever are; here and there a lumbering market-wagon from Jersey, an occasional street car with its tinkling bell, rarer still the rush of a trembling train on the Elevated, the voice of a belated reveller, a flitting female figure at a street corner, the roll of a livery hack over the ragged pavement. But mainly the noise of the town was hushed, and in the sharp air the stars, far off and uncontaminated, glowed with a pure lustre.

Further up town it was quite still, and in one of the noble houses in the neighborhood of the Park sat Edith Delancy, married not quite a year, listening for the roll of wheels and the click of a night-key.

CHAPTER II.

EVERYBODY liked John Corlear Delancy, and this in spite of himself, for no one ever knew him to make any effort to incur either love or hate. The handsome boy was a favorite without lifting his eyebrows, and he sauntered through the university, picking his easy way along an elective course, winning the affectionate regard of every one he came in contact with. And this was not because he lacked quality, or was merely easy-going and negative or effeminate, for the same thing happened to him when he went shooting in the summer in the Rockies. The cowboys and the severe moralists of the plains, whose sedate business in life

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is to get the drop on offensive persons, regarded him as a brother. It isn't a bad test of personal quality, this power to win the loyalty of men who have few or none of the conventional virtues. These non-moral enforcers of justice as they understood it liked Jack exactly as his friends in the New York clubs liked him—and perhaps the moral standard of approval of the one was as good as the other.

Jack was a very good shot and a fair rider, and in the climate of England he might have taken first-rate rank in athletics. But he had never taken first-rate rank in anything, except good-fellowship. He had a great many expensive tastes, which he could not afford to indulge, except in imagination. The luxury of a racing stable, or a yacht, or a library of scarce books bound by Paris craftsmen, was denied him. Those who account for failures in life by a man's circumstances, and not by a lack in the man himself, which is always the secret of failure, said that Jack was unfortunate in coming into a certain income of twenty thousand a year. This was just enough to paralyze effort, and not enough to permit a man to expand in any direction. It is true that he was related to millions and moved in a millionaire atmosphere, but these millions might never flow into his bank account. They were not in hand to use, and they also helped to paralyze effort—like black clouds of an impending shower that may pass around, but meantime keeps the watcher in-doors.

The best thing that Jack Delancy ever did, for himself, was to marry Edith Fletcher. The wedding, which took place some eight months before the advent of the Spanish dancer, was a surprise to many, for the girl had even less fortune than Jack, and though in and of his society entirely, was supposed to have ideals. Her family, indeed, was an old one on the island, and was prominent long before the building of the stone bridge on Canal Street over the outlet of Collect Pond. Those who knew Edith well detected in her that strain of moral earnestness which made the old Fletchers such stanch and trusty citizens. The wonder was not that Jack, with his easy susceptibility to refined beauty, should have been attracted to her, or have responded to a true instinct of what was best for him, but that Edith should have taken up with such a perfect type of the aimlessness of the society strata of modern life. The wonder, however, was based upon a shallow conception of the nature of woman. It would have been more wonderful if the qualities that endeared Jack to college friends and club men, to the mighty sportsmen who

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do not hesitate, in the clubs, to devastate Canada and the United States of big game, and to the border ruffians of Dakota, should not have gone straight to the tender heart of a woman of ideals. And when in all history was there a woman who did not believe, when her heart went with respect for certain manly traits, that she could inspire and lift a man into a noble life?

The silver clock in the breakfast-room was striking ten, and Edith was already seated at the coffee-urn, when Jack appeared. She was as fresh as a rose, and greeted him with a bright smile as he came behind her chair and bent over for the morning kiss—a ceremony of affection which if omitted would have left a cloud on the day for both of them, and which Jack always declared was simply a necessity, or the coffee would have no flavor. But when a man has picked a rose, it is always a sort of climax which is followed by an awkward moment, and Jack sat down with the air of a man who has another day to get through with.

"Were you amused with the dancing —this morning?"

"So, so," said Jack, sipping his coffee. "It was a stunning place for it, that studio; you'd have liked that. The Lamons and Mavick and a lot of people from the provinces were there. The company was more fun than the dance, especially to a fellow who has seen how good it can be and how bad in its home."

"You have a chance to see the Spanish dancer again, under proper auspices," said Edith, without looking up.

"How's that?"

"We are invited by Mrs. Brown—"

"The mother of the Bible class at St. Philip's?"

"Yes—to attend a charity performance for the benefit of the Female Waifs' Refuge. She is to dance."

"Who? Mrs. Brown?"

Edith paid no attention to this impertinence. "They are to make an artificial evening at eleven o'clock in the morning."

"They must have got hold of Mavick's notion that this dance is religious in its origin. Do you know if the exercises will open with prayer?"

"Nonsense, Jack. You know I don't intend to go. I shall send a small check."

"Well, draw it mild. But isn't this what I'm accused of doing—shirking my duty of personal service by a contribution?"

"Perhaps. But you didn't have any of that shirking feeling last night, did you?"

Jack laughed, and ran round to give the only reply possible to such a gibe. These breakfast interludes had not lost piquancy in all these months. "I'm half a mind to go to this thing. I would, if it didn't break up my day so."

"As for instance?"

"Well, this morning I have to go up to the riding-school to see a horse—Storm; I want to try him. And then I have to go down to Twist's and see a lot of Japanese drawings he's got over. Do you know that the birds and other animals those beggars have been drawing, which we thought were caricatures, are the real thing? They have eyes sharp enough to see things in motion—flying birds and moving horses—which we never caught till we put the camera on them. Awfully curious. Then I shall step into the club a minute, and—"

"Be in at lunch? Bess is coming."

"Don't wait lunch. I've a lot to do."

Edith followed him with her eyes, a little wistfully; she heard the outer door close, and still sat at the table, turning over the pile of notes at her plate, and thinking of many things—things that it began to dawn upon her mind could not be done, and things of immediate urgency that must be done. Life did not seem quite such a simple problem to her as it had looked a year ago. That there is nothing like experiment to clear the vision is the general idea, but oftener it is experience that perplexes. Indeed, Edith was thinking that some things seemed much easier to her before she had tried them.

As she sat at the table in a faultless morning gown, with a bunch of English violets in her bosom, an artist could have desired no better subject. Many people thought her eyes her best feature; they were large brown eyes, yet not always brown, green at times, liquid, but never uncertain, apt to have a smile in them, yet their chief appealing characteristic was trustfulness, a pure sort of steadfastness, that always conveyed the impression of a womanly personal interest in the person upon whom they were fixed. They were eyes that haunted one like a remembered strain of music. The lips were full, and the mouth was drawn in

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such exquisite lines that it needed the clear-cut and emphasized chin to give firmness to its beauty. The broad forehead, with arching eyebrows, gave an intellectual cast to a face the special stamp of which was purity. The nose, with thin open nostrils, a little too strong for beauty, together with the chin, gave the impression of firmness and courage; but the wonderful eyes, the inviting mouth, so modified this that the total impression was that of high spirit and great sweetness of character. It was the sort of face from which one might expect passionate love or unflinching martyrdom. Her voice had a quality the memory of which lingered longer even than the expression of her eyes; it was low, and, as one might say, a fruity voice, not quite clear, though sweet, as if veiled in femineity. This note of royal womanhood was also in her figure, a little more than medium in height, and full of natural grace. Somehow Edith, with all these good points, had not the reputation of a belle or a beauty—perhaps for want of some artificial splendor—but one could not be long in her company without feeling that she had great charm, without which beauty becomes insipid and even commonplace, and with which the plainest woman is attractive.

Edith's theory of life, if one may so dignify the longings of a young girl, had been very simple, and not at all such as would be selected by the heroine of a romance. She had no mission, nor was she afflicted by that modern form of altruism which is a yearning for notoriety by conspicuous devotion to causes and reforms quite outside her normal sphere of activity. A very sincere person, with strong sympathy for humanity tempered by a keen perception of the humorous side of things, she had a purpose, perhaps

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not exactly formulated, of making the most out of her own life, not in any outward and shining career, but by a development of herself in the most helpful and harmonious relations to her world. And it seemed to her, though she had never philosophized it, that a marriage such as she believed she had made was the woman's way to the greatest happiness and usefulness. In this she followed the dictates of a clear mind and a warm heart. If she had reasoned about it, considering how brief life is, and how small can be any single contribution to a better social condition, she might have felt more strongly the struggle against nature, and the false position involved in the new idea that marriage is only a kind of occupation, instead of an ordinance decreed in the very constitution of the human race. With the mere instinct of femineity she saw the falseness of the assumption that the higher life for man or woman lies in separate and solitary paths through the wilderness of this world. To an intelligent angel, seated on the arch of the heavens, the spectacle of the latter-day pseudo-philosophic and economic dribble about the doubtful expediency of having a wife, and the failure of marriage, must seem as ludicrous as would a convention of birds or of flowers reasoning that the processes of nature had continued long enough. Edith was simply a natural woman, who felt rather than reasoned that in a marriage such as her heart approved she should make the most of her life.

But as she sat here this morning this did not seem to be so simple a matter as it had appeared. It began to be suspected that in order to make the most of one's self it was necessary to make the most of many other persons and things. The stream in its own channel flowed along not without vexations, friction and foaming and dashings from bank to bank; but it became quite another and a more difficult movement when it was joined to another stream, with its own currents and eddies and impetuosities and sluggishness, constantly liable to be deflected if not put altogether on another course. Edith was not putting it in this form as she turned over her notes of invitation and appointments and engagements, but simply wondering where the time for her life was to come in, and for Jack's life, which occupied a much larger space than it seemed to occupy in the days before it was joined to hers. Very curious this discovery of what another's life really is. Of course the society life must go on, that had always gone on, for what purpose no one could tell, only it was the accepted way of disposing of time; and now there were the dozen ways in which she was solicited to show her interest in those supposed to be less fortunate in life than herself—the alleviation of the miseries of her own city. And with society, and charity, and sympathy with the working classes, and her own reading, and a little drawing and painting, for which she had some talent, what became of that comradeship with Jack, that union of interests and affections, which was to make her life altogether so high and sweet?

This reverie, which did not last many minutes, and was interrupted by the abrupt moving away of Edith to the writing-desk in her own room, was caused by a moment's vivid realization of what Jack's interests in life were. Could she possibly make them her own? And if she did, what would become of her own ideals?

CHAPTER III.

It was indeed a busy day for Jack. Great injustice would be done him if it were supposed that he did not take himself and his occupations seriously. His mind was not disturbed by trifles. He knew that he had on the right sort of four-in-hand neck-tie, with the appropriate pin of pear-shaped pearl, and that he carried the cane of the season. These things come by a sort of social instinct, are in the air, as it were, and do not much tax the mind. He had to hasten a little to keep his half-past-eleven-o'clock appointment at Stalker's stables, and when he arrived several men of his set were already waiting, who were also busy men, and had made a little effort to come round early and assist Jack in making up his mind about the horse.

When Mr. Stalker brought out Storm, and led him around to show his action, the connoisseurs took on a critical attitude, an attitude of judgment, exhibited not less in the poise of the head and the serious face than in the holding of the cane and the planting of legs wide apart. And the attitude had a refined nonchalance which professional horsemen scarcely ever attain. Storm could not have

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received more critical and serious attention if he had been a cooked terrapin. He could afford to stand this scrutiny, and he seemed to move about with the consciousness that he knew more about being a horse than his judges. Storm was, in fact, a splendid animal, instinct with life from his thin flaring nostril to his small hoof; black as a raven, his highly groomed skin took the polish of ebony, and showed the play of his powerful muscles, and, one might say, almost the nervous currents that thrilled his fine texture. His large bold eyes, though not wicked, flamed now and then with an energy and excitement that gave ample notice that he would obey no master who had not stronger will and nerve than his own. It was a tribute to Jack's manliness that when he mounted him for a turn in the ring, Storm seemed to recognize the fine quality of both seat and hand, and appeared willing to take him on probation.

"He's got good points," said Mr. Herbert Albert Flick, "but I'd like a straighter back."

"I'll be hanged, though, Jack," was Mr. Mowbray Russell's comment, "if I'd ride him in the Park before he's docked. Say what you like about action, a horse has got to have style."

"Moves easy, falls off a little too much to suit me in the quarter," suggested Mr.

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Pennington Docstater, sucking the head of his cane. "How about his staying quality, Stalker?"

"That's just where he is, Mr. Docstater; take him on the road, he's a stayer for all day. Goes like a bird. He'll take you along at the rate of nine miles in forty-five minutes as long as you want to sit there."

"Jump?" queried little Bobby Simerton, whose strong suit at the club was talking about meets and hunters.

"Never refused anything I put him at," replied Stalker; "takes every fence as if it was the regular thing."

Storm was in this way entirely taken to pieces, praised and disparaged, in a way to give Stalker, it might be inferred from his manner, a high opinion of the knowledge of these young gentlemen. "It takes a gentleman," in fact, Stalker said, "to judge a hoss, for a good hoss is a gentleman himself." It was much discussed whether Storm would do better for the Park or for the country, whether it would be better to put him in the field or keep him for a roadster. It might, indeed, be inferred that Jack had not made up his mind whether he should buy a horse for use in the Park or for country riding. Even more than this might be inferred from the long morning's work, and that was that while Jack's occupation was to buy a horse, if he should buy one his occupation would be gone. He was known at the club to be looking for the right sort of a horse, and that he knew what he wanted, and was not easily satisfied; and as long as he occupied this position he was an object of interest to sellers and to his companions.

Perhaps Mr. Stalker understood this, for when the buyers had gone he remarked to the stable-boy, "Mr. Delancy, he don't want to buy no hoss."

When the inspection of the horse was finished it was time for lunch, and the labors of the morning were felt to justify this indulgence, though each of the party had other engagements, and was too busy to waste the time. They went down to the Knickerbocker.

The lunch was slight, but its ordering took time and consideration, as it ought, for nothing is so destructive of health and mental tone as the snatching of a mid-day meal at a lunch counter from a bill of fare prepared by God knows whom. Mr. Russell said that if it took time to buy a horse, it ought to take at least equal time and care to select the fodder that was to make a human being wretched or happy. Indeed, a man who didn't give his mind to what he ate wouldn't have any mind by-and-by to give to anything. This sentiment had the assent of the table, and was illustrated by varied personal experience; and a deep feeling prevailed, a serious feeling, that in ordering and eating the right sort of lunch a chief duty of a useful day had been discharged.

It must not be imagined from this, however, that the conversation was about trifles. Business men and operators could have learned something about stocks and investments, and politicians about city politics. Mademoiselle Vivienne, the new skirt dancer, might have been surprised at the intimate tone in which she was alluded to, but she could have got some useful hints in effects, for her judges were cosmopolitans who had seen the most suggestive dancing in all parts of the world. It came out incidentally that every one at table had been "over" in the course of the season, not for any general purpose, not as a sight-seer, but to look at somebody's stables, or to attend a wedding, cr a sale of etchings, or to see his boot-maker, or for a little shooting in Scotland, just as one might run down to Bar Harbor or Tuxedo. It was only an incident in a busy season, and one of the fruits of it appeared to be as perfect a knowledge of the comparative merits of all the ocean racers and captains as of the English and American stables and the trainers. One not informed of the progress of American life might have been surprised to see that the *fad* is to be American, with a sort of patronage of things and ways foreign, especially of things British, a large continental kind of attitude, begotten of hearing much about Western roughing it, of Alaska, of horse-breeding and fruit-raising on the Pacific, of the Colorado River Cañon. As for stuffs, well, yes, London. As for style, you can't mistake a man who is dressed in New York.

The wine was a white Riesling from California. Docstater said his attention had been called to it by Tom Dillingham at the Union, who had a ranch somewhere out there. It was declared to be sound and palatable; you know what you are drinking. This led to a learned discussion of the future of American wines, and

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a patriotic impulse was given to the trade by repeated orders. It was declared that in American wines lay the solution of the temperance question. Bobby Simerton said that Burgundy was good enough for him, but Russell put him down, as he saw the light yellow through his glass, by the emphatic affirmation that plenty of cheap American well-made wine would knock the bottom out of all the sentimental temperance societies and shut up the saloons, dry up all those not limited to light wines and beer. It was agreed that the saloons would have to go.

This satisfactory conclusion was reached before the coffee came on and the cigarettes, and the sound quality of the Riesling was emphasized by a pony of cognac.

It is fortunate when the youth of a country have an ideal. No nation is truly great without a common ideal, capable of evoking enthusiasm and calling out its energies. And where are we to look for this if not in the youth, and especially in those to whom fortune and leisure give an opportunity of leadership? It is they who can inspire by their example, and by their pursuits attract others to a higher conception of the national life. It may take the form of patriotism, as in this country, pride in the great republic, jealousy of its honor and credit, eagerness for its commanding position among the nations, patriotism which will show itself, in all the ardor of believing youth, in the administration of law, in the purity of politics, in honest local government, and in a noble aspiration for the glory of the country. It may take the form of culture, of a desire that the republic—liable, like all self-made nations, to worship wealth—should be distinguished not as much by a vulgar national display as by an advance in the arts, the sciences, the education that adorns life, in the noble spirit of humanity, and in the nobler spirit of recognition of a higher life, which will be content with no civilization that does not tend to make the country for every citizen a better place to live in today than it was yesterday. Happy is the country, happy the metropolis of that country, whose fortunate young men have this high conception of citizenship!

What is the ideal of their country which these young men cherish? There was a moment—was there not for them?—in the late war for the Union, when the republic was visible to them in its beauty, in its peril; and in a passion of devotion they were eager—were they not?—to follow the flag and to give their brief lives to its imperishable glory. Nothing is impossible to a nation with an ideal like that. It was this flame that ran over Europe in the struggle of France against a world in arms. It was this national

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ideal that was incarnate in Napoleon, as every great idea that moves the world is sooner or later incarnated. What was it that we saw in Washington on his knees at Valley Forge, or blazing with wrath at the cowardice on Monmouth? in Lincoln entering Richmond with bowed head and infinite sorrow and yearning in his heart? An embodiment of a great national idea and destiny.

In France this ideal burns yet like a flame, and is still evoked by a name. It is the passion of glory, but the desire of a nation, and Napoleon was the incarnation of passion. They say that he is not dead as others are dead, but that he may come again and ride at the head of his legions, and strike down the enemies of France; that his bugle will call the youth from every hamlet, that the roll of his drum will transform France into a camp, and the grenadiers will live again and ride with him, amid hurrahs, and streaming tears, and shouts of "My Emperor! Oh, my Emperor!" Is it only a legend? But the spirit is there; not a boy but dreams of it, not a girl but knots the thought in with her holiday tricolor. That it is to have an abiding ideal, and patiently to hold it, in isolation, in defeat, even in an overripe civilization.

We believe—do we not? — in other triumphs than those of the drum and the sword. Our aspirations for the republic are for a nobler example of human society than the world has yet seen. Happy is the country, and the metropolis of the country, whose youth, gilded only by their virtues, have these aspirations!

When the party broke up, the street lamps were beginning to twinkle here and there, and Jack discovered to his surprise that the Twist business would have to go over to another day. It was such a hurrying life in New York. There was just time for a cup of tea at Mrs. Trafton's. Everybody dropped in there after five o'clock, when the duties of the day were over, with the latest news, and to catch breath before rushing into the programme of the evening.

There were a dozen ladies in the drawing-room when Jack entered, and his first impression was that the scream of conversation would be harder to talk against than a Wagner opera; but he presently got his cup of tea, and found a snug seat in the chimney-corner by Miss

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Tavish; indeed, they moved to it together, and so got a little out of the babel. Jack thought the girl looked even prettier in her walking dress than when he saw her at the studio; she had style, there was no doubt about that; and then, while there was no invitation in her manner, one felt that she was a woman to whom one could easily say things, and who was liable at any moment to say things interesting herself.

"Is this your first appearance since last night, Mr. Delancy?"

"Oh no; I've been racing about on errands all day. It is very restful to sit down by a calm person."

"Well, I never shut my eyes till nine o'clock. I kept seeing that Spanish woman whirl around and contort, and—do you mind my telling you?—I couldn't just help it, I" (leaning forward to Jack) "got up and tried it before the glass. There! Are you shocked?"

"Not so much shocked as excluded," Jack dared to say. "But do you think—"

"Yes, I know. There isn't anything that an American girl cannot do. I've made up my mind to try it. You'll see."

"Will I?"

"No, you won't. Don't flatter yourself. Only girls. I don't want men around."

"Neither do I," said Jack, honestly.

Miss Tavish laughed. "You are too forward, Mr. Delancy. Perhaps some time, when we have learned, we will let in a few of you, to look in at the door, fifty dollars a ticket, for some charity. I don't see why dancing isn't just as good an accomplishment as playing the harp in a Greek dress."

"Nor do I; I'd rather see it. Besides, you've got scripture warrant for dancing off the heads of people. And then it is such a sweet way of doing a charity. Dancing for the east side is the best thing I have heard yet."

"You needn't mock. You won't when you find what it costs you."

"What are you two plotting?" asked Mrs. Trafton, coming across to the fireplace.

"Charity," said Jack, meekly.

"Your wife was here this morning to get me to go and see some of her friends in Hester Street."

"You went?"

"Not to-day. It's awfully interesting, but I've been—"

"Edith seems to be devoted to that sort of thing," remarked Miss Tavish.

"Yes," said Jack, slowly, "she's got the idea that sympathy is better than money; says she wants to try to understand other people's lives."

"Goodness knows, I'd like to understand my own."

"And were you trying, Mr. Delancy, to persuade Miss Tavish into that sort of charity?"

"Oh dear no," said Jack; "I was trying to interest the east end in something, for the benefit of Miss Tavish."

"You'll find that's one of the most expensive remarks you ever made," retorted Miss Tavish, rising to go.

"I wish Lily Tavish would marry," said Mrs. Trafton, watching the girl's slender figure as it passed through the portière; "she doesn't know what to do with herself."

Jack shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, she'd be a lovely wife for somebody;" and then he added, as if reminiscently, "if he could afford it. Good-by."

"That's just a fashion of talking. I never knew a time when so many people afforded to do what they wanted to do. But you men are all alike. Good-by."

When Jack reached home it was only a little after six o'clock, and as they were not to go out to dine till eight, he had a good hour to rest from the fatigues of the day, and run over the evening papers and dip into the foreign periodicals to catch a topic or two for the dinner table.

"Yes, sir," said the maid, "Mrs. Delancy came in an hour ago."

CHAPTER IV.

EDITH'S day had been as busy as Jack's, notwithstanding she had put aside several things that demanded her attention. She denied herself the morning attendance on the Literature Class that was raking over the eighteenth century. This week Swift was to be arraigned. The last time when Edith was present it was Steele. The judgment, on the whole, had been favorable, and there had been a little stir of tenderness among the bonnets over Thackeray's comments on the Christian soldier. It seemed to bring him near to them. "Poor Dick Steele!" said the essayist. Edith declared afterwards that the large woman who sat next to her, Mrs. Jerry Hollowell, whispered to her that she always thought his name was Bessemer; but this

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was, no doubt, a pleasantry. It was a beautiful essay, and so stimulating! And then there was bouillon, and time to look about at the toilets. Poor Steele, it would have cheered his life to have known that a century after his death so many beautiful women, so exquisitely dressed, would have been concerning themselves about him. The function lasted two hours. Edith made a little calculation. In five minutes she could have got from the encyclopædia all the facts in the essay, and she could have read five times as much of Steele as the essayist read while her maid was doing her hair. And, somehow, she was not stimulated, for the impression seemed to prevail that now Steele was disposed of. And she had her doubts whether literature would, after all, prove to be a permanent social distraction. But Edith may have been too severe in her judgment. There was probably not a woman in the class that day who did not go away with the knowledge that Steele was an author, and that he lived in the eighteenth century. The hope for the country is in the diffusion of knowledge.

Leaving the class to take care of Swift, Edith went to the managers' meeting at the Women's Hospital, where there was much to do of very practical work, pitiful cases of women and children suffering through no fault of their own, and money more difficult to raise than sympathy. The meeting took time and thought. Dismissing her carriage, and relying on elevated and surface cars, Edith then took a turn on the east side, in company with a dispensary physician whose daily duty called her into the worst parts of the town. She had a habit of these tours before her marriage, and though they were discouragingly small in direct results, she gained a knowledge of city life that was of immense service in her general charity work. Jack had suggested the danger of these excursions, but she had told him that a woman was less liable to insult in the east side than in Fifth Avenue, especially at twilight, not because the east side was a nice quarter of the city, but because it was accustomed to see women who minded their own business go about unattended, and the prowlers had not the habit of going there. She could even relate cases of chivalrous protection of "ladies" in some of the worst streets.

What Edith saw this day, open to be seen, was not so much sin as ignorance of how to live, squalor, filthy surroundings acquiesced in as the natural order, wonderful patience in suffering and deprivation, incapacity, ill-paid labor, the kindest spirit of sympathy and helpfulness of the poor for each other. Perhaps that which made the deepest impression on her was the fact that such conditions of living could seem natural to those in them, and that they could get so much enjoyment of life in situations that would have been simple misery to her.

The visitors were in a foreign city. The shop signs were in foreign tongues; in some streets all Hebrew. On chance newsstands were displayed newspapers in Russian, Bohemian, Arabic, Italian, Hebrew, Polish, German—none in English. The theatre bills were in Hebrew or other unreadable type. The sidewalks and the streets swarmed with noisy dealers in every sort of second-hand merchandise—vegetables that had seen a better day, fish in shoals. It was not easy to make one's way through the stands and push-carts and the noisy dickering buyers and sellers, who haggled over trifles and chaffed good-naturedly and were strictly intent on their own affairs. No part of the town is more crowded, or more industrious. If youth is the hope of the country, the sight was encouraging, for children were in the gutters, on the house steps, at all the windows. The houses seemed bursting with humanity, and in nearly every room of the packed tenements, whether the inmates were sick or hungry, some sort of industry was carried on. In the damp basements were junk-dealers, rag-pickers, goose-pickers. In one noisome cellar, off an alley, among those sorting rags, was an old woman of eighty-two, who could reply to questions only in a jargon, too proud to beg, clinging to life, earning a few cents a day in this foul occupation. But life is sweet even with poverty and rheumatism and eighty years. Did her dull eyes, turning inward, see the Carpathian Hills, a free girlhood in village drudgery and village sports, then a romance of love, children, hard work, discontent, emigration to a New World of promise? And now a cellar by day, the occupation of cutting rags for carpets, and at night a corner in a close and crowded room on a flock bed not fit for a dog. And this was a woman's life.

Picturesque foreign women going about with shawls over their heads and usually a

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bit of bright color somewhere, children at their games, hawkers loudly crying their stale wares, the click of sewing-machines heard through a broken window, everywhere animation, life, exchange of rough or kindly banter. Was it altogether so melancholy as it might seem? Not everybody was hopelessly poor, for here were lawyers' signs and doctors' signs—doctors in whom the inhabitants had confidence because they charged all they could get for their services—and thriving pawnbrokers' shops. There were parish schools also—perhaps others; and off some dark alley, in a room on the ground-floor, could be heard the strident noise of education going on in high-voiced study and recitation. Nor were amusements lacking—notices of balls, dancing this evening, and ten-cent shows in palaces of legerdemain and deformity.

It was a relenting day in March; patches of blue sky overhead, and the sun had some quality in its shining. The children and the caged birds at the open windows felt it—and there were notes of music here and there above the traffic and the clamor. Turning down a narrow alley, with a gutter in the centre, attracted by festive sounds, the visitors came into a small stone-paved court with a hydrant in the centre surrounded by tall tenement-houses, in the windows of which were stuffed the garments that would no longer hold together to adorn the person. Here an Italian girl and boy, with a guitar and violin, were recalling *la bella Napoli*, and a couple of pretty girls from the court were footing it as merrily as if it were the grape harvest. A woman opened a lower room door and sharply called to one of the dancing girls to come in, when Edith and the doctor appeared at the bottom of the alley, but her tone changed when she recognized the doctor, and she said, by way of apology, that she didn't like her daughter to dance before strangers. So the music and the dance went on, even little dots of girls and boys shuffling about in a stiff-legged fashion, with applause from all the windows, and at last a largesse of pennies —as many as five altogether—for the musicians. And the sun fell lovingly upon the pretty scene.

But then there were the sweaters' dens, and the private rooms where half a dozen pale-faced tailors stitched and pressed fourteen and sometimes sixteen hours a day, stifling rooms, smelling of the hot goose and steaming cloth, rooms where they worked, where the cooking was done, where they ate, and late at night, when overpowered with weariness, lay down to sleep. Struggle for life everywhere, and perhaps no more discontent and heart-burning and certainly less ennui than in the palaces on the avenues.

The residence of Karl Mulhaus, one of the doctor's patients, was typical of the homes of the better class of poor. The apartment fronted on a small and not too cleanly court, and was in the third story. As Edith mounted the narrow and dark stairways she saw the plan of the house. Four apartments opened upon each landing, in which was the common hydrant and sink. The Mulhaus apartment consisted of a room large enough to contain a bed, a cook-stove, a bureau, a rocking-chair, and two other chairs, and it had two small windows, which would have more freely admitted the southern sun if they had been washed, and a room adjoining, dark, and nearly filled by a big bed. On the walls of the living-room were hung highly colored advertising chromos of steamships and palaces of industry, and on the bureau Edith noticed two illustrated newspapers of the last year, a patent-medicine almanac, and a volume of Schiller. The bureau also held Mr. Mulhaus's bottles of medicine, a comb which needed a dentist, and a broken hair-brush. What gave the room, however, a cheerful aspect were some pots of plants on the window-ledges, and half a dozen canary-bird cages hung wherever there was room for them.

None of the family happened to be at home except Mr. Mulhaus, who occupied the rocking-chair, and two children, a girl of four years and a boy of eight, who were on the floor playing "store" with some blocks of wood, a few tacks, some lumps of coal, some scraps of paper, and a tangle of twine. In their prattle they spoke the English they had learned from their brother who was in a store.

"I feel some better to-day," said Mr. Mulhaus, brightening up as the visitors entered, "but the cough hangs on. It's three months since this weather that I haven't been out, but the birds are a good deal of company." He spoke in German, and with effort. He was very thin and sallow, and his large feverish eyes added to the pitiful look of his refined face. The doctor explained to Edith that he had been getting fair wages in a type-

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foundry until he had become too weak to go any longer to the shop.

It was rather hard to have to sit there all day, he explained to the doctor, but they were getting along. Mrs. Mulhaus had got a job of cleaning that day; that would be fifty cents. Ally—she was twelve—was learning to sew. That was her afternoon to go to the College Settlement. Jimmy, fourteen, had got a place in a store, and earned two dollars a week.

"And Vicky?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, Vicky," piped up the eight-year-old boy. "Vicky's up to the 'stution"—the hospital was probably the institution referred to—"ever so long now. I seen her there, me and Jim did. Such a bootifer place! 'Nd chicken!" he added. "Sis got hurt by a cart."

Vicky was seventeen, and had been in a fancy store.

"Yes," said Mulhaus, in reply to a question, "it pays pretty well raising canaries, when they turn out singers. I made fifteen dollars last year. I hain't sold much lately. Seems 's if people stopped wanting 'em such weather. I guess it 'll be better in the spring."

"No doubt it will be better for the poor fellow himself before spring," said the doctor as they made their way down the dirty stairways. "Now I'll show you one of my favorites."

They turned into a broader street, one of the busy avenues, and passing under an archway between two tall buildings, entered a court of back buildings. In the third story back lived Aunt Margaret. The room was scarcely as big as a ship's cabin, and its one window gave little light, for it opened upon a narrow well of high brick walls. In the only chair Aunt Margaret was seated close to the window. In front of her was a small work-table, with a kerosene lamp on it, but the side of the room towards which she looked was quite occupied by a narrow couch—ridiculously narrow, for Aunt Margaret was very stout. There was a thin chest of drawers on the other side, and the small coal stove that stood in the centre so nearly filled the remaining space that the two visitors were one too many.

"Oh, come in, come in," said the old lady, cheerfully, when the door opened. "I'm glad to see you."

"And how goes it?" asked the doctor.

"First rate. I'm coming on, doctor. Work's been pretty slack for two weeks now, but yesterday I got work for two days. I guess it will be better now."

The work was finishing pantaloons. It used to be a good business before there was so much cutting in.

"I used to get fifteen cents a pair, then ten; now they don't pay but five. Yes, the shop furnishes the thread."

"And how many pairs can you finish in a day?" asked Edith.

"Three—three pairs, to do 'em nice—and they are very particular—if I work from six in the morning till twelve at night. I could do more, but my sight ain't what it used to be, and I've broken my specs."

"So you earn fifteen cents a day?"

"When I've the luck to get work, my lady. Sometimes there isn't any. And things cost so much. The rent is the worst."

It appeared that the rent was two dollars and a half a month. That must be paid, at any rate. Edith made a little calculation that on a flush average of ninety cents a week earned, and allowing so many cents for coal and so many cents for oil, the margin for bread and tea must be small for the month. She usually bought three cents' worth of tea at a time.

"It is kinder close," said the old lady, with a smile. "The worst is, my feet hurt me so I can't stir out. But the neighbors is real kind. The little boy next room goes over to the shop and fetches my pantaloons and takes 'em back. I can get along if it don't come slack again."

Sitting all day by that dim window, half the night stitching by a kerosene lamp, lying for six hours on that narrow couch! How to account for this old soul's Christian resignation and cheerfulness! "For," said the doctor, "she has seen better days; she has moved in high society; her husband, who died twenty years ago, was a policeman. What the old lady is doing is fighting for her independence. She has only one fear—the almshouse."

It was with such scenes as these in her eyes that Edith went to her dressing-room to make her toilet for the Henderson dinner.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE COACH.

THE HARVARD AND YALE BOAT-RACE.

OBSERVATIONS OF A HARVARD MAN.

BY W. A. BROOKS, M.D.

"THEM'S the Harvards!" is the way many a crew are greeted by the New London urchin, as, with bags in hand, they step from the New York train and group themselves together, waiting for the train to pull out from the station and allow them to cross to the wharf and board the cranky launch which, with steam up, is waiting to convey them to their quarters, four miles up the Thames. Some of them perchance have been there before, and to them the scenes are not new; but, nevertheless, they gaze about them, and over their faces comes a pained expression as they remember how Eli's band led them down the course a little less than a year ago.

When all are on board, the needle-shaped launch backs away out into the stream, and then turns her bow up river towards the massive piers which support that triumph of human ingenuity over

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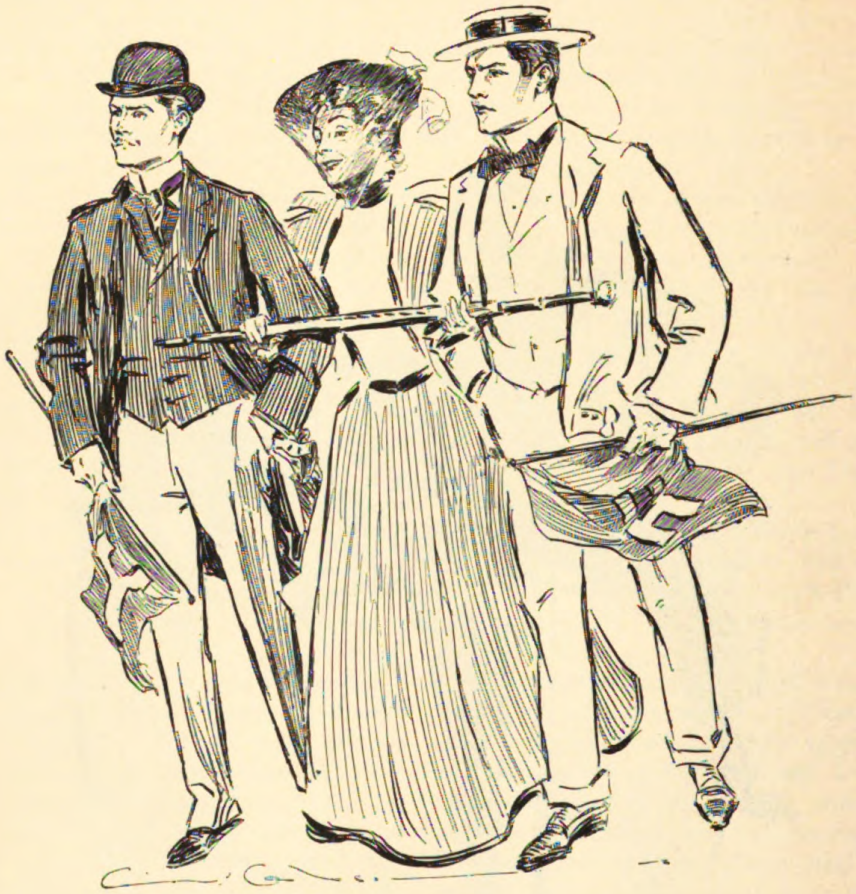

GOING TO THE RACE.

space, the iron bridge, the connecting link between the Groton and New London shores.

In a few moments the launch reaches the bridge, and as she pokes her nose by the piers, all those on board instinctively turn their eyes to the little point of land on the left shore, and tell each other that "there is the finish." And then all eyes are turned up the river, and as they rest upon a gravel bank, 'way off in the distance, it hardly seems possible that the man who measured that course was accurate. Certainly there are no four miles in the country that are longer, or look longer. Soon the Navy-yard, one of the decaying relics of warlike times, is reached, and with a wide sweep to the left the launch makes for deeper water near the New London shore. The banks of the river are now rocky and wild. Occasionally a white painted cottage stands out from its green background of trees, but were it not for the railroad tracks which mark and mar the left shore, one would almost imagine that he was about to steam into an unexplored channel.

While beauty of nature is appreciated, it does not appeal, however, to those half-browned boys, who are looking but for one object, "Red Top," their home for the next two weeks. In a short space of time the launch takes a swing to the right, and there, straight ahead, with its red roof flashing crimson rays against the blue sky, is Harvard's boating home. Even in its loneliness there is a home-like air about the place. Closely snuggled against a rugged cliff, whose sides have been cruelly gnawed by the avaricious bridge-builder, it nevertheless has the dignity of being perched on a small bluff, and though it shares the limited space with a four-stoned cemetery, its broad welcoming piazza and wide open door completely take away the chilly sensation which the graveyard gives.

With a bell to stop and two bells to

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HARVARD OR YALE?

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back her, the embryo pilot of the Harvard launch brings her within a few feet of the wide float—near enough to throw a rope to the "heeler" who stands ready to catch it. Scarcely does she touch the float when, one after the other, the crew pile out and greet the "subs," who have been sent down earlier to make things ready. Then each one makes for the quarters, eager to have his section of the common bedroom allotted. The captain, of course, takes the captain's room in the corner. Then the "veterans," if there are any, take their old rooms if they want them, and the remainder are distributed as the captain thinks best, the subs, of course, being looked out for last, and generally getting the two cots near the chimney.

But scarcely have all had a chance to unpack their flannel suits and arrange their belongings before the order is given to get ready for their first practice row on the Thames. So down the little pathway which leads to the boat-house they go, and almost in less time than it takes to tell it they have gotten into their rowing-togs and taken their places by the shell. Together they lift it gently and carry it out on the float. Then, all together, they drop it into the water. When each man is in his place the cockswain gives his orders to push off and get under way.

With a long, steady swing they fall to their work, and having taken a dozen strokes or so, they "let her run," and rest on their oars.

Half a mile up the river, on the same side as Red Top, they see a small cluster of houses with a flag-staff in front. But, as the Yale crew have not arrived, no large blue flag with a white "Y" in the centre graces the top of the staff. They know, however, that they will be there in a day or two, and it is with reluctance that they obey the order, "Eyes in the boat!" And now the launch comes up with the coach perched in the bow. As soon as he is within hearing distance he speaks to the crew, calls upon them for their best efforts from now on until the race, and then sends them off down the river.

Somehow the sweeps feel differently than they did in the sluggish water of the Charles, and as the crew feel the shell shoot along, they gather renewed interest and enthusiasm from the change, and buckle down to their work with renewed zeal. But the coach is merciless. Fault after fault he brings to their notice. Stretch after stretch he makes them row, and not until the shadows have crept from the banks and almost covered the entire river in darkness does he give the signal to return to the boat-house. With weary backs they lift their shell and carry it up the float. But a bucket of cold water and a brisk rub bring back their spirits, and the crew appetite asserts itself in loud cries for supper. What a supper they eat! Chops, steak, toast, and milk disappear as if by magic, and not until their tired stomachs refuse to be more heavily laden do they rise from the table.

Once fed, like animals, they long for sleep, and in spite of songs, banjo-playing, and rowing incidents, they wait impatiently for ten o'clock to come, and the order, "All to bed!" Then for a few moments pandemonium is let loose. Because they can sleep they do not want to. The mystic initiation of the new members is gone through, pillows and water are thrown, and the commotion increases until all are in such a state of hysterical excitement that it requires sharp words on the part of the captain to restore order. When all is quiet, the captain blows out the last candle, and tells the crew that not a man shall rise until called in the morning.

Thus it is generally with a crew the first night at New London. Afterwards, as the day of the race approaches, and the men become more nervous and irritable, they allow no one to deprive them of even a second's rest. They are too much worried, and are glad of the chance to think the race over quietly to themselves.

They rise the following morning at seven, take a short walk, and then are ready for breakfast. From eight until eleven their time is their own, and they pass it in reading, playing quoits, lounging on the piazza, or taking rambling walks through the woods back of the quarters.

At eleven, or thereabouts, just as the morning breeze, which generally springs up about that time, is beginning to roughen the surface of the river, they get into the shell and begin their day's work. The hot June sun reddens and blisters their shoulders, and causes them to long for the morning row to end. But they are kept at their work, and after a series of short rows they gradually become ac-

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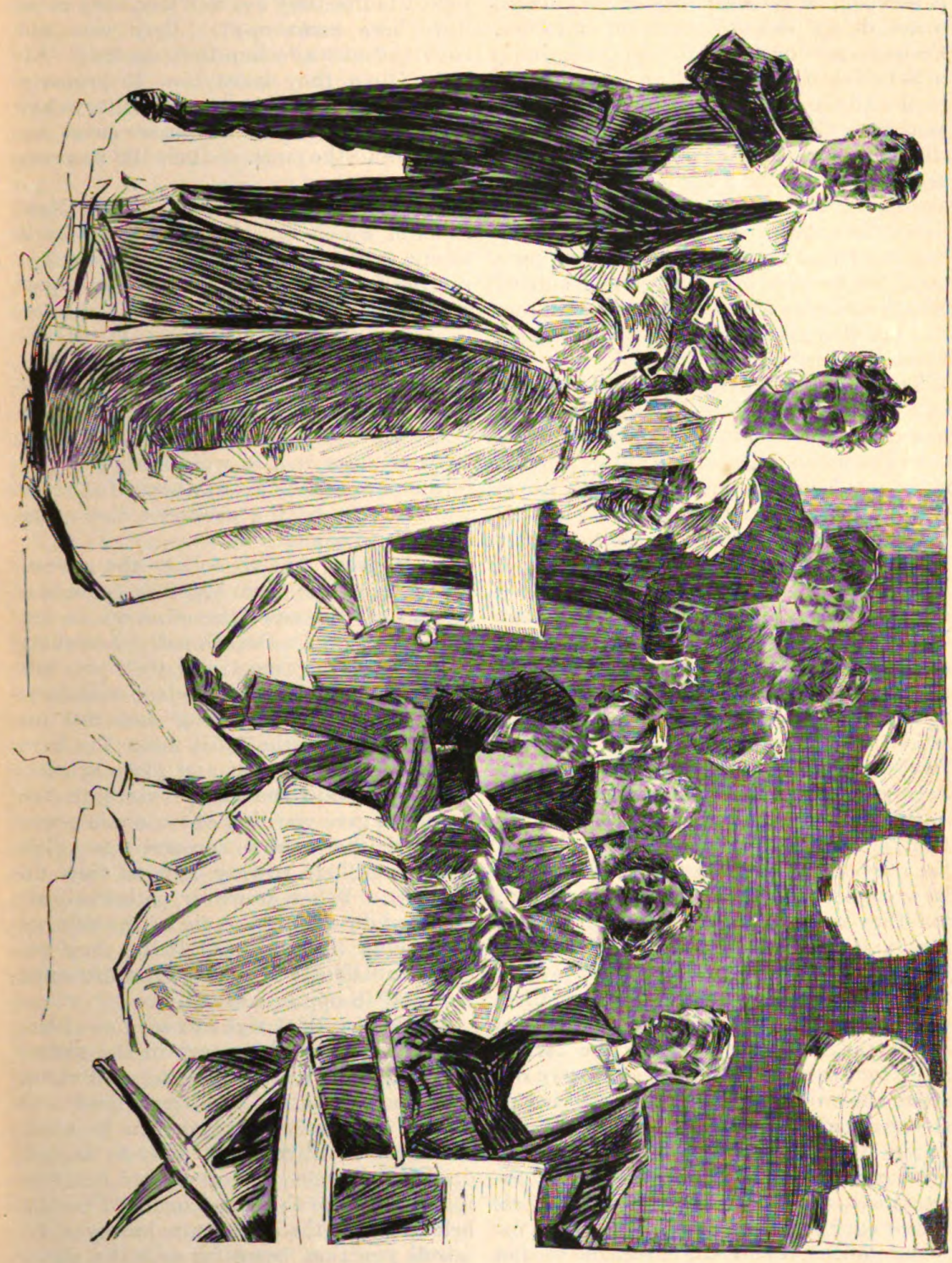

AT THE HOTEL AFTER THE RACE.

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customed to the heat and more contented. After an hour or so they return to the float, and in a few moments dinner is served. After dinner they loaf about, some doing one thing, some another. Perhaps one or two of them will jump into the skiff, and spend an hour fishing in the shade of the old wharf which projects into the river from the point below the boat-house. At four o'clock they again assemble, and from four to six, or even later, they are sent for long stretches down the course. When they return they are tired and hungry, and it requires a good supper to bring up their spirits. The evening, as usual, is passed in singing and chaffing one another, but all are glad when bedtime comes.

The first excitement in their daily routine is the arrival of the Yale crew. They have been there but a day or two when one afternoon they see coming up the river the Yale launch, loaded well down to her water-line with a living freight of Yale men and coaches. As they pass the quarters they cheer their rivals, and in return the Harvard men dip the faded crimson flag, which in a listless way has been floating over the roof of Red Top, and give three times three for Yale. From now on the blue flag with the white "Y" in its centre waves from its staff, and the work of the substitutes begins. For it is the duty of the substitutes of each crew to keep an eye on their opponents.

Let a man get into a shell from either float, and the fact is immediately noted at the other. Let a crew start out, and there is work for the substitutes immediately. Off they are sent in the pair oar or singles, and are not allowed to return until they have followed and observed the crew from the beginning until the end of their row. Perhaps, instead of taking to the water, they run up or down the banks, and from some elevated point closely observe the crews, and count the number of strokes they are rowing to the minute. Often it happens that the substitutes of both crews meet at the same point of observation, and talk and chat with each other, exchanging all sorts of useless information. When they return to the quarters they are besieged with questions, and given to understand that if they cannot see any better they had better pack up and go home.

Upon them is ventilated all the irritableness of the crew. If they come back bringing the report that the other crew are rowing well, they are told that they do not know what good rowing is. If they report faults, they are told that they must have been cross-eyed: "they were not rowing that way when they started." After a time they learn how to properly construct their reports, and interweave facts and fancies in a manner more acceptable to the crew, so their life becomes easier.

It is the incidents of the life at New London which in after-years come back to one, and the enjoyment of race-week is not limited to the chosen few who represent the blue and the crimson.

With a room at the Pequot, Fort Griswold, or Crocker House, the last week in June can be pleasantly passed listening to crew gossip, following the crews, and watching the yachts sail swiftly in and drop anchors in the wide harbor which forms the outlet for the beautiful river which is to be the scene of the great struggle to come.

It is great fun to follow the crews. You seldom see them together, for when one go up the river the other go down, and *vice versa*. Occasionally, however, by accident they meet, and then you are confronted by a cat-and-dog situation. Both crews cease rowing and rest on their oars. Neither will make the first move, and so they sit and glare at each other. In vain the safety-valves on the launches give warning of too much pressure. Neither crew propose to give points on their rowing, and so they do not row. When, however, patience is almost exhausted, by the aid of the tide, or by rowing by pairs and fours, they become sufficiently separated, and are once more off in opposite directions.

It is a beautiful sight to see one of the crack crews dip their oars in the water, carry them home with a swing, and shoot them out quickly for a fresh hold and stroke. Scarcely a splash can be seen, and the shell travels as steadily as though driven by some unseen power entirely independent of the eight men. The Gabriel voice of the cockswain, however, reminds you that, beautiful as is the sight, there is tyranny in the government of those grand specimens of muscular development, and that they are but human, after all. "Watch your time, six!" "What's the matter with you, five?" "Eyes in the boat, four!" "Up!"

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"Shoot!" And long after you cannot make out the faces of the men you hear the exasperating cry which gives the beat to the stroke: "Up!" "Shoot!"

Having seen the crews row, you compare their good points, and try to settle in your mind which one will surely win. And in the evening, at the hotel, you compare notes with others, and discuss the pros and cons until your judgment is so disturbed that you give up trying to reach a conclusion, and confine your statements to guessing.

As the day of the race approaches, there slowly gather at the different hotels a crowd of enthusiasts, many of whom have come miles to see the race. At the Crocker House you find a small army of newspaper men, quick on the scent of every item of interest in regard to the crew, and with them is always a small contingent of graduates, who love to talk over the races of other years, and compare this year's crews with last.

The evening before the race, in their quarters up the river, the well-trained oarsmen gather together after supper and talk over the coming race. Anxiety is betrayed in faces and actions, and only frequent changes in position enable them to endure the suspense between supper and bedtime. Perhaps they try to sing or joke, but the songs lack enthusiasm as they ring out in the night air, and the jokes fall flat. They realize fully for the first time how much depends on their twenty-odd minutes of work on the morrow, and how horrible it will be if they should lose the race. All day long they have noted the preparations. Old graduates have visited them, wished them luck, and tried to cheer them up. The passing yachts have saluted them, and the gay parties on board have awakened their enthusiasm by cheers. There was excitement in every breath of wind, and instinctively they have partaken of the excitement, until every nerve in their bodies tingles. When finally bedtime comes, with one last look at the heavens to try in vain to determine the weather for the morning, they turn to their cots and try to sleep. But to many of them sleep comes slowly. Over and over again they mentally row the race, win it, lose it, get ahead, break something and fall behind, until exhausted nature rebels, and they fall into a troubled sleep, to awaken in the morning feeling tired and exhausted. But while they try to sleep, and all about them is silent and still, at the boat-house all is activity and life. The last touches are being given to the preparation of the shell, which, resting upon its wooden horses, and vibrating slightly with each touch of the polisher's hand, has a personality which only an old oarsman can appreciate. Note how the polish glistens with each flash of the lantern's rays. It has taken hours of work to get it, and the faithful attendant goes over it and over it, until from stem to stern it shines like a mirror, and feels to the hand like the surface of glass. When finished it is perfect, and stands silently ready to do its share of the work.

At New London, things are different; the town is one blaze of light, crowds throng the streets, venders and hawkers fill the square, and eager hackmen beseech each passer-by with, "Ride to the Pequot House?" In the harbor, lights twinkle from the mast-heads of many crafts, and ever and anon comes the cry from some owner to his men telling them to come this way or that.

At the Crocker House, a crowd surges in and out. Rooms are in demand. Everybody is excited. Bets are made. Drinks are taken. Chaos reigns. Until, late in the evening, the crowds thin out, and only here and there can be seen small knots of men who discuss, argue, and reason over the chances. It is early in the morning before the electric lights fall sadly and reflectively upon the weary clerk at the desk as he gazes at the empty lobby, and tells the sleepy bell-boy to rearrange the chairs and pick up the loose papers. It has been a wild evening, yet fun and good frolic have predominated, and only occasionally has some misguided youth made notable exhibition of his animal nature by drunken speech and incoherent language.

If one goes to the Pequot House, a barrack-shaped building with rickety walls and several annexes, situated just where the New London shore turns its front to the Sound, one finds a wharf, and from the wharf up the bank a poorly cared-for driveway, which joins the New London road at an acute angle. From the road to the hotel stretch beautiful green lawns. The whole scene is one of great natural beauty mingled with traces of the interference and neglect of man. But everything is full of life there.

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ONE OF THE WINNING CREW.

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The broad piazza is alive with people. Pretty maidens, lovely women, jolly matrons, sit, walk, and chatter with men in full dress or yachting suits. Through the open windows come the strains of music, and the lights thrown out on the lawns show groups of fellows whose gay laughing conversation plainly tells of the good time they are having. The anchorage-ground off the wharf is well illuminated with myriads of lights from the yachts, and small boats are continually passing to and fro, bringing parties to the shore. Every once in a while the scene about the hotel is enlivened by the arrival of parties from New London. With a song or a cheer they announce their coming in the distance, and as they greet old friends almost the first question is, "Who'll win?" and then they say, "Let's adjourn."

Bright and early the next morning everybody is up and on the move. Carriages are engaged, tickets are bought, and arrangements made to see the race. Either crimson or blue is in every buttonhole, and the wearers are eager for the fun to begin. The yachts in front of the Pequot House weigh anchor, and either steam up themselves toward the bridge, or else are towed up by some friendly tug. They have got to get their positions in the lines. Every one is hurrying towards New London as a centre. At the wharves launches are continually coming in and backing out, some for pleasure, some on business connected with the race. Above the bridge the yachts are being anchored in two long lines, forming a lane through which in a few hours the two crews will pass. From the bowsprits to mast-heads, and from mast-heads to sterns, flags of gay colors fly, and pretty women walk the decks and level glasses at every passing boat. Once in a while a cheer is heard, and horns and whistles give evidence of the excitement and noise to come. Every ripple on the water is noticed and scowled at, for every one dreads a postponement.

Four miles up the river, at the quarters, it is as still and quiet as a village Sunday. A few men in bright-colored blazers and white duck trousers are scattered about, some looking at books, some talking with each other, but all keeping one eye on the weather and the condition of the water. In the boat-house the last finishing touches are being given to the rigging of the shells. Straps are tested, nuts are tightened, and lastly the round leather buttons on the sweeps are given a coating of lard to make them turn easily. In front of the boat-house the captain and coaches are having a final understanding, and as they see the referee's boat approach and hear the whistle's signal they call to their men, and then all disappear. While they dress, through the window and cracks in the side of the boat-house they see a small fleet of steam-craft of all sizes and shapes come slowly up the river, and restlessly change their positions in the deep water to the eastward of the start. Then the breeze brings to their ears the sound of faint cheering, and coming up the railroad track on the other side of the river they see the observation train, with its tiers of seats crowded with people, all framed in by canopies of crimson or blue. Cold chills creep up and down their spines as they realize that the long-expected hour has at last arrived. They are glad when the orders are given to pick up the shell, carry her out, and put her into the water. Then, when they find themselves in their places, and feel the rough handle of the sweep in their grasp, the greater part of their nervousness vanishes, and with a last tug at their toe-straps they are ready to be off. In short stretches and with frequent stops they worry their way across the river, stealing occasionally a glance at their opponents, who are slowly rowing down. Then an order is given to keep their eyes in the boat, and they know that they are dangerously near the start. They drift by the starting-boat, and feel the hands of the boatman as he grasps the stern and holds it in position. Above and about them they hear an indistinct buzz of cheers and shouts, but their hearts beat so quickly that their eyes are half blurred, and they can with difficulty hold their gaze on the back of the man in front.

At the word they quickly peel off their jerseys and pass them to the boatman. Then comes a time which tries the patience of all. They back her up a little, pull the bow round, then go out to the full reach. A second; it is a year to each man in the shells. There is a horrible silence, then the "Are you ready? Go!" from the referee sends them off with a rush.

If the reader has ever handled a sweep in a 'varsity race he will know how each man feels while he waits for the start.

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There he is with his feet firmly pressed against the stretcher, his knees slightly bent, and the blade of his sweep just covered with water. At the "Go!" like a spring he uncoils, gives a short swing with his shoulders, a shove with his legs, tears his blade from the water, rushes forward, and digs the water again. Three strokes and there is headway; a fourth, and he can feel the need of slower work and longer pulls. He hears nothing; he sees nothing. His mind is a blank. There are a great throbbing in his head, an uncomfortable feeling about his stomach. His breath does not seem to come right. "Oh dear!" he thinks to himself, "I can never stand this." But as the stroke lengthens, and the recover becomes slower, the mist slowly clears away from before his eyes, the uncomfortable feeling vanishes, and the true work of the race begins. He now sees the man in front of him, and gathering all his wits about him, he watches his time, tries to move with him, thinks of a thousand things in a second, but principally he is interested as to where the other crew is. He knows soon enough. As he comes forward for a stroke he catches a glimpse out of the corner of his eye of a moving mass beside him on the water. They are there. "But we're holding them," he says to himself, and he shuts his teeth hard and puts more drive into his legs. "Half a mile," shouts the cockswain. "Only half a mile!" It seems as though he had been rowing for hours. "Why don't we gain?" These thoughts flash through his mind. But he pulls with his might. If he gains there comes to him slowly the knowledge that his crew are ahead, the moving mass beside him has gradually dropped astern, and now as he comes forward he can see his opponents as they struggle to regain the space they have lost. The sight gives him courage, and he feels as strong as an ox. The race becomes interesting. He never rowed so well in his life. Not a muscle becomes tired. "One mile!" shouts the cockswain. "Only three more," he thinks to himself, and the time passes quickly until the next mile flag is reached. Then something happens which brings his heart into his mouth. His oar, as he shoots it out on the recover, strikes a wave, the handle twists in his grasp, and before he can control it the blade is the wrong way. He stops rowing, and wrenches his oar out of the water. The delay has enabled his opponents to catch up, and as he sees them his spirits fall. But quickly getting into the stroke, he makes up for what he has lost by pulling all the harder, and soon he feels more at ease, for he knows he is gaining. Another mile, and he hears about him the cheers of the spectators on the decks of the yachts. A half-mile farther and he feels sure of the race. "Now, boys," shouts the cockswain, "only a half-mile more."

Jove! how he pulls! and as nearer and nearer he gets to the finish, the more he sees and the more he hears. Cannon crash in his ear. Whistles and yells of delight are heard on all sides. Pulling a strong steady stroke, his crew swing along, and just before they cross the line they spurt to show what they can do. "Let her run!" shouts the cockswain, and the race is over.

Perhaps there are artists who can picture on canvas a face expressive of perfect happiness, but they cannot give to a face an expression of perfect delight unless they have seen how a man looks who has won a university race.

Let us go back, however, to the first half-mile. Suppose, instead of gaining, he loses. He no longer catches a glimpse of the moving mass beside him. There is a strange silence all about him. Spurt after spurt is called for. His arms and legs begin to grow heavy. The mist is coming back before his eyes. His breath feels hot and his mouth gets dry. "One mile!" shouts the cockswain. "Only one!" he thinks to himself. "Now pick it up!" He tries for a few strokes, pushes a little harder on his stretcher, and then he falls back into the weary way he was going.

Now a pain comes in his side, and he has hard work to breathe. He has to row easier for a stroke or two. "Two miles!" "You're gaining!" He rouses again, and makes another gallant effort, but it's useless. "Will the race never end?" "Three miles!" "Is that all?" He now begins to hear the cannon and whistles as they greet the crew ahead, and looming up over the cockswain's head he sees the referee's boat, closely followed by a small fleet of steamers. Everything appears to haul him back. He has the sensation as though he was rowing up hill. A buzzing commences in his ears, his arms grow heavier, and when at length the finish-line is crossed he drops his sweep, and slipping back against the

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knees of the man behind him, he rests his weary body, while sob after sob shakes his frame.

In a few moments, however, severe as has been his struggle, he finds his strength coming back, and he wonders why he did not pull harder.

But how does the race appear to the spectator? Perhaps he is fortunate enough to have a chance to watch it from a launch. If he is, he finds himself at the start on the other side of the river from the crews, for the water is too shallow the first half-mile of the course to allow a launch to follow closely, so he has to content himself with watching from a distance. He sees the Yale crew coming slowly down the river, then the Harvard crew leave the float and paddle across. Now the two crews are together near the bank. The referee's boat gets as close as possible. After a little manœuvring he notices that the two crews are opposite each other, man for man. Then he sees their arms wave as they strip off the jerseys. There is a moment or two of delay. Then a shout is heard from the observation train, clouds of spray rise on both sides of the crews, and he knows they have started. How quickly the men move! The shells fairly jump. In a few seconds, however, the splashing has stopped, and the blades begin to linger in the water. Long powerful strokes have taken the place of the short drives which were used at the start. As one crew come forward the other go back. The crews seesaw with each other, but the cockswains travel steadily along. Now one sharp bow is ahead; now the other. Exciting? Just a trifle. The spectator feels as though he were rowing himself, and he inwardly wishes he was. Bow and bow the two crews pass the first half-mile flag. The launch approaches nearer, and crossing behind the crews, it follows the race a little in the rear, but just enough to one side to give a good view of the crews. Both crews have settled down to their best rowing. How grandly the men pull! The brown backs rise and fall with clocklike precision. Even at a distance the straining muscles can be seen to contract as the blades take the water.

And when the drive with the legs puts still more of a strain upon those broad backs and strong arms, their muscles stand out like tightened whip-cords.

Now slowly but surely one crew creep ahead. Gradually the cockswain in one shell gets opposite the stroke oar in the other. There he balances for a time, first a little ahead, then a little behind, then by a series of steady advances he is placed on the line with the next man—number seven. Here the same scene is repeated, and so on up the shell, until by good rowing his crew pull him clean ahead, and the observer can see the space between the crews grow wider and wider. But from the Navy-yard the launch has to take a position more directly behind, and no longer can he see by just how much one crew lead. He gets a stern view of the crews, and can only observe the blades rise, skim the water, then disappear from sight.

Now the men in the losing crew begin to get tired. The pace is too hot for them, and they slowly lose their form and move raggedly. The blades no longer take the water together; they tumble in one after the other, and splashing commences. There are generally one or two men in the crew who stand out from the others, and call attention to themselves by their pallor, by the wabbly way in which they row. Every moment it seems as though they must stop and give up; but they keep on, and your heart goes out to them as you see them make effort after effort to sit up and pull harder. The losing shell is driven slower and slower. The referee's boat and the steamers and launches find it difficult to keep from running it down. They slow up a little, and become so crowded together that collisions seem inevitable. Their occupants become alarmed, and to the excitement of the race is added the excitement of the actual danger. But the skilled pilots keep clear of each other, and steer on down the river.

The two crews are now in the lane between the yachts. As they pass them, from the deck of each one a puff of smoke rises, a report is heard, and soon the smoky haze settles down over the struggling men, and the banks echo and re-echo with cheers, whistles, and explosions.

Under cover of the friendly smoke the last crew crosses the line and the race is finished.

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THE EVENING PARTY.

BY GRACE KING.

"WHAT a sight! Is it not beautiful! Ah! There is nothing I enjoy so much as the happiness of the young!"

Now that the critical moment of the evening was over for her, the company all arrived, and in so far compromised socially, it was impossible for the hostess longer to restrain her self-satisfaction, or suppress her desire for the flattery which had formed so delightful an anticipation during her preparation for the soirée. The remark was, however, felt by the critical to be a little premature for good taste.

The responses were, under the circumstances, compulsory. "Indeed, a beautiful party!" "A beautiful evening!" "Such beautiful flowers!" "So beautifully arranged!" "A beautiful bouquet of young girls!" "Such beautiful toilets!"

The first lady had paid the compliment that came easiest and most natural to her; the rest, either from imitation, or from lack of imagination, or because they had not presence of mind enough for discrimination, repeated the current adjective.

The occasion, as no one ignored, was rather critical: the initial attempt in society of people whose wealth was always the first item in the enumeration of their qualities. The issue had been made on the birthday of the only daughter. The whole of society seemed willing to participate in the experiment. One could look nowhere without seeing friends and the young sons and daughters of friends.

The young people were dancing in the large drawing-room on the other side of the hall. On this side was a small parlor in which the mammas sat. There were enough papas in attendance to fill up some card-tables in an adjoining room, which, in virtue of a writing-table and a bookcase, was called and thought to be a library. The silence of whist reigned in there, but in the parlor conversation rose and fell in irregular tides, rising at one moment to the clear distinctness in which discretions are to be said and heard of any one; sinking at another to the low monotone of indiscretions, when opinions may at any moment be misled into gossip.

"I am not so sure about these affairs for young girls," began a mamma in an ebbing voice, after the last outburst, reassuring herself by a glance at the receding figure of the hostess. "There are advantages, but there are disadvantages too."

This lady's opinion, however, seemed to have some damaging disqualifications attached to it, as if, for instance, her own circumstances prevented her giving a party.

"If a young girl is a great beauty or a great heiress—"

An elderly lady, who had evidently been neither, was about to furnish a commentary, but a nervous, energetic mamma, with a woman's intuition divining the argument, answered it before it was spoken: "But a great deal depends upon the mothers. Look at Céleste; her daughters were neither beauties nor heiresses; and with other disqualifications," shrugging her shoulders, "yet she married three of them."

"Ah, but she was Céleste! Where is she now? In the dancing-room, superintending, managing, devising, arranging. I predict it she will do for her nieces just what she has done for her daughters."

"Ah, well! At that expense!"

"That is true," a timid, belated respondent got in her word with a sigh of self-depreciation. "The mother, after all, is the important thing."

"After, or in default of the *dot*. At least, that is what my husband says."

This authority did not appear to be unimpeachable, or the taste of introducing it into a circle where each one, to say the least, had some claim to a similar infallible director.

"I wonder, Marie"—the last speaker, feeling the condemnation of the pause, sought to relieve it by a diversion—"if you object to evening parties, that you brought your daughter here."

Her malice was detected at once, and frustrated by brute strength, as it were.

"Really, that Marron plays too mechanically! I think it very pernicious having him play so everywhere; it will have an effect on the music of the young ones."

"You are right, my dear. He is already influencing them. The other day I heard Idéo at her piano: 'tam, ta, ta! tam, ta, ta!' 'But, my darling,' I cried, 'what possesses you? I thought it was a horse, playing with his hoofs!' 'I am

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playing like Marron, mamma,' she said; 'listen. It sounds just like him!' And, in fact, she played exactly like the perambulating piano in the street."

"I sometimes despair about the music." This mamma showed the careworn face and the carelessly worn toilet of the many-childrened. "You labor and strive from the moment a child can sit alone on a piano stool, and the first time your back is turned, Heaven knows what bad habit is going to creep in!"

"That is true. It is a continual dipping up of water with a sieve. And then, too, there seems so much luck in it all! It is enough to discourage any one."

"That is the hardest thing about children—the education; all the rest in comparison is a farce."

"Yes, and when it comes to results, to the grand and final result, it is hard to tell the difference between the real education and the imitation."

"It will be like lace. In old times a lady thought it a disgrace, a misalliance, as it were, to wear imitation; now—" She perceived herself that this was venturing on delicate ground, and so instinctively paused, adding the always convenient—"At least it appears so."

"But even the imitation is better than the absolutely—nothing," braving her fear that the hostess might overhear.

"Yes, as we used to say when the negroes made their grotesque attempts at manners and language: it shows goodwill at least, and is meant to be a compliment to us."

"When it comes to that, we are, all of us, only imitations—that is, I confess only to myself—a poor imitation and cheap."

Only one who could have afforded it would have ventured to say that, and so the remark had no force.

But this line of conversation was felt to have painful possibilities too, and so the topic was changed again. It is almost impossible to keep a general conversation on safe grounds in an assemblage where all know one another. There seems to be no subject absolutely innocent.

The music stopped, and the dancers had an intermission for a promenade.

The young girls were only too willing to extend it into the parlor, and even among the whist tables, for the pleasurable excitement of seeing themselves looked at.

The expression of the mammas while the procession lasted! Such lightning glances of comparison, ill-concealed triumph, and still more ill-concealed defeats! How carefully, how painfully had they prepared for show! Each separate physical attribute the recipient of particular effort! The hair let down its full length when it was long and thick, and so artistically fastened up when deficient! And crimped and curled! Even naturally curling and undulating hair passed through the irons. Thin bodies were rounded with puffings of lace and tulle; the prettiness of full ones was as tenderly bared. Small feet were enhanced, large ones condoned; even the eyebrows evidenced a reference to the ideal which prefigures a woman's destiny in the world. The nervous mothers could not forbear calling their daughters to them to retie a bow, smooth or fluff the hair. The difference between girl and girl, both as to looks and dressing, was painfully apparent, and one could not help becoming impressed with what imagination was not needed to intensify into a crucial moment. Indeed, in some of the still ingenuous faces themselves could be read the discouragement of the *éclaircissement* which comparison and competition had brought about to a hitherto intact satisfaction of self and dress. And the ones who suffered thus in their own eyes were frankly regarded by the others as innocent victims to a mother's incompetency.

The mamma of such a one gave a sigh, and essayed by indirection to relieve her feelings.

"Valentine is really wonderful; her children always have on something new!"

"Oh, of course! We can always confidently expect that of her. Who ever saw her but running a race after the fashions? She would break her neck rather than not keep up with them. Let me tell you what happened the other day. Some lady, in the most casual manner in the world, happened to remark in her presence that in a letter from Paris it was mentioned that children were wearing little capes. Valentine did not know the lady who was speaking, and had never heard of the person who wrote the letter; but she went home immediately from that parlor, sent out her maid to Holmes's for the stuff, and by the next morning all her chil-

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dren were wearing short capes, just like the children in Paris."

"My sister told me," contributed another—the music and dancing were well under way again now—"that one day, when she went on some affair to Valentine's, she found her ripping out all the pleats in every skirt in the house. She had just heard that pleats were no longer fashionable. She was so busy that she really could not talk to my sister."

"Perhaps she was right," confessed the discouraged mamma. "One must think so when one sees her family. It seems to me that for women it is the most profitable use for time and money in the world—dressing. It is so important!"

"And there are so many obstacles in the way of it! I mean good dressing."

"Unless one is—" A glance gave the address: the hostess. "They say their wealth is enormous—e-nor-mous!" increasing the quantity of it into something monstrous by this simple device of separating and prolonging the syllables of the adjective.

"Or why should we be here?" asked the sharp tongue, the never-failing discount on the society of women.

"And the daughter will have a 'parti' of her own choosing."

"When one thinks of it one is forced to ask one's self the valuation, not of principle, not of morality, but of common honesty in the world."

"I think the churches ought to attack it."

"Oh, the churches!"

In a community where religion obtains at least a conventional recognition, there could be no rejoinder to this so tactful as a feigned deafness to it.

And then the conversation, as it had done before several times, subdivided, each topic branching off to itself, the groups subdividing also, each woman holding fast to some little proprietary argument, and to the determination of making it heard, following her chosen topic—music or dressmakers or fashions or children, religion, wealth—and so making new pairings. The lady who had neither been an heiress nor a beauty, still pursuing the continuation of her idea, charged with it upon her sofa companion, without looking even to see who she was.

"As I was trying to explain— What, it's you, Louise?"

"Yes, it's I!"

"I have not noticed you here before?"

"Oh! There are so many here," as usual, giving the clew to her own self-effacement.

"But—it looks very well, very well indeed—" forgetting her idea about society, the lady looked through her eye-glasses at Louise's dress.

"If it passes unobserved, that is sufficient, as you told us."

"It must be sufficient; that is all about it. You have a daughter to bring into society; if you stay at home until you get the money to dress fine—like—" There was no need to be more explicit, the allusion always hit the mark this evening.

"Yes; my husband could have made money too, if—"

"Any one could, my dear—any one could. It requires only brute strength of conscience."

"But—it is very beautiful here."

Louise, in her faded, rusty black gown, with its stiff new white ruchings at neck and sleeves, looked up at the glittering splendor about her as if from the depths of some immeasurable abysm.

"Yes; so, so. But where is your daughter? Where is Louisette?"

"'Sette? Oh, she was put in the room with the dancers when I was put here."

"Come, let us hunt her up; let us see what she is doing."

The stir of their moving off attracted the notice of the others, and all the buzzing, scattered conversation immediately forsook its separate topics to hive on their backs.

"What a resurrection!"

"An exhumation, rather!"

"My heavens! Are they still in the world?"

"Oh, I heard weeks ago that everybody who was anybody, even in name, was to be invited!"

"They do show great energy, these—" looking around cautiously.

"Well, we must keep up with the procession," said the lady who quoted her husband.

"Poor thing! But what can she do in society?"

"But what can she do out of it?"

"That is the question."

And this ramified into an argument which unfolded all the entertainments of the whole carnival, with commentaries, biographical, narrative, and critical, upon all the givers, and upon many of the re-

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cipients of them. In the midst of it Louise and her cicerone returned to find the young girl they were seeking standing before them, dropped, as it were, from heaven, or at least come from no one noticed where.

She was one of the thin ones, over whom the muslin and lace had to be puffed. She whispered something in the ear of her mother.

"What! Want to go home!" The mother, without thinking, expressed her astonishment aloud.

The daughter blushed sensitively, for in her mother's astonishment was revealed also a naïve horror, not to say anguish.

"But, my child!" in a whisper. "The supper! It is going to be magnificent! Don't you want to wait for supper? It should be ready soon now!"

"What! Is she not amusing herself?"

"Is she ill?"

"Isn't she fond of dancing?"

"Some one should have found a partner for her."

"It is a pity to go home so soon now."

"In fact, the evening seems very long to me too."

"Yes, but one must not give up; if one gives up at the first ball, one will never be able to go through a second."

"Yes; I told my daughter when we started that no matter what happened she must stay until the end."

The debate that followed was fruitful enough to carry them all through nicely to the pleasant goal of supper, at which they arrived well disposed for any conversion in favor of wealth; for a party supper is perhaps the one occasion where wealth can still hold its own against the claims of family, birth, and position.

The defeated ones, for there seemed to be some occult reason for so considering them, made their way through the throng in the hall to the great door, and beyond that through the street loafers that crowded the front steps, eagerly catching at any glimpses or snatches of sound of the inaccessible feast. In the dark silent streets every now and then one of Marron's crescendos would come running after them, as if to tug at them and coax them to return, reproaching them for at least a want of thrift in throwing away a gratuitous opportunity for pleasure, like refusing some toothsome delicacy on the silly excuse of want of appetite.

The street led, however, away from the sound of the piano; bar after bar, note after note, began to drop out of hearing, the hiatus of silence grew more and more continuous, longer and longer, until at last the great stillness overcame the stuttering, stumbling sounds, as great sleep finally overcomes a nodding man.

And so at last a stretch of street without, so far as eye could see or ear hear, any sign or sound of party-givers or party-goers, night everywhere filling it with night products—darkness, silence, sleep.

The garden gate stood open, just as they had left it when they went out, forgetting in their excitement to shut it.

The low, dim cottage was in hue and quietude a piece of the night itself.

All sleeping fast inside—the fast good sleep that comes after domestic excitement, burying well all plans, hopes, fears, and excitements under its depths, the sleep which one thinks God must make ever vaster and vaster, deeper and deeper, that it may rise well over the increasing accumulations of brain life.

The half-light, shining like a dim intelligence in the hall, made the usual mysteries out of the commonplaces there.

The party-goers tiptoed through them up the stairs to their chambers.

The young girl struck a match and lighted her gas. What confusion round about! The event that had come, had passed. The gloves, slippers, muslins, ribbons, necklace, hair-pins, fan, and the almost forgotten, but bought at the last moment, the new handkerchief; for of course there could have been no party without a suitable handkerchief. They all went to add to the débris and confusion on floor, chairs, and bureau. And, like an edifice falling down amidst all its carpentry and masonry, she fell on her bed.

She could hear her mother trying to keep her father awake long enough to hear the account of the party. All the rest of the family were asleep, still asleep, with anticipations of it. What feats of expectations, what feats of labor and patience and financiering, during the past ten days! What worlds and worlds of strangers! What heights of beauty and finery! What roulades and crescendos of Marron! What moments in the dancing-rooms! What—what hours in corners of parlors, with the mammas all talking!

She turned on her face to cry noiselessly.

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THE PRESIDENT AT HOME.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

WHEN George Washington was first elected President, and went to New York to take his place at the head of the country's civil affairs, he was much concerned about etiquette, and he asked Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Adams to help him out. George Washington, as planter, militia officer, and commander-in-chief of the Revolutionary army, had made the acquaintance of all there was of greatness and politeness in the new country, and he was fully aware of the important place which ceremony held in the Old World, and of the gravity of the duty which rested on him to establish precedent for the new nation. Having finally determined on simplicity as appropriate to the household of the head of a republic, those about him, and the newspapers and their readers at a distance, began talking of the "Republican Court," "His Excellency," and "Lady Washington." The receptions and formalities of President Washington and his wife were denounced as practices and characteristics of aristocracy, and even of monarchy. As there were not newspapers enough in those days for the spreading abroad of all the ill-nature of which our simple republican forefathers were capable, there was an outbreak of pamphlets filled with moral and intellectual dyspepsia that did not add to the attractions of republicanism.

Washington's social and domestic life was perhaps a little distant. He was a trifle too near to royalty, in point of time at least, and he was doubtless under the influence of the royal Governors of Virginia, whom he had known and lived with both officially and socially. The memory of Greenwood Court and of his early patron was in his mind. The rules of etiquette which he established, however, were not followed very long. Jefferson kicked ceremony out of doors, and was so sincere an enemy of all forms and rules governing society that he risked a quarrel with England over the matter of precedence in going out to dinner.

Presidents of the United States have generally possessed, what certain volatile foreigners have been pleased to regard as the national sin, seriousness. They have been busy men who have been obliged to make their own place in the world, and have risen by the exercise of that long patience which waits for its opportunity, and the alertness which seizes it at the right moment. The first five Presidents, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, were the only Presidents whose lives were almost wholly passed in the practice of statesmanship. These first five only, and Abraham Lincoln, had the broadening and wisdom-giving training of a national tragedy. The older men seem to us who look back upon them to have been born and to have lived on the plane of the world, and not to have been bounded by the conditions of a single country, and that country a great expanse of colonies and future States, mainly unexplored, with a fringe of people dwelling along its eastern coast. These men fought and overcame a king, and negotiated with the statesmen who were making history in the Old World, while he who came later was endowed with a spiritual power, a sublime faith and courage, and a prophetic vision, so that he was far above all the leaders of men of his day.

A President may do almost anything without attracting general attention or exciting more than casual gossip if he does it habitually. President Grant used to take frequent walks on Pennsylvania Avenue, for example, and in time people would betray as little curiosity on meeting him as if he were no more than the rare Congressman who has enough respect for his physical well-being to walk to and from the Capitol. If Mr. Cleveland should take it into his head to stroll on the Avenue, the newspapers from the Atlantic to the Pacific would comment on the extraordinary fact for days. In other words, a President is expected to keep on doing what he has always done, and if he does not begin to walk on the Avenue on the 5th of March after his first inauguration he must not expect to be able to do so in the middle of his second term without exciting comment and a certain amount of distrust.

The American citizen has an unconscious belief that all other American citizens, including Presidents, Governors, Senators, Mayors, and all that kind of people, live about as he does. The standard of each American citizen is the perfect standard, and if his evening meal is tea, he would be slightly surprised to learn that

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN LOOKING FROM THE SOUTH PORTICO.

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"PRESIDENT GRANT USED TO TAKE FREQUENT WALKS."

the President's is dinner, and the information that the dinner hour was eight o'clock would give him a topic of conversation with his sympathetic family for a whole evening.

So it is that when the President has a tooth pulled, or goes away on a sudden vacation or on business, the American people become intensely interested; and the President has a very unhappy time while he is in the public eye, unless he happens to lack sensitiveness, or unless he has a store of vanity which is pleased by the evidence that he is an "attraction" within the meaning of the showman. If the President and his family should live in a glass house, and be continually on exhibition, the chroniclers of the period would doubtless find matter of moment in every act of the unhappy people, who would be thereby serving the country at an immense cost. We should know when the baby had a new rattle, and remote citizens, unfamiliar with the social progress of our great cities, would be scandalized on learning that the President employed a valet who brushed his clothes and cleaned his boots every morning. It is quite possible, if the country knew all about the life of a President, that no one would ever again endure the pains and penalties of a second term.

It is well for the President, personally and officially, that his countrymen assume that his domestic life is very much like their own. How far this assumption is correct was attested unconsciously by a prominent member of the fraternity called *raconteurs* in Paris and Washington, but story-tellers elsewhere. This narrator of strange tales used, in telling a story about a President whom he did not like, and who had come from a rural community, to describe the evening fireside at the White House in the library, the family and their friends sitting about the hearth in slippered ease, the head of the nation clad in smoking-jacket, the motherly wife knitting in a rocking-chair, the children on hassocks, apples baking at the fire, and a generous pitcher of cider simmering on the hearth. It was a pleasant picture, and while this particular story-teller was moved by malice in giving local color to his tale, there was a good deal of truth in it. When a citizen of the republic attains the Presidency he is likely to have reached the age when his habits, domestic, social, and otherwise, are settled for life, and the American citizen is right in his supposition that the President and his family are possessed of the same habits in the White House that they acquired in their humbler sphere.

Of the Presidents who came after Mr. Buchanan, one came from the camp; one

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had lived many years in Washington as a Congressman; one had been a city politician and a lawyer of fair standing at the bar; three others were lawyers in small cities who had been somewhat in public life. General Grant brought the camp into the White House. Mr. Hayes had lived in Washington as a Representative at a hotel or a boarding-house. General Garfield had settled in the capital in a house of his own, and had enjoyed the kind of social life that may be had anywhere in this country, and that runs to literary clubs that are formed to facilitate the escape of unpublished manuscripts. To encourage talent and literary ambition was a great pleasure of the President whose murder cut short the term that would have been marked by more geniality and agreeable talk than is usual at the White House. Mr. Arthur brought city customs and manners with him. People who did not know him were greatly mistaken in him. There had been a good deal of refinement and elegance in Mr. Arthur's home, and its influence made the White House more of a social centre than it had been before or than it has been since. Then came Mr. Harrison, who had passed six years in the Senate and a Washington boarding-house, and Mr. Cleveland, who went to the capital a bachelor, having lived most of his life in apartments in a Buffalo business block.

None of these men adopted the manners and customs of court life with the exception of Mr. Arthur, who insisted that those with whom he came in contact should pay his office a respect something more than the formal decent respect of good manners. The rest knew nothing of the rules which Washington society had laid down for its own and their guidance, and which were as conflicting as the various interests that invented and frequently modified them. Moreover, they have seemed to care a good deal less. They or their wives or their secretaries studied up the necessary regulations that govern the intercourse between the head of the nation and the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers. And although Mr. Jefferson insisted on taking out to dinner what woman he would, regardless of her husband's rank, modern Presidents have done their best to observe the proprieties in this respect.

THE PRESIDENT'S PRIVATE DINING-ROOM.

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ON THE SOUTH PORTICO.

The ceremonies that disturb the life of the head of the nation are really few. He goes to his inauguration sitting in the carriage on the right of the man he is to succeed. He rides back from the Capitol with the man he has succeeded sitting on his right. He receives the representatives of foreign powers when they come and when they go with some degree of formality. The burden of these events is shared between the President and his Secretary of State. There is usually a wide difference of opinion between the foreigners and the American citizens with whom they come into official contact as to just how much ceremony the foreigners are entitled to. They may be sure of this, that no ill-will towards them is manifested by the omission of any form of etiquette or ceremony. The American citizen who happens to be President or Secretary of State may be ceremonious or otherwise. It depends on his training. Mr. Arthur, Mr. Fish, Mr. Evarts, and Mr. Frelinghuysen observed all the proprieties that are permissible in a government that conducts its diplomatic relations in plain clothes. Other Presidents and Secretaries have often offended uniformed dignity by democratic manners, that have been falsely assumed to indicate indifference, or even contempt; and at times there has been much chattering in club and drawing-room over the deadly offence given to foreign powers by what may be called sack-coat receptions of their diplomatic agents.

The President's private life is largely free from social obligations. He does about as he likes. Custom, and the one of Washington's precedents on which all his successors have seized with anything like avidity, make it improper for the President to go to any entertainment in a private citizen's house in Washing-

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THE PRESIDENT'S SALUTE.

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ton except a dinner, and even then he is limited to a most exclusive set, consisting of his cabinet, the Supreme Court, and a few very distinguished Senators.

If he likes, the President may lead such a life as he passed at his home and before greatness came to him, so far as he has the time. He has very few hours, however, for the indulgence of his domestic and social tastes. Most of his waking hours are devoted to the public business. When he shuts the doors and sits down by the fire, or, in the beautiful soft nights of the summer, goes out on the piazza from which he can see the shining waters of the Potomac, it is usually pretty late for visiting, and the closest friends of most of our Presidents are those who have not unlearned their early habit of going to bed betimes.

When the President is finally convinced by his friends or his physician that he really needs rest and recreation, he is obliged to hide himself. He can shut out the public at the White House, but he hears it clamoring about the doors. He can have some of his old friends from home, or who have been his familiars during his earlier public career; but he remembers through the few short hours of his recreation that he must bear the light again very soon, and come out of his happy seclusion. When he goes away, he must go where he cannot be followed. He cannot travel in public conveyances, or stop at hotels, or try to take a rest at places which are frequented by other and, to that extent, happier people. Washingtonians forget what the Presidents before the war did with their brief vacations. There was an attempt made when General Grant began the practice of spending his summers at Long Branch to find a tradition that the old Presidents considered it improper to quit Washington at all, except for a brief time, and on most urgent and important business. But General Grant did not care, nor did he seem to care for the public's curiosity-seeking intrusion upon him. He grew used to it, and finally the public grew used to him at Long Branch as it did on Pennsylvania Avenue, and ceased to bother him as it bothered his more retiring successors.

It was in order that the President might travel with some degree of comfort, and with some of the privacy that is enjoyed by millions of his sovereigns, that the despatch-boat of the Secretary of the Navy began to be used for his convenience. Persons whose love of democratic simplicity leads them into extravagant utterances have denounced this practice, and have stigmatized the unoffending boat as the "royal yacht." Gradually these stern patriots have worked themselves into such a fury that they insist that the ship itself shall not be maintained. The ship, however, is of great use. It runs on the Secretary's errands from navy-yard to navy-yard. In time of war it would be absolutely necessary. In such a ceremony as the international naval review which was held in the harbor of New York in April, 1893, it performed a conspicuous duty; and, to sum up, it is a poor soul, one that is sadly wanting in the redeeming grace of generosity, who snarls at the President's use of the boat either for his pleasure or his comfort. A good citizen will sympathize with the cares and burdens that rest upon the head of the nation, and will regret the annoyances to which the President is subjected when he goes away from Washington in a public conveyance. Instead of cavilling at the President's use of the despatch-boat, such a citizen is glad that the government possesses a conveyance that is proper and ready for such service. If a President has conscientious scruples against such employment of the public property, it would be wrong for him to disregard them. But whether he uses the boat or not is of no great importance one way or the other. If he sails about in the ship on summer seas, his career will not be thereby ruined; and if he sternly declines to step on board except when he is acting as commander-in-chief of the navy, he will not, for that reason at least, shine glorious in history as the "President who paid his fare." The hearts and minds of the American people are sometimes moved by trifles, but not permanently.

The despatch-boats of recent years have been the *Tallapoosa*, the *Despatch*, and the *Dolphin*. The first two are at the bottom of the sea, and the last is the largest and best of them all. With its new banquet-hall, constructed for the festal purposes of the Columbian celebration, it is adequate for exacting social demands. Great festivities have made the hours pass quickly and pleasantly on the decks of all these ships. Many distinguished foreigners have been carried by

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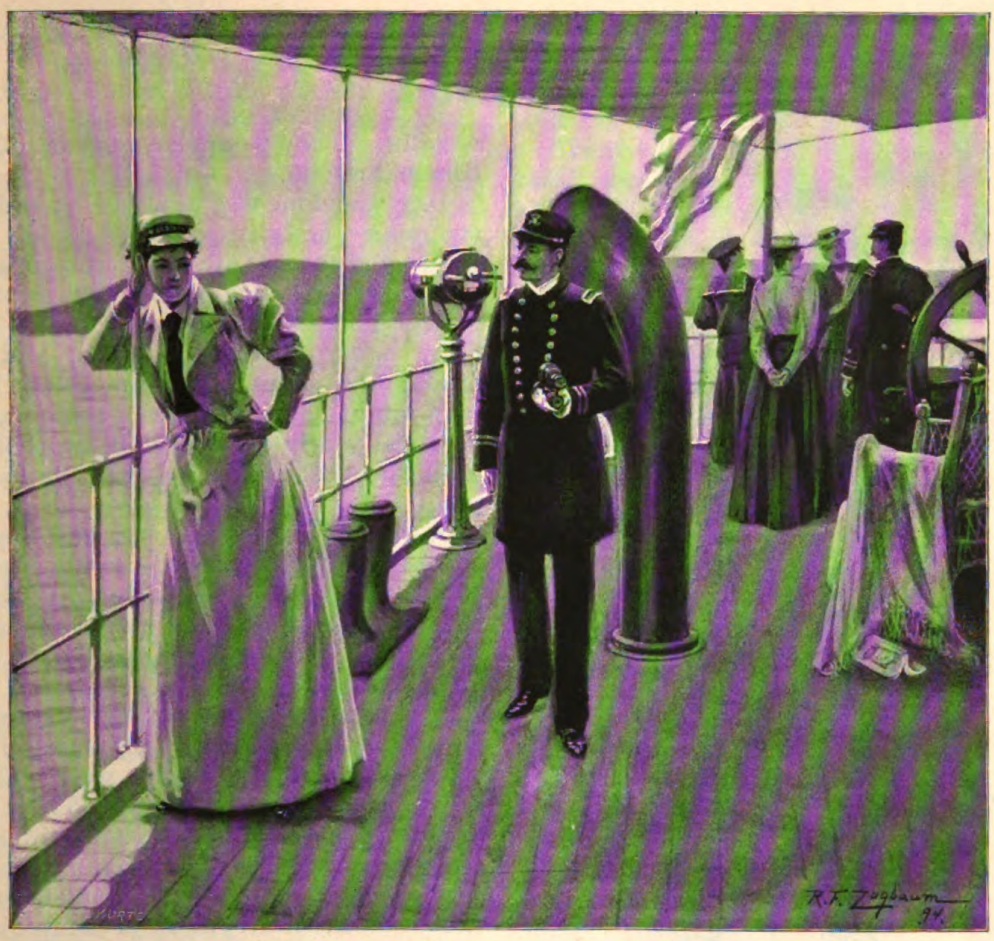

ON THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "DOLPHIN."

them down the Potomac to the tomb of Washington. Europeans and Asiatics and islanders from the Pacific have been entertained in their cabins. And the President has often escaped on them from toil to quiet and recuperative hours.

When the President does go sailing on the *Dolphin*, or when he goes a-fishing to some lonely and remote spot which the reporter of the daily newspaper cannot reach without rowing, he takes his best friends with him. He chooses the man who can tell him the best stories; the man whose skill at cards is just great enough to make the accomplishment of his defeat interesting; the man who can make the best salad or cook some other dish the best; the man who can sit up latest or who is willing to go to bed earliest; the man who is most familiar with the kind of poetry that our fathers loved to quote; or the man who has mastered the realism of Ibsen, and who can make the President understand the new departure during the trip; the man who understands theology, or history, or whist, or backgammon, or eating—anything but government and law. When the President steps on board the yacht, or pulls on his big fishing-boots, or starts out with his gun over his shoulder, he likes to feel as he used to when Saturday came in his boyhood, or when he closed his law-books and started off on his summer vacation. He wants to have no cares, and he insists on comradeship. He takes to the boat, or he makes his way to secluded places, because he wants to escape from the greatness which the office has thrust upon him, and of which the public insists upon reminding him. The President is probably happy when the public cannot get at him with its petty exactions, when he is secure with his friends, or when he is alone with the important part of his work at the White House, after the doors are closed, and when it is too late for any visitor to be admitted.

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SPECIMEN JONES.

BY OWEN WISTER.

EPHRAIM, the proprietor of Twenty Mile, had wasted his day in burying a man. He did not know the man. He had found him, or what the Apaches had left of him, sprawled among some charred sticks just outside the Cañon del Oro. It was a useful discovery in its way, for otherwise Ephraim might have gone on hunting his strayed horses near the cañon, and ended among charred sticks himself. Very likely the Indians were far away by this time, but he returned to Twenty Mile with the man tied to his saddle, and his pony nervously snorting. And now the day was done, and the man lay in the earth, and they had even built a fence round him; for the hole was pretty shallow, and coyotes have a way of smelling this sort of thing a long way off when they are hungry, and the man was not in a coffin. They were always short of coffins in Arizona.

Day was done at Twenty Mile, and the customary activity prevailed inside that flat-roofed cube of mud. Sounds of singing, shooting, dancing, and Mexican tunes on the concertina came out of the windows hand in hand, to widen and die among the hills. A limber, pretty boy, who might be nineteen, was dancing energetically, while a grave old gentleman, with tobacco running down his beard, pointed a pistol at the boy's heels, and shot a hole in the earth now and then to show that the weapon was really loaded. Everybody was quite used to all of this—excepting the boy. He was an Eastern new-comer, passing his first evening at a place of entertainment.

Night in and night out, every guest at Twenty Mile was either happy and full of whiskey, or else his friends were making arrangements for his funeral. There was water at Twenty Mile—the only water for two score of miles. Consequently it was an important station on the road between the southern country and Old Camp Grant, and the new mines north of the Mescal Range. The stunt, liquor-perfumed adobe cabin lay on the gray floor of the desert like an isolated slab of chocolate. A corral, two desolate stable-sheds, and the slowly turning windmill were all else. Here Ephraim and one or two helpers abode, armed against Indians, and selling whiskey. Variety in their vocation of drinking and killing was brought them by the travellers. These passed and passed through the glaring vacant months—some days only one ragged fortune-hunter, riding a pony; again by twos and threes, with high-loaded burros; and sometimes they came in companies, walking beside their clanking freight-wagons. Some were young, and some were old, and all drank whiskey, and wore knives and guns to keep each other civil. Most of them were bound for the mines, and some of them sometimes returned. No man trusted the next man, and their names, when they had any, would be O'Rafferty, Angus, Schwartzmeyer, José Maria, and Smith. All stopped for one night; some longer, remaining drunk and profitable to Ephraim; now and then one staid per-

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manently, and had a fence built round him. Whoever came, and whatever befell them, Twenty Mile was chronically hilarious after sundown—a dot of riot in the dumb Arizona night.

On this particular evening they had a tenderfoot. The boy, being new in Arizona, still trusted his neighbor. Such people turned up occasionally. This one had paid for everybody's drink several times, because he felt friendly, and never noticed that nobody ever paid for his. They had played cards with him, stolen his spurs, and now they were making him dance. It was an ancient pastime; yet two or three were glad to stand round and watch it, because it was some time since they had been to the opera. Now the tenderfoot had misunderstood these friends at the beginning, supposing himself to be among good fellows, and they therefore naturally set him down as a fool. But even while dancing you may learn much, and suddenly. The boy, besides being limber, had good tough black hair, and it was not in fear, but with a cold blue eye, that he looked at the old gentleman. The trouble had been that his own revolver had somehow hitched, so he could not pull it from the holster at the necessary moment.

"Tried to draw on me, did yer?" said the old gentleman. "Step higher! Step, now, or I'll crack open yer kneepans, ye robin's egg."

"Thinks he's having a bad time," remarked Ephraim. "Wonder how he'd like to have been that man the Injuns had sport with?"

"Weren't his ear funny?" said one who had helped bury the man.

"Ear?" said Ephraim. "You boys ought to been along when I found him, and seen the way they'd fixed up his mouth." Ephraim explained the details simply, and the listeners shivered. But Ephraim was a humorist. "Wonder how it feels," he continued, "to have—"

Here the boy sickened at his comments and the loud laughter. Yet a few hours earlier these same half-drunken jesters had laid the man to rest with decent humanity. The boy was taking his first dose of Arizona. By no means everybody was looking at his jig. They had seen tenderfeet so often. There was a Mexican game of cards; there was the concertina; and over in the corner sat Specimen Jones, with his back to the company, singing to himself. Nothing had been said or done that entertained him in the least. He had seen everything quite often.

"Higher! skip higher, you elegant calf," remarked the old gentleman to the tenderfoot. "High-yer!" and he placidly fired a fourth shot that scraped the boy's boot at the ankle and threw earth over the clock, so that you could not tell the minute from the hour hand.

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes,'" sang Specimen Jones, softly. They did not care much for his songs in Arizona. These lyrics were all, or nearly all, that he retained of the days when he was twenty, although he was but twenty-six now.

The boy was cutting pigeon-wings, the concertina played "Matamoras," Jones continued his lyric, when two Mexicans leaped at each other, and the concertina stopped with a quack.

"Quit it!" said Ephraim from behind the bar, covering the two with his weapon. "I don't want any greasers scrapping round here to-night. We've just got cleaned up."

It had been cards, but the Mexicans made peace, to the regret of Specimen Jones. He had looked round with some hopes of a crisis, and now for the first time he noticed the boy.

"Blamed if he ain't neat," he said. But interest faded from his eye, and he turned again to the wall. "'Lieb Vaterland magst ruhig sein,'" he melodiously observed. His repertory was wide and refined. When he sang he was always grammatical.

"Ye kin stop, kid," said the old gentleman, not unkindly, and he shoved his pistol into his belt.

The boy ceased. He had been thinking matters over. Being lithe and strong, he was not tired nor much out of breath, but he was trembling with the plan and the prospect he had laid out for himself. "Set 'em up," he said to Ephraim. "Set 'em up again all round."

His voice caused Specimen Jones to turn and look once more, while the old gentleman, still benevolent, said, "Yer langwidge means pleasanter than it sounds, kid." He glanced at the boy's holster, and knew he need not keep a very sharp watch as to that. Its owner had bungled over it once already. All the old gentleman did was to place himself next the

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boy on the off side from the holster; any move the tenderfoot's hand might make for it would be green and unskilful and easily anticipated. The company lined up along the bar, and the bottle slid from glass to glass. The boy and his tormentor stood together in the middle of the line, and the tormentor, always with half a thought for the holster, handled his drink on the wet counter, waiting till all should be filled and ready to swallow simultaneously, as befits good manners.

"Well, my regards," he said, seeing the boy raise his glass; and as the old gentleman's arm lifted in unison, exposing his waist, the boy reached down a lightning hand, caught the old gentleman's own pistol, and jammed it in his face.

"Now you'll dance," said he.

"Whoop!" said Specimen Jones, delighted. "*Blamed* if he ain't neat!" And Jones's handsome face lighted keenly.

"Hold on!" the boy sang out, for the amazed old gentleman was mechanically drinking his whiskey out of sheer fright. The rest had forgotten their drinks. "Not one swallow," the boy continued. "No, you'll not put it down either. You'll keep hold of it, and you'll dance all round this place. Around and around. And don't you spill any. And I'll be thinking what you'll do after that."

Specimen Jones eyed the boy with growing esteem. "Why, he ain't bigger than a pint of cider," said he.

"Prance away!" commanded the tenderfoot, and fired a shot between the old gentleman's not widely straddled legs.

"You hev the floor, Mr. Adams," Jones observed, respectfully, at the old gentleman's agile leap. "I'll let no man here interrupt you." So the capering began, and the company stood back to make room. "I've saw juicy things in this Territory," continued Specimen Jones, aloud, to himself, "but this combination fills my bill."

He shook his head sagely, following the black-haired boy with his eye. That youth was steering Mr. Adams round the room with the pistol, proud as a ringmaster. Yet not altogether. He was only nineteen, and though his heart beat stoutly, it was beating alone in a strange country. He had come straight to this from hunting squirrels along the Susquehanna, with his mother keeping supper warm for him in the stone farm-house among the trees. He had read books in which hardy heroes saw life, and always triumphed with precision on the last page, but he remembered no receipt for this particular situation. Being good game American blood, he did not think now about the Susquehanna, but he did long with all his might to know what he ought to do next to prove himself a man. His buoyant rage, being glutted with the old gentleman's fervent skipping, had cooled, and a stress of reaction was falling hard on his brave young nerves. He imagined everybody against him. He had no notion that there was another American wanderer there, whose reserved and whimsical nature he had touched to the heart.

The fickle audience was with him, of course, for the moment, since he was upper dog and it was a good show; but one in that room was distinctly against him. The old gentleman was dancing with an ugly eye; he had glanced down to see just where his knife hung at his side, and he had made some calculations. He had fired four shots; the boy had fired one. "Four and one hez always made five," the old gentleman told himself with much secret pleasure, and pretended that he was going to stop his double shuffle. It was an excellent trap, and the boy fell straight into it. He squandered his last precious bullet on the spittoon near which Mr. Adams happened to be at the moment, and the next moment Mr. Adams had him by the throat. They swayed and gulped for breath, rutting the earth with sharp heels; they rolled to the floor and floundered with legs tight tangled, the boy blindly striking at Mr. Adams with the pistol-butt, and the audience drawing closer to lose nothing, when the bright knife flashed suddenly. It poised, and flew across the room, harmless, for a foot had driven into Mr. Adams's arm, and he felt a cold ring grooving his temple. It was the smooth, chilly muzzle of Specimen Jones's six-shooter.

"That's enough," said Jones. "More than enough."

Mr. Adams, being mature in judgment, rose instantly, like a good old sheep, and put his knife back obedient to orders. But in the brain of the overstrained, bewildered boy universal destruction was whirling. With a face stricken lean with ferocity, he staggered to his feet, plucking at his obstinate holster, and

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glaring for a foe. His eye fell first on his deliverer, leaning easily against the bar watching him, while the more and more curious audience scattered, and held themselves ready to murder the boy if he should point his pistol their way. He was dragging at it clumsily, and at last it came. Specimen Jones sprang like a cat, and held the barrel vertical and gripped the boy's wrist.

"Go easy, son," said he. "I know how you're feelin'."

The boy had been wrenching to get a shot at Jones, and now the quietness of the man's voice reached his brain, and he looked at Specimen Jones. He felt a potent brotherhood in the eyes that were considering him, and he began to fear he had been a fool. There was his dwarf Eastern revolver, slack in his inefficient fist, and the singular person still holding its barrel and tapping one derisive finger over the end, careless of the risk to his first joint.

"Why, you little son of a ——" said Specimen Jones, caressingly, to the hypnotized youth, "if you was to pop that squirt off at me, I'd turn you up and spank yu'. Set 'em up, Ephraim."

But the commercial Ephraim hesitated, and Jones remembered. His last cent was gone. It was his third day at Ephraim's. He had stopped, having a little money, on his way to Tucson, where a friend had a job for him, and was waiting. He was far too experienced a character ever to sell his horse or his saddle on these occasions, and go on drinking. He looked as if he might, but he never did; and this was what disappointed business men like Ephraim in Specimen Jones.

But now, here was this tenderfoot he had undertaken to see through, and Ephraim reminding him that he had no more of the wherewithal. "Why, so I haven't," he said, with a short laugh, and his face flushed. "I guess," he continued, hastily, "this is worth a dollar or two." He drew a chain up from below his flannel shirt-collar and over his head. He drew it a little slowly. It had not been taken off for a number of years—not, indeed, since it had been placed there originally. "It ain't brass," he added, lightly, and strewed it along the counter without looking at it. Ephraim did look at it, and being satisfied, began to uncork a new bottle, while the punctual audience came up for its drink.

"Won't you please let me treat?" said the boy, unsteadily. "I ain't likely to meet you again, sir." Reaction was giving him trouble inside.

"Where are you bound, kid?"

"Oh, just a ways up the country," answered the boy, keeping a grip on his voice.

"Well, you *may* get there. Where did you pick up that—that thing? Your pistol, I mean."

"It's a present from a friend," replied the tenderfoot, with dignity.

"Farewell gift, wasn't it, kid? Yes: I thought so. Now I'd hate to get an affair like that from a friend. It would start me wondering if he liked me as well as I'd always thought he did. Put up that money, kid. You're drinking with me. Say, what's yer name?"

"Cumnor—J. Cumnor."

"Well, J. Cumnor, I'm glad to know yu'. Ephraim, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Cumnor. Mr. Adams, if you're rested from yer quadrille, you can shake hands with my friend. Step around, you Miguels and Serapios and Cristobals, whatever yu' claim your names are. This is Mr. J. Cumnor."

The Mexicans did not understand either the letter or the spirit of these American words, but they drank their drink, and the concertina resumed its acrid melody. The boy had taken himself off without being noticed.

"Say, Spec," said Ephraim to Jones, "I'm no hog. Here's yer chain. You'll be along again."

"Keep it till I'm along again," said the owner.

"Just as you say, Spec," answered Ephraim, smoothly, and he hung the pledge over an advertisement chromo of a nude cream-colored lady with bright straw hair holding out a bottle of somebody's champagne. Specimen Jones sang no more songs, but smoked, and leaned in silence on the bar. The company were talking of bed, and Ephraim plunged his glasses into a bucket to clean them for the morrow.

"Know anything about that kid?" inquired Jones, abruptly.

Ephraim shook his head as he washed.

"Travelling alone, ain't he?"

Ephraim nodded.

"Where did yu' say yu' found that fellow layin', the Injuns got?"

"Mile this side the cañon. 'Mong them sand humps."

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"How long had he been there, do yu' figure?"

"Three days anyway."

Jones watched Ephraim finish his cleansing. "Your clock needs wiping," he remarked. "A man might suppose it was nine, to see that thing the way the dirt hides the hands. Look again in half an hour and it 'll say three. That's the kind of clock gives a man the jams. Sends him crazy."

"Well, that ain't a bad thing to be in this country," said Ephraim, rubbing the glass case and restoring identity to the hands. "If that man had been crazy he'd been livin' right now. Injuns 'll never touch lunatics."

"That band have passed here and gone north," Jones said. "I saw a smoke among the foot-hills as I come along day before yesterday. I guess they're aiming to cross the Santa Catalina. Most likely they're that band from round the San Carlos that were reported as raiding down in Sonora."

"I seen well enough," said Ephraim, "when I found him that they wasn't going to trouble us any, or they'd have been around by then."

He was quite right, but Specimen Jones was thinking of something else. He went out to the corral, feeling disturbed and doubtful. He saw the tall white freight-wagon of the Mexicans, looming and silent, and a little way off the new fence where the man lay. An odd sound startled him, though he knew it was no Indians at this hour, and he looked down into a little dry ditch. It was the boy, hidden away flat on his stomach among the stones, sobbing.

"Oh, snakes!" whispered Specimen Jones, and stepped back. The Latin races embrace and weep, and all goes well; but among Saxons tears are a horrid event. Jones never knew what to do when it was a woman, but this was truly disgusting. He was well seasoned by the frontier, had tried a little of everything; town and country, ranches, saloons, stage-driving, marriage occasionally, and latterly mines. He had sundry claims staked out, and always carried pieces of stone in his pockets, discoursing upon their mineral-bearing capacity, which was apt to be very slight. That is why he was called Specimen Jones. He had exhausted all the important sensations, and did not care much for anything any more. Perfect health and strength kept him from discovering that he was a saddened, drifting man. He wished to kick the boy for his baby performance, and yet he stepped carefully away from the ditch so the boy should not suspect his presence. He found himself standing still, looking at the dim, broken desert.

"Why, hell," complained Specimen Jones, "he played the little man to start with. He did so. He scared that old horse-thief, Adams, just about dead. Then he went to kill me, that kep' him from bein' buried early to-morrow. I've been wild that way myself, and wantin' to shoot up the whole outfit." Jones looked at the place where his middle finger used to be, before a certain evening in Tombstone. "But I never—" He glanced towards the ditch, perplexed. "What's that mean? Why in the world does he git to cryin' for *now*, do you suppose?" Jones took to singing without knowing it. "'Ye shepherds, tell me, have you seen my Flora pass this way?'" he murmured. Then a thought struck him. "Hello, kid!" he called out. There was no answer. "Of course," said Jones. "Now he's ashamed to hev me see him come out of there." He walked with elaborate slowness round the corral and behind a shed. "Hello, you kid!" he called again.

"I was thinking of going to sleep," said the boy, appearing quite suddenly. "I—I'm not used to riding all day. I'll get used to it, you know," he hastened to add.

"'Ha-ve you seen my Flo'— Say, kid, where yu' bound, anyway?"

"San Carlos."

"San Carlos? Oh. Ah. 'Flo-ra pass this way?'"

"Is it far, sir?"

"Awful far, sometimes. It's always liable to be far through the Arivaypa Cañon."

"I didn't expect to make it between meals," remarked Cumnor.

"No. Sure. What made you come this route?"

"A man told me."

"A man? Oh. Well, it *is* kind o' difficult, I admit, for an Arizonan not to lie to a stranger. But I think I'd have told you to go by Tres Alamos and Point of Mountain. It's the road the man that told you would choose himself every time. Do you like Injuns, kid?"

Cumnor snapped eagerly.

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"Of course yu' do. And you've never saw one in the whole minute-and-a-half yu've been alive. I know all about it."

"I'm not afraid," said the boy.

"Not afraid? Of course yu' ain't. What's your idea in going to Carlos? Got town lots there?"

"No," said the literal youth, to the huge internal diversion of Jones. "There's a man there I used to know back home. He's in the cavalry. What sort of a town is it for sport?" asked Cumnor, in a gay Lothario tone.

"*Town?*" Specimen Jones caught hold of the top rail of the corral. "*Sport?* Now I'll tell yu' what sort of a town it is. There ain't no streets. There ain't no houses. There ain't any land and water in the usual meaning of them words. There's Mount Turnbull. It's pretty near a usual mountain, but yu' don't want to go there. The Creator didn't make San Carlos. It's a heap older than him. When he got around to it after slickin' up Paradise and them fruit trees, he just left it be as he found it, as a sample of the way they done business before he come along. He 'ain't done any work around that spot at all, he 'ain't. Mix up a barrel of sand and ashes and thorns, and jam scorpions and rattlesnakes along in, and dump the outfit on stones, and heat yer stones red-hot, and set the United States army loose over the place chasin' Apaches, and you've got San Carlos."

Cumnor was silent for a moment. "I don't care," he said. "I want to chase Apaches."

"Did you see that man Ephraim found by the cañon?" Jones inquired.

"Didn't get here in time."

"Well, there was a hole in his chest made by an arrow. But there's no harm in that if you die at wunst. That chap didn't, yu' see. You heard Ephraim tell about it. They'd done a number of things to the man before he could die. Roastin' was only one of 'em. Now your road takes you through the mountains where these Injuns hev gone. Kid, come along to Tucson with me," urged Jones, suddenly.

Again Cumnor was silent. "Is my road different from other people's?" he said, finally.

"Not to Grant, it ain't. These Mexicans are hauling freight to Grant. But what's the matter with your coming to Tucson with me?"

"I started to go to San Carlos, and I'm going," said Cumnor.

"You're a poor chuckle-headed fool," burst out Jones, in a rage. "And yu' can go, for all I care. You and your Christmas-tree pistol. Like as not you won't find your cavalry friend at San Carlos. They've killed a lot of them soldiers huntin' Injuns this season. Good-night."

Specimen Jones was gone. Cumnor walked to his blanket-roll, where his saddle was slung under the shed. The various doings of the evening had bruised his nerves. He spread his blankets among the dry cattle-dung, and sat down, taking off a few clothes slowly. He lumped his coat and overalls under his head for a pillow, and putting the despised pistol alongside, lay between the blankets. No object showed in the night but the tall freight-wagon. The tenderfoot thought he had made altogether a fool of himself upon this first trial trip of his manhood, alone on the open sea of Arizona. No man, not even Jones now, was his friend. A stranger, who could have had nothing against him but his inexperience, had taken the trouble to direct him on the wrong road. He did not mind definite enemies. He had punched the heads of those in Pennsylvania, and would not object to shooting them here; but this impersonal, surrounding hostility of the unknown was new and bitter; the cruel, assassinating, cowardly Southwest, where prospered those jail-birds whom the vigilantes had driven from California. He thought of the nameless human carcass that lay near, buried that day, and of the jokes about its mutilations. Cumnor was not an innocent boy, either in principles or in practice, but this laughter about a dead body had burned into his young unhardened soul. He lay watching with hot, dogged eyes the brilliant stars. A passing wind turned the windmill, which creaked a forlorn minute, and ceased. He must have gone to sleep, and slept soundly, for the next he knew it was the cold air of dawn that made him open his eyes. A numb silence lay over all things, and the tenderfoot had that moment of curiosity as to where he was now which comes to those who have journeyed for many days. The Mexicans had already departed with their freight-wagon. It was not entirely light, and the embers where these early starters had

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cooked their breakfast lay glowing in the sand across the road. The boy remembered seeing a wagon where now he saw only chill, distant peaks, and while he lay quiet and warm, shunning full consciousness, there was a stir in the cabin, and at Ephraim's voice reality broke upon his drowsiness, and he recollected Arizona and the keen stress of shifting for himself. He noted the gray paling round the grave. Indians? He would catch up with the Mexicans, and travel in their company to Grant. Freighters made but fifteen miles in the day, and he could start after breakfast and be with them before they stopped to noon. Six men need not worry about Apaches, Cumnor thought. The voice of Specimen Jones came from the cabin, and sounds of lighting the stove, and the growling conversation of men getting up. Cumnor, lying in his blankets, tried to overhear what Jones was saying, for no better reason than that this was the only man he had met lately who had seemed to care whether he were alive or dead. There was the clink of Ephraim's whiskey-bottles, and the cheerful tones of old Mr. Adams, saying, "It's better'n brushin' yer teeth"; and then further clinking, and an inquiry from Specimen Jones.

"Whose spurs?" said he.

"Mine." This from Mr. Adams.

"How long have they been yourn?"

"Since I got 'em, I guess."

"Well, you've enjoyed them spurs long enough." The voice of Specimen Jones now altered in quality. "And you'll give 'em back to that kid."

Muttering followed that the boy could not catch. "You'll give 'em back," repeated Jones. "I seen yu' lift 'em from under that chair when I was in the corner."

"That's straight, Mr. Adams," said Ephraim. "I noticed it myself, though I hed no objections, of course. But Mr. Jones has pointed out—"

"Since when have you growed so honest, Jones?" cackled Mr. Adams, seeing that he must lose his little booty. "And why didn't you raise yer objections when you seen me do it?"

"I didn't know the kid," Jones explained. "And if it don't strike you that game blood deserves respect, why it does strike me."

Hearing this, the tenderfoot, outside in his shed, thought better of mankind and life in general, arose from his nest, and began preening himself. He had all the correct trappings for the frontier, and his toilet in the shed gave him pleasure. The sun came up, and with a stroke struck the world to crystal. The near sand hills went into rose, the crabbed yucca and the mesquite turned transparent, with lances and pale films of green, like drapery graciously veiling the desert's face, and distant violet peaks and edges framed the vast enchantment beneath the liquid exhalations of the sky. The smell of bacon and coffee from open windows filled the heart with bravery and yearning, and Ephraim, putting his head round the corner, called to Cumnor that he had better come in and eat. Jones, already at table, gave him the briefest nod; but the spurs were there, replaced as Cumnor had left them under a chair in the corner. In Arizona they do not say much at any meal, and at breakfast nothing at all; and as Cumnor swallowed and meditated, he noticed the cream-colored lady and the chain, and he made up his mind he should assert his identity with regard to that business, though how and when was not clear to him. He was in no great haste to take up his journey. The society of the Mexicans whom he must sooner or later overtake did not tempt him. When breakfast was done he idled in the cabin, like the other guests, while Ephraim and his assistant busied about the premises. But the morning grew on, and the guests, after a season of smoking and tilted silence against the wall, shook themselves and their effects together, saddled, and were lost among the waste thorny hills. Twenty Mile became hot and torpid. Jones lay on three consecutive chairs, occasionally singing, and old Mr. Adams had not gone away either, but watched him, with more tobacco running down his beard.

"Well," said Cumnor, "I'll be going."

"Nobody's stopping yu'," remarked Jones.

"You're going to Tucson?" the boy said, with the chain problem still unsolved in his mind. "Good-by, Mr. Jones. I hope I'll—we'll—"

"That 'll do," said Jones; and the tenderfoot, thrown back by this severity, went to get his saddle-horse and his burro.

Presently Jones remarked to Mr. Adams that he wondered what Ephraim was doing, and went out. The old gentleman

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was left alone in the room, and he swiftly noticed that the belt and pistol of Specimen Jones were left alone with him. The accoutrement lay by the chair its owner had been lounging in. It is an easy thing to remove cartridges from the chambers of a revolver, and replace the weapon in its holster so that everything looks quite natural. The old gentleman was entertained with the notion that somewhere in Tucson Specimen Jones might have a surprise, and he did not take a minute to prepare this, drop the belt as it lay before, and saunter innocently out of the saloon. Ephraim and Jones were criticising the tenderfoot's property as he packed his burro.

"Do yu' make it a rule to travel with ice-cream?" Jones was inquiring.

"They're for water," Cumnor said. "They told me at Tucson I'd need to carry water for three days on some trails."

It was two good-sized milk-cans that he had, and they bounced about on the little burro's pack, giving him as much amazement as a jackass can feel. Jones and Ephraim were hilarious.

"Don't go without your spurs, Mr. Cumnor," said the voice of old Mr. Adams, as he approached the group. His tone was particularly civil.

The tenderfoot had, indeed, forgotten his spurs, and he ran back to get them. The cream-colored lady still had the chain hanging upon her, and Cumnor's problem was suddenly solved. He put the chain in his pocket, and laid the price of one round of drinks for last night's company on the shelf below the chromo. He returned with his spurs on, and went to his saddle that lay beside that of Specimen Jones under the shed. After a moment he came with his saddle to where the men stood talking by his pony, slung it on, and tightened the cinches; but the chain was now in the saddle-bag of Specimen Jones, mixed up with some tobacco, stale bread, a box of matches, and a hunk of fat bacon. The men at Twenty Mile said good-day to the tenderfoot, with monosyllables and indifference, and watched him depart into the heated desert. Wishing for a last look at Jones, he turned once, and saw the three standing, and the chocolate brick of the cabin, and the windmill white and idle in the sun.

"He'll be gutted by night," remarked Mr. Adams.

"I ain't buryin' him, then," said Ephraim.

"Nor I," said Specimen Jones. "Well, it's time I was getting to Tucson."

He went to the saloon, strapped on his pistol, saddled, and rode away. Ephraim and Mr. Adams returned to the cabin; and here is the final conclusion they came to after three hours of discussion as to who took the chain and who had it just then:

Ephraim. Jones, he hadn't no cash.

Mr. Adams. The kid, he hadn't no sense.

Ephraim. The kid, he lent the cash to Jones.

Mr. Adams. Jones, he goes off with his chain.

Both. What d—— fools everybody is, anyway!

And they went to dinner. But Mr. Adams did not mention his relations with Jones's pistol. Let it be said, in extenuation of that performance, that Mr. Adams supposed Jones was going to Tucson, where he said he was going, and where a job and a salary were awaiting him. In Tucson an unloaded pistol in the holster of so handy a man on the drop as was Specimen would keep people civil, because they would not know, any more than the owner, that it was unloaded; and the mere possession of it would be sufficient in nine chances out of ten — though it was undoubtedly for the tenth that Mr. Adams had a sneaking hope. But Specimen Jones was not going to Tucson. A contention in his mind as to whether he would do what was good for himself, or what was good for another, had kept him sullen ever since he got up. Now it was settled, and Jones in serene humor again. Of course he had started on the Tucson road, for the benefit of Ephraim and Mr. Adams.

The tenderfoot rode along. The Arizona sun beat down upon the deadly silence, and the world was no longer of crystal, but a mesa, dull and gray and hot. The pony's hoofs grated in the gravel, and after a time the road dived down and up among lumpy hills of stone and cactus, always nearer the fierce glaring Sierra Santa Catalina. It dipped so abruptly in and out of the shallow sudden ravines that, on coming up from one of these into sight of the country again, the tenderfoot's heart jumped at the close apparition of another rider quickly bearing in upon him from gullies where he had

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been moving unseen. But it was only Specimen Jones.

"Hello!" said he, joining Cumnor. "Hot, ain't it?"

"Where are you going?" inquired Cumnor.

"Up here a ways." And Jones jerked his finger generally towards the Sierra, where they were heading.

"Thought you had a job in Tucson."

"That's what I have."

Specimen Jones had no more to say, and they rode for a while, their ponies' hoofs always grating in the gravel, and the milk-cans lightly clanking on the burro's pack. The bunched blades of the yuccas bristled steel-stiff, and as far as you could see it was a gray waste of mounds and ridges sharp and blunt, up to the forbidding boundary walls of the Tortilita one way and the Santa Catalina the other. Cumnor wondered if Jones had found the chain. Jones was capable of not finding it for several weeks, or of finding it at once and saying nothing.

"You'll excuse my meddling with your business?" the boy hazarded.

Jones looked inquiring.

"Something's wrong with your saddle-pocket."

Specimen saw nothing apparently wrong with it, but perceiving Cumnor was grinning, unbuckled the pouch. He looked at the boy rapidly, and looked away again, and as he rode, still in silence, he put the chain back round his neck below the flannel shirt collar.

"Say, kid," he remarked, after some time, "what does J stand for?"

"J? Oh, my name! Jock."

"Well, Jock, will yu' explain to me as a friend how yu' ever come to be such a fool as to leave yer home—wherever and whatever it was—in exchange for this here God-forsaken and iniquitous hole?"

"If you'll explain to me," said the boy, greatly heartened, "how you come to be ridin' in the company of a fool, instead of goin' to your job at Tucson."

The explanation was furnished before Specimen Jones had framed his reply. A burning freight-wagon and five dismembered human stumps lay in the road. This was what had happened to the Miguels and Serapios and the concertina. Jones and Cumnor, in their dodging and struggles to exclude all expressions of growing mutual esteem from their speech, had forgotten their journey, and a sudden bend among the rocks where the road had now brought them revealed the blood and fire staring them in the face. The plundered wagon was three parts empty; its splintered, blazing boards slid down as they burned into the fiery heap on the ground; packages of soda and groceries and medicines slid with them, bursting into chemical spots of green and crimson flame; a wheel crushed in and sank, spilling more packages that flickered and hissed; the garbage of combat and murder littered the earth, and in the air hung an odor that Cumnor knew, though he had never smelt it before. Morsels of dropped booty up among the rocks showed where the Indians had gone, and one horse remained, groaning with an accidental arrow in his belly.

"We'll just kill him," said Jones; and his pistol snapped idly, and snapped again, as his eye caught a motion—a something—two hundred yards up among the bowlders on the hill. He whirled round. The enemy was behind them also. There was no retreat. "Yourn's no good!" yelled Jones, fiercely, for Cumnor was getting out his little foolish revolver. "Oh, what a trick to play on a man! Drop off yer horse, kid; drop, and do like me. Shootin's no good here, even if I was loaded. *They* shot, and look at them now. God bless them ice-cream freezers of yourn, kid! Did yu' ever see a crazy man? If you 'ain't, *make it up as yu' go along!*"

More objects moved up among the bowlders. Specimen Jones ripped off the burro's pack, and the milk-cans rolled on the ground. The burro began grazing quietly, with now and then a step towards new patches of grass. The horses stood where their riders had left them, their reins over their heads, hanging and dragging. From two hundred yards on the hill the ambushed Apaches showed, their dark, scattered figures appearing cautiously one by one, watching with suspicion. Specimen Jones seized up one milk-can, and Cumnor obediently did the same.

"You kin dance, kid, and I kin sing, and we'll go to it," said Jones. He rambled in a wavering loop, and diving eccentrically at Cumnor, clashed the milk-cans together. "'Es schallt ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,'" he bawled, beginning the song of "Die Wacht am Rhein." "Why don't you dance?" he shouted, sternly.

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CUMNOR'S AWAKENING.

The boy saw the terrible earnestness of his face, and clashing his milk-cans in turn, he shuffled a sort of jig. The two went over the sand in loops, toe and heel; the donkey continued his quiet grazing, and the flames rose hot and yellow from the freight-wagon. And all the while the stately German hymn pealed among the rocks, and the Apaches crept down nearer the bowing, scraping men. The sun shone bright, and their bodies poured with sweat. Jones flung off his shirt; his damp matted hair was half in ridges and half glued to his forehead, and the delicate gold chain swung and struck against his broad naked breast. The Apaches drew nearer again, their bows and arrows held uncertainly. They came down the hill, fifteen or twenty, taking a long time, and stopping every few yards. The milk-cans clashed, and Jones thought he felt the boy's strokes weakening. "Die Wacht am Rhein" was finished, and now it was "Ha-ve you seen my Flora pass this way?" "Yu' mustn't play out, kid," said Jones, very gently. "Indeed yu' mustn't;" and he at once resumed his song. The silent Apaches had now reached the bottom of the hill. They stood some twenty yards away, and Cumnor had a good chance to see his first Indians. He saw them move, and the color and slim shape of their bodies, their thin arms, and their long black hair. It went through his mind that if he had no more clothes on than that, dancing would come easier. His boots were growing heavy to lift, and his overalls seemed to wrap his sinews in wet strangling thongs. He wondered how long he had been keeping this up. The legs of the Apaches were free, with light moccasins only half-way to the thigh, slenderly held up by strings from the waist. Cumnor envied their unencumbered steps as he saw them again walk nearer to where he was dancing. It was long since he had eaten, and he noticed a singing dulness in his brain, and became frightened at his thoughts, which were running and melting into one fixed idea. This idea was to take off his boots, and offer to trade them for a pair of moccasins. It terrified him—this endless molten rush of thoughts; he could see them coming in different shapes from different places in his head, but they all joined immediately, and always formed the same fixed idea. He ground his teeth to master this encroaching inebriation of his will and judgment. He clashed his can more loudly to wake him to reality, which he still could recognize and appreciate. For a time he found it a good plan

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SPECIMEN JONES.

to listen to what Specimen Jones was singing, and tell himself the name of the song, if he knew it. At present it was "Yankee Doodle," to which Jones was fitting words of his own. These ran, "Now I'm going to try a bluff, And mind you do what I do"; and then again, over and over. Cumnor waited for the word "bluff"; for it was hard and heavy, and fell into his thoughts, and stopped them for a moment. The dance was so long now, he had forgotten about that. A numbness had been spreading through his legs, and he was glad to feel a sharp pain in the sole of his foot. It was a piece of gravel that had somehow worked its way in, and was rubbing through the skin into the flesh. "That's good," he said, aloud. The pebble was eating the numbness away, and Cumnor drove it hard against the raw spot, and relished the tonic of its burning friction. The Apaches had drawn into a circle. Standing at some interval apart, they entirely surrounded the arena. Shrewd, half convinced, and yet with awe, they watched the dancers, who clashed their cans slowly now in rhythm to Jones's hoarse, parched singing. He was quite master of himself, and led the jig round the still blazing wreck of the wagon, and circled in figures of eight between the corpses of the Mexicans, clashing the milk-cans above each one. Then, knowing his strength was coming to an end, he approached an Indian whose war-bonnet and feathers denoted him of consequence; and Jones was near shouting with relief when the Indian shrank backward. Suddenly he saw Cumnor let his can drop, and without stopping to see why, he caught it up, and slowly rattling both, approached each Indian in turn with tortuous steps. The circle that had never uttered a sound till now receded, chanting almost in a whisper some exorcising song which the man with the feathers had begun. They gathered round him, retreating always, and the strain, with its rapid muttered words, rose and fell softly among them. Jones had supposed the boy was overcome by faintness, and looked to see where he lay. But it was not faintness. Cumnor, with his boots off, came by and walked after the Indians in a trance. They saw him, and quickened their pace, often turning to be sure he was not overtaking them. He called to them unintelligibly, stumbling up the sharp hill, and pointing to the boots. Finally he sat down. They continued ascending the mountain, herding close round the man with the feathers, until the rocks and the filmy tangles screened them from sight; and like a wind that hums uncertainly in grass, their chanting died away.

The sun was half behind the western range when Jones next moved. He called, and getting no answer, he crawled painfully to where the boy lay on the hill. Cumnor was sleeping heavily; his head was hot, and he moaned. So Jones crawled down, and fetched blankets and the canteen of water. He spread the blankets over the boy, wet a handkerchief and laid it on his forehead; then he lay down himself. The earth was again magi-

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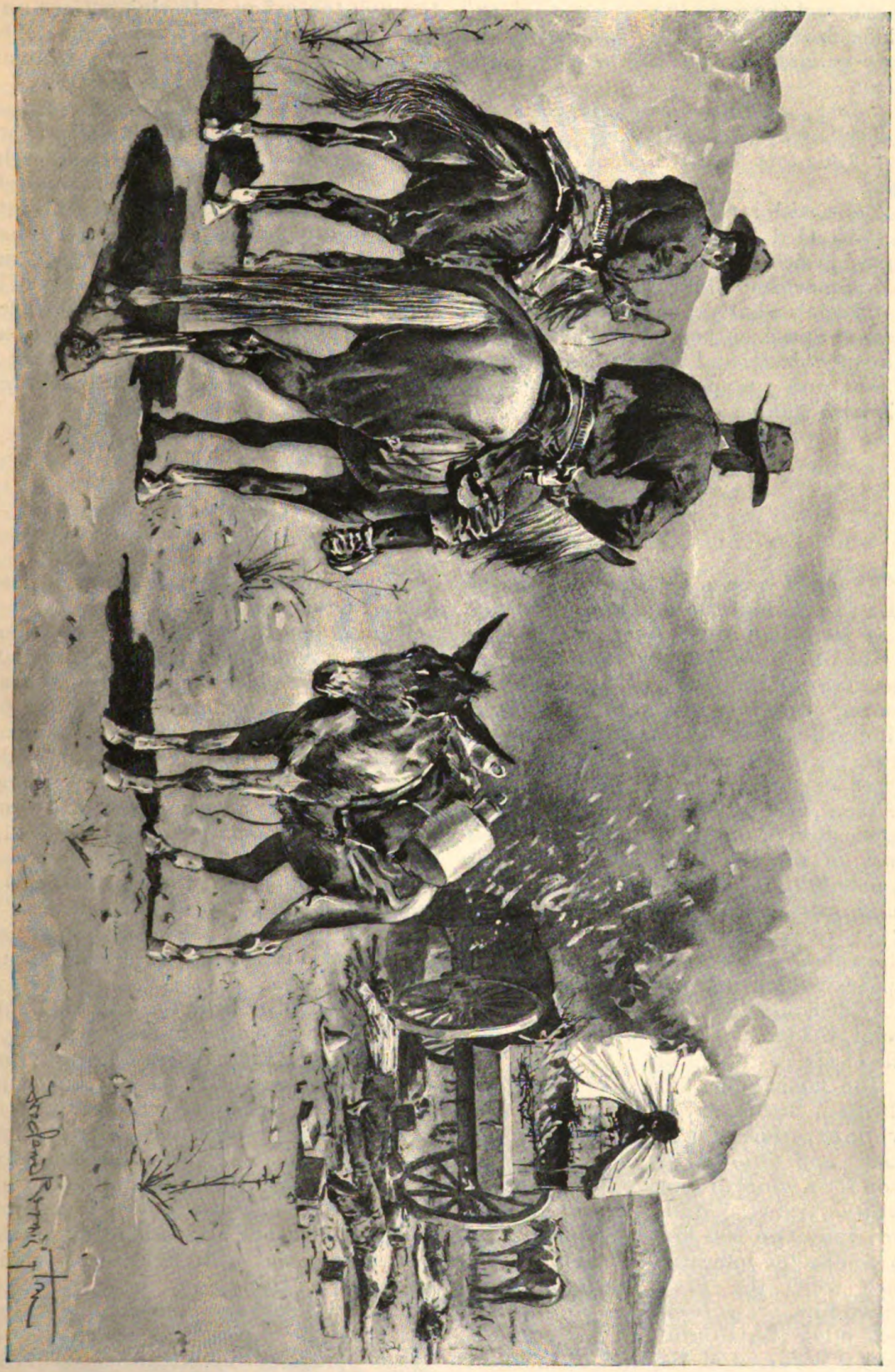

THE MEXICAN FREIGHT-WAGON.

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cally smitten to crystal. Again the sharp cactus and the sand turned beautiful, and violet floated among the mountains, and rose-colored orange in the sky above them.

"Jock," said Specimen at length.

The boy opened his eyes.

"Your foot is awful, Jock. Can yu' eat?"

"Not with my foot."

"Ah, God bless yu', Jock! Yu' ain't turruble sick. But *can* yu' eat?"

Cumnor shook his head.

"Eatin's what yu' need, though. Well, here." Specimen poured a judicious mixture of whiskey and water down the boy's throat, and wrapped the awful foot in his own flannel shirt. "They'll fix yu' over to Grant. It's maybe twelve miles through the cañon. It ain't a town any more than Carlos is, but the soldiers 'll be good to us. As soon as night comes you and me must somehow git out of this."

Somehow they did, Jones walking and leading his horse and the imperturbable little burro, and also holding Cumnor in the saddle. And when Cumnor was getting well in the military hospital at Grant, he listened to Jones recounting to all that chose to hear how useful a weapon an ice-cream freezer can be, and how if you'll only chase Apaches in your stocking feet they are sure to run away. And then Jones and Cumnor both enlisted; and I suppose Jones's friend is still expecting him in Tucson.

THE STORAGE BATTERY OF THE AIR.

BY ALEXANDER McADIE, M.A.

TO ask if we can use lightning, at this the close of the nineteenth century, may seem like a trite question. For do we not all know that the most unique of the many philosophers of the eighteenth century certainly did make use of lightning with more or less success? Aside from the kite experiment, Franklin made other experiments with lightning, some of them looking especially to a practical application of the apparently lawless energy of the heavens. For instance, in September, 1752, he erected upon his house in Philadelphia an iron rod with two bells, "to give notice when the rod should be electrified." A little later, with this same apparatus and a Leyden jar, he undeniably demonstrated, from a popular standpoint, the practicability of "bottling up" the electricity of the air.

The lamentable killing of the young Russian, Richmann, on August 6, 1755, while experimenting along the lines indicated and followed by Franklin, put a stop for a while to direct experimentation with lightning. With a friend standing not quite two feet away, Richmann was watching the indications of his electrometer when the flash occurred which killed him. The friend was stunned, but not otherwise injured. This accident, had it occurred at the end of the nineteenth century—an era of *electrothanasia*—would certainly have led to applications for patents improving the expensive, cumbersome apparatus now in use as a deterrent to crime.

Of those to whom patents have been granted in connection with lightning, almost all have had in mind only the conduction of the flash to the ground, and its expeditious burial there, with a minimum of danger to life and property. Patents *have* been granted for "diffusers," whereby the lightning is to be distributed over a larger area than, presumably, it could find unassisted. Other patents, particularly in connection with points, cover what may be called "neutralizing effects"; but until quite lately there was an entire absence of any attempt to use lightning practically.

With the introduction of electric lighting came, under the name "arresters," devices for making lightning work; for example, automatically closing and opening auxiliary circuits. So prettily is lightning harnessed in these circuits that not only is the line relieved of charge for the time being without damage, but any dynamo short circuit resulting is promptly interrupted, and all made ready for the next flash. But with lightning-rods we have none of this.

Two or three years ago an application was made for a patent in which the inventor proposed, in simple English, to place material in the path of the flash, and thus use up its energy. We refer to it only because it marks a radical change

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in the methods of protection, and is probably the pioneer of a long series.

Dr. Lodge's lectures before the Society of Arts, remarkable for the spirit with which he assailed the work of the Lightning-rod Conference, and his clean-cut laboratory work at Liverpool—he is professor of physics in University College there—taught us to look squarely at the character of the flash. One interesting historical coincidence which occurred in the summer of 1888, when the problem of the flash had resolved itself into the study of electrical waves along wires, must not pass unnoticed. In a postscript written from Cortina in the Tyrol he tells how this long-neglected question of the nature of lightning had led to the same end as the work of Hertz—the finest piece of experimental work of our time—namely, the identification and measurement of ether waves. With characteristic frankness, at the September meeting of the British Association, Lodge hastened to acknowledge the superiority of Hertz's method of demonstration to his own. But to us the interesting fact remains that the study of lightning had shown the truth of Clerk Maxwell's theory of light.

Let us now follow Lodge in his estimate of the total maximum energy of a given area of cloud-air-earth condenser. The air will stand a strain of about 9600 grains per square foot before breaking. That is, the flash will occur when the electrical pull amounts to this 1.37 pounds per square foot. For the energy of a cubic mile of strained air just before the flash we have, then, about seventy million foot-tons. The average thunder-head or cumulo-nimbus cloud is not a mile high, however. For a small cloud, one a hundred yards square, and distant only a quarter of a mile, we would get about three hundred horse-power. Now a flash even a quarter of a mile long means a potential of many million volts. We cannot at present measure this directly, but we can determine the potential of the air within certain limits on any day, thunder-storm or no thunder-storm.

In 1885, at Blue Hill Observatory, and in subsequent years, we measured the potential of the air with insulated water-dropping collectors, after the methods of Thomson (now Kelvin) and Mascart. The top of the hill is six hundred feet above the surrounding country; but with Franklin's idea of reaching out a little farther from earth, I ventured to use at times a large kite, tin-foiled, and for kite string some five hundred feet of hemp fish-line wrapped about with fine uncovered copper wire. During thunder-storms the sparking and sizzling at the electrometer end of the kite string were incessant and startling. And even on *cloudless* days I found it possible to draw sparks, reading at the same time on the electrometer from minute to minute the electrification of the air in volts. In 1886 and 1887, in some investigations carried on by the Chief Signal Officer, and more immediately under the supervision of Professor Mendenhall, I experimented at the top of the Washington Monument, at that time the highest edifice in the world. The investigation continued many months, but perhaps days on which severe thunder-storms occurred were most impressive.

May 6, 1887.—Five hundred feet above the city streets. It is a warm afternoon, and looking from the west windows of the monument one sees through the near haze around Arlington and the Virginia hills, far to the southwest, say over Fairfax, a patch of dark cloud. It needs little experience to presage a thunder-squall. It is about twenty miles away, and may reach us in forty minutes, perhaps in less time. At ten minutes to three o'clock (see diagram) the clouds are overhead, and this is the last we shall see of the world outside until the storm is over, for it is necessary that the heavy marble doors be swung to. And now there is no light in the monument save the reflected beam travelling along the ground-glass scale, indicating the movement of the electrometer needle. One small opening on the south face of the monument is provided, through which projects the nozzle of the collector. We can hear the wind rising. The needle steadily mounts up to the thousand-volt degree, showing that the electrical tension of the air is increasing. Suddenly the needle flies to the other side of the scale, meaning that, like a piece of over-strained rubber, the air has snapped. The pull becomes negative, *i. e.*, in an opposite direction. Now the needle dances, and we hear the rumble of distant thunder.

It will not be out of place to allude to the sense of awe which steals over one working all alone at the top of this high edifice during a thunder-squall. The wind tears fiercely around the south and

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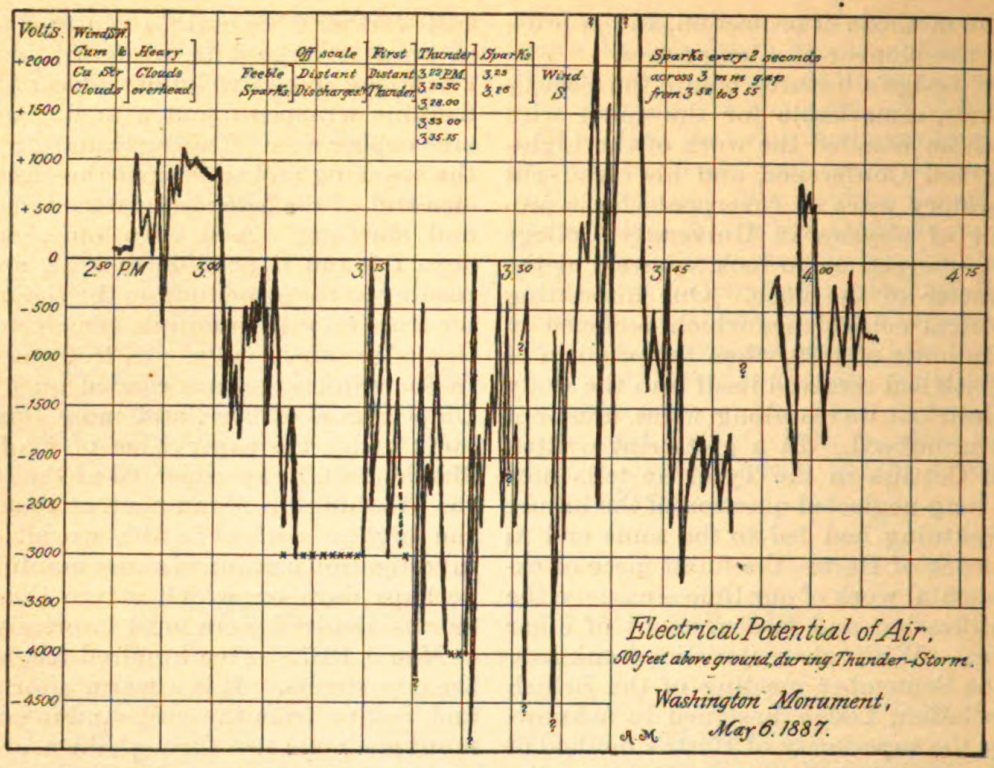

west sides of the pyramidion. The cap of the monument has twice been struck, and on one occasion the top stone was fractured. The heavy marble shutters, which you have slowly and laboriously swung into place and securely fastened with bolts, are beaten against so furiously that you are doubtful of their remaining in place. With every flash of lightning (although we are *in the dark we can time* the lightning) there is a sharper "click" than usual, and we catch the fleeting reflection of a spark in the electrometer. On one occasion, rigging up a wire from the iron floor and elevator shaft to within an eighth of an inch of the collector, I counted over a hundred sparks per minute. If we place the eye close, but not too close, to the little peep-hole through which the nozzle of the collector protrudes, we can see the fine stream of water twisting and breaking into spray, and each time it lightens becoming normal, quick as the flash itself, but only to rapidly twist and distort again. The diagram shows the fluctuations of the potential during such a storm. The deflections at times are beyond the scale limits. Values of three thousand and four thousand volts are given here, but within the past year at the Eiffel Tower values of over ten thousand volts have been noted.

It is not absolutely necessary to go to the top of a tower to come in contact with the potential. With suitable apparatus, good records can be obtained from a second or third story window. In general the potential increases as we ascend. Some idea of the rate of increase can be gained from the following comparison. Time, a day in November. The two stations about 500 feet and 45 feet respectively.

Time.	Monument.	Signal Office.	Difference.
1.30 P.M.	900 volts.	216 volts.	684 volts.
1.32 "	888 "	246 "	642 "
1.34 "	900 "	216 "	684 "
1.36 "	862 "	246 "	616 "
1.38 "	875 "	240 "	635 "
1.40 "	825 "	222 "	603 "

It being beyond dispute, then, that high potentials can be obtained from the air, the question naturally ensuing is, Can we not use them? With three or four sparks as small as those mentioned above a large fruit jar can be cleared of smoke with which it has previously been filled. Perhaps nature repeats this on a large scale with lightning, and clarifies a foul dust-laden atmosphere with these great sparks. It may be, too, that these flashes are all needed, and to attempt to divert them would be unwise. Be that as it may, we are living in an age of "step-up" and "step-down" transformers; an age when, for the first time in centuries, we are perilously near duplicating lightning. Until

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recently we studied lightning only in miniature. Professor Elihu Thomson was kind enough to show me in his Lynn laboratory, two summers ago, some of his larger home-made lightning. Indeed potentials of 100,000 volts are less rare to-day than potentials of 5000 volts were five years ago. All who saw the Thomson and Tesla exhibits at the Electrical Building, Chicago, will easily believe that it is within our power to turn the fleeting high-potential lightning into a current of lower potential and use it.

Professor Trowbridge of Harvard University, in a discussion of some photographic negatives, shows that "the discharge follows exactly the same path in air for three hundred-thousandths of a second," and adds that "it is probable that an ordinary discharge of lightning of a few hundred feet in length could light for an instant many thousand incandescent lamps if it were properly transformed by means of a step-down transformer."

We said above that we timed the flashes without seeing them. It is easily done. Two observers compare watches; one goes into the open and times each flash; the other, in the dark room, times the more violent movements of the needle. The relation is obvious, although there are more fluctuations than flashes. This I explain by assuming that there are discharges unseen, but not unfelt. The eye alone cannot give a complete history of the myriad minor flashes during a thunder-storm. The charred though to us intensely brilliant crack in the air which we call lightning is but a great splash in the ether ocean. The waves and ripples come tumbling along in all directions, spreading rapidly, ay, very rapidly, nearly two hundred thousand miles per second. Given a proper resonator, and the waves will do work. If my reader keep every sense on the alert, he may happen on some strange illustration of work done by lightning, now all unsuspected. In the tinkling of the telephone bell, the blinking of an incandescent lamp, the melting of a fuse, or the tiny spark from a gas-pipe or loose wire, is the constant proof that there are more things going on between heaven and earth during a thunder-storm than most of us dream of in our philosophy.

EBB AND FLOW.

BY EVA ANSTRUTHER.

"IT was my father's wish. When he died, I felt bound in honor to go on with it," he said.

He was a well-made man, clean-shaven, young. She looked up at him with puzzled shadows between her eyebrows.

"It's a strange idea," she said, slowly. "Tell me more about it. I don't quite understand."

She was like a wood-pigeon—soft and gray and gentle-voiced.

They stood by the library window in the slanting sunlight. Somewhere in the cool recesses of the room behind, a woman of uncertain age sat writing. She was acting hostess for her nephew—a silent, comfortable presence, of little account. The girl had come as a passing guest, and to-morrow was going home to her own people.

It was the glorious evening of a glorious day. Outside, the garden glowed with color; beyond that the river, and beyond again the park sloping upwards; long shadows from the clumps of trees stretching upon the grass. There was a tremulous stillness over the world. From the river a faint white mist was rising.

"How strange it seems! tell me more," she repeated. "They lived here once, these people, you say."

"It was theirs as it is now mine. That family owned it for close on five hundred years. For many generations back they were the great people of the land."

"But your people came from about here too originally."

"My grandfather broke the stones to mend their roads."

"And now it is different."

"Now it is different."

"How did it come to pass? What happened?"

"Nothing much. They went under, we came up; they were forced to sell, my father pleased to buy—that is the whole history in a word."

She looked up to him in silence.

"It was somewhere in the forties they turned out, and then the place was let for the summer to different tenants for a long time, and got absolutely out of repair; it

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was going to rack and ruin when my father came over from Australia and bought it seven years ago."

"Seven years ago, and it was theirs for generations," she repeated, half to herself. There was a great pity in her voice.

He understood what was passing through her mind.

"My father felt just as you do. It troubled him to feel that he was here and not another; and yet what could one do! If he had not bought the estate some other stranger with money would have done so. He used to say the old place felt incomplete without some of the old family about. All he touched, whether in business or otherwise, he tried to leave as complete and perfect as it could be made, and though he restored the house and garden to exactly what they had been in the old days, he felt he had failed somewhere. Then suddenly one day he lit upon the almshouse idea."

"It was quite original, surely!"

"Yes; it came to him like a kind of inspiration. For a long time he kept silence about it, and we could none of us imagine why he was so interested in the restoration of the old ruined dower-house. You see it there among the trees at the top of the park. Then by chance it all came out, and we found he was spending an extraordinary amount of time and money, searching all the world over to find the man who had once owned this property."

"And he found him?"

"Found him at last, him and his wife, hidden away in some wretched slum. They had sunk very low indeed; disappeared beneath the surface altogether. They were glad enough to come and live in the almshouse, surrounded by what had once been their own park. There they dream their life away quite peacefully."

"How strange it seems!"

"Once the passion for collecting people had taken hold of him, he grew as keen about it as he used to be about collecting china or gems. He and old Sir Simon would spend hours together reconstructing the past, and wondering how they could gather together the relics of old families who had once lived in this and the neighboring counties and had fallen from their high estate. My father made me promise to go on with it after his time."

"And you have done as he wished?"

"Yes, I went on collecting, and the result is that among the dozen old people in that almshouse there are no less than four men who owned the big places about here in the first half of the century. Two of them have got their wives with them, and one his sister."

She looked out over the park dreamily. "It's bewildering; it sounds like some old, old story, doesn't it? I want to think—to understand it."

"Come and let me show it to you," he said. His eyes rested on her as on some very sweet and gracious thing.

The window opened out on to a flight of stone steps guarded on either side by trails of climbing-roses in full bloom. The two passed down and out into the garden. The cool breath of evening was creeping into the summer air. Together they went along the steep edge of the bowling-green, underneath the dark arch of ancient yew, with the green bird carved out on the top, past the stone sun-dial, and along the grass path down the centre of the kitchen-garden, out into the park beyond. Neither spoke; a spell of silent beauty rested upon them and upon all the land.

They struck across the park through the long cool grass. The world was a dream-world of light and color—a world for those two alone. They came to a cart track, once an old highway, with an avenue of beech-trees on either side. Tall daisies grew in the disused ruts, and the stones were hidden in moss.

Prickly-brown husks lay scattered about; she picked up a few, searching for the polished three-cornered nuts which were hidden within.

In one place was a gap where two great trunks had fallen in some by-gone storm. The smooth gray trunks of their erstwhile neighbors framed as in a picture the fields and woods beyond, quiet in the glow of sunset.

Not a human creature had come within sight or hearing since they left the house. The dream-world was there for them alone—for him and for her.

The road got steeper, then wound round to the right, and before them, in a vista, stood the old stone dower-house, with its carved doorway and high mullioned windows.

An old man, gray and frail like a shadow, came down slowly towards them, but passed by with unseeing eyes. As he passed he spoke aloud to himself in the

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quavering voice of age. He too was in a dream-world—a world of the past. The girl looked at him with wondering pity as he wandered on.

"That is old Lord Abery," her guide explained. "He came into a property heavily mortgaged, and immediately began to build a palace for himself. It stands unfinished now; no one has ever lived there yet. He was Lord-Lieutenant of his county when he was young. For the last ten years he had been a pauper. We found him quite by chance. Trouble has made him childish."

They watched his figure disappear among the beech-trees, and then turned and went towards the house.

Under the gateway the girl shrank back a little. "Isn't it cruel to force ourselves upon them because we have the power? They cannot like it," she said, hesitatingly.

"We will go straight to the musicians' gallery, if you wish," he answered; "there you can see without being seen."

He led the way. She followed, up a little winding stair. Feet long since motionless had worn down the edges of the steps into little slanting hollows.

The gallery was long and in deep shadow. Below, the hall, stone flagged and panelled, with a great window at the further end. On the walls, portraits—perhaps a dozen.

"These are the pictures of all these people when they were young," he said, gently, "as far as we could get them together. That and that are the same."

He pointed to a sallow-faced, trembling old man opposite, and then to the picture above his head, of a young fellow in uniform of scarlet and gold lace, arrogant with youth. The girl shivered and drew back; but the scene had a fascination for her, and she looked down again.

"That little shrivelled-up old woman in gray, with the mob-cap, who seems blind, is her picture here?"

He pointed to a head over the fireplace. A sparkling, brilliant face laughed out mockingly from the oval frame.

"Lady Margaret Meldrum is her name. She was a great beauty in her day, and was left a widow very young. At one time she was engaged to a Prime Minister; but it was broken off suddenly, no one quite knew why, and she never married again."

Again the girl shivered.

"Why does she sit there alone in a far corner?"

"Some story of the past we do not know, I believe. She has only been here a short time, but none of the other women will speak to her. They know more than we do."

"They knew each other, then, these people, in the days gone by?"

"They danced and feasted and played together through many a summer, when their world was young. Lean over; you can hear them talk."

She bent over and listened to the knot of men and women beneath her.

"....and that year it was quite a small Drawing-room. I had my gown over from Paris; it matched the emeralds in my tiara.... The princess sent for me, and confided the whole story to me.... I had bad luck on the turf all through that year; you recollect at the Derby what happened about.... I saw him last at the ball at Comtesse d'Amalfi's, I remember. I mean the one at which the chandelier came down.... We had all the people on the estate up at a tenants' dinner that night.... The Duke of Grandwater was staying with us for the agricultural show; it was the year before he married Lady Susan. Of course you know the story about...."

The girl drew back. "Is it always this?" she said, and her voice shook a little.

"Always. The time between is dead to them."

"Who are those two sitting so silently hand in hand beside the window? They seem different to the rest. They are old and fragile and faded, and their faces are full of sadness; and yet"—and her voice sank to a breath—"they look like happy lovers, who, knowing, understand."

"That is Sir Simon and that his wife. Every evening they sit there side by side, and look out through the window, across the stretch of park, down upon the home they loved and lost in the days when they were young...."

Even as from the musicians' gallery they watched, twilight crept into the hall, and with the twilight silence....

Past and present and future mingled in the dream-world as they passed out again into the shadowy park and down the long beech avenue.... And through the gap between the trees the young moon, with the old moon in her arms, looked down upon them silently.

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BEFORE THE BREAK OF DAY.

SHE lived in a little wooden house on the corner of the street, huddled in the shadow of two towering tenements. There are a few frail buildings of this sort still left in that part of the city, half a mile east of the Bowery and half a mile south of Tompkins Square, where the architecture is as irregular, as crowded, and as little cared for as the population. Amid the old private houses erected for a single family and now violently altered to accommodate eight or ten, amid the tall new tenements, stark and ugly, here and there one can still find wooden houses built before the city expanded, half a century old now, worn and shabby, and needlessly ashamed in the presence of every new edifice no better than they. With the peak of their shingled roofs, they are pathetic survivals of a time when New York still remembered that it had been New Amsterdam, and when it did not build its dwellings in imitation of the polyglot loftiness of the Tower of Babel. It was in one of these little houses, with white clapboarded walls, ashen-gray in the paling moonlight, that Maggie O'Donnell lay fast asleep, when the bell in a far-off steeple tolled three in the morning of the day that was to be the Fourth of July.

She was asleep in the larger of the two little rooms over the saloon. In that part of the city there are saloons on every corner almost, and sometimes two and three in a block. The signs over the doors of most of these saloons, and over the doors of the groceries and of the bakeries and of the other shops, bear strangely foreign names. The German quarter of the city is not far off, nor is the Italian, nor the Chinese; but hereabouts the houses are packed with Poles chiefly, and chiefly Jews, industrious, docile, and saving. Not until midnight had the whir of the sewing-machine ceased in the tenements which occupied the three other corners. The sign over the door of the saloon above which Maggie lay fast asleep bore an Irish name—the name of her husband, Terence O'Donnell. But the modest boards which displayed his name were overawed by the huge signs that flanked them, filling a goodly share of the wall on either street, and proclaiming the "McGowan's Pass Brewery, Kelly & Co."

These brewers' signs were so large that they made the little house seem even smaller than it was—and it was not more than twenty feet square. The doors of the saloon were right at the corner, of course, to catch trade. On one street there were two windows, and on the other one window and a door, over which was the sign, "Family Entrance." This door opened into a little passage, from which access could be had to the saloon, and from which also arose the narrow stairs leading to the home of Terence O'Donnell and Maggie his wife on the floor above. The saloon filled the whole ground-floor except the space taken up by this entry and the stairs. A single jet of gas had burned dimly over the bar ever since Terry had locked up a little after midnight. The bar curved across the saloon, and behind it the side-board, with its bevelled-edge mirrors, lined the two inner walls. The side-board glittered with glasses built up in tiers, and a lemon lay yellow at the top of every pyramid. The beer-pumps were in the centre, under the bar. At one end was the small iron safe where Terence kept his money; and at the other end, against the wall, just behind the door which opened into the Family Entrance, was a telephone.

Upstairs there were two little rooms and a closet or two. The smaller of the rooms Maggie had turned into a kitchen and dining-room. The larger—the one

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on the corner—was their bedroom, and here Maggie lay asleep. The night was close and warm, and though the windows were open, the little white curtains hung limp and motionless. The day before had been hot and cloudless, so the brick buildings on the three other corners had stored up heat for fifteen hours, and had been giving it out ever since the sun had set. Stifling as it was, Maggie O'Donnell slept heavily. It was after midnight when Terry had kissed her at the door, and she had been asleep for three hours. Already there were faint hints of the coming day, for here in New York the sun rises early on the Fourth of July—at half past four. A breeze began to blow lazily up from the East River, and fluttered the curtains feebly. Maggie tossed uneasily, reached out her hand, and said, "Terry."

Suddenly she was wide-awake. For a moment she looked stupidly at the empty place beside her, and then she remembered that Terry would be gone all night, working hard on the boat and the barges, making ready for the picnic. She turned again, but sleep had left her. She lay quietly in bed listening; she could catch nothing but the heavy rumble of a brewery wagon in the next street and the hesitating toot of a Sound steamer. Then she heard afar off three or four shots of a revolver, and she knew that some young fellow was up early, and had already begun to celebrate the Fourth on the roof of the tenement where he lived.

She tried to go to sleep, but the effort was hopeless. She was awakened fully, and she knew that there was small chance of her dropping off into slumber again. More than once she had wakened like this in the middle of the night, an hour or so before daybreak, and then she had to lie there in bed quietly listening to Terry's regular breathing. She lay there now alone, thinking of Terry, grateful for his goodness to her, and happy in his love. She lay there alone, wondering where she would be now if Terry had not taken pity on her.

Then all at once she raised herself in bed, and held her breath and listened. For a second she thought she heard a noise in the saloon below her. She was not nervous in the least, but she wished Terry had not left so much money in the safe; and this was the first night he had been away from her since they had been married, nearly two years now. She strained her ears, but the sound was not repeated. She sank back on the pillow again, making sure that it was a rat dropping down from the bar, where he had been picking up the crumbs of cheese. There were many rats in the cellar, and sometimes they ventured up even to the bedroom and the kitchen next door.

Time was when it would have taken a loud noise to wake Terence O'Donnell's wife out of a sound sleep. After her mother died, when Maggie was not five years old, her father had moved into one of the worst tenements in the city, a ramshackle old barrack just at the edge of Hell's Kitchen; and there was never any quiet there, day or night, in the house or in the street. There was always a row of some sort going on, whatever the hour of the day; if profanity and riot could keep a girl awake, she would never have had any sleep there. But Maggie did not recall that she had been a wakeful child; indeed she remembered that she could sleep at any time and anywhere. On the hot summer nights, when her father came home intoxicated, she would steal away and climb up to the roof and lie down there, slumbering as healthily as though she were in their only room.

Even then her father used to get drunk often, on Saturday night always, and frequently once or twice in the middle of the week. And when he had taken too much he was mad always. If he found her at home he beat her. She could recall distinctly the first time her father had knocked her down, but the oaths that had accompanied the blow she had forgotten. He had not knocked her down often, but he had sworn at her every day of her life. The vocabulary of profanity was the first that her infant ears had learned to distinguish.

Her father quit drinking for a month after he married again. They moved away from Hell's Kitchen to a better house near the East River. All went well for a little while, and her step-mother was good to her. But her father went back to his old ways again, and soon his new wife turned out to be no better. When the fit was on them they quarrelled with each other, and they took turns in beating Maggie, if she were not quick to make her escape. It was when aiming a blow at Maggie one Saturday night that her father pitched forward and fell down a whole flight of the tenement-

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house stairs, and was picked up dead. The neighbors carried him up to the room where his wife lay in a liquorish stupor.

Maggie was nearly fourteen then. She went on living with her step-mother, who got her a place in a box-factory. The first days of work were the happiest of Maggie's girlhood. She remembered the joy which she felt at her ability to earn money; it gave her a sense of being her own mistress, of being able to hold her own in the world. And she made friends among the other girls. One of them, Sadie McDermott, had a brother Jim, who used to come around on Saturday night and tease his sister for money. Jim belonged to a gang, and he never worked if he could help it. He had no trade. Maggie remembered the Saturday night when she and Sadie had walked home together, and when Jim got mad because his sister would not divide her wages with him. He snatched her pocket-book and started to run. When Maggie reproved him with an oath and caught him by one arm, he threw her off so roughly that she fell and struck her head on a lamp-post so hard that she fainted.

As Maggie lay in her bed that Fourth of July morning, while her past life unrolled itself before her like a panorama, she knew that the scar on the side of her head was not the worst wound Jim McDermott had dealt her. As she looked back, she wondered how she had ever been friendly with him; how she had let him follow her about; how she had allowed him to make love to her. It was on Jim McDermott's account that she had had the quarrel with her step-mother. Having robbed a drunken man of five dollars, Jim had invited Maggie to a picnic; and the step-mother, a little drunker than usual that evening, had said that if Maggie went with him she would not be received again. Maggie was not one to take a dare, and she told Jim she would go with him in the morning. The step-mother cursed her for an ungrateful girl; and when Maggie returned with him from the picnic late the next night, and came to the door of the room where she and her step-mother lived, they found it locked against her, and all Maggie's possessions tied in a bundle, and scornfully left outside on the landing.

It had not taken Jim long that night to persuade Maggie to go away with him; and she had not seen her step-mother since. A week later, but not before he and Maggie had quarrelled, Jim was arrested for robbing the drunken man; he was sent up to the Island. Since the picnic Maggie had not been back to the factory. Jim had taken her with him one night to a dance-hall, and there she went without him when she was left alone in the world. There she had met Terry a month later. When she first saw Terry the thing plainest before her was the Morgue; she was on the way there, and she was going fast, and she knew it. Although winter had not yet come, she had already a cough that racked her day and night.

And as she lay there in her comfortable bed, and thought of the chill of the Morgue, from which Terry had saved her, she closed her eyes to keep out the dreadful picture, and she clinched her fists across her forehead. Then she smiled as she remembered the way Terry had thrashed Jim, who had got off the Island somehow before his time was up. Jim said he had a pull with the police, and he came to her for money, and he threatened to have her taken up. It was then Terry had the scrap with him, and did him up. Terry had had a day off, for his boss kept closed on Sundays; at that time Terry was keeping bar at a high-toned café near Gramercy Park.

When he thrashed Jim, that was not the first time Terry had been good to her. Nor was it the last. A fortnight later he took her away from the dance-hall, and as soon as he could get a day off he married her. They went down to the Tombs, and the judge married them. The judge knew Terry, and when he had kissed the bride he congratulated Terry, and said that the new-made husband was a lucky man, and that he had got a good wife.

A good wife Maggie knew she had been, and she was sure she had brought Terry luck. When the man who had been running the house which now bore the name of Terence O'Donnell over its door got into trouble and had to skip the country, the boss had put Terry in charge, and had let Maggie go to housekeeping in the little rooms over the saloon; and when the boss died suddenly, his widow knew Terry was honest, and sold out the place to him cheap on the instalment plan. That was a year and a half ago, and all the instalments had been paid ex-

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cept the last, which was not due for a week yet, though the money for it lay all ready in the safe downstairs. And Terry was doing well; he was popular; his friends would come two blocks out of the way to get a drink at his place; and he had just had a chance to go into a picnic speculation. He was sure to make money, and perhaps in two or three years they might be able to pay off the mortgage on the fixtures. Then they would be rich, and perhaps Terry would get into politics.

Suddenly the current of Maggie's thoughts was arrested. From the saloon below there came sounds, confused and muffled, and yet unmistakable. Maggie listened motionless, and then she got out of bed quickly. She knew that there was some one in the saloon downstairs; and at that hour no one could be there for a good purpose. Whoever was there was a thief. Perhaps it was some one of the toughs of the neighborhood, who knew that Terry was away.

She had no weapon of any kind, but she was not in the least afraid. She stepped cautiously to the head of the stairs, and crept stealthily down, not delaying to even put on her stockings. The sounds in the saloon continued; they were few and slight, but Maggie could interpret them plainly enough; they told her that a man, having got into the house somehow, had now gone behind the bar. Probably he was trying to steal the change in the cash-drawer; she was glad that Terry had locked all his money in the safe just before he went off.

When Maggie had slipped down the stairs gently, and stood in the little passageway, with the door into the saloon ajar before her, she felt a slight draught, and she knew that the thief had entered through a window, and had left it open. Yet there was no use in her calling for assistance. The only people within reach of her voice were the poor Poles, who were too poor-spirited to protest even if they saw her robbed in broad daylight. They were cowardly creatures all of them, and she could not hope for help from them as she would if they were only white men. The policeman might be within reach of her cry; but he had a long beat, and there was only a slim chance that he was near.

Her head was clear, and she thought swiftly. The thing to do, the only thing, was to make use of the telephone to summon assistance. The instrument was

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within two feet of her as she stood in the passage, but it was on the other side of the door, at the end of the bar, and therefore in full view of any one who might be in the saloon; and it would not be possible to ring up the central office and call for help without being heard by the robber.

Having made up her mind what it was best for her to do, Maggie did not hesitate a moment. She pushed the door gently before her and stepped silently into the saloon. As the faint light from the single dim jet of gas burning over the bar fell upon her she looked almost pretty, with the aureole of her reddish hair, and with her firm young figure draped in the coarse white gown. She glanced around her, and for a second she saw no one. The window before her was open, but the man who had broken in was not in sight.

As she peered about she heard a scratching, grating noise, and then she saw the top of a man's head just appearing above the edge of the bar, behind which his body was concealed. She knew then that the thief was trying to get into the safe where Terry's money was locked up.

Leaving the door wide open behind her, Maggie took the two steps that brought her to the telephone, and rapidly turned the handle. Then she faced about swiftly to see what the man would do.

The first thing he did was to bob his head suddenly under the bar, disappearing wholly. Then he slowly raised his face above the edge of the bar, and Maggie found herself staring into the shifty eyes of Jim McDermott.

"Hello, Maggie!" he said, as he stood up. "Is that you?"

She saw that he had a revolver in his right hand. But she put up her hand again and repeated the telephone call.

"Drop that!" he cried, as he raised the revolver. "You try to squeal, and I'll shoot. See?"

"Where did you steal that pistol, Jim McDermott?" was all she answered.

"None o' your business where I got it," he retorted. "I got it good and ready for you now. I kin use it, too, and don't you forget it! You quit that telephone, or you'll see how quick I can shoot. You hear me?"

She did not reply. She was waiting for the central office to acknowledge her call. She looked Jim McDermott square in the eyes, and it was he who was uncomfortable and not she.

Then the bell of the telephone rang, and she turned and spoke into the instrument clearly and rapidly, and yet without flurry. "This is 31 Chatham. There's a burglar here. It's Jim McDermott. Send the police quick." This was her message; and then she faced about sharply and cried to him, "Now shoot, and be damned!"

He took her at her word, and fired. The bullet bored a hole in the wooden box of the telephone.

Maggie laughed tauntingly, and slipped swiftly out of the door, but not swiftly enough to avoid the second bullet.

Five minutes later, when the police arrived, just as day was beginning to break, they found Jim McDermott fled, the window open, the safe uninjured, and Maggie O'Donnell lying in the passageway at the foot of the stairs, her nightgown stained with blood from a flesh wound in her arm.

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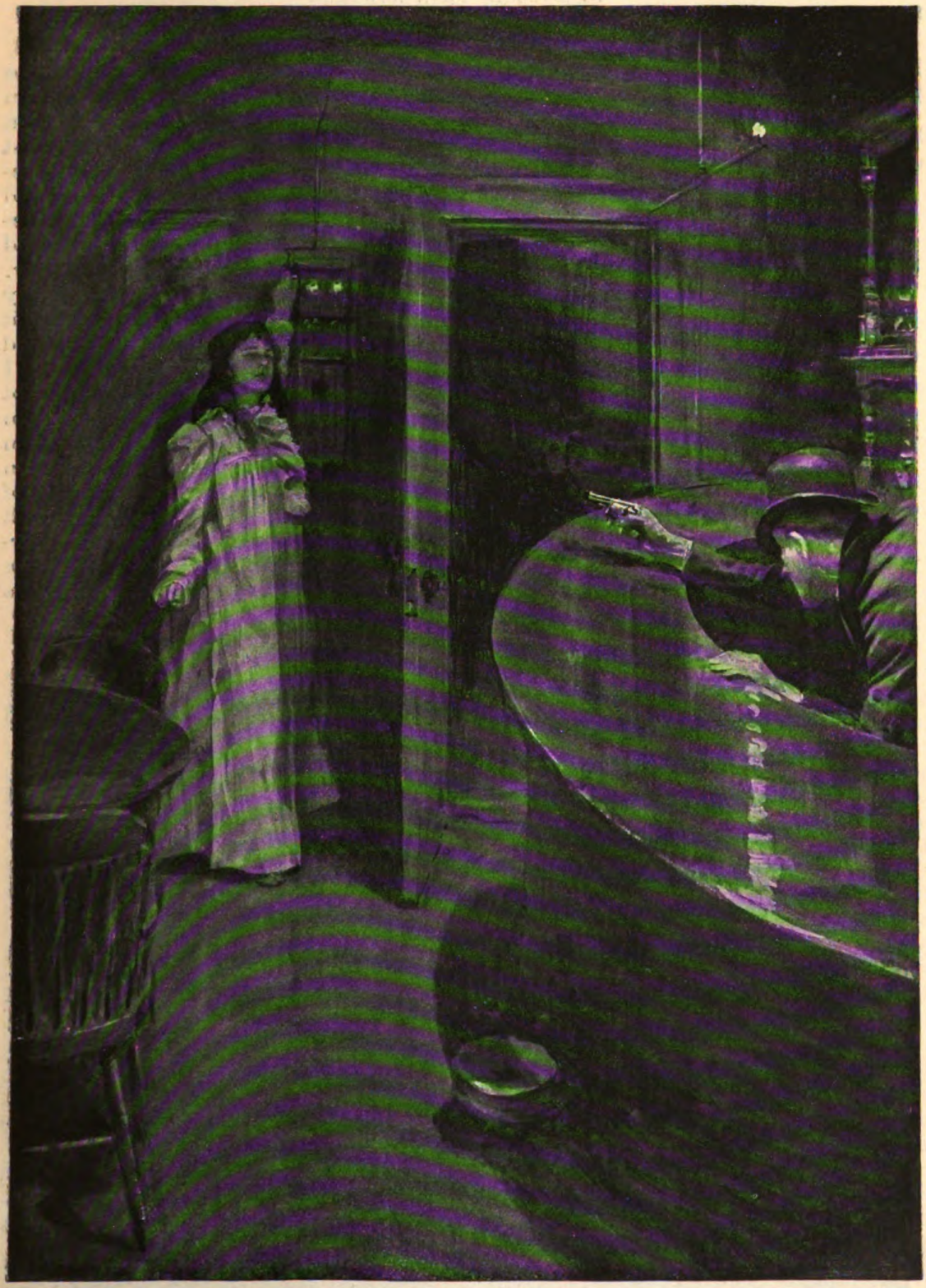

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MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Third Part.

IX.

MY business relations were with the house that so promptly honored my letter of credit. This house had published in the East the campaign life of Lincoln which I had lately written, and I dare say would have published the volume of poems I had written earlier with my friend Piatt, if there had been any public for it; at least, I saw large numbers of the book on the counters. But all my literary affiliations were with Ticknor & Fields, and it was the Old Corner Book-Store on Washington Street that drew my heart as soon as I had replenished my pocket in Cornhill. After verifying the editor of the Atlantic Monthly I wished to verify its publishers, and it very fitly happened that when I was shown into Mr. Fields's little room at the back of the store, with its window looking upon School Street, and its scholarly keeping in books and prints, he had just got the magazine sheets of a poem of mine from the Cambridge printers. He was then lately from abroad, and he had the zest for American things which a foreign sojourn is apt to renew in us, though I did not know this then, and could not account for it in the kindness he expressed for my poem. He introduced me to Mr. Ticknor, who I fancied had not read my poem; but he seemed to know what it was from the junior partner, and he asked me whether I had been paid for it. I confessed that I had not, and then he got out a chamois-leather bag, and took from it five half-eagles in gold and laid them on the green cloth top of the desk, in much the shape and of much the size of the Great Bear. I have never since felt myself paid so lavishly for any literary work, though I have had more for a single piece than the twenty-five dollars

"THE PUBLISHER SEEMED AWARE OF THE POETIC QUALITY OF THE TRANSACTION."

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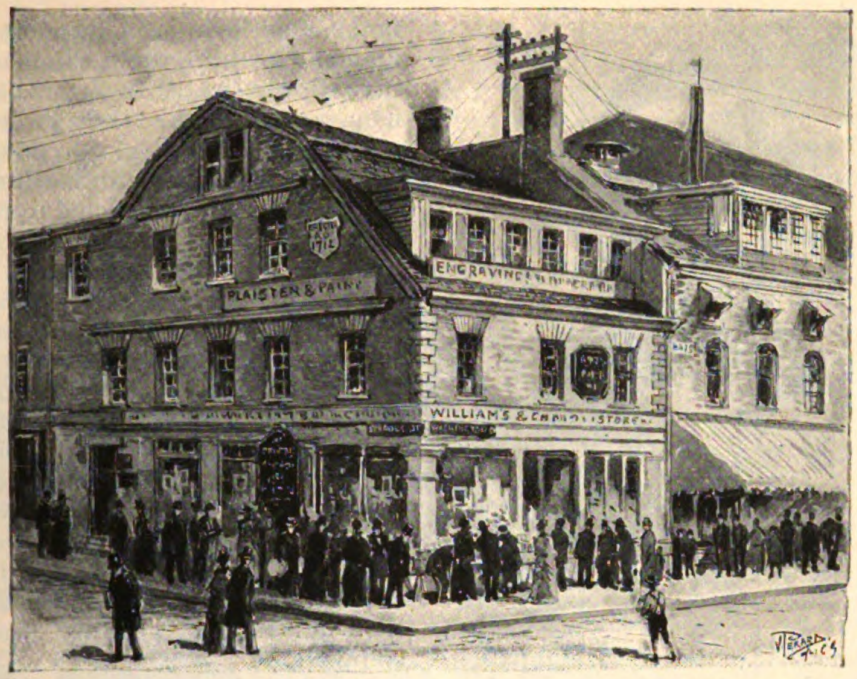

THE OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE.

that dazzled me in this constellation. The publisher seemed aware of the poetic quality of the transaction; he let the pieces lie a moment, before he gathered them up and put them into my hand, and said, "I always think it is pleasant to have it in gold."

But a terrible experience with the poem awaited me, and quenched for the moment all my pleasure and pride. It was The Pilot's Story, which I suppose has had as much acceptance as anything of mine in verse (I do not boast of a vast acceptance for it), and I had attempted to treat in it a phase of the national tragedy of slavery, as I had imagined it on a Mississippi steamboat. A young planter has gambled away the slave-girl who is the mother of his child, and when he tells her, she breaks out upon him with the demand:

> "What will you say to our boy when he cries for me, there in Saint Louis?"

I had thought this very well, and natural and simple, but a fatal proof-reader had not thought it well enough, or simple and natural enough, and he had made the line read:

> "What will you say to our boy when he cries for '*Ma*,' there in Saint Louis?"

He had even had the inspiration to quote the word he preferred to the one I had written, so that there was no merciful possibility of mistaking it for a misprint, and my blood froze in my veins at sight of it. Mr. Fields had given me the sheets to read while he looked over some letters, and he either felt the chill of my horror, or I made some sign or sound of dismay that caught his notice, for he looked round at me. I could only show him the passage with a gasp. I dare say he might have liked to laugh, for it was cruelly funny, but he did not; he was concerned for the magazine as well as for me. He declared that when he first read the line he had thought I could not have written it so, and he agreed with me that it would kill the poem if it came out in that shape. He instantly set about repairing the mischief, so far as could be. He found that the whole edition of that sheet had been printed, and the air blackened round me again, lighted up here and there with baleful flashes of the newspaper wit at my cost, which I previsioned in my misery; I knew what I should have said of such a thing myself, if it had been another's. But the publisher at once decided that the sheet must be reprinted, and I went away weak as if in the escape from some deadly peril. Afterwards it appeared that the line had passed the first proof-reader as I wrote it, but that the

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OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN 1860.

final reader had entered so sympathetically into the realistic intention of my poem as to contribute the modification which had nearly been my end.

X.

As it fell out, I lived without farther difficulty to the day and hour of the dinner Lowell made for me; and I really think, looking at myself impersonally, and remembering the sort of young fellow I was, that it would have been a great pity if I had not. The dinner was at the old-fashioned Boston hour of two, and the table was laid for four people in some little upper room at Parker's, which I was never afterwards able to make sure of. Lowell was already there when I came, and he presented me, to my inexpressible delight and surprise, to Dr. Holmes, who was there with him.

The Autocrat is with us still, and I shall have to ask his sufferance in saying that I felt myself then, as always when I met him, in the vividest intellectual presence I have ever known. He was in the most brilliant hour of that wonderful second youth which his fame flowered into long after the world thought he had completed the cycle of his literary life. He had already received full recognition as a poet of delicate wit, nimble humor, airy imagination, and exquisite grace, when the Autocrat papers advanced his name indefinitely beyond the bounds which most immortals would have found range enough. His renown has since steadily grown, but that, I fancy, may have been its most charming moment for him, when the marvel of his invention was still fresh in the minds of men, and time had not dulled in any measure the sense of its novelty. His readers all fondly identified him with his work; and I fully expected to find myself in the Autocrat's presence when I met Dr. Holmes. But the fascination was none the less for that reason; and the winning smile, the wise and humorous glance, the whole genial manner was as important to me as if I had foreboded something altogether different. I found him physically of the Napoleonic height which spiritually overtops the Alps, and I could look into his face without that unpleasant effort which giants of inferior mind so often cost the man of five feet four.

A little while after, Fields came in, and then our number and my pleasure were complete.

Nothing else so richly satisfactory, indeed, as the whole affair could have happened to a like youth at such a point in his career; and when I sat down with Dr. Holmes and Mr. Fields, on Lowell's right, I felt through and through the dramatic perfection of the event. The kindly Autocrat recognized some such quality of it in terms which were not the less precious and gracious for their humorous excess. I have no reason to think that he had yet read any of my poor verses, or had me otherwise than wholly on trust from Lowell; but he leaned over toward

JAMES T. FIELDS, ABOUT 1870.

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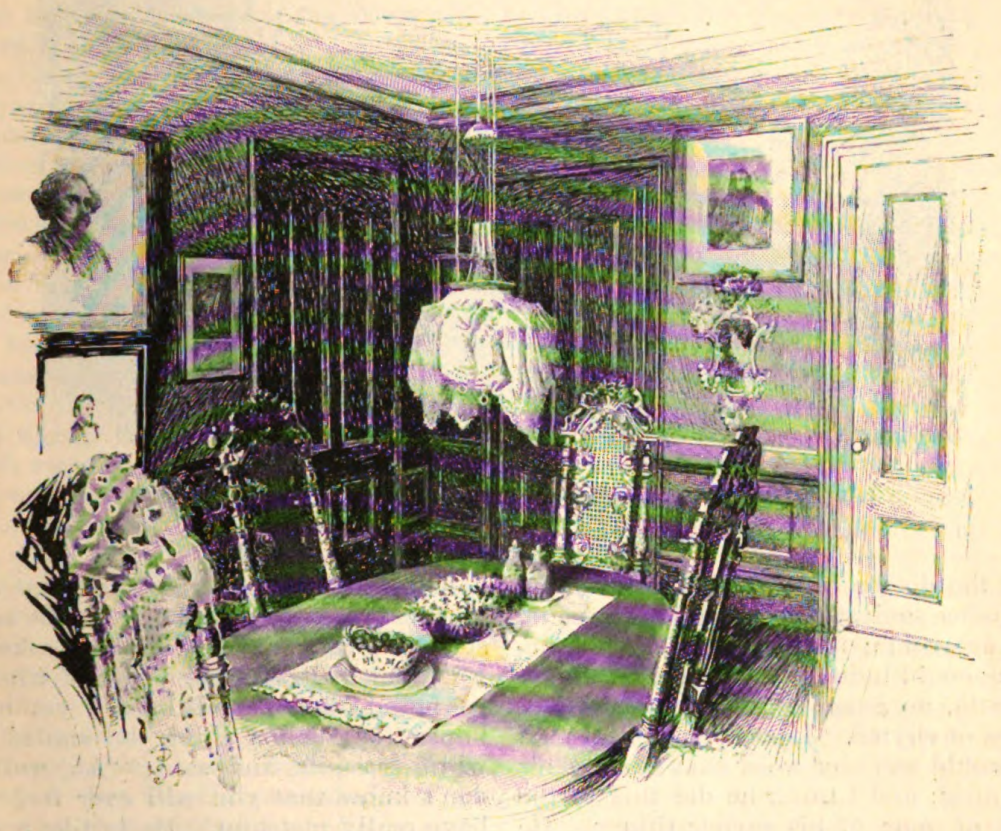
his host, and said, with a laughing look at me, "Well, James, this is something like the apostolic succession; this is the laying on of hands." I took his sweet and caressing irony as he meant it; but the charm of it went to my head long before to time Fields came in with one of his delightful stories (sketches of character they were, which he sometimes did not mind caricaturing), or with some criticism of the literary situation from his stand-point of both lover and publisher



DINING-ROOM IN JAMES T. FIELDS'S HOUSE.

any drop of wine, together with the charm of hearing him and Lowell calling each other James and Wendell, and of finding them still cordially boys together.

I would gladly have shone before those great lights in the talk that followed, if I could have thought of anything brilliant to say, but I could not, and so I let them shine without a ray of reflected splendor from me. It was such talk as I had, of course, never heard before, and it is not saying enough to say that I have never heard such talk since except from these two men. It was as light and kind as it was deep and true, and it ranged over a hundred things, with a perpetual sparkle of Dr. Holmes's wit, and the constant glow of Lowell's incandescent sense. From time of books. I heard fames that I had accepted as proofs of power treated as factitious, and witnessed a frankness concerning authorship, far and near, that I had not dreamed of authors using. When Dr. Holmes understood that I wrote for the Saturday Press, which was running amuck among some Bostonian immortalities of the day, he seemed willing that I should know they were not thought so very undying in Boston, and that I should not take the notion of a Mutual Admiration Society too seriously, or accept the New York bohemian view of Boston as true. For the most part the talk did not address itself to me, but became an exchange of thoughts and fancies between himself and Lowell. They touched, I remember, on certain matters of technique,

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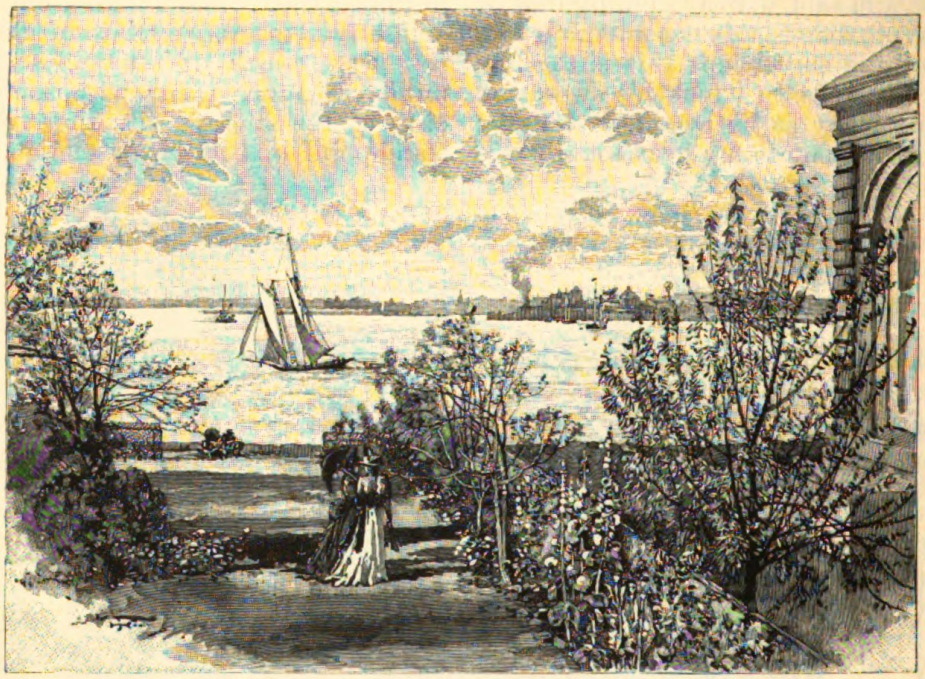

THE CHARLES, FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE FIELDS HOUSE.

and the doctor confessed that he had a prejudice against some words that he could not overcome; for instance, he said, nothing could induce him to use '*neath* for *beneath*, no exigency of versification or stress of rhyme. Lowell contended that he would use any word that carried his meaning; and I think he did this to the hurt of some of his earlier things. He was then probably in the revolt against too much literature in literature, which every one is destined sooner or later to share; there was a certain roughness, very like crudeness, which he indulged before his thought and phrase mellowed to one music in his later work. I tacitly agreed rather with the doctor, though I did not swerve from my allegiance to Lowell, and if I had spoken I should have sided with him: I would have given that or any other proof of my devotion. Fields casually mentioned that he thought The Dandelion was the most popularly liked of Lowell's briefer poems, and I made haste to say that I thought so too, though I did not really think anything about it; and then I was sorry, for I could see that the poet did not like it, quite; and I felt that I was duly punished for my dishonesty.

Hawthorne was named among other authors, probably by Fields, whose house had just published his Marble Faun, and who had recently come home on the same steamer with him. Dr. Holmes asked if I had met Hawthorne yet, and when I confessed that I had hardly yet even hoped for such a thing, he smiled his winning smile, and said: "Ah, well! I don't know that you will ever feel you have really met him. He is like a dim room with a little taper of personality burning on the corner of the mantel."

They all spoke of Hawthorne, and with the same affection, but the same sense of something mystical and remote in him; and every word was priceless to me. But these masters of the craft I was prentice to probably could not have said anything that I should not have found wise and well, and I am sure now I should have been the loser if the talk had shunned any of the phases of human nature which it touched. It is best to find that all men are of the same make, and that there are certain universal things which interest them as much as the supernal things, and amuse them even more. There was a saying of Lowell's which he was fond of repeating at the menace of any form of the transcendental, and he liked to warn himself and others with his homely, "Remember the dinner-bell." What I recall of the whole effect of a time so

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happy for me is that in all that was said, however high, however fine, we were never out of hearing of the dinner-bell; and perhaps this is the best effect I can leave with the reader. It was the first dinner served in courses that I had sat down to, and I felt that this service gave it a romantic importance which the older fashion of the West still wanted. Even at Governor Chase's table in Columbus the Governor carved; I knew of the dinner *à la Russe*, as it was then called, only from books; and it was a sort of literary quality that I tasted in the successive dishes. When it came to the black coffee, and then to the *petits verres* of cognac, with lumps of sugar set fire to atop, it was something that so far transcended my home-kept experience that it began to seem altogether visionary.

Neither Fields nor Dr. Holmes smoked, and I had to confess that I did not; but Lowell smoked enough for all three, and the spark of his cigar began to show in the waning light before we rose from the table. The time that never had, nor can ever have, its fellow for me, had to come to an end, as all times must, and when I shook hands with Lowell in parting, he overwhelmed me by saying that if I thought of going to Concord he would send me a letter to Hawthorne. I was not to see Lowell again during my stay in Boston; but Dr. Holmes asked me to tea for the next evening, and Fields said I must come to breakfast with him in the morning.

XI.

I recall with the affection due to his friendly nature, and to the kindness afterwards to pass between us for many years, the whole aspect of the publisher when I first saw him. His abundant hair, and his full "beard as broad as ony spade," that flowed from his throat in Homeric curls, were touched with the first frost. He had a fine color, and his eyes, as keen as they were kind, twinkled restlessly above the wholesome russet-red of his cheeks. His portly frame was clad in those Scotch tweeds which had not yet displaced the traditional broadcloth with us in the West, though I had sent to New York for a rough suit, and so felt myself not quite unworthy to meet a man fresh from the hands of the London tailor.

Otherwise I stood as much in awe of him as his jovial soul would let me; and if I might I should like to give the literary youth of this day some notion of the importance of his name to the literary youth of my day. He gave æsthetic character to the house of Ticknor & Fields, but he was by no means a silent partner on the economic side. No one can forecast the fortune of a new book, but he knew as well as any publisher can know not only whether a book was good, but whether the reader would think so; and I suppose that his house made as few bad guesses, along with their good ones, as any house that ever tried the uncertain temper of the public with its ventures. In the minds of all who loved the plain brown cloth and tasteful print of its issues he was more or less intimately associated with their literature; and those who were not mistaken in thinking De Quincey one of the delightfulest authors in the world, were especially grateful to the man who first edited his writings in book form, and proud that this edition was the effect of American sympathy with them. At that day, I believed authorship the noblest calling in the world, and I should still be at a loss to name any nobler. The great authors I had met were to me the sum of greatness, and if I could not rank their publisher with them by virtue of equal achievement, I handsomely brevetted him worthy of their friendship, and honored him in the visible measure of it.

In his house beside the Charles, and in the close neighborhood of Dr. Holmes, I found an odor and an air of books such as I fancied might belong to the famous literary houses of London. It is still there, that friendly home of lettered refinement, and the gracious spirit which knew how to welcome me, and make the least of my shyness and strangeness, and the most of the little else there was in me, illumines it still, though my host of that rapturous moment has many years been of those who are only with us unseen and unheard. I remember his burlesque pretence that morning of an inextinguishable grief when I owned that I had never eaten blueberry cake before, and how he kept returning to the pathos of the fact that there should be a region of the earth where blueberry cake was unknown. We breakfasted in the pretty room whose windows look out through leaves and flowers upon the river's coming and going tides, and whose walls were

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covered with the faces and the autographs of all the contemporary poets and novelists. The Fieldses had spent some days with Tennyson in their recent English sojourn, and Mrs. Fields had much to tell of him, how he looked, how he smoked, how he read aloud, and how he said, when he asked her to go with him to the tower of his house, "Come up and see the sad English sunset!" which had an instant value to me such as some rich verse of his might have had. I was very new to it all, how new I could not very well say, but I flattered myself that I breathed in that atmosphere as if in the return from life-long exile. Still I patriotically bragged of the West a little, and I told them proudly that in Columbus no book since Uncle Tom's Cabin had sold so well as The Marble Faun. This made the effect that I wished, but whether it was true or not, heaven knows; I only know that I heard it from our leading bookseller, and I made no question of it myself.

After breakfast, Fields went away to the office, and I lingered, while Mrs. Fields showed me from shelf to shelf in the library, and dazzled me with the sight of authors' copies, and volumes invaluable with the autographs and the pencilled notes of the men whose names were dear to me from my love of their work. Everywhere was some souvenir of the living celebrities my hosts had met; and whom had they not met in that English sojourn in days before England embittered herself to us? Not Tennyson only, but Thackeray, but Dickens, but Charles Reade, but Carlyle, but many another minor fame was in my ears from converse so recent with them that it was as if I heard their voices in their echoed words.

I do not remember how long I staid; I remember I was afraid of staying too long, and so I am sure I did not stay as long as I should have liked. But I have not the least notion how I got away, and I am not certain where I spent the rest of a day that began in the clouds, but had to be ended on the common earth. I suppose I gave it mostly to wandering about the city, and partly to recording my impressions of it for that newspaper which never published them. The summer weather in Boston, with its sunny heat struck through and through with the coolness of the sea, and its clear air untainted with a breath of smoke, I have always loved, but it had then a zest unknown before; and I should have thought it enough simply to be alive in it. But everywhere I came upon something that fed my famine for the old, the quaint, the picturesque, and however the day passed it was a banquet, a festival. I can only recall my breathless first sight of the Public Library and of the Athenæum Gallery: great sights then, which the Vatican and the Pitti hardly afterwards eclipsed for mere emotion. In fact I did not see these elder treasuries of literature and art between breakfasting with the Autocrat's publisher in the morning, and taking tea with the Autocrat himself in the evening, and that made a whole world's difference.

XII.

The tea of that simpler time is wholly inconceivable to this generation, which knows the thing only as a mild form of afternoon reception; but I suppose that in 1860 very few dined late in our whole pastoral republic. Tea was the meal people asked people to when they wished to sit at long leisure and large ease; it came at the end of the day, at six o'clock, or seven; and one went to it in morning dress. It had an unceremonied domesticity in the abundance of its light dishes, and I fancy these did not vary much from East to West, except that we had a Southern touch in our fried chicken and corn bread; but at the Autocrat's tea table the cheering cup had a flavor unknown to me before that day. He asked me if I knew it, and I said it was English breakfast tea; for I had drunk it at the publisher's in the morning, and was willing not to seem strange to it. "Ah, yes," he said; "but this is the flower of the souchong; it is the blossom, the poetry of tea," and then he told me how it had been given him by a friend, a merchant in the China trade, which used to flourish in Boston, and was the poetry of commerce, as this delicate beverage was of tea. That commerce is long past, and I fancy that the plant ceased to bloom when the traffic fell into decay.

The Autocrat's windows had the same outlook upon the Charles as the publisher's, and after tea we went up into a back parlor of the same orientation, and saw the sunset die over the water, and the westering flats and hills. Nowhere else in the world has the day a lovelier close, and our talk took something of the mys-

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tic coloring that the heavens gave those mantling expanses. It was chiefly his talk, but I have always found the best talkers are willing that you should talk if you like, and a quick sympathy and a subtle sense met all that I had to say from him and from the unbroken circle of kindred intelligences about him. I saw him then in the midst of his family, and perhaps never afterwards to better advantage, or in a finer mood. We spoke of the things that people perhaps once liked to deal with more than they do now; of the intimations of immortality, of the experiences of morbid youth, and of all those messages from the tremulous nerves which we mistake for prophecies. I was not ashamed, before his tolerant wisdom, to acknowledge the effects that had lingered so long with me in fancy and even in conduct, from a time of broken health and troubled spirit; and I remember the exquisite tact in him which recognized them as things common to all, however peculiar in each, which left them mine for whatever obscure vanity I might have in them, and yet gave me the companionship of the whole race in their experience. We spoke of forebodings and presentiments; we approached the mystic confines of the world from which no traveller has yet returned with a passport *en règle* and properly *visé;* and he held his light course through these filmy impalpabilities with a charming sincerity, with the scientific conscience that refuses either to deny the substance of things unseen, or to affirm it. In the gathering dusk, so weird did my fortune of being there and listening to him seem, that I might well have been a blessed ghost, for all the reality I felt in myself.

I tried to tell him how much I had read him from my boyhood, and with what joy and gain; and he was patient of these futilities, and I have no doubt imagined the love that inspired them, and accepted that instead of the poor praise. When the sunset passed, and the lamps were lighted, and we all came back to our dear little firm-set earth, he began to question me about my native region of it. From many forgotten inquiries I recall his asking me what was the fashionable religion in Columbus, or the Church that socially corresponded to the Unitarian Church in Boston. He had first to clarify my intelligence as to what Unitarianism was; we had Universalists but not Unitarians; but when I understood, I answered from such vantage as my own wholly outside Swedenborgianism gave me, that I thought most of the most respectable people with us were of the Presbyterian Church; some were certainly Episcopalians, but upon the whole the largest number were Presbyterians. He found that very strange indeed; and said that he did not believe there was a Presbyterian Church in Boston; that the New England Calvinists were all of the Orthodox Church. He had to explain Orthodoxy to me, and then I could confess to one Congregational Church in Columbus.

Probably I failed to give the Autocrat any very clear image of our social frame in the West, but the fault was altogether mine, if I did. Such lecturing tours as he had made had not taken him among us, as those of Emerson and other New-Englanders had, and my report was positive rather than comparative. I was full of pride in journalism at that day, and I dare say that I vaunted the brilliancy and power of our newspapers more than they merited; I should not have been likely to wrong them otherwise. It is strange that in all the talk I had with him and Lowell, or rather heard from them, I can recall nothing said of political affairs, though Lincoln had then been nominated by the Republicans, and the Civil War had practically begun. But we did not imagine such a thing in the North; we rested secure in the belief that if Lincoln were elected the South would eat all its fiery words, perhaps from the mere love and inveterate habit of fire-eating.

I rent myself away from the Autocrat's presence as early as I could, and as my evening had been too full of happiness to sleep upon at once, I spent the rest of the night till two in the morning wandering about the streets and in the Common with a Harvard Senior whom I had met. He was a youth of like literary passions with myself, but of such different traditions in every possible way that his deeply schooled and definitely regulated life seemed as anomalous to me as my own desultory and self-found way must have seemed to him. We passed the time in the delight of trying to make ourselves known to each other, and in a promise to continue by letter the effort, which duly lapsed into silent patience with the necessarily insoluble problem.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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UN MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

BY CHARLES STANLEY REINHART.

A CHARMING young lady, whom I held in very high esteem ever since I first met her at the White Sulphur Springs, invited me on one occasion to pay her a visit at her cousin's villa on the Delaware, an invitation which I hastened to accept with infinite pleasure.

The day of my departure finally arrived, and in the morning (it was Thursday, I remember) I went to the studio to get my mail. Whilst engaged in looking over my letters, a messenger-boy came in with a despatch, and called out my name. It read:

"FAIRVIEW.

"Mrs. Remsen and Mrs. Hamilton at Fifth Avenue Hotel. Please call. CORA HASTINGS."

"Any answer?" inquired the boy.

"Yes."

I wrote:

"NEW YORK.

"Thanks. Hope to see you this evening.

"RENSHAWE."

About half an hour afterwards I found myself at the office desk of the Fifth Avenue, inquiring of the clerk if Mrs. Remsen had yet arrived. He did not think so. We looked over the register together, and failing to find her name there, I was in the act of handing him my card when I felt a light touch upon my shoulder.

"Why, here is Mr. Renshawe! What a delightful *rencontre!* Mr. Renshawe, let me present you to my friend Mrs. Hamilton, of Richmond."

"Delighted, I am sure, Mrs. Hamilton."

"Mrs. Hamilton and I have just run up to New York to do some shopping and have a little spree until Saturday—theatres, luncheons, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Oh! I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Remsen, that I shall not be in the city to show you some attention during your stay. It would have given me a real pleasure to do so. But the fact is I am on my way to Fairview, and having just heard you would be in town this morning, I took this opportunity of paying my respects to you before leaving."

"Why, how very strange and delightful! But how did you know of our arrival?"

"Oh! I received a message only a few minutes ago."

"Oh, I see! Cora! But I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Renshawe, that I shall not be at home to receive you."

This was said with an obvious sincerity, and yet I fancied I could detect an almost indefinable hesitation in her manner—as if there were a hidden mystery not entirely concealed.

In the hope of developing this unknown quantity, I ventured, "Can you give me the name of the best hotel in the place?"

"Hotel? Why, there's no hotel there—nothing but detached villas along the river. There's no hotel nearer than Redwood, the next station, or three-quarters of an hour back to Philadelphia."

"Oh, well, in that case I sha'n't go. I was sure there was a hotel, and it was my intention to stop there, and run over to call upon Miss Cora."

"But, Mr. Renshawe, I shall only be too delighted to have you as my guest. You surely know that well enough. It's really too bad that I am not at home to entertain you."

"No, no, Mrs. Remsen. You are exceedingly kind, and I feel very highly complimented that you should extend the hospitality of your home after—after—well, to be frank, such a brief acquaintance at the White. Really I thank you over and over again, but I shall be obliged to decline."

"Now, Mr. Renshawe, I am bound you *shall go.* Oh dear! if I were only there to make you doubly welcome! Look here, you're a man of sense, and surely must see that I am in earnest. I know you do. Now the fact is that Mrs. Hamilton and I took a sudden determination to run over to New York until Saturday, as Mr. Remsen, Mr. Hamilton, and another gentleman, also a guest—oh, we always have a houseful!—have gone down the bay fishing in our steam-yacht until Saturday also. So there's nobody at home but the three young ladies and the servants. Now you see the situation, as I put it to you frankly. You know I am rather punctilious in matters of etiquette and social propriety, but I have a plan that will

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make everything right. Now you talk with Mrs. Hamilton there whilst I write a little note."

"Oh, but Mrs. Remsen—"

"Do as I tell you."

She stepped briskly to the desk, asked the clerk for paper, seized one of the pens on the counter, and with lightning rapidity her jewelled fingers flashed over the note she began to write. With the same quick movements she folded the sheet, placed it in the envelope, dashed the pen across it once more, and came forward with a smile of triumph.

"*There*, that will clear the air! Give that letter to Cora, and be sure to stay until I return; I insist upon that. Now, good-by!—don't thank me at all. Come, Mrs. Hamilton, let's go to our rooms and shake off the dust. Good-by, Mr. Renshawe."

"Good-by, Mrs. Remsen. You're an angel. Good-by, Mrs. Hamilton," and in a minute I was rattling down Broadway in a hansom, bound for the Jersey Central, with a mind teeming with the most delightful emotions. It was with an effort that I tried to interest myself in the dissolving views of busy Broadway and the charming marine pictures as seen from the deck of the ferry-boat. Once in the train, however, and fairly started on my journey, I drew out my *lettre de marque* and opened it. It ran thus:

"FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

"DEAR COUSIN CORA,—I am so glad you telegraphed Mr. Renshawe of our arrival, for it gave me the pleasure of meeting him again and of extending with insistence the hospitality of Fairview. Be sure to keep Mr. R. until my return; give him the keys of the wine-closet, and place all the horses and carriages at his disposal, and give him Miss Grace's room. Be sure to ask Mrs. Maitland, our next-door neighbor, to spend the evenings with you as a chaperon. Mr. R. and I have talked it all over, and I shall hold him responsible; as for myself, I wash my hands of *everything*. Affectionately,

FANNIE."

The newsboy piled books upon the seat beside me, but I saw them not. The afternoon papers lay unread in my lap, but I was indifferent to everything about me except that letter, which I read and re-read I don't know how many times, until at last I knew it by heart. Then I stared out of the window at the flat Hollandish landscape flying by. The artist habit of painting in his mind everything he sees began to take possession of me, and yet through the landscape at times I could see Mrs. Remsen's graceful figure, falling into exquisite poses, bending over her kindly missive; and so for three hours I gave myself up to the happy impressions that came and went at their own free will.

But now, as we began to approach Fairview nearer and nearer—four stations, three, two, and then only one stop—my heart beat faster in the anticipation of meeting my friend. I wondered if she would be alone on the platform, or would she be accompanied by her cousins? Of course there would be a stylish team, with a mechanical coachman—the kind that never turns around, but always looks ahead—and my plethoric portmanteau would be put beside his beautiful boots, and she and I would occupy the back seat, and thus roll up to the house in state.

"Fairview! Fairview!" shouted the brakeman. As the train rushed up to the station and came to a full stop, I staggered forward down the aisle with the heavy bag, and trembling with anticipation. A number of people got out; about fifteen or twenty were on the platform. I looked about, scanning the faces, with a joyful smile all prepared; but the smile was not destined to mature. It gradually declined about the corners of the mouth, and resolved itself into a look of chagrin and disappointment as the last carriage drove away. The last passenger had vanished with the vanishing train, whose rear car was finally lost around the curve.

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

I and my heavy bag—and the station-master closing the gates—half past five in the evening—

! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

"Can you please tell me where Mr. Remsen lives?"

"No, sir, I can't. I'm a new man around here" (bolting a gate).

A gentleman passes in a buggy.

"Oh! I beg your pardon for stopping you. Can you please tell me where Mr. Remsen lives?"

"Yes, sir. You take this first avenue for about a quarter of a mile until you come to a large iron gate with granite posts. You can't miss it."

"Thanks, very much."

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"Jove! Must I lug that heavy bag a quarter of a mile? There's not a boy in sight! This *is* a *nice* reception, I *must* say! Invited to a place, and then go through the humiliation of carrying your own baggage! There must be something wrong! Well, here goes to find it out!

"Heavens! That arm's pulled out of its socket! I'll stop here and change hands. It's astonishing how much weaker the left arm is! And the way this confounded bag bangs against my leg! Oh, but I feel mean! I wouldn't have any of my friends see me now for the world. Those trees are awfully paintable. How quiet this place is! Not a soul about! Oh, dear, how the handle of that bag cuts into my hand! Whew! Hello! that must be the gate, but it's a long distance yet! Maybe she is looking at me from somewhere. I'll brace up and carry this bag as if it weighed no more than an egg-shell! Now I must wear a stereotyped smile, and that will enable me to bear this pain better, and it will also be available as a greeting smile in case we should meet!

"There's the gate at last, and I am all out of breath. What a jol—jol—jolly ave—ave—avenue of trees! and what a mag—mag—magnificent villa at the other end! No, sir. You don't catch me walking up to that house in this ridiculous fashion. I'll just deposit this infernal bag behind that big sycamore, and then only with my light walking-stick I'll stride boldly and jauntily, with the air of a man who has plenty of leisure, and has 'just dropped in.' If the worse comes to the worst, I can always retreat to my baggage. That's good strategy."

And so up the avenue of beautiful trees I strolled without encumbrance. The house faced the river on the other side, but as there was a carriageway and porte cochère in the rear I mounted the steps and rang the bell. In a few moments a charming apparition appeared in the doorway, young and feminine, with a jaunty white cap, cuffs, and apron.

"Are the ladies at home?"

"Je ne parle pas anglais, monsieur."

"Ces dames reçoivent-elles?"

"Je crois que oui, monsieur. Donnez vous la peine d'entrer, monsieur."

As she stepped to one side to allow me to pass she disclosed a view of the hall, which ran through to the front piazza, across which flew three maidens in fluttering draperies, like frightened doves at the approach of a hawk, and three big vacant red rocking-chairs continued to rock back and forth, very much to the hawk's amusement.

"Not expecting me, evidently," I mentally concluded as I paced down the long parlor to the low French windows which gave upon the front piazza.

What a superb view! What a jolly fine picture! The beautiful lawn, in the midst of which was a circular mass of flowers, and framed in on either side by [illegible]urtain of majestic trees, sloped gracefully down to the river.

At the water's edge was a gentleman's private dock, approached by a light board walk, and fine fish-nets were festooned over the white rails. Three or four white boats, now bluish pearl in the golden light of the setting sun which bathed the whole scene, danced on the surface of the water, and a Venetian boat-house in broad yellow and red stripes. Steamers and barges passed in mid-stream, with their many lighted windows repeated in dancing reflections, and across the river the tawny meadows of Pennsylvania lost themselves in a fringe of purple trees.

Absorbed as I was in the exquisite beauty of the scene, I was startled by the rustle of a starched muslin dress and a sweet voice just behind me, which said,

"How do you do, Mr. Renshawe?"

"Why, how do you do, Miss Baxter? How's the doctor?"

Miss Baxter was a nice girl of nineteen, young for her years, the sort of girl that one always feels like teasing; and the "doctor" was a young student of the Philadelphia Medical School, who had also attended the École de Médecine in Paris. He was very devoted to her at the White, and we had all diagnosed it as a serious case. Miss Baxter exhaled lavender water and the sweet scent of violets; and the freshly arranged coiffure and stiff white gown convinced me that my visit was quite unexpected.

"You seem a little surprised to see me."

Her frank young face could not conceal a slight look of embarrassment. She had evidently been sent down stairs by the other girls to entertain me, having finished her preparations in advance of them; but they might have selected a more diplomatic young person as their representative, for it was not two minutes before I

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divined the mystery that overshadowed my reception.

She replied, "Well, no—yes—that is, did you get our telegram this morning?"

"Yes, I received one from Miss Cora, saying that Mrs. Remsen would be in the city. Did you send another? If so, I did not receive it."

"Yes; we sent one in answer to yours. But perhaps I am saying too much. Wait till Cora comes down—"

I saw through it all at once. The sudden and unexpected departure of both Mr. and Mrs. Remsen, and the announcement of my arrival in the despatch which I sent from the studio, placed the young ladies in the awkward position indicated by Mrs. Remsen during our conversation at the Fifth Avenue; and the frightened dears had put their heads together and sent me a telegram not to come. It reached the studio, of course, whilst I was on my way to Fairview, armed with so much brief authority. And this was why no one greeted me at the station, and also why I carried that infernal bag so far.

But I kept my discovery to myself. Then came the click of petticoats descending the stairs, and a second white vision parted the portières which framed in the living portrait of Miss Mason, of Fairfax County, Virginia.

"How do you do, Mr. Renshawe?"

More embarrassment, the two young ladies glancing furtively at each other, and finally standing side by side for mutual protection.

"I am very well indeed, Miss Mason, and ever so glad to see you ladies again—more so, perhaps, than you are to see me. But don't be alarmed. I'm not going to stay. Just taking a walk from New York to Philadelphia. Thought I'd drop in *en passant* to inquire after your health."

More clicking petticoats descending the staircase, another portrait (this one by Vandyck), and Cora entered, and ventured, with the same demure, half-frightened air, "How do you do, Mr. Renshawe?"

"Now, Miss Cora, I must protest. You are the third young lady who has asked me that question, and I should like to know if a man who has walked sixty

miles in three hours is anything of an invalid?"

"But have you *walked* from New York this afternoon?"

"Yes, with nothing but this light stick to support me. I must be off in a few minutes if I can hope to reach Philadelphia before seven o'clock."

"Did you call on Mrs. Remsen in New York?"

"Yes, and we had a delightful *tête-à-tête*."

"You *did*? You *saw* Mrs. Remsen?"

"I assure you again that I did."

Then the three pretty, freshly coiffed heads turned towards each other, the three handkerchiefs breathed out their incense, and the three white gowns clicked in unison.

They did look so forlorn and helpless, those poor young creatures. I knew what was passing through their minds, and I knew also what was nestling in my coat pocket. Keeping them in dreadful sus-

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pense for a while longer by bending my light stick with an air of entire self-satisfaction and unconsciousness of their agony, parading up and down before them as though I were the officer commanding this lovely Amazonian battalion, I felt that I held, decidedly, the key to the situation.

At last the *lettre de marque* was drawn from its hiding-place and presented to Miss Cora.

Her eyebrows arched, her big gray eyes rounded, her face radiated with happiness, and her lips quivered and moved with ecstatic delight as the contents of the letter burst upon her. "Girls, girls!" she shouted, "read this! Isn't it *splendid!*" and the two others grasped the sheet in curious delight, then joined in the chorus.

"But—where's your baggage?"

"Oh, true enough! Well, if you won't give it away I'll tell you where it is. You know that big sycamore down by the gate? Well, if you send out there you'll find it. It was too heavy to carry so far."

Johnston was despatched for the bag. During his absence the trio withdrew to the hall and held a secret session at the foot of the stairs. Johnston returned, grinning, with the bag, but with very uncertain steps.

"I tell you, Mist' Renshawe, dat's a mighty heavy bag, sah."

"Oh, Johnston, you really don't think so! You're only joking."

And then the procession mounted the stairs, Johnston bringing up the rear. Chatting and laughing at the delightful novelty of the situation, my fair escorts stopped at the door of a magnificent bedchamber on the second floor.

"Here is Mrs. Remsen's room," said Miss Cora, "and we thought as she and Mr. Remsen would both be absent until Saturday evening, you would be more comfortable here than in Miss Grace's room on the floor above, where our rooms are also. So you will be all alone here, and perfectly independent. Now don't be long over your toilet—we dine at half past six."

So saying the three light-hearted girls tripped gayly down the stairs, their rippling laughter fading away in the room below, whither they went, girl-like, to "have a good talk," and the sound of a door closing was wafted up to me.

What a curious sensation comes over a man who thus occupies a lady's boudoir! A mingled sensation—almost indescribable—of curiosity, of wonderment, and of awe. All the evidences of femineity fascinate him—from the dainty pictures and engravings on the walls (subjects which only a woman would select) to the rows of headache and nerve remedies and the distant aroma of sachet powder, the books, the photographs, and the dainty Louis XV. *escritoire*. The room was very large and elegant. Three windows over the piazza repeated the river view, with the private dock, the passing boats, and the meadows beyond. What seemed a royal high-post bed, curtained in lace, was the effect of mosquito-netting suspended from a canopy. A gorgeous crimson tufted lounge, and, in fact, all the furniture of the room, suggested the refinement and repose of a lady of wealth and culture. A smaller room for dressing led into this, and beyond that was the bath.

When I had sufficiently recovered my equilibrium I dressed for dinner, my mind divided between the gay tunes which I hummed in my happiness and the further inspection of my beautiful surroundings.

I took my place at the head of the dinner table, in the centre of which was massed a bed of roses reflected in a mirror. On my right a lovely girl of nineteen, on my left a ditto of ditto, and vis-à-vis a superb Vandyck of twenty. On my left, behind my chair, the pretty French maid in cap and apron, with the tips of her pointed fingers in the pockets; and on my right was Johnston, the colored butler; and the crown of responsibility rested easily upon my head as I surveyed my new-found kingdom and its lovely subjects.

The conversation rattled on, as you may well imagine.

"Now, Miss Baxter, as I am in charge of this household, I want every one under this roof to have a good time. Send a telegram to the doctor to come down to-morrow morning. You and he can take the bays or the grays, whichever you like, but be sure to send him back on the 10.30 train in the evening. You understand that I am very punctilious in matters of social propriety. Miss Cora and I will take a stroll along the river-bank after dinner—and, by-the-way, Johnston, we want a nice wood fire in the parlor when we return."

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After the stroll, the wood fire. And shall I ever forget that evening! I see her now, her lithe young white figure cuddled up on a tiger-skin before the open fireplace—with its glistening andirons, the soft music of the flames, and the sweet incense of burning wood—her head resting on her hand, her elbow lost in the soft cushions of a great arm-chair of carved black oak and tapestry, the shadows vibrating on the wall, and the firelight glittering in the rose-wood grand and sparkling on objects of silver and frames of gold. She sat with face upturned or thoughtfully gazing into the flames, enraptured by the story of artist life abroad and the tales of travel which she bade me tell her. And thus the hours passed—far away from the world, in that other world of dreams and romance through which two sympathetic souls are wont to drift side by side before a wood fire.

And was it any wonder that Mrs. Maitland, the next-door neighbor, was utterly forgotten? Friday morning came, and with it the doctor, and when the handsome young fellow lay at full length on Mrs. Remsen's tufted lounge, with a glass of sherry in one hand and a cigarette in the other, extolling the charms of Paris, where we had lived years of delight, I remarked that our present life held some attractions which could not be entirely overlooked, an opinion to which he heartily responded by proposing the health of the ladies.

After luncheon, drives; tea at five, with the lamps; a rest; preparations for dinner; and a jolly dinner, re-enforced by the doctor's wit. *Two* wood fires this evening, and the doctor's departure at 10.15, closed Friday's record. To bed again—the enormous starched and initialled pillow-shams placed upon a chair; but even the downy pillows I discarded as too much luxury. "This bolster is good enough for me," I thought; and when I sank down among the soft and caressing covers and drew the mosquito-netting together, I yielded to the delicious reverie that took possession of mind and body, and fell asleep in perfect peace.

"HEAVENS! WHAT'S THAT!" In a half-second I was out of bed and peering through the window into the night. The

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churning of a screw, and the puffing of a steamer—lights at the dock—voices and laughter. "All right, George, back her up a little more. Steady!" Puff—puff—puff—puff—and the screw churning intermittently. The hollow reverberations of all these sounds on the water at night were wafted up to my window and threw me into a state of trembling excitement. "REMSEN RETURNED! What am I to do? I don't know the man from Adam, and he doesn't know that I am here! Of course he'll come right up to his wife's room—and then won't there be a situation! I'll light this candle by the bed. Jove! how my hand trembles! Half past two by my watch. (Puff.) Out goes the candle. If he sees a light he'll take me for a burglar, and shoot." At the window again. "Yes, it's Remsen, sure enough! There are three of them—I see their legs by the lantern they carry—and they are all laughing. Yes, you'll laugh differently when you get to your room!" Then I grew indignant. After all, why shouldn't I be asleep when they come—it was only by accident that I awoke? Yes, I'll jump into bed again.

"Well, here I am in bed again, and sound asleep. I'll wake up when they arrive, and let things take their natural course. What nonsense! I'm not asleep. And besides, when I meet my host for the first time I must look presentable. Jove! They're passing around the house to the back door. They stop. A subdued but penetrating voice calls out, 'Mary!... Mary!... Oh, Mary!'—That's for the cook, probably to open the door. A feminine voice answers from a window above, 'Is that you, Mr. Remsen?' 'Yes!' comes from below. *Remsen?* Of course it's Remsen."

And out of bed I go with a spring, light the candle quickly, slip my feet into my slippers, and a black overcoat over my pajamas, and turn the collar up around my ears. The legs of my pajamas look very wide and funny, but I don't care how they look. My only thought is of meeting Remsen, and how *he* will look. Six feet two inches high, *of course*, with a long black beard. And when I introduce myself to him he will look down upon me with a cold, suspicious air, and say, "Well, sir, what are you doing here, sir?"

I hear the bolts drawn, and now the voices and laughter ascend the stairs, swelling in crescendo as they approach my door. In the mean time I tear up and down, like a rat in a cage awaiting its canine executioner, growing more nervous and excited every moment.

Now they are at the head of the stairs. Of course he'll come right to his room and walk in. I lock the door. I must have a parley with him, at least. I don't want him to walk right in and find me standing in the middle of the floor staring at him like an idiot—staring at each other, in fact, like two idiots.

He tries the door; the knob turns; my hour has come! and with a swallow to moisten my throat, I feebly call out, in a pale voice, "Is that you, Mr. Remsen?" and it strikes me as being very funny to talk to a man whom I've never seen through the wall and call him Mr. Remsen. "Yes!" comes a voice of surprise from the other side. "Who in the devil is in my room?" With that I throw the door open with the courage of despair. Three men stood there whom I had never seen before. The first was very short, about sixty, with a bald head, a gray mustache, and very red eyes and face, which had the most grotesque appearance by being lighted from underneath by a candle, which he held low down in a startled gesture at my own appearance.

Remember that the room was very large, and that my only candle was dimly burning far over by the bed, and that my own face was also grotesquely lighted by his candle. Behind him stood two young dark gentlemen, looking over his shoulders at the curious apparition before them. Then I began:

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"I-I-I'm aw-fully sorry, Mr. Remsen—in fact, I-I f-f-feel v-v-very much embarrassed that I am depriving you of your room—that is, that we meet under such circumstances. I assure you—I mean to—to say that—that in putting me here, I know the young ladies did not expect you home until to-morrow evening; and—as you know—of course you must know—that Mrs. Remsen is in New York. She left after you went down the bay; in fact, I saw her there—and it seems that I should have occupied Miss Grace's room—who is also absent—but, for some domestic reasons of their own, they put me here. I'm really very sorry, indeed I am. Oh, my name is Renshawe—Mr. Renshawe, of New York."

His broad red face expanded, his twinkling eyes closed, and his gray mustache tried in vain to reach the distant corners of his mouth. A heavy hand came down with a whack upon my shoulder as he burst forth, with a roar of laughter:

"Well, I'll be blamed! Renshawe, that's the best joke that's happened for a long time! Come right down stairs and have a little medicine! Gentlemen, you ought to know Mr. Renshawe, the artist. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Renshawe, and Mr. Osborne."

We descended to the wine-closet, and before three o'clock in the morning we were all the best of friends. The young ladies slept calmly through it all; and the cook had been too sleepy to inform Mr. Remsen of my occupancy of his room.

AN AUSTRALIAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY MISS C. H. SPENCE, OF ADELAIDE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

I THINK that Australia, which is a great country in the making, feels more nearly of kin to America than even England can do. In the great West she sees pioneer work going on similar to what her sons are doing in the interior of the island-continent. In the Eastern States she sees something venerable—a history and traditions like what she is building up in her own experience. Both America and Australia are the children of Europe, and of that country of Europe whose proudest boast is that she is the mother of nations; but America has had an independent existence for more than a century. While holding, like us, from the language, the literature, the law, and the manners of the mother state, she has built up a republic, vast and strong, differing essentially from all republics of ancient times, and offering a model for republics established in later days.

Our colonies and provinces are not yet federated, and it is well that patriotic Australians should see and study the theory and working of this federal republic of sovereign States and the condition of the Dominion of Canada before deciding on the best possible constitution for our Australian commonwealth.

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Australia can never become so populous or so wealthy a country as America. Over most of her territory she has a deficient and an uncertain rainfall. She has scarcely any navigable rivers, and she has few snow-clad mountains to supply irrigation to the thirsty land. She has, however, vast tracts of good country, and a climate so mild that all over the great island of Australia and the smaller islands of Tasmania and New Zealand sheep and cattle and horses need no winter housing. This naturally marks Australasia as the region for producing wool and beef and mutton, hides and horns, butter and cheese. The southern provinces are rich in wheat-fields, the tropical portions produce the best of sugar and rice, and everywhere it is favorable to fruit-growing. The vine and the olive, the orange and the lemon, all the fruits of southern Europe or of southern California, are abundant and of excellent quality. The climate is most favorable to delicate lungs, and many a life has been spared for health and usefulness by removal in time to the dry warm air of Australia.

It is difficult to make Americans understand how gentle and kindly is the bond between England and her self-governing colonies. The lesson given by the revolt of the thirteen provinces has benefited us all. Socially the United States are more democratic than the Australian colonies, but politically we are more democratic than America. Money is far more powerful in the republic. The trend of legislation in Australia and in New Zealand is more towards the equalization of opportunities, and is more favorable to labor than anywhere else in the world.

The versatility of the American people is their most striking characteristic, and the social equality which fosters it is one of the most charming points for the observer. The manner in which school-teaching leads to all professions and all avocations is almost unknown in England or Australia. There young men and maidens go into the public schools as a profession through the apprenticeship as pupil-teachers, not as a stepping-stone to something higher or more profitable. The young women may marry and leave it, but if they remain single and keep their health they continue their work in the schools.

In one way America gains by the admission of so much new blood of the best kind into her educational body, but she loses a great deal in the wisdom of experience. A good teacher improves all through the career. Nowhere in the world has the teaching of the people been thrown into the hands of women as has been done in America, and nowhere is the average term of service so short. Wherever I have travelled, I have found teachers present and teachers past, the latter in the most unexpected quarters. In every profession, in the church, in the law, and in medicine, young men taught school and carried on more or less of professional study until the time came when they must let go the one and cleave to the other.

But this versatility is not confined to school-teachers; artisans and clerks suddenly give up their employment and go in for law, or medicine, or engineering, or electrical science. As there are opportunities for prosecuting these studies available in colleges and universities—in the West provided by the State, in the East mostly by private beneficence—it is not long before they are qualified to make a new start in life. The thing is possible, no doubt, all over the world, for a young man of genius and resolution to carve out a career for himself; Mr. Smiles tells us of many such cases. But in America it needs less genius and less resolution, and it is so common that no one calls attention to it. If people go easily into professions and avocations, they go out of them as easily. It is very difficult to keep track of an American's career. Many offices, too—far too many—are elective and appointive for short periods, and people are in office and out with bewildering rapidity. We in the British dominions even think that when a man is made a judge he is a judge for life. But here we see ex-judges who are practising attorneys, or who have gone into business. The visitor finds memory sorely taxed to recollect the Christian name and the indispensable middle initial, as well as the surname, and to recollect also that the man has been a Senator, Congressman, or Governor, not to speak of lesser dignities. Max O'Rell complained that of the many millions of American men, half of them were colonels. And certainly the military, judicial, legislative, and administrative titles clung to by this republican people are a curious survival of pre-Revolutionary days.

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There are married ladies, too, who demand to be known by their own Christian and family name, and others who, as in England, take those of the husband. Some have one name on their visiting-cards, and are known by the other in their public work, which gives them a sort of dual existence.

With the exception of some society people in the Eastern cities who copy England, America has developed certain social features of her own. One of these is the three meals a day—breakfast, dinner, and early supper. No afternoon tea, except by special invitation, and no slight refection before going to bed—I should say retiring, for Americans do not go to bed. Any slight meal is called a lunch, no matter at what hour it is eaten—or partaken of, which phrase has invaded America as well as England and Australia, and is so inaccurately used that one partakes even of a solitary lunch. I was surprised at being asked to take lunch between eight and nine o'clock with some charming Georgia ladies before they left Washington for Atlanta. It was a slight meal and an odd meal, and was therefore a lunch.

When I visited England, many years ago, I was struck by the perfect appointments and the smoothness of the domestic machinery, not only among the wealthy, but among what is called there the upper middle class. It was far beyond what we could hope to reach, for although our Australian help has faculty, and can do many things fairly well, and will undertake new things bravely, she is not the perfect instrument demanded by modern division of labor. American housekeepers seem to strive after the impossible. They know what is desirable, and, *coûte que coûte*, they aim at it. They try to run a house which in England would have five or six servants with the aid of three, and have bread-making and washing probably thrown in. They succeed marvellously well, thanks to their own cleverness and assiduity, but at an immense expenditure of nerve force, and often at the sacrifice of health. I think American domestic servants do more work than they do in Australia, and more than they do in England.

When I asked, "Why is bread-making at home so general in America, for surely that is a business that ought to be done by experts?" I was told that every one preferred home-made bread. I discovered the probable cause for myself. Wheat and flour are as cheap in America as anywhere in the world. Every exporting country has its home price fixed in the London market, deducting the cost of transport. The price of flour, therefore, is the same in America as it is in Australia. But the price of bread is a very different thing. In Australia I paid five cents, or 2½*d.*, for a loaf weighing two pounds. In several American cities I find the baker sells a single pound of bread for five cents. The prudent classes buy flour and make bread at home, but the poorest people are those who pay cent. per cent. on the price of this prime necessary of life. Why co-operative bakeries are not established in every city in the Union is a question that will be asked me in England, where co-operation is a great and a beneficent agency.

I must confess that a good American house, with all its labor-saving appliances, is a great help towards domestic comfort. I should like to import one bodily into Australia, though we could dispense with the elaborate heating apparatus. When the heating is not overdone (the great temptation to Americans), the manner in which the wide sliding doors can be left open between the public rooms on one floor gives one an idea of space impossible to be conveyed when each room is closely shut to keep in the heat from the open fireplaces. I have never missed the open fireplace. Winter in Australia is the short half of the year, and there is no intense cold, so that we do not cower beside the fire. The equable warmth of the whole house is agreeable, though the contrast between in-doors and out-of-doors is pretty sharp. The overheating and bad ventilation of railway carriages are the greatest inconveniences I have suffered from.

In America there seems to be enormous labor spent on food. There are the choosing and buying of it, the preparing, the serving, the clearing it away. There is more waiting on table than is customary with us. Everything is handed round, even though there are many to serve and only one to wait. There are special American dishes which are not the simplest in the *menu*, and there is a great dislike to cold meat. There is a greater variety of vegetables, cooked in more or less elaborate ways, or

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served as salads. There is sauce in abundance (what we should call stewed fruit), to be eaten with meat; and this takes the place of jam, jelly, and marmalade, which are eaten with bread and butter. Fruit has within this last generation become a large article of diet in America, as in Australia. But all this variety demands money, labor, and judgment, and it seems as if the labors in so many millions of kitchens might be lightened by intelligent co-operation in housekeeping. That it has been tried and failed is no reason why it should not be tried again and succeed.

There is no great difference between an English drawing-room and an American parlor. I think American manners are franker, and the women have a fine intelligence and greater quickness of perception.

It seems to me as if women are becoming the more educated sex in America, not so much because the high-schools and universities are open to them as because they find such training indispensable for the avocations they prefer. It does not need the higher culture to buy and sell, to watch fluctuations in prices of goods, of stocks and shares, to corner the market, or to arrange for a pool. But these are masculine fields, and they are the most lucrative fields. For the position of teachers in public or private schools, for journalism and reporting, for such professions as are open to women, a prolonged course of study is required.

A Malay gentleman from the Philippine Islands, where the language and the civilization are Spanish, lately visited Philadelphia for the finishing touches to the course of dentistry learned in Paris. He was astonished at the Medical College for Women there, where nearly two hundred young ladies were being prepared for general and for special practice, and still more surprised by the sight of the Woman's Hospital, where clinical instruction was given. That women should be dentists and specialists for diseases of the throat, of the lungs, and of the brain took away his breath. When the dean of the college suggested that some young ladies from Manila might go to Philadelphia to study, he said, with emphasis: "In my country ladies do not venture to go about alone. How much less could they carry on a profession in which life and death depended on their skill and their courage?"

I am not sure that American girls are as adventurous in the matter of travel and out-door exercise as their English cousins. They have less fear of men, at least of the men whom they know. Their more free intercourse with the other sex is supported by public opinion in a manner unknown in England and Australia, where chaperonage is the rule. The association with boys on equal terms in the home and at school, the coeducation in the university, may be a large factor in that better knowledge of each other before marriage which is a great security for happiness. George Eliot asks in *Middlemarch*, apropos of Dorothea Brooke idealizing the narrow pedant Casaubon, "Who has pinched into its pilulous smallness the cobweb of prematrimonial acquaintance?" If after this there are disillusion and disappointment, who can wonder?

It may be because I have been visiting almost exclusively among reformers who take large and serious views of life, but I have been deeply impressed with the beautiful family relations I have seen. Husband and wife, parents and children, seem to be more sympathetic than elsewhere. I have been, more or less, in about forty American homes, and I not only met with kindly welcome and hospitality, but I had an insight into the real heart of the people. Those who move from one great hotel to another, or who go from one wealthy mansion to another, as so many foreign travellers do, cannot reach this heart. It has not only been a pleasure to me, it has been an education, to be brought into the family circle, to hear the family traditions, to be introduced to the family jokes, to the work and the play of intelligent, earnest American people. I was told I should find American children insufferable. I have found them charming. They are not so numerous as they are with us, but that perhaps assures them more of their parents' care.

I have had some funny questions asked and remarks made about Australia. One farmer's wife from a Western State whom I met at Chicago admired the good English I spoke when I had only been three months in America. Another lady, when she found I had been twenty-five days coming from Sydney to San Francisco, thought I must have been very tired of being all that time on the cars. A gen-

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tleman to whom I spoke of New Zealand as a most prosperous and progressive country insisted that slavery was established there, and had been sanctioned by the last Conservative government of England, confusing the Kanaka labor apprenticeship for the Queensland sugar plantations, which is not slavery, with New Zealand; and another gentleman spoke of the recent election of a President in Australia, quite oblivious that we have no President, as we are under the Queen of England.

But these ignorances were only shown by casual fellow-travellers; those among whom I have lived knew Australia and New Zealand well. They look on these outlying British colonies as the most interesting communities in the world, for they are trying political, social, and economic experiments which are of value to the greater and older nations.

I was struck by the manner in which girls go from well-to-do homes to be secretaries, clerks, and teachers, as well as into professions. They seem as much ashamed of doing nothing as young men ought to be. The uncertainty of fortune is quite as great in Australia as it is in America, but there are far fewer avocations for girls to pursue, and no such rush after them. We are not so socially democratic in feeling; more of our girls stay at home to help with the house-work. In America perhaps too few share the mother's toils and responsibilities, but the same influence is at work with them which affects the supply of domestic service. All girls in these modern days prefer work where the hours and the duties are definitely fixed, and which when accomplished leaves them free.

The withdrawal of the best elements of American womanhood from domestic work is a serious matter. Bellamy made personal service at a restaurant part of the preparatory career of the eminent physician in whose house his hero woke from his sleep of over a century. Miss Clapperton, in her *Scientific Meliorism*, says that the difficulty in obtaining service will drive us to live in Associated Homes, where the necessary work will either be done by members of the home, or be contracted for, so that those who serve should be absolutely the equals of those who are served. The truth underlying these suggestions is that in this democratic age, if service is treated as menial, it will soon be unobtainable at any price. Co-operation and division of labor have done such marvels in every other field that there is room for woman's inventive and adaptive faculty to take possession of this one, and lighten the labors of all housekeepers and providers. It ought to save money, as well as time and worry, to have things done in the best way by the people best qualified. American men have not grasped the benefits of co-operative distribution and consumption as Englishmen and Scotchmen have done. I believe they are leaving it to the women, and they are likely to improve on the pattern. All the domestic arts which women invented—spinning, weaving, pottery, etc.—are taken out of their hands and carried on in great factories. Why should not women organize and carry out co-operative distribution, and many branches of co-operative housekeeping?

Who reads the books published in America? I should say it is the women, at least in the cities. In the country men may have some time for books, but in the rush and press of city business, where each man is eager to make a living somehow, where he feels that if he does not press forward ahead of his fellows he is likely to be driven back and trampled on—both the greed and the fear being unsocial and demoralizing—what can a man read but the daily newspapers, which his business requires him to keep up with? In the cities, too, social ambition comes with any accession to wealth. It characterizes not only the women, but the men. This ambition has its good side, if it seeks out the true social leaders, the men and women of education and refinement, of earnest purpose and noble aims; but when it only seeks out the rich—those who show by outward and visible signs that they have wealth, and can use it and waste it, and yet retain enough to make them powerful—it is a very poor ambition. Neither the men nor the women who are devoured by this social ambition read books.

Women are undoubtedly the large majority of the readers in America. A large number of the most earnest workers are, however, somewhat limited, and restrict themselves to special lines in literature. All reform parties put woman suffrage on their platforms, but the suffragists are not generally eager after reform

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in principle, though they expect to elect men of better character when they have the vote. It is quite probable that the first results of the feminine vote will be reactionary, tending to abridge human liberty—a desire to make people virtuous by legislation. It is, however, a necessary step in human evolution, a true fulfilment of republican and democratic ideals.

The desire of the suffragists for the vote does not prove that they are diligent students of politics. American travellers are surprised at the close watch which educated English women keep over all the details of political life and Parliamentary debates. The diligent reading of the *Times*, or some other paper which gives accurately the current history of the world, has no parallel in America. The newspapers do not give the information. They tell of a multiplicity of detached events, but give no coherent chronicle.

Politics, too, is the profession of gentlemen in the United Kingdom more than anywhere else in the world. England's foreign relations give dignity and interest to the study of that current history in which she takes so large a part. Her world-wide Indian and colonial empire brings her into close touch with all nations, civilized and barbarous. Great as the American republic is in itself, it has not this cosmopolitan life.

Another thing that contributes to the interest felt in politics by women in the United Kingdom is the purity of elections, the security of the civil service, the honesty of the public administration. One cannot take up an American newspaper without seeing an account of a steal or a dicker, of falsified elections, of bribed voters, of dishonest contracts, of faithless representatives. Professor Jenks of Cornell University has traced the steps through which the most shamelessly corrupt electoral system in the world has been moralized and purified. Step by step law, with public opinion to enforce it, has been enacted against bribery, direct and indirect. Civil service reform preceded the secret Australian ballot, but the main thing was the strength of public opinion. Professor Jenks hopes much from the Australian ballot in America, and possibly from proportional representation, which is being adopted in Switzerland; and the latter reform is, I think, the most valuable of all, and is more needed in America than in England.

Although the Radical party in Great Britain think the classes have too much power, and although they demand reforms in taxation and administration, there is no hint that the classes give or take bribes. All accounts are published; every penny of public money, spent wisely or unwisely, is accounted for. Although the *personale* and the platform of the ministry may be changed as the result of a single night's debate, not a single official on the permanent civil service is removed. These things give dignity and interest to the history which is making itself every day.

It is the common belief in America that England and the colonies are under monarchical and aristocratic rule. Queen Victoria is really a hereditary president with many checks. She has no real veto; she has no actual command of the army and navy; no power of patronage, such as the President of your republic, the Governors of your States, the Mayors of your cities, possess and exercise.

While the power of Queen and peers has been steadily diminishing, and the House of Commons is the great political power of England, the powers of President and of Senate are dwarfing that of the People's Chamber, the House of Representatives. Nowhere in the world has a single profession—that of law—taken the preponderance it has in American legislatures. Of 85 Senators in session, 58, or more than two-thirds, are lawyers; of 356 Representatives, 229, or close on two-thirds, are of the same profession. I cannot but look on this preponderance as obstructive to all reform. The second or third rate lawyers, to whom a political career is tempting, are somewhat hidebound and technical, and America needs radical reforms. If any good idea is proposed to be enacted, the cry that it is unconstitutional springs up and chokes it. Besides, lawyers are the most serviceable tools which the mighty corporations, rings, and trusts can employ. They are more valuable in the Senate and in the House than the men actually interested could be themselves. The vested interests which legislation can further or check are well known to be cared for by skilled deputies in both Houses.

It appears a most inadequate representment of the great industrious, agricultu-

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ral, manufacturing, commercial, practical, and ingenious people to have one-third of its legislators to represent all these varied activities, and two-thirds to represent law. And, by a curious paradox, the actual laws of the country are worse carried out than in other communities where lawyers furnish a moderate percentage of the law-makers.

Women tell me they desire the vote for the election of men who will enforce the laws that exist, and who will use the public funds for public utilities instead of as reward for party service, and taking toll for personal gain from every contract, from street-cleaning to the erection of a State capitol.

So far as I can ascertain, both the Republicans and the Democrats proclaim themselves the party of progress when they are out of power, but no sooner have they gained the ascendency than they become the party of standing still or of reaction. Whatever they may have been in the past—and both parties have many honorable traditions—there is not a grain of reform in either of the old parties. The reform fire and energy is in the outside parties, which are extinguished at the polls by the political machine. Some advanced thought may clothe itself in the hide of the Democrat, or pronounce the shibboleth of the Republican, and thus enter the legislative portals, but if it is too bold it may be quietly extinguished in the narrow local pen in which the duel is carried on; for there is only *one* opening for any one man in the whole United States.

When will the new thought of America emancipate itself from the party machine, and either compel the old duellists to justify their continued existence by laying hold of vital questions, or arm in its own strength to form a truly progressive American party, and make the politics of this great nation worthy of its splendid traditions? The conservatism of the average American is the greatest obstacle; but if the American people want a thing very much, they are bound to have it. In spite of its written Constitution and its lawyer-ridden legislature, the demand of the people must be obeyed.

All over the world Upper Houses are on trial. How far and how long should a hereditary House of Lords in the United Kingdom, and a curiously anomalous representation of States of the most various weight and population in the American Senate, obstruct the will of the people expressed directly at the polls?

I may be looking a long way ahead, but perhaps in the future the two Houses may be a Parliament of men elected by men and a council of women chosen by women. There is nothing which the classes can contribute to the masses so valuable as the best thought of woman to aid the best thought of man.

If the line of cleavage between the political parties is obscure in America, it is as difficult to trace in religious matters. On the continent of Europe Catholics and radicals are opposed naturally and logically. The church stands still in the old paths—or, at all events, tries to stand still—while the great fermenting mass of humanity presses forward for weal or woe. The women cling to the church, and this makes a separation between men and women, which mars the harmony and completeness of family life. In England the prestige of the Established Church is great, and social ambition usually seeks its aid. It is said that rarely do two generations of carriages drive to the dissenting chapel. When wealth is secure it tends to the church, with its less inquisitorial organization and its more æsthetic ritual.

In America, although some denominations may account themselves more cultured, and may draw into their fold more wealthy and influential members than others, there is nothing to be compared with the social lines in England. On the other hand, many of the sects have so much that is emotional in their organization—the camp-meeting, the class-meeting, the revival meeting—that the Salvation Army has not had the same popularity in America as elsewhere. Everywhere we see not only churches, but church parlors, and in many places, especially in the country, the church is not only the religious centre, but the social centre. Sunday-school is prolonged. I have seen not only parents but grandparents attending the pastor's Bible class, and a farmer's wife who could not have been far from fifty said to me she liked Sunday-school better than church. The Sunday-school teachers' meetings, the choir practice, the annual tea meeting, the yearly fair to help the funds, the associations to help the poor, the temperance societies, gather round the churches and

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the church parlors, and knit together society. And this association is mainly of women. A certain church not far from Boston has one hundred joined members; ninety-six are women and four are men. So women are advanced from the humble servitors of the churches to be their pillars. How long they will be kept out of their fair share of the pulpits depends on themselves. A few liberal churches have women placed as pastors, and, as a rule, they are above the average in eloquence and in thoughtfulness; but it is becoming increasingly difficult to supply the pulpits with men who are capable and devout, and it is only a question of time for all doors to be opened.

As I come from a land where all the railroads and telegraphs are constructed and worked by government for the benefit of the community, the enormous power of the corporations that hold these monopolies in this country strikes me as a constant peril to liberty. The influence of millionaires and multimillionaires is doubled, if not quadrupled, by their hold on these indispensable branches of the public service. It may be said that no American state, and not even the Federal government itself, can be trusted with the administration of these things, on account of the corrupt political conditions which prevail. This is not going to last forever. All around we hear the voice of the discontented and the uncontented demanding reform. From various quarters it comes. Professor Jenks brings his experiences in England and in Switzerland. The associations for the reform of city government demand minority representation. The live agitation for more equitable taxation, the real desire for more freedom of trade, so inadequately carried out by the legislature intrusted with the task — all these things show that the people are not satisfied with declamation and indignation, but mean to set about in earnest. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, but it must be carried out by the citizen. Eternal vigilance on the part of the political machine only is eternal slavery for the citizen. And the sleepless machine cannot be moralized by bursts of righteous wrath, followed by periods of supine indifference.

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL GUN FACTORY.

BY COMMANDER THEODORE F. JEWELL, U.S.N., SUPERINTENDENT.

THE opening months of the present year terminate the first decade of modern gun construction in the United States. Few people know what great progress has been made in this direction, and how rapidly we have advanced in providing ourselves with modern high-powered naval artillery, second to none in the world.

Ten years ago the cruisers *Chicago*, *Atlanta*, and *Boston*, and the despatch-boat *Dolphin*, the forerunners of the "new navy," were approaching completion, but the armaments for these vessels were hardly begun. It was in February, 1884, that the first built-up steel gun ever constructed in this country, a breech-loading rifle cannon of six inches calibre, was fired for the first time at the naval ordnance proving-ground at Annapolis. The trial of this gun was a most unqualified and gratifying success. Although the powder first used in it was not adapted to it—was not what is known as slow-burning or progressive powder—and, in consequence, the internal pressures set up in the gun were much in excess of those permitted in service, the gun passed its severe ordeal without a blemish or sign of weakness. During the five or six months it was at Annapolis it was fired two hundred and seventy-five times, charges of powder varying from thirty to fifty pounds being used with projectiles weighing one hundred pounds each. The success of this *type* gun demonstrated not only that American steel-makers could turn out material of as excellent quality as that produced abroad, but also that the ability to design and the skill to construct cannon as powerful and reliable as those of any foreign power were not lacking in this country.

The construction of that first gun was a striking example of the energy and resourcefulness which are universally recognized as our national characteristics. When it was begun the facilities for gun-making which are everywhere considered essential were entirely lacking. The tools required, special in their character, did not exist in the country, and were to be

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created. The work was done in two cramped buildings, which to-day are but fractions of the great establishment that, in its entirety is known as the Naval Gun Factory. In one of these buildings—the old ordnance foundry, where many of the iron guns that did such good service during the war of the rebellion were cast—was done the *assembling*, as the process of shrinking on the various parts which go to make up the modern cannon is called. In the other were carried on the several processes of boring, turning, rifling, etc., which are necessary to the finished gun.

Most people of fairly good information know, in a general way, how a modern gun is *built up*. They know that, starting with a long cylinder, technically called the *tube*, which forms the body of the gun, there is shrunk on a second cylinder, known as the *jacket*, and that still other cylinders, called *hoops*, are successively shrunk on, until the walls of the gun have reached the required thickness. But they do not know the care with which all this must be done. They do not appreciate that the boring of the tube must be as true and as straight as a die; that the diameter of the tube where the jacket goes on must not vary the thousandth part of an inch from the calculated diameter; that the physical characteristics of every piece of steel which goes into the gun must first be determined before the proper *shrinkage* can be assigned; and that this shrinkage must be so carefully calculated that no unequal strain is set up, from the centre of the bore to the external circumference, when the gun is fired. Nor do they know what great attention is required from the workman, lest some stray particle of steel comes, unobserved, between the tool and the metal which is being cut, and leaves its mark there, to the detriment of the gun. The smallest scratch must be avoided; the least imperfection must not pass unnoticed. Then, too, the highest class of workmanship is required in the moving parts, in the closing of the breech, so that not the slightest trace of powder-gas shall escape when the charge is exploded. All of these points must be looked out for in order that the finished gun shall be satisfactory.

The Naval Gun Factory is the direct outcome of the successful trial of that first gun, which proved that we had the ingenuity and the mechanical skill to build such guns. It is a common remark that we had the whole experience of Europe to guide us when we began this work. To the extent that we had what was *published* about modern gun-building this is true; but the knowledge gained from the published results of artillery trials, guarded as they were in those days to an extent unknown at present, did not begin to compare with that obtained in the actual work of constructing that 100-pounder. It was not until after the firing trial began at Annapolis that the report of the Gun Foundry Board, which for several months had been visiting many of the great ordnance establishments of Europe, was made. This report told us what was required for an ordnance establishment, if the building of guns was to be undertaken seriously, while at the same time it made us more fully aware of our deficiencies. When the report was made public, and it was known that to set up a proper plant for the manufacture of guns would require the expenditure of large sums of money, it was a question seriously debated in Congress whether we should not go abroad and buy the armaments for our new ships. Thanks to our national pride, public opinion would sanction no such humiliating policy, and the money was forthcoming.

Even with the liberal appropriations made by Congress for the gun factory, the present establishment would have been impossible but for the public spirit of our private manufacturing interests. It was not entirely the prospect of pecuniary gain that led to the creation of the magnificent plant of the Bethlehem Iron Works, whose product is so necessary to the operations of the gun factory. When the work of reconstructing our naval ordnance was begun, the steel-makers of this country were turning out steel of as excellent quality as was to be found anywhere, but there had been no demand for such large forgings as those required for the larger guns, and the facilities for casting the ingots and forging them were absent. They had no great hammers, as they had in England and France and Germany. They had no forging-presses for working masses of steel weighing forty, fifty, or sixty tons. But all these were to come. The first guns built at the Washington Navy Yard of greater

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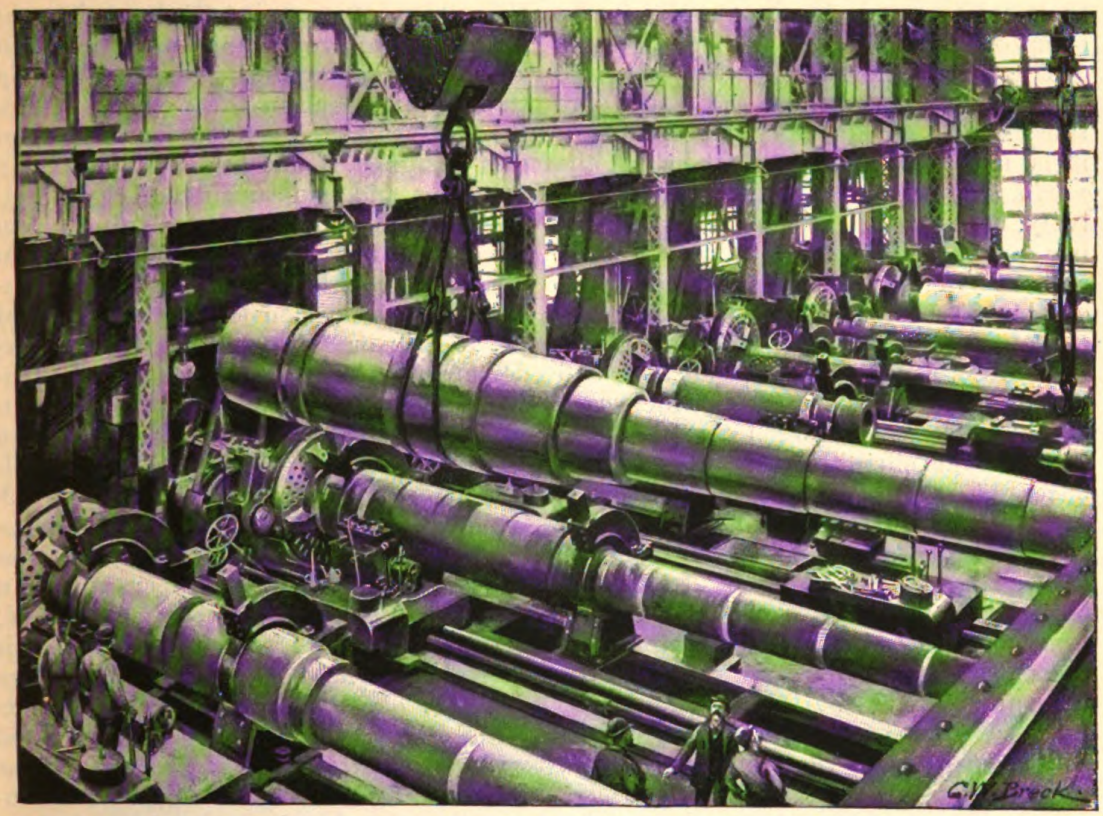

NORTH GUN-SHOP.

calibre than the 6-inch were from forgings supplied by Sir Joseph Whitworth and Charles Cammell and Co., the great steel-makers of England. Now, the works at Bethlehem are able to furnish forgings for the largest guns constructed as rapidly as the shops of the factory can convert them into guns. While it is the only establishment in the country that can turn out the heavier masses, there are several others capable of supplying forgings for the lighter guns, all of which have been benefited and enlarged as the result of the policy adopted by the government of building its own guns.

The Naval Gun Factory really dates from 1887, and is, therefore, only seven years old. The Washington Navy-Yard has always been devoted to ordnance-work more than to the production of other naval material, although in former days ships have been built here, and most of the anchors and chain cables used in the navy were formerly made at this place. But in 1886 the yard was transferred entirely to the ordnance department of the navy, and it has since been devoted exclusively to the manufacture of guns, gun-carriages, projectiles, and other purely ordnance material. In the spring of 1887 the conversion of the old anchor-shop into a gun-shop for the smaller cannon was begun, and at the same time the foundations were laid for the new shop, where the manufacture of big guns is carried on. When these were approaching completion the conversion and arrangement of other shops were taken in hand. The development has been gradual, so that the work of building guns should be as little interrupted as possible, and it is still going on.

The shops of the factory occupy an area of some eleven acres, without including the various store-houses, laboratories, offices, etc. In addition to the building of guns, the purpose of the factory includes the providing of carriages or mounts for the heavier guns, as well as for those of quite small calibre, like the 3-pounder and 6-pounder. These light guns, however, are not made at the factory, but are purchased of private makers, it being considered desirable that the establishment of private factories for this work should be encouraged, in order that

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their services may be commanded in the event of war.

The most interesting, as they are also the most important, of the shops are those known as the *gun-shops*. Although it is usual to distinguish them as the *north shop* and the *south shop* respectively, both are included in a single building some six hundred and fifty feet long, and varying in breadth from eighty to one hundred and thirty feet. The north end of the building is devoted to the manufacture of the large guns, the south end to the smaller ones, those of 8-inch calibre and below. Between the two divisions is the shrinking-pit, with its furnaces for heating the jackets and hoops of all guns, and with its appliances for assembling them.

Entering by the door most frequently used, in the side of the long building, the first view of the gun-shop is most impressive. Scarcely a square foot of the floor area is visible. Piles of great guns in every stage of manufacture, from the rough forgings to the finished weapon, present themselves to the surprised visitor, who is unprepared for such a sight. Along each side wall hundreds of driving-pulleys are revolving; overhead, the travelling-cranes, with their accurately manipulated burdens—this one a half-finished cannon, weighing perhaps thirty tons, that a boring-bit or centre, to be deftly placed in its proper position—are moving to and fro. The first sensation is that here is going on a vast deal of work with a number of workmen disproportionately small. To a certain extent this is true, for nearly all the machine tools in this shop are turning and boring lathes, none of which requires more than two men to manage it, and most of them needing only one. The perfection of these machines is such that when the workman has properly *set* the particular piece on which he is engaged, and has seen the cutting-tool, or bit, or whatever it may be, correctly placed for the job in hand, he need give the work but ordinary care until he comes to his final cut.

After the first comprehensive survey of the scene, the attention of the visitor of a mechanical turn of mind is naturally attracted to the magnificent group of machinery in the north shop. This group, comprising eight gun-lathes and a rifling-machine, in respect to its capacity and the variety of work it will do, and to the perfection of workmanship of the tools themselves, is unparalleled, not alone in this country, but in the world. One of these lathes, that intended for the largest gun designed, is one hundred and thirty feet long, and has a swing of eight feet. It is capable of boring and turning a gun upwards of fifty feet in length, and weighing, in the rough, one hundred and twenty tons, these dimensions being those of the 16-inch or 110-ton gun. Next in order are four lathes for boring and turning, which differ from each other only in the length of bed and of boring-bar. Two of them will take guns up to 14-inch calibre, and the other two those up to 12-inch. In all of these lathes the arrangements for boring are independent of those for turning, though both operations can be carried on simultaneously if desired, and in certain stages of the work this is invariably done. All of these lathes are fitted for chasing screw threads, both external and internal. Each is supplied with two tool carriages, with clamps for four cutting tools, operating entirely independently of each other, and so designed that, when the proper adjustments are made, any desired taper can be turned. The other three lathes of the group are sixty-eight feet long and of seven feet swing. They differ otherwise from the four lathes last mentioned in having no boring-bars, as they are intended solely for turning. They have sufficient capacity to turn the exterior of any gun up to the 13-inch, or even a somewhat larger calibre.

The remaining member of this group is the rifling-machine, for cutting the spiral grooves in the interior of the gun, by which the rotary motion is given to the projectile when the completed gun is fired. This is an operation of the greatest precision, since any imperfection of the rifling, however slight, impairs the efficiency of the gun, and it is confided only to workmen of the highest skill. The massiveness of the machine, combined with the delicacy of adjustment which must provide for a cut whose accuracy is measured by a fraction of the thousandth part of an inch, is most striking. The *rifling-head*, which carries the cutting tools, is a study in itself, the parts being as carefully made and as perfectly adjusted as the mechanism of a watch. The joint product of the ingenu-

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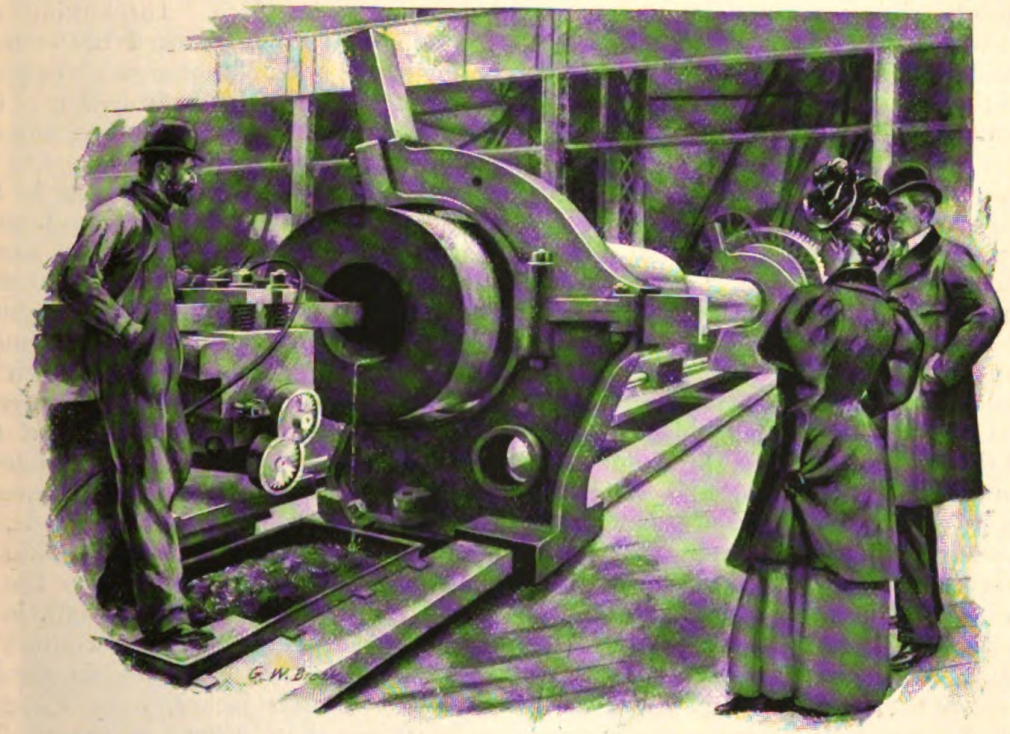
ity of the officers and the skill of the workmen who designed and constructed it, its invention was a distinct advance on foreign tools of a similar character. It is so arranged that four grooves are operated on simultaneously, the cut in each being the exact counterpart of those in the others.

In the space dividing the two shops is located the shrinking-pit, so called because here the operations of expanding the jackets and hoops and shrinking them on the tubes are carried on. In the earlier days of the factory the heating of these parts was effected by means of wood or charcoal fires in brick furnaces, a method



ONE OF THE GUN-LATHES.

Turning from this unique group of gun machinery to the south shop, occupying rather more than half of the entire length of the building, we find a collection of machine tools less massive in their construction, but equally well adapted to the work they have to perform. Here are some forty lathes of various types, including twelve for boring and turning guns from the smallest calibre made—the 4-inch—up to the 8-inch. Some of these will, indeed, take larger guns, and the earlier 10-inch and 12-inch guns were constructed here; but at present this shop is devoted to the manufacture of the smaller guns—those not exceeding eight inches in calibre or fifteen tons in weight—the number of which needed for the navy is, of course, greatly in excess of that of the larger ones.

resulting in unequal heating, and not infrequently, in the case of long jackets, in warping of the piece, so that the operation of assembling often required more than one trial. At present hot air is exclusively used in heating both jackets and hoops. The furnace for heating the jackets consists of two principal parts, one of which contains the jacket to be heated, the other furnishing the hot air. This latter is a cubical brick structure, containing within it a series of iron pipes through which the outside air is forced by means of a compressing-pump. These iron pipes are more or less heated by burning jets of petroleum at the base of the furnace, the flames from the jets impinging on the pipes. The hot air is led from the pipes into the bottom of a long cylinder of fire-brick, in which the jacket

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to be heated is placed, and after passing over the jacket it escapes into a chimney. This method of heating not only protects the metal from any injurious effect that might arise from contact with the products of the combustion of the fuel, but also it produces a very uniform expansion in the jacket, thus simplifying the operation of assembling.

It is at the shrinking-pit that some of the most striking of the details of manufacture of a gun are to be observed, and the shrinking on of a 13-inch jacket is always the occasion of a crowd of interested spectators. In a corner of the pit is the *tube*, a cylinder of steel two feet in diameter and forty feet long, standing upright and clamped in position. Its upper end, for a distance of some fifteen feet, is bright and smooth, having been turned to exact dimensions. Inside of the tube cold water is circulating, to prevent its expansion by the heat radiated from the furnaces, and to keep it cool while the jacket is going on. In the heating-furnace the jacket, another cylinder of steel, seventeen feet in length and weighing some twenty-three or twenty-four tons, has been slowly heating since the previous day, carefully watched both day and night by the attendants, who so regulate the supply of air that no excessive temperature is obtained. From time to time the cover of the furnace is lifted for a moment, and the master-mechanic measures the inside diameter of the jacket at its upper end. This must agree with the calculated expansion of the cylinder before the operation of assembling is attempted. When all is ready the great travelling-crane is brought over the furnace, the cover is removed, and in a moment the enormous mass of steel is suspended in the air. Now its interior is carefully wiped out, in order that the minutest particle of foreign matter shall be removed, and the inside diameter is measured throughout the length of the jacket. Meantime, by means of bars of fusible metal, the temperature is determined at various points. The giant crane, directed by a motion of the hand of the master-mechanic, now swings the suspended mass over the tube, where it is accurately aligned and plumbed. When it is realized that the inside diameter of the expanded jacket is less than one-tenth of an inch greater than the exterior diameter of the tube, and therefore that the clearance between the two is only about four one-hundredths of an inch, and that the jacket must be lowered over fifteen feet of the tube without coming in contact with it, or if it does come in contact that the touch must be light and of the briefest duration, it is easy to see that this adjustment is of supreme importance. Finally the signal is given, and, slowly at first and then more swiftly, the jacket is lowered to its place. The anxious expression which has marked the countenance of the officer in charge gives place to one of content, the approbation of the spectators is manifested by smiles and applause, and the operation is over.

The jacketing of a large gun is the single process of the whole manufacture which causes great concern to the superintending ordnance officer. The lathe-work, the boring and turning of guns, are questions of accurate measurement and careful workmanship, to which as much time may be devoted as is necessary. But from the moment that the heated jacket is taken from the furnace it is losing heat, and as a consequence is contracting. The loss of heat is, of course, very slow, but any reduction in the diameter of the jacket, where the allowed clearance is already small, is of moment, and hence this work must be done with celerity. The time required to put on a 13-inch jacket, when all goes well, is less than fifteen minutes. The *sticking* of a jacket of this size is a very serious matter, though not so serious as was made to appear in the newspaper press when such an accident actually happened some fifteen months ago. It was gravely asserted that the jacket would have to be cut off and ruined, at an expense to the government of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, whereas it was afterwards put in place at a cost for the extra labor of but a small fraction of the stated amount. Fortunately this has been the only mischance with these guns, ten of which have been jacketed within the past year.

After the jacket is on, the partly assembled gun remains in the pit for forty-eight hours to cool off; it is then put in the lathe and prepared for the reception of the hoops, of which there are nine in all. These are put on while the gun is in a horizontal position in the lathe, the 110-ton crane doing all the work.

The 13-inch gun is the largest gun that

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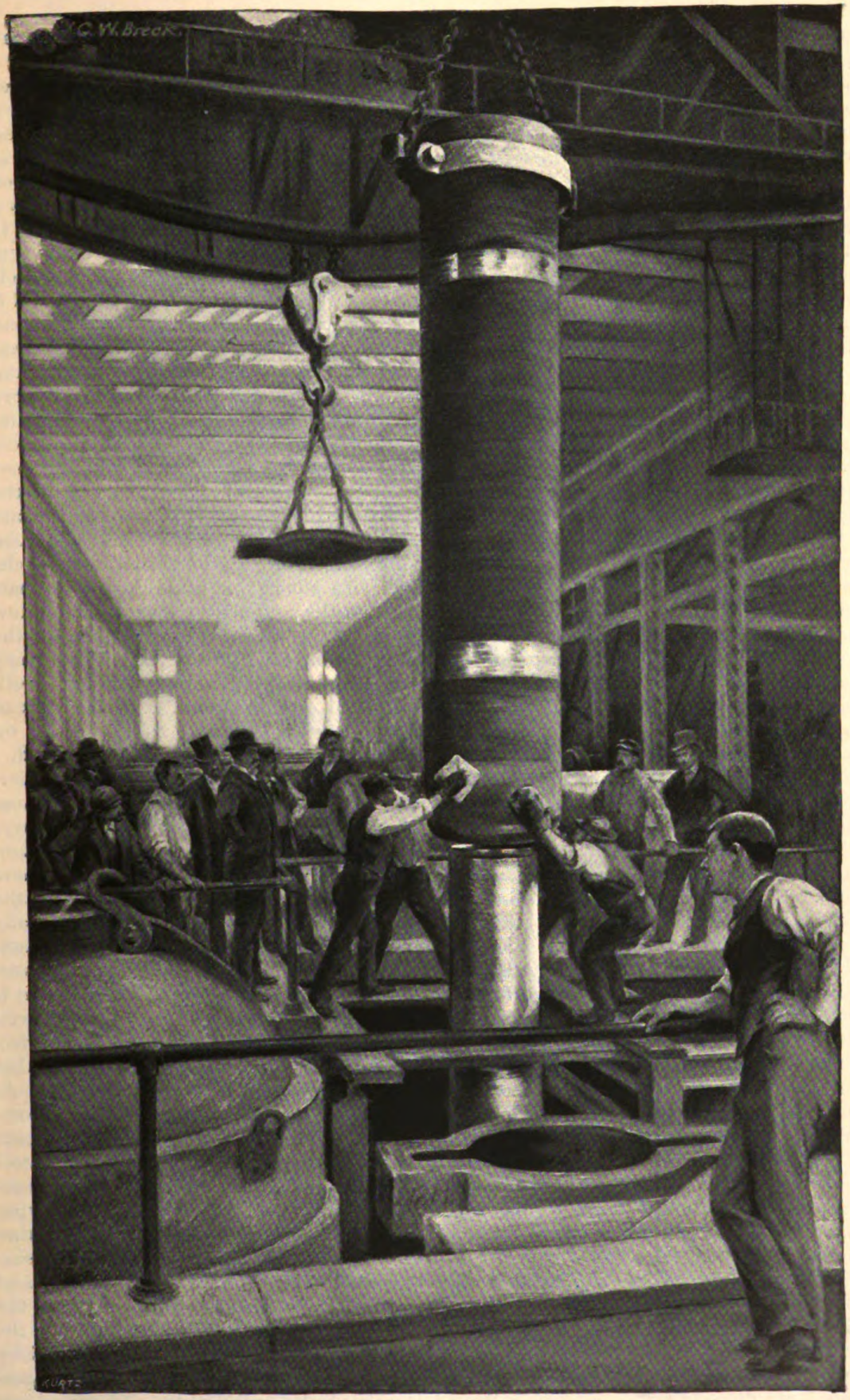

SHRINKING ON A JACKET.

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has been constructed at the factory. To give some idea of its size it may be stated that it is forty feet long and more than four feet in diameter, and it weighs sixty and one-half tons. It requires five hundred and fifty pounds of powder to load it, and the projectile weighs half a ton. The muzzle velocity of the projectile is 2100 feet per second with the stated charge, and its energy is sufficient to send it through twenty-six inches of steel at a distance of one hundred yards. At an elevation of forty degrees the range of the gun will be not far from fifteen miles.

Each of the three battle-ships now building is to carry four of these guns, arranged in pairs in turrets, besides eight guns of eight inches calibre, which throw projectiles weighing two hundred and fifty pounds each, and a large number of rapid-fire guns of smaller calibre.

Of not less importance than the construction of the gun itself is that of the breech mechanisms, the manufacture of which is carried on in a separate shop. The slotted-screw system of breech-closure, already described in the pages of this Magazine, is used in all calibres. The mechanisms by which the breech-plugs are operated, both those of the rapid-fire type, like the 4-inch and 5-inch guns, as well as the more ponderous ones of the 10-inch, 12-inch, and 13-inch guns, are all the inventions of our naval officers.

The mounts, or carriages, for all naval guns are also manufactured at the gun-factory. This work, on account of the great number of parts that go to make up a complete mount, requires considerably more space and a greater variety of tools than are to be found in the gun-shops proper. The mount-shop is a quadrangular building, whose outside dimensions are 430 by 265 feet, which encloses a rectangular space in which are placed the boiler-house and the electrical generators, electric lighting being provided for in all of the buildings. The mounts for the heavier guns are all of the hydraulic type, the operations of loading, elevating, and depressing, running out to battery, etc., being performed by rams.

Near the mount-shop are located the pattern-shop and the bronze-foundry, for all of the bronze castings used in the mounts, some of which weigh ten or twelve tons, are made here. In other adjacent buildings are the copper rolling-mill and smiths' shop, the testing-machines and laboratories, the offices and drafting-rooms.

The capacity of the shops may be estimated from the fact that one hundred and seventeen complete guns have been turned out of the factory in the past year. Of these, much the larger number were of the smaller calibres; but the factory is able to supply ten 13-inch or twelve 12-inch guns annually, and at the same time twenty-five 8-inch or thirty-five 6-inch, with a large proportion of 4-inch and 5-inch, guns can be made. This statement, however, omits the breech mechanisms and the mounts from the calculation. Owing to the very great amount of work required for these parts, and the still insufficient facilities in the matter of tools and room, this part of the work has not kept pace with the manufacture of the guns. This, however, will not be the case much longer. A new breech-mechanism shop, supplied with the most modern tools, has been put in operation during the past six months, and the construction of a new forge-shop and the extension of the mount-shop are in progress. When they are completed the factory will be a well-balanced establishment, and the work of supplying armaments can be carried on as rapidly as the ships can be provided.

It is the uniform testimony of artillerists of this country, as well as of those of Europe, who have visited the factory, observed the methods of manufacture, and examined the product, that no more perfect weapons are to be found in the world. The trials of the guns already made have demonstrated the same fact. To this gratifying result the steel-makers of the country have contributed, and it is as much to the excellence of the material that has been furnished as to the perfection of workmanship in the shops that the superiority of the product is due. As an illustration of what has been accomplished in the direction of improvement in the character and quality of the steel forgings and in the methods of construction in the past few years, the following may be cited. It is well understood that the object of building up a gun by the successive shrinking on of jacket and hoops is to secure a greater uniformity in the character of the metal throughout the body of the gun than can be obtained by forging the gun in a single mass, supposing this to be practicable. Thus the earlier 6-inch and 8-inch guns were com-

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EXAMINING THE INTERIOR OF A CANNON.

posed of seventeen separate pieces of forged steel. By reason of the better quality of the metal and the improved methods of forging and construction, the number of pieces in each of these guns has been gradually reduced. They now contain six separate pieces, and an experimental 8-inch gun is in process of construction which will contain but three pieces. Whether this extreme reduction in the number of parts will produce a better weapon is questionable, but it will undoubtedly diminish the cost of the gun.

No branch of the government service is conducted on a more thoroughly business basis than the Naval Gun Factory. The old system, by which the navy-yards were mere political machines, has no place in the modern establishment. Political affinities are not considered in the employment of the mechanics, and the superintending force—foremen, master-mechanics, and the like—have obtained their positions through competitive examinations, merit and fitness for the required duties being the qualifications for appointment. The system of registration established by the late Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Tracy, and adhered to by his successor, Mr. Herbert, in spite of many adverse influences, by which any respectable and competent mechanic may enter his name for employment, with the certainty that he will be employed when his name is reached in order, has had a wonderful effect in stimulating the thousand men composing the mechanical force to strict attention to their duties. No incompetent or indolent man can hope to have his name retained on the rolls by virtue of the good offices of a friend at court, while the industrious and worthy

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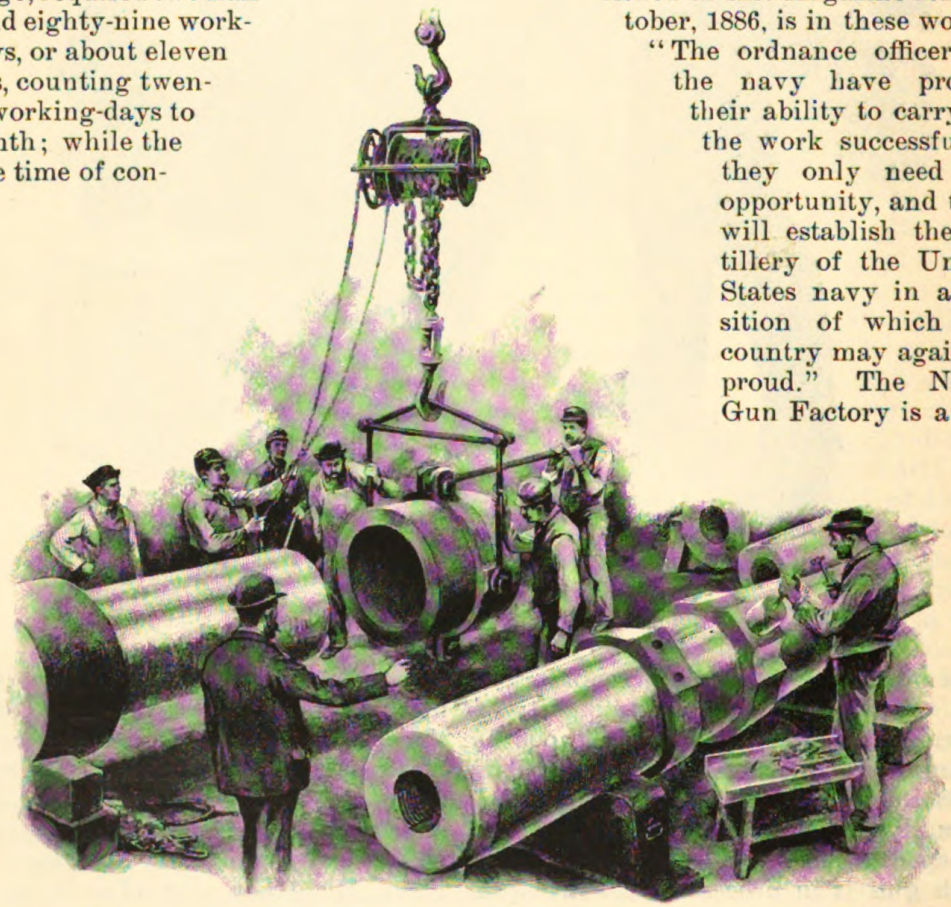
are certain of advancement as they become more proficient. The consequence of this system is that the rapidity with which the work is done has been astonishingly increased since it was inaugurated, and, notwithstanding the limit of a day's work to the statutory eight hours, and the fact that the same, if not higher, wages are paid as are received by mechanics of the same grade in neighboring private industries, the government is enabled to do its own work at a smaller cost than it could be obtained for at private establishments. To build the first 12-inch gun, which was completed two years ago, required two hundred and eighty-nine working-days, or about eleven months, counting twenty-six working-days to the month; while the average time of construction of the last three guns of this calibre, all of which have been completed within the past year, was one hundred and seventy days, or about six and a half months. Here is a saving of one hundred and nineteen days, or more than forty per cent. of the labor expended on the first gun. Similarly the smaller guns, those of 4-inch and 5-inch calibre, are now built in less than two months, as against the nearly three months which they required a few years ago. This gain is, perhaps, not attributable entirely to the increased industry and application of the workmen—part of it is unquestionably due to greater familiarity with the work—but the result is certainly a weighty argument in favor of the introduction of business methods in government works.

The concluding paragraph of an article on the "United States Naval Artillery," by the late Admiral Simpson, published in this Magazine for October, 1886, is in these words: "The ordnance officers of the navy have proved their ability to carry on the work successfully; they only need the opportunity, and they will establish the artillery of the United States navy in a position of which the country may again be proud." The Naval Gun Factory is a fulfilment of the prediction of that distinguished officer. Liberal appropriations by Congress, guided by patriotic committees on naval affairs, and directed by the intelligence of the successive Secretaries of the Navy, have furnished the opportunity, and the ordnance officers of the navy have not neglected it.



SLIPPING HOOPS ON A JACKETED TUBE.

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TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Seventh.

NEXT morning our three friends lay late abed, and breakfasted in their rooms.

They had all three passed "white nights"—even the Laird, who had tossed about and pressed a sleepless pillow till dawn, so excited had he been by the wonder of Trilby's reincarnation, so perplexed by his own doubts as to whether it was really Trilby or not.

And certain haunting tones of her voice, that voice so cruelly sweet (which clove the stillness with a clang so utterly new, so strangely heart-piercing and seductive, that the desire to hear it once more became nostalgic—almost an ache!), certain bits and bars and phrases of the music she had sung, unspeakable felicities and facilities of execution; sudden warmths, fragrances, tendernesses, graces, depths, and breadths; quick changes from grave to gay, from rough to smooth, from great metallic brazen clangors to soft golden suavities; all the varied modes of sound we try so vainly to borrow from vocal nature by means of wind and reed and string—all this "Trilbiness" kept echoing in his brain all night (for he was of a nature deeply musical), and sleep had been impossible to him.

> "As when we dwell upon a word we know,
> Repeating, till the word we know so well
> Becomes a wonder, and we know not why,"

so dwelt the Laird upon the poor old tune "Ben Bolt," which kept singing itself over and over again in his tired consciousness, and maddened him with novel, strange, unhackneyed, unsuspected beauties such as he had never dreamt of in any earthly music.

It had become a wonder, and he knew not why!

They spent what there was left of the morning at the Louvre, and tried to interest themselves in the "Marriage of Cana," and the "Women at the Well," and Vandyck's man with the glove, and the little princess of Velasquez, and Lisa Gioconda's smile: it was of no use trying. There was no sight worth looking at in all Paris but Trilby in her golden raiment; no other princess in the world; no smile but

"PŒNA, PEDE CLAUDO."

hers, when through her parted lips came bubbling Chopin's Impromptu. They had not long to stay in Paris, and they must drink of that bubbling fountain once more—*coûte que coûte!* They went to the Salle des Bashibazoucks, and found that all seats all over the house had been taken for days and weeks; and the "queue" at the door had already begun! and they had to give up all hopes of slaking this particular thirst.

Then they went and lunched perfunctorily, and talked desultorily over lunch, and read criticisms of Trilby's début in the morning papers—a chorus of journalistic acclamation gone mad, a frenzied eulogy in every key—but nothing was good enough for them! Brand-new words were wanted—another language!

Then they wanted a long walk, and could think of nowhere to go in all Paris—that immense Paris where they had promised themselves to see so much

* Begun in January number, 1894.

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that the week they were to spend there had seemed too short!

Looking in a paper, they saw it announced that the band of the Imperial Guides would play that afternoon in the Pré Catelan, Bois de Boulogne, and thought they might as well walk there as anywhere else, and walk back again in time to dine with the Passefils—a prandial function which did not promise to be very amusing, but still it was something to kill the evening with, since they couldn't go and hear Trilby again.

Outside the Pré Catelan they found a crowd of cabs and carriages, saddle-horses and grooms. One might have thought one's self in the height of the Paris season. They went in, and strolled about here and there, and listened to the band, which was famous (it has performed in London at the Crystal Palace), and they looked about and studied life, or tried to.

Suddenly they saw, sitting with three ladies (one of whom, the eldest, was in black), a very smart young officer, a guide, all red and green and gold, and recognized their old friend Zouzou. They bowed, and he knew them at once, and jumped up and came to them and greeted them warmly, especially his old friend Taffy, whom he took to his mother—the lady in black—and introduced to the other ladies, the younger of whom was so lamentably, so pathetically plain that it would be brutal to attempt the cheap and easy task of describing her. It was Miss Lavinia Hunks, the famous American millionairess, and her mother. Then the good Zouzou came back and talked to the Laird and Little Billee.

Zouzou, in some subtle and indescribable way, had become very ducal indeed.

He looked extremely distinguished, for one thing, in his beautiful guide's uniform, and was most gracefully and winningly polite. He inquired warmly after Mrs. and Miss Bagot, and begged Little Billee would recall him to their amiable remembrance when he saw them again. He expressed most sympathetically his delight to see Little Billee looking so strong and so well (Little Billee looked like a pallid little washed-out ghost, after his white night).

They talked of Dodor. He said how attached he was to Dodor, and always should be; but Dodor, it seemed, had made a great mistake in leaving the army and going into a retail business (*petit commerce*). He had done for himself—*dégringolé!* He should have stuck to the dragons—with a little patience and good conduct he would have "won his epaulet"—and then one might have arranged for him a good little marriage—*un parti convenable*—for he was "très joli garçon, Dodor! bonne tournure—et très gentiment né! C'est très ancien, les Rigolot—dans le Poitou, je crois—Lafarce, et tout ça; tout à fait bien!"

It was difficult to realize that this polished and discreet and somewhat patronizing young man of the world was the jolly dog who had gone after Little Billee's hat on all fours in the Rue Vieille des Mauvais Ladres and brought it back in his mouth—the Caryhatide!

Little Billee little knew that Monsieur le Duc de la Rochemartel-Boisségur had quite recently delighted a very small and select and most august imperial supper party at Compiègne with this very story, not blinking a single detail of his own share in it—and had given a most touching and sympathetic description of "le joli petit peintre anglais qui s'appelait Litrebili, et ne pouvait pas se tenir sur ses jambes—et qui pleurait d'amour fraternel dans les bras de mon copain Dodor!"

"Ah! Monsieur Gontran, ce que je donnerais pour avoir vu ça!" had said the greatest lady in France; "un de mes zouaves—à quatre pattes—dans la rue—un chapeau dans la bouche—oh—c'est impayable!"

Zouzou kept these blackguard bohemian reminiscences for the imperial circle alone—to which it was suspected that he was secretly rallying himself. Amongst all outsiders—especially within the narrow precincts of the cream of the noble Faubourg (which remained aloof from the Tuileries)—he was a very proper and gentlemanlike person indeed, as his brother had been—and, in his mother's fond belief, "très bien pensant, très bien vu, à Frohsdorf et à Rome."

On lui aurait donné le bon Dieu sans confession—as Madame Vinard had said of Little Billee—they would have shriven him at sight, and admitted him to the holy communion on trust!

He did not present Little Billee and the Laird to his mother, nor to Mrs. and Miss Hunks; that honor was reserved for "the man of blood"; nor did he ask where they were staying, nor in-

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vite them to call on him. But in parting he expressed the immense pleasure it had given him to meet them again, and the hope he had of some day shaking their hands in London.

As the friends walked back to Paris together, it transpired that "the man of blood" had been invited by Madame Duchesse Mère (Maman Duchesse, as Zouzou called her) to dine with her, and meet the Hunkses at a furnished apartment she had taken in the Place Vendôme; for they had let (to the Hunkses) the Hôtel de la Rochemartel in the Rue de Lille; they had also been obliged to let their place in the country, le château de Boisségur (to Monsieur Despoires, or "des Poires," as he chose to spell himself on his visiting-cards—the famous soap-manufacturer—"Un très brave homme, à ce qu'on dit!" and whose only son, by-the-way, soon after married Mademoiselle Jeanne-Adelaïde d'Amaury-Brissac de Roncesvaulx de Boisségur de la Rochemartel).

MAMAN DUCHESSE.

"Il ne fait pas gras chez nous à présent—je vous assure!" Madame Duchesse Mère had pathetically said to Taffy—but had given him to understand that things would be better for her son, in the event of his marriage with Miss Hunks.

"Good heavens!" said Little Billee, on hearing this: "that grotesque little bogy in blue? Why, she's deformed—she squints—she's a dwarf, and looks like an idiot! Millions or no millions, the man who marries her is a felon! As long as there are stones to break and a road to break them on, the able-bodied man who marries a woman like that for anything but pity and kindness—and even then—dishonors himself, insults his ancestry, and inflicts on his descendants a wrong that nothing will ever redeem—he nips them in the bud—he blasts them forever! He ought to be cut by his fellow-men—sent to Coventry—to jail—to penal servitude for life! He ought to have a separate hell to himself when he dies—he ought to—"

"Shut up, you little blaspheming ruffian!" said the Laird. "Where do *you* expect to go to, yourself, with such frightful sentiments? And what would become of your beautiful old twelfth-century dukedoms, with a hundred yards of back-frontage opposite the Louvre, on a beautiful historic river, and a dozen beautiful historic names, and no money—if *you* had your way?" and the Laird wunk his historic wink.

"Twelfth-century dukedoms be d—d!" said Taffy, *au grand sérieux*, as usual. "Little Billee's quite right, and Zouzou makes me sick! Besides, what does she marry *him* for—not for his beauty either, I guess! She's his fellow-criminal, his deliberate accomplice, *particeps delicti*, accessory before the act and after! She has no right to marry at all! tar and feathers and a rail for both of them—and for Maman Duchesse too—and I suppose that's why I refused her invitation to

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dinner! and now let's go and dine with Dodor—....anyhow Dodor's young woman doesn't marry him for a dukedom—or even his 'de'—*mais bien pour ses beaux yeux!* and if the Rigolots of the future turn out less nice to look at than their sire, and not quite so amusing, they will probably be a great improvement on him in many other ways. There's room enough—and to spare!"

"'Ear! 'ear!" said Little Billee (who always grew flippant when Taffy got on his high horse). "Your 'ealth and song, sir—them's my sentiments to a T! What shall we 'ave the pleasure of drinkin', after that wery nice 'armony?"

After which they walked on in silence, each, no doubt, musing on the general contrariness of things, and imagining what splendid little Wynnes, or Bagots, or McAlisters might have been ushered into a decadent world for its regeneration if fate had so willed it that a certain magnificent grisette, etc., etc., etc., etc....

Mrs. and Miss Hunks passed them as they walked along, in a beautiful blue barouche with C springs—*un "huit-ressorts"*; Maman Duchesse passed them in a hired fly; Zouzou passed them on horseback; "tout Paris" passed them; but they were none the wiser, and agreed that the show was not a patch on that in Hyde Park during the London season.

When they reached the Place de la Concorde it was that lovely hour of a fine autumn day in beautiful bright cities when all the lamps are lit in the shops and streets and under the trees, and it is still daylight—a quickly fleeting joy; and as a special treat on this particular occasion, the sun set and up rose the yellow moon over eastern Paris, and floated above the chimney-pots of the Tuileries.

They stopped to gaze at the homeward procession of cabs and carriages, as they used to do in the old times. Tout Paris was still passing; tout Paris is very long.

They stood among a little crowd of sight-seers like themselves, Little Billee right in front—in the road.

Presently a magnificent open carriage came by—more magnificent than even the Hunkses', with liveries and harness quite vulgarly resplendent—almost Napoleonic.

Lolling back in it lay Monsieur et Madame Svengali—he with his broad-brimmed felt sombrero over his long black curls, wrapped in costly furs, smoking his big cigar of the Havana.

By his side la Svengali—also in sables—with a large black velvet hat on, her light brown hair done up in a huge knot on the nape of her neck. She was rouged and pearl-powdered, and her eyes were blackened beneath, and thus made to look twice their size; but in spite of all such disfigurements she was a most splendid vision, and caused quite a little sensation in the crowd as she came slowly by.

Little Billee's heart was in his mouth. He caught Svengali's eye, and saw him speak to her. She turned her head and looked at him standing there—they both did. Little Billee bowed. She stared at him with a cold stare of disdain, and cut him dead—so did Svengali. And as they passed he heard them both snigger—she with a little high-pitched flippant snigger worthy of a London barmaid.

Little Billee was utterly crushed, and everything seemed turning round.

The Laird and Taffy had seen it all without losing a detail. The Svengalis had not even looked their way. The Laird said:

"It's not Trilby—I swear! She could *never* have done that—it's not *in* her! and it's another face altogether—I'm sure of it!"

Taffy was also staggered and in doubt. They caught hold of Little Billee, each by an arm, and walked him off to the boulevards. He was quite demoralized, and wanted not to dine at the Passefils. He wanted to go straight home at once. He longed for his mother as he used to long for her when he was in trouble as a small boy and she was away from home—longed for her desperately—to hug her and hold her and fondle her, and be fondled, for his own sake and hers; all his old love for her had come back in full—with what arrears! all his old love for his sister, for his old home.

When they went back to the hotel to dress (for Dodor had begged them to put on their best evening war-paint, so as to impress his future mother-in-law), Little Billee became fractious and intractable. And it was only on Taffy's promising that he would go all the way to Devonshire with him on the morrow, and stay with him there, that he could be got to dress and dine.

The huge Taffy lived entirely by his affections, and he hadn't many to live by—the Laird, Trilby, and Little Billee.

Trilby was unattainable, the Laird was

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quite strong and independent enough to get on by himself, and Taffy had concentrated all his faculties of protection and affection on Little Billee, and was equal to any burden or responsibility this instinctive fathering might involve.

THE CUT DIRECT.

In the first place, Little Billee had always been able to do quite easily, and better than any one else in the world, the very things Taffy most longed to do himself and couldn't, and this inspired the good Taffy with a chronic reverence and wonder he could not have expressed in words.

Then Little Billee was physically small and weak, and incapable of self-control. Then he was generous, amiable, affectionate, transparent as crystal, without an atom of either egotism or conceit; and had a gift of amusing you and interesting you by his talk (and its complete sincerity) that never palled; and even his silence was charming—one felt so sure of him—so there was hardly any sacrifice, little or big, that big Taffy was not ready and glad to make for Little Billee. On the other hand, there lay deep down under Taffy's surface irascibility and earnestness about trifles (and beneath his harmless vanity of the strong man) a long-suffering patience, a real humility, a robustness of judgment, a sincerity and all-roundness, a completeness of sympathy, that made him very good to trust and safe to lean upon. Then his powerful impressive aspect, his great stature, the gladiatorlike poise of his small round head on his big neck and shoulders, his huge deltoids and deep chest and slender loins, his clean-cut ankles and wrists, all the long and bold and highly finished athletic shapes of him, that easy grace of strength that made all his movements a pleasure to watch, and any garment look well when he wore it—all this was a perpetual feast to the quick, prehensile, æsthetic eye. And then he had such a solemn, earnest, lovable way of bending pokers round his neck, and breaking them on his arm, and jumping his own height (or near it), and lifting up arm-chairs by one leg with one hand, and what not else!

So that there was hardly any sacrifice, little or big, that Little Billee would not accept from big Taffy as a mere matter of course—a fitting and proper tribute rendered by bodily strength to genius.

Par nobile fratrum—well met and well mated for fast and long-enduring friendship.

. . . . . .

The family banquet at Monsieur Passefil's would have been dull but for the irrepressible Dodor, and still more for the

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Laird of Cockpen, who rose to the occasion, and surpassed himself in geniality, drollery, and eccentricity of French grammar and accent. M. Passefil was also a droll in his way, and had the quickly familiar jocose facetiousness that seems to belong to the successful middle-aged bourgeois all over the world, when he's not pompous instead (he can even be both sometimes).

Madame Passefil was not jocose. She was much impressed by the aristocratic splendor of Taffy, the romantic melancholy and refinement of Little Billee, and their quiet and dignified politeness. She always spoke of Dodor as Monsieur de Lafarce, though the rest of the family (and one or two friends who had been invited) always called him Monsieur Théodore, and he was officially known as Monsieur Rigolot.

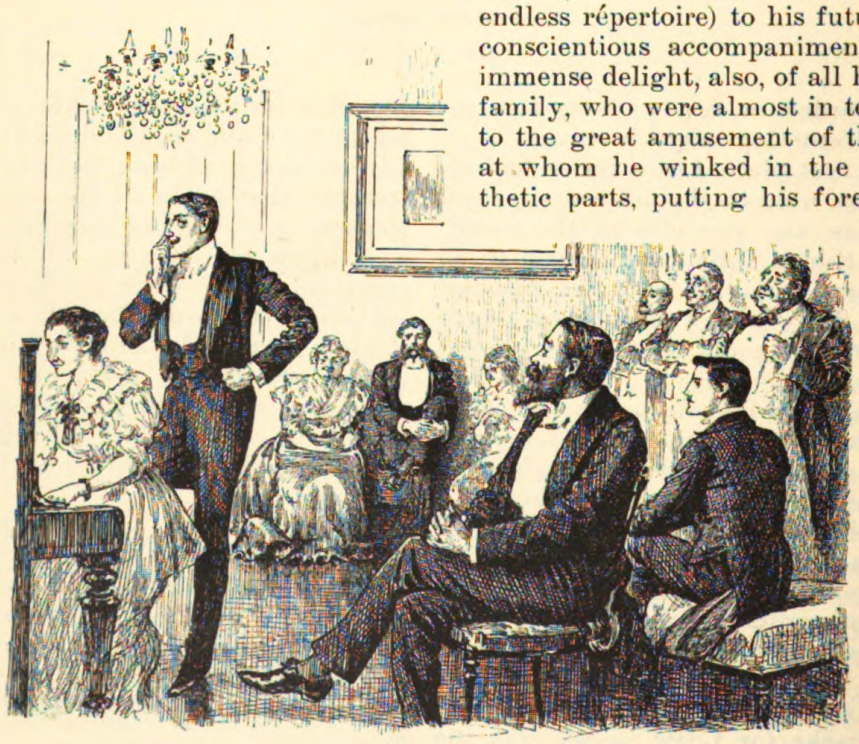
Whenever Madame Passefil addressed him or spoke of him in this aristocratic manner (which happened very often), Dodor would wink at his friends, with his tongue in his cheek. It seemed to amuse him beyond measure.

Mademoiselle Ernestine was evidently too much in love to say anything, and seldom took her eyes off Monsieur Théodore, whom she had never seen in evening dress before. It must be owned that he looked very nice — more ducal than even Zouzou—and to be Madame de Lafarce *en perspective*, and the future owner of such a brilliant husband as Dodor, was enough to turn a stronger little bourgeois head than Mlle. Ernestine's.

She was not beautiful, but healthy, well grown, well brought up, and presumably of a sweet, kind, and amiable disposition—an *ingénue* fresh from her convent—innocent as a child, no doubt, and it was felt that Dodor had done better for himself than Monsieur le Duc. Little Dodors need have no fear.

After dinner, the ladies and gentlemen left the dining-room together, and sat in a pretty *salon* overlooking the boulevard, where cigarettes were allowed; and there was music. Mlle. Ernestine laboriously played "Les Cloches du Monastère," by M. Lefébure-Wély, if I'm not mistaken. It's the most bourgeois piece of music I know.

Then Dodor, with his sweet high voice, so strangely pathetic and true, sang goody-goody little French songs of innocence (of which he seemed to have an endless répertoire) to his future wife's conscientious accompaniment—to the immense delight, also, of all his future family, who were almost in tears—and to the great amusement of the Laird, at whom he winked in the most pathetic parts, putting his forefinger to



"PETIT ENFANT, J'AIMAIS D'UN AMOUR TENDRE
MA MÈRE ET DIEU—SAINTES AFFECTIONS!
PUIS MON AMOUR AUX FLEURS SE FIT ENTENDRE,
PUIS AUX OISEAUX, ET PUIS AUX PAPILLONS!"

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the side of his nose, like Noah Claypole in *Oliver Twist*.

The wonder of the hour, la Svengali, was discussed, of course; it was unavoidable. But our friends did not think it necessary to reveal that she was "la grande Trilby." That would soon transpire by itself.

And, indeed, before the month was a week older the papers were full of nothing else.

Madame Svengali—"la grande Trilby"—was the only daughter of the honorable and reverend Sir Lord O'Ferrall.

She had run away from the primeval forests and lonely marshes of le Dublin, to lead a free and easy life among the artists of the quartier latin of Paris—*une vie de bohème!*

She was the Venus Anadyomene from top to toe.

She was *blanche comme neige, avec un volcan dans le cœur.*

Casts of her alabaster feet could be had at Brucciani's, in the Rue de la Souricière St. Denis. (He made a fortune.)

Monsieur Ingres had painted her left foot on the wall of a studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts; and an eccentric Scotch milord (le Comte de Pencock) had bought the house containing the flat containing the studio containing the wall on which it was painted, had had the house pulled down, and the wall framed and glazed and sent to his castle of Édimbourg.

(This, unfortunately, was in excess of the truth. It was found impossible to execute the Laird's wish, on account of the material the wall was made of. So the Lord Count of Pencock—such was Madame Vinard's version of Sandy's nickname—had to forego his purchase.)

Next morning our friends were in readiness to leave Paris; even the Laird had had enough of it, and longed to get back to his work again—a "Hari-kari in Yokohama." (He had never been to Japan; but no more had any one else in those early days.)

They had just finished breakfast, and were sitting in the court-yard of the hotel, which was crowded, as usual.

Little Billee went into the hotel post-office to despatch a note to his mother. Sitting sideways there at a small table and reading letters was Svengali—of all people in the world. But for these two and a couple of clerks the room was empty.

Svengali looked up; they were quite close together.

Little Billee, in his nervousness, began to shake, and half put out his hand, and drew it back again, seeing the look of hate on Svengali's face.

Svengali jumped up, put his letters together, and passing by Little Billee on his way to the door, called him "verfluchter Schweinhund," and deliberately spat in his face.

Little Billee was paralyzed for a second or two; then he ran after Svengali, and caught him just at the top of the marble stairs, and kicked him, and knocked off his hat, and made him drop all his letters. Svengali turned round and struck him over the mouth and made it bleed, and Little Billee hit out like a fury, but with no effect: he couldn't reach high enough, for Svengali was well over six feet.

There was a crowd round them in a minute, including the beautiful old man in the court suit and gold chain, who called out:

"Vite! vite! un commissaire de police!" a cry that was echoed all over the place.

Taffy saw the row, and shouted, "Bravo, little un!" and jumping up from his table, jostled his way through the crowd; and Little Billee, bleeding and gasping and perspiring and stammering, said:

"He spat in my face, Taffy—d—— him! I'd never even spoken to him—not a word, I swear!"

Svengali had not reckoned on Taffy's being there; he recognized him at once, and turned white.

Taffy, who had dog-skin gloves on, put out his right hand, and deftly seized Svengali's nose between his fore and middle fingers and nearly pulled it off, and swung his head two or three times backwards and forwards by it, and then from side to side, Svengali holding on to his wrist; and then, letting him go, gave him a sounding open-handed smack on his right cheek—and a smack on the face from Taffy (even in play) was no joke, I'm told; it made one smell brimstone, and see and hear things that didn't exist.

Svengali gasped worse than Little Billee, and couldn't speak for a while. Then he said,

"Lâche—grand lâche! che fous enferrai mes témoins!"

"At your orders!" said Taffy, in beautiful French, and drew out his card-case,

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"VITE! VITE! UN COMMISSAIRE DE POLICE!"

and gave him his card in quite the orthodox French manner, adding: "I shall be here till to-morrow at twelve—but that is my London address, in case I don't hear from you before I leave. I'm sorry, but you really mustn't spit, you know—it's not done. I will come to you whenever you send for me—even if I have to come from the end of the world."

"Très bien! très bien!" said a military-looking old gentleman close by, and gave Taffy *his* card, in case he might be of any service.

When the commissaire de police arrived, all was over. Svengali had gone away in a cab, and Taffy put himself at the disposition of the commissaire.

They went into the post-office and discussed it all with the old military gentleman, and the majordome in velvet, and the two clerks who had seen the original insult. And all that was required of Taffy and his friends for the present was "their names, prenames, titles, qualities, age, address, nationality, occupation," etc.

"C'est une affaire qui s'arrangera autrement, et autre part!" had said the military gentleman—monsieur le général Comte de la Tour-aux-Loups.

So it blew over quite simply; and all that day a fierce unholy joy burned in Taffy's choleric blue eye.

Not, indeed, that he had any wish to injure Trilby's husband, or meant to do him any grievous bodily harm, whatever happened. But he was glad to have given Svengali a lesson in manners.

That Svengali should injure *him* never entered into his calculations for a moment. Besides, he didn't believe Svengali would show fight; and in this he was not mistaken.

But he had, for hours, the feel of that long thick shapely nose being kneaded between his gloved knuckles, and a pleasing sense of the effectiveness of the tweak he had given it. So he went about chewing the cud of that heavenly remembrance all day, till reflection brought remorse, and he felt sorry; for he was really the mildest-mannered man that ever broke a head!

Only the sight of Little Billee's blood (which had been made to flow by such an unequal antagonist) had roused the old Adam.

No message came from Svengali to ask for the names and addresses of Taffy's seconds; so Dodor and Zouzou (not to mention Mister the general Count of the Tooraloorals, as the Laird called him) were left undisturbed; and our three musketeers went back to London clean of blood, whole of limb, and heartily sick of Paris.

Little Billee staid with his mother and

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sister in Devonshire till Christmas, Taffy staying at the village inn.

It was Taffy who told Mrs. Bagot about la Svengali's all but certain identity with Trilby, after Little Billee had gone to bed, tired and worn out, the night of their arrival.

"Good heavens!" said poor Mrs. Bagot. "Why, that's the new singing woman who's coming over here! There's an article about her in to-day's *Times*. It says she's a wonder, and that there's no one like her! Surely that can't be the Miss O'Ferrall I saw in Paris!"

"It seems impossible—but I'm almost certain it is—and Willy has no doubts in the matter. On the other hand, McAlister declares it isn't."

"Oh, what trouble! So *that's* why poor Willy looks so ill and miserable! It's all come back again. Could she sing at all then, when you knew her in Paris?"

"Not a note—her attempts at singing were quite grotesque."

"Is she still very beautiful?"

"Oh yes; there's no doubt about that; more than ever!"

"And her singing—is that so very wonderful? I remember that she had a beautiful voice in speaking."

"Wonderful? Ah, yes; I never heard or dreamt the like of it. Grisi, Alboni, Patti—not one of them to be mentioned in the same breath!"

"Good heavens! Why, she must be simply irresistible! I wonder you're not in love with her yourself. How dreadful these sirens are, wrecking the peace of families!"

"You mustn't forget that she gave way at once at a word from you, Mrs. Bagot; and she was very fond of Willy. She wasn't a siren then."

"Oh yes—oh yes! that's true—she behaved very well—she did her duty—I can't deny that! You must try and forgive me, Mr. Wynne—although I can't forgive *her!*—that dreadful illness of poor Willy's—that bitter time in Paris...."

And Mrs. Bagot began to cry, and Taffy forgave. "Oh, Mr. Wynne—let us still hope that there's some mistake—that it's only somebody like her! Why, she's coming to sing in London after Christmas! My poor boy's infatuation will only increase. What *shall* I do?"

"Well—she's another man's wife, you see. So Willy's infatuation is bound to burn itself out as soon as he fully recognizes that important fact. Besides, she cut him dead in the Champs Élysées—and her husband and Willy had a row next day at the hotel, and cuffed and kicked each other—that's rather a bar to any future intimacy, I think."

"Oh, Mr. Wynne! my son cuffing and kicking a man whose wife he's in love with! Good heavens!"

"Oh, it was all right—the man had grossly insulted him—and Willy behaved like a brick, and got the best of it in the end, and nothing came of it. I saw it all."

"Oh, Mr. Wynne—and you didn't interfere?"

"Oh yes, I interfered—everybody interfered! It was all right, I assure you. No bones were broken on either side, and there was no nonsense about calling out, or swords or pistols, and all that."

"Thank Heaven!"

In a week or two Little Billee grew more like himself again, and painted endless studies of rocks and cliffs and sea—and Taffy painted with him, and was very content. The vicar and Little Billee

"I SUPPOSE YOU DO ALL THIS KIND OF THING FOR MERE AMUSEMENT, MR. WYNNE?"

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patched up their feud. The vicar also took an immense fancy to Taffy, whose cousin, Sir Oscar Wynne, he had known at college, and lost no opportunity of being hospitable and civil to him. And his daughter was away in Algiers.

And all "the nobility and gentry" of the neighborhood, including "the poor dear Marquis" (one of whose sons was in Taffy's old regiment), were civil and hospitable also to the two painters—and Taffy got as much sport as he wanted, and became immensely popular. And they had, on the whole, a very good time till Christmas, and a very pleasant Christmas, if not an exuberantly merry one.

After Christmas Little Billee insisted on going back to London—to paint a picture for the Royal Academy; and Taffy went with him; and there was dulness in the house of Bagot—and many misgivings in the maternal heart of its mistress.

And people of all kinds, high and low, from the family at the Court to the fishermen on the little pier and their wives and children, missed the two genial painters, who were the friends of everybody, and made such beautiful sketches of their beautiful coast.

. . . . . .

La Svengali has arrived in London. Her name is in every mouth. Her photograph is in the shop windows. She is to sing at J——'s monster concerts next week. She was to have sung sooner, but it seems some hitch has occurred—a quarrel between Monsieur Svengali and his first violin, who is a very important person.

A crowd of people as usual, only bigger, is assembled in front of the windows of the Stereoscopic Company in Regent Street, gazing at presentments of Madame Svengali in all sizes and costumes. She is very beautiful; there is no doubt of that; and the expression of her face is sweet and kind and sad, and of such a distinction that one feels an imperial crown would become her even better than her modest little coronet of golden stars. One of the photographs represents her in classical dress, with her left foot on a little stool, in something of the attitude of the Venus of Milo, except that her hands are clasped behind her back; and the foot is bare but for a Greek sandal, and so smooth and delicate and charming, and with so rhythmical a set and curl of the five slender toes (the big one slightly tip-tilted and well apart from its longer and slighter and more aquiline neighbor), that this presentment of her sells quicker than all the rest.

And a little man who, with two bigger men, has just forced his way in front says to one of his friends: "Look, Sandy, look —*the foot!* *Now* have you got any doubts?"

"Oh yes—those are Trilby's toes, sure enough!" says Sandy. And they all go in and purchase largely.

As far as I have been able to discover, the row between Svengali and his first violin had occurred at a rehearsal in Drury Lane Theatre.

Svengali, it seems, had never been quite the same since the 15th of October previous, and that was the day he had got his face slapped and his nose tweaked by Taffy in Paris. He had become short-tempered and irritable, especially with his wife (if she *was* his wife). Svengali, it seems, had reasons for passionately hating Little Billee.

He had not seen him for five years—not since the Christmas festivity in the Place St.-Anatole, when they had sparred together after supper, and Svengali's nose had got in the way on this occasion, and had been made to bleed; but that was not why he hated Little Billee.

When he caught sight of him standing on the kerb in the Place de la Concorde and watching the procession of "tout Paris," he knew him directly, and all his hate flared up; he cut him dead, and made his wife do the same.

Next morning he saw him again in the hotel post-office, looking small and weak and flurried, and apparently alone; and he had not been able to resist the temptation of spitting in his face, since he must not throttle him to death.

The minute he had done this he had regretted the folly of it. Little Billee had run after him, and kicked and struck him, and he had returned the blow and drawn blood; and then, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, had come upon the scene that apparition so loathed and dreaded of old—the pig-headed Yorkshireman—the huge British philistine, the irresponsible bull, the junker, the ex-Crimean, Front-de-Bœuf, who had always reminded him of the brutal and contemptuous sword-clanking, spur-jingling aristocrats of his own country. Callous as he was to the woes

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THE FIRST VIOLIN LOSES HIS TEMPER.

of others, the self-indulgent and highly strung musician was extra sensitive about himself—a very bundle of nerves—and especially sensitive to pain and rough usage, and by no means physically brave. The stern, choleric, invincible blue eye of the hated Northern gentile had cowed him at once. And that violent tweaking of his nose, that heavy open-handed blow on his face, had so shaken and demoralized him that he had never recovered from it.

He was thinking about it always—night and day—and constantly dreaming at night that he was being tweaked and slapped over again by a colossal nightmare Taffy, and waking up in agonies of terror, rage, and shame. All healthy sleep had forsaken him.

Moreover, he was much older than he looked—nearly fifty—and far from sound. His life had been a long hard struggle.

He had for his wife, slave, and pupil a fierce, jealous kind of affection that was a source of endless torment to him; for indelibly graven in her heart, which he wished to occupy alone, was the never-fading image of the little English painter, and of this she made no secret.

Gecko no longer cared for the master. All Gecko's doglike devotion was concentrated on the slave and pupil, whom he worshipped with a fierce but pure and unselfish passion. The only living soul that Svengali could trust was the old Jewess who lived with them—his relative—but even she had come to love the pupil as much as the master.

On the occasion of this rehearsal at Drury Lane he (Svengali) was conducting and Madame Svengali was singing. He interrupted her several times, angrily and most unjustly, and told her she was singing out of tune, "like a verfluchter tom-cat," which was quite untrue. She was singing beautifully, "Home, sweet Home."

Finally he struck her two or three smart blows on her knuckles with his little bâton, and she fell on her knees, weeping and crying out:

"Oh! oh! Svengali! ne me battez pas, mon ami—je fais tout ce que je peux!"

On which little Gecko had suddenly jumped up and struck Svengali on the neck near the collar-bone, and then it was seen that he had a little bloody knife in his hand, and blood flowed from Svengali's neck, and at the sight of it Svengali had fainted; and Madame Svengali had taken his head on her lap, looking dazed and stupefied, as in a waking dream.

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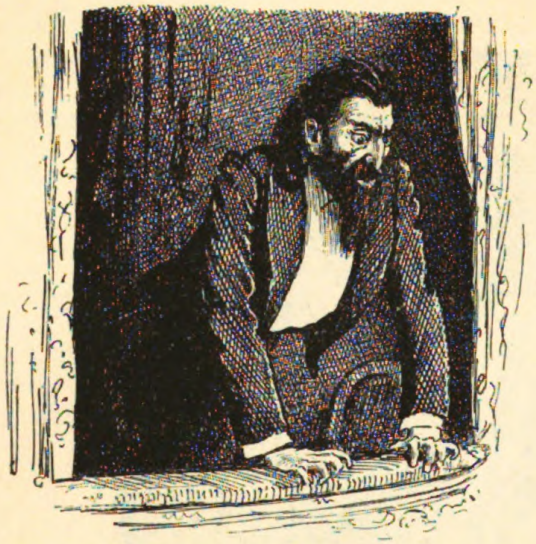

"HAST THOU FOUND ME, O MINE ENEMY?"

Gecko had been disarmed, but as Svengali recovered from his faint and was taken home, the police had not been sent for, and the affair was hushed up, and a public scandal avoided. But la Svengali's first appearance, to Monsieur J——'s despair, had to be put off for a week. For Svengali would not allow her to sing without him; nor, indeed, would he be parted from her for a minute, or trust her out of his sight.

The wound was a slight one. The doctor who attended Svengali described the wife as being quite imbecile, no doubt from grief and anxiety. But she never left her husband's bedside for a moment, and had the obedience and devotion of a dog.

When the night came round for the postponed début, Svengali was allowed by the doctor to go to the theatre, but he was absolutely forbidden to conduct. His grief and anxiety at this were uncontrollable; he raved like a madman; and Monsieur J—— was almost as bad.

Monsieur J—— had been conducting the Svengali band at rehearsals during the week, in the absence of its master—an easy task. It had been so thoroughly drilled and knew its business so well that it could almost conduct itself, and it had played all the music it had to play (much of which consisted of accompaniments to la Svengali's songs) many times before. The répertoire was immense, and Svengali had written these orchestral scores with great care and felicity.

On the famous night it was arranged that Svengali should sit in a box alone exactly opposite his wife's place on the platform, where she could see him well, and a code of simple signals was arranged between him and M. J—— and the band, so that virtually he might conduct, himself, from his box should any hesitation or hitch occur. This arrangement was rehearsed the day before (a Sunday) and had turned out quite successfully, and la Svengali had sung in perfection in the empty theatre.

When Monday evening arrived, everything seemed to be going smoothly; the house was soon crammed to suffocation, all but the middle box on the grand tier. It was not a promenade concert, and the pit was turned into guinea stalls (the promenade concerts were to begin a week later).

Right in the middle of these stalls sat the Laird and Taffy and Little Billee.

The band came in by degrees and tuned their instruments.

Eyes were constantly being turned to the empty box, and people wondered what royal personages would appear.

Monsieur J—— took his place amid immense applause, and bowed in his inimitable way, looking often at the empty box.

Then he tapped and waved his bâton, and the band played its Hungarian dance music with immense success; when this was over there was a pause, and soon some signs of impatience from the gallery. Monsieur J—— had disappeared.

Taffy stood up, his back to the orchestra, looking round.

Some one came into the empty box, and stood for a moment in front, gazing at the house. A tall man, deathly pale, with long black hair and a beard.

It was Svengali.

He caught sight of Taffy and met his eyes, and Taffy said: "Good God! Look! look!"

Then Little Billee and the Laird got up and looked.

And Svengali for a moment glared at them. And the expression of his face was so terrible with wonder, rage, and fear that they were quite appalled—and then he sat down, still glaring at Taffy, the whites of his eyes showing at the top, and his teeth bared in a spasmodic grin of hate.

Then thunders of applause filled the

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"OH, DON'T YOU REMEMBER SWEET ALICE, BEN BOLT?"

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house, and turning round and seating themselves, Taffy and Little Billee and the Laird saw Trilby being led by J—— down the platform, between the players, to the front, her face smiling rather vacantly, her eyes anxiously intent on Svengali in his box.

She made her bows to right and left just as she had done in Paris.

The band struck up the opening bars of "Ben Bolt," with which she was announced to make her début.

She still stared—but she didn't sing—and they played the little symphony three times.

One could hear Monsieur J—— in a hoarse anxious whisper saying,

"Mais chantez donc, madame—pour l'amour de Dieu, commencez donc—commencez!"

She turned round with an extraordinary expression of face, and said,

"Chanter? pourquoi donc voulez-vous que je chante, moi? chanter quoi, alors?"

"Mais 'Ben Bolt,' parbleu—chantez!"

"Ah—'Ben Bolt!' oui—je connais ça!"

Then the band began again.

And she tried, but failed to begin herself. She turned round and said,

"Comment diable voulez-vous que je chante avec tout ce train qu'ils font, ces diables de musiciens!"

"Mais, mon Dieu, madame—qu'est-ce que vous avez donc?" cried Monsieur J——.

"J'ai que j'aime mieux chanter sans toute cette satanée musique, parbleu! J'aime mieux chanter toute seule!"

"Sans musique, alors—mais chantez—chantez!"

The band was stopped—the house was in a state of indescribable wonder and suspense.

She looked all round, and down at herself, and fingered her dress. Then she looked up to the chandelier with a tender sentimental smile and began:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice with hair so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile—"

She had not got farther than this when the whole house was in an uproar—shouts from the gallery—shouts of laughter, hoots, hisses, catcalls, cock-crows.

She stopped and glared like a brave lioness, and called out:

"Qu'est-ce que vous avez donc, tous! tas de vieilles pommes cuites que vous êtes! Est-ce qu'on a peur de vous?" and then, suddenly:

"Why, you're all English, aren't you?—what's all the row about?—what have you brought me here for?—what have *I* done, I should like to know?"

And in asking these questions the depth and splendor of her voice were so extraordinary—its tone so pathetically feminine, yet so full of hurt and indignant command, that the tumult was stilled for a moment.

It was the voice of some being from another world—some insulted daughter of a race more puissant and nobler than ours; a voice that seemed as if it could never utter a false note.

Then came a voice from the gods in answer:

"Oh, ye're Henglish, har yer? Why don't yer sing as yer *hought* to sing—yer've got *voice* enough, any 'ow! why don't yer sing in *tune?*"

"Sing in *tune!*" cried Trilby. "I didn't want to sing at all—I only sang because I was asked to sing—that gentleman asked me—that French gentleman with the white waistcoat! I won't sing another note!"

"Oh, yer won't, won't yer! then let us 'ave our money back, or we'll know what for!"

And again the din broke out, and the uproar was frightful.

Monsieur J—— screamed out across the theatre: "Svengali! Svengali! qu'est-ce qu'elle a donc, votre femme?....Elle est devenue folle!"

Indeed she had tried to sing "Ben Bolt," but had sung it in her old way—as she used to sing it in the quartier latin—the most lamentably grotesque performance ever heard out of a human throat!

"Svengali! Svengali!" shrieked poor Monsieur J——, gesticulating towards the box where Svengali was sitting, quite impassible, gazing at Monsieur J——, and smiling a ghastly sardonic smile, a rictus of hate and triumphant revenge—as if he were saying,

"I've got the laugh of you *all*, this time!"

Taffy, the Laird, Little Billee, the whole house, were now staring at Svengali, and his wife was forgotten.

She stood vacantly looking at everybody and everything—the chandelier, Monsieur J——, Svengali in his box, the people in the stalls, in the gallery—and

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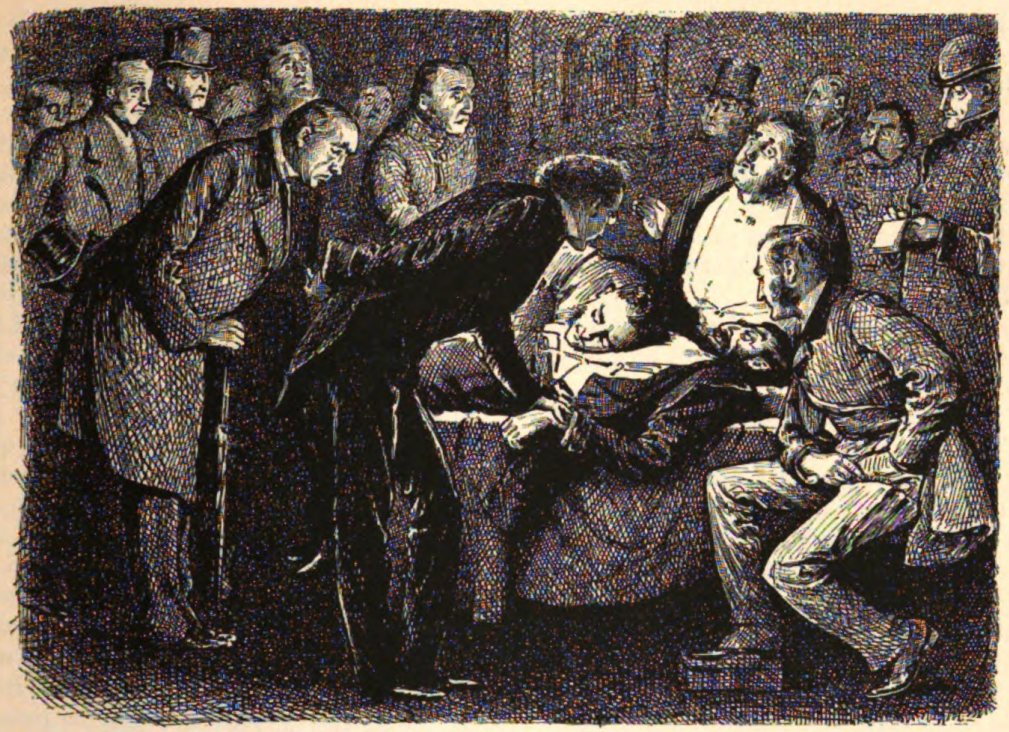

"THE LAST THEY SAW OF SVENGALI."

smiling as if the noisy scene amused and excited her.

"Svengali! Svengali! Svengali!"

The whole house took up the cry, derisively. Monsieur J—— led Madame Svengali away; she seemed quite passive. That terrible figure of Svengali's still sat, immovable, watching his wife's retreat —still smiling his ghastly smile. All eyes were now turned on him once more.

Monsieur J—— was then seen to enter his box with a policeman and two or three other men, one of them in evening dress. He quickly drew the curtains to; then, a minute or two after, he reappeared on the platform, bowing and scraping to the audience, as pale as death, and called for silence, the gentleman in evening dress by his side; and this person exclaimed that a very dreadful thing had happened—that Monsieur Svengali had suddenly died in that box—of apoplexy or heart-disease; that his wife had seen it from her place on the stage, and had apparently gone out of her senses, which accounted for her extraordinary behavior.

He added that the money would be returned at the doors, and begged the audience to disperse quietly.

Taffy, with his two friends behind him, forced his way to a stage door he knew. The Laird had no longer any doubts on the score of Trilby's identity—*this* Trilby at all events!

Taffy knocked and thumped till the door was opened, and gave his card to the man who opened it, stating that he and his friends were old friends of Madame Svengali, and must see her at once.

The man tried to slam the door in his face, but Taffy pushed through, and shut it on the crowd outside, and insisted on being taken to Monsieur J—— immediately; and was so authoritative and big, and looked such a swell, that the man was cowed, and led him.

They passed an open door, through which they had a glimpse of a prostrate form on a table—a man partially undressed, and some men bending over him, doctors probably.

That was the last they saw of Svengali.

Then they were taken to another door, and Monsieur J—— came out, and Taffy explained who they were, and they were admitted.

La Svengali was there, sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, with several of the band standing round gesticulating, and talking German or Polish or Yiddish. Gecko, on his knees, was alternately chaf-

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ing her hands and feet. She seemed quite dazed.

But at the sight of Taffy she jumped up and rushed at him, saying: "Oh, Taffy dear—oh, Taffy! what's it all about? Where on earth am I? What an age since we met?"

Then she caught sight of the Laird, and kissed him; and then she recognized Little Billee.

She looked at him for a long while in great surprise, and then shook hands with him.

"How pale you are! and so changed—you've got a mustache! What's the matter? Why are you all dressed in black, with white cravats, as if you were going to a ball? Where's Svengali? I should like to go home!"

"Where—what do you call—home, I mean—where is it?" asked Taffy.

"C'est à l'hôtel de Normandie, dans le Haymarket. On va vous y conduire, madame!" said Monsieur J——.

"Oui—c'est ça!" said Trilby—"Hôtel de Normandie—mais Svengali—où est-ce qu'il est?"

"Hélas! madame—il est très malade!"

"Malade? Qu'est-ce qu'il a? How funny you look, with your mustache, Little Billee! dear, *dear* Little Billee! so pale, so very pale! Are you ill too? Oh, I hope not! How *glad* I am to see you again—you can't tell! though I promised your mother I wouldn't—never, never! Where are we now, dear Little Billee?"

Monsieur J—— seemed to have lost his head. He was constantly running in and out of the room, distracted. The bandsmen began to talk and try to explain, in incomprehensible French, to Taffy. Gecko seemed to have disappeared. It was a bewildering business—noises from outside, the tramp and bustle and shouts of the departing crowd, people running in and out and asking for Monsieur J——, policemen, firemen, and what not!

Then Little Billee, who had been exerting the most heroic self-control, suggested that Trilby should come to his house in Fitzroy Square, first of all, and be taken out of all this—and the idea struck Taffy as a happy one—and it was proposed to Monsieur J——, who saw that our three friends were old friends of Madame Svengali's, and people to be trusted, and he was only too glad to be relieved of her, and gave his consent.

Little Billee and Taffy drove to Fitzroy Square to prepare Little Billee's landlady, who was much put out at first at having such a novel and unexpected charge imposed on her. It was all explained to her that it must be so. That Madame Svengali, the greatest singer in Europe and an old friend of her tenant's, had suddenly gone out of her mind from grief at the tragic death of her husband, and that for this night at least the unhappy lady must sleep under that roof—indeed, in Little Billee's own bed, and that he would sleep at a hotel; and that a nurse would be provided at once—it might be only for that one night; and that the lady was as quiet as a lamb, and would probably recover her faculties after a night's rest. A doctor was sent for from close by; and soon Trilby appeared, with the Laird, and her appearance and her magnificent sables impressed Mrs. Godwin, the landlady—brought her figuratively on her knees. Then Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee departed again and dispersed—to procure a nurse for the night, to find Gecko, to fetch some of Trilby's belongings from the Hôtel de Normandie, and her maid.

The maid (an old German Jewess and Svengali's relative), distracted by the news of her master's death, had gone to the theatre. Gecko was in the hands of the police. Things had got to a terrible pass. But our three friends did their best, and were up most of the night.

So much for la Svengali's début in London.

The present scribe was not present on that memorable occasion, and has written this inadequate and most incomplete description partly from hearsay and private information, partly from the reports in the contemporary newspapers.

Should any surviving eye-witness of that lamentable fiasco read these pages, and see any gross inaccuracy in this bald account of it, the P. S. will feel deeply obliged to the same for any corrections or additions, and these will be duly acted upon and gratefully acknowledged in all subsequent editions; which will be numerous, no doubt, on account of the great interest still felt in "la Svengali," even by those who never saw or heard her (and they are many), and also because the present scribe is better qualified (by his opportunities) for the compiling of this brief biographical sketch than any person now living, with the exception, of course, of "Taffy" and "the Laird," to whose kind-

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ness, even more than to his own personal recollections, he owes whatever it may contain of serious historical value.

Next morning they all three went to Fitzroy Square. Little Billee had slept at Taffy's rooms in Jermyn Street.

Trilby seemed quite pathetically glad to see them again. She was dressed simply and plainly—in black; her trunks had been sent from the hotel.

the soft eyes" at them all three, one after another, in her old way; and the soft eyes quickly filled with tears.

She seemed ill and weak and worn out, and insisted on keeping the Laird's hand in hers.

"What's the matter with Svengali! He must be dead!"

They all three looked at each other, perplexed.

"Ah! he's dead! I can see it in your

"THREE NICE CLEAN ENGLISHMEN."

The hospital nurse was with her; the doctor had just left. He had said that she was suffering from some great nervous shock—a pretty safe diagnosis!

Her wits had apparently not come back, and she seemed in no way to realize her position.

"Ah! what it is to see you again, all three! It makes one feel glad to be alive! I've thought of many things, but never of this—never! Three nice clean Englishmen, all speaking English—and *such* dear old friends! Ah! j'aime tant ça—c'est le ciel! I wonder I've got a word of English left!"

Her voice was so soft and sweet and low that these ingenuous remarks sounded like a beautiful song. And she "made

faces. He'd got heart-disease. I'm sorry! oh, very sorry indeed! He was always very kind, poor Svengali!"

"Yes. He's dead," said Taffy.

"And Gecko—dear little Gecko—is he dead too? I saw him last night—he warmed my hands and feet: where were we?"

"No. Gecko's not dead. But he's had to be locked up for a little while. He struck Svengali, you know. You saw it all."

"I? No! I never saw it. But I *dreamt* something like it! Gecko with a knife, and people holding him, and Svengali bleeding on the ground. That was just before Svengali's illness. He'd cut himself in the neck, you know—with

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a rusty nail, he told me. I wonder how? . . . But it was wrong of Gecko to strike him. They were such friends. Why did he?"

"Well—it was because Svengali struck you with his conductor's wand when you were rehearsing. Struck you on the fingers and made you cry! don't you remember?"

"Struck *me! rehearsing?*—made me *cry!* what *are* you talking about, dear Taffy? Svengali never *struck* me! he was kindness itself! always! and what should *I* rehearse?"

"Well, the songs you were to sing at the theatre in the evening."

"Sing at the theatre! *I* never sang at any theatre—except last night, if that big place was a theatre! and they didn't seem to like it! I'll take precious good care never to sing in a theatre again! How they howled! and there was Svengali in the box opposite, laughing at me. Why was I taken there? and why did that funny little Frenchman in the white waistcoat make me sing? I know very well I can't sing well enough to sing in a place like that! It all seems like a bad dream! What was it all about? *Was* it a dream, I wonder!"

"Well—but don't you remember singing at Paris, in the Salle des Bashibazoucks—and at Vienna—St. Petersburg—lots of places?"

"What nonsense, dear—you're thinking of some one else! *I* never sang anywhere! I've been to Vienna and St. Petersburg—but I never *sang* there—good heavens!"

Then there was a pause, and our three friends looked at her helplessly.

Little Billee said: "Tell me, Trilby—what made you cut me dead when I bowed to you in the Place de la Concorde, and you were riding with Svengali in that swell carriage?"

"*I* never rode in a swell carriage with Svengali! omnibuses were more in *our* line! You're dreaming, dear Little Billee—you're taking me for somebody else;—and as for my cutting *you*—why, I'd sooner cut myself—into little pieces?"

"*Where* were you staying with Svengali in Paris?"

"I really forget. *Were* we in Paris? Oh yes, of course. Hôtel Bertrand, Place Notre Dame des Victoires."

"How long have you been going about with Svengali?"

"Oh, months, years—I forget. I was very ill. He cured me."

"Ill? What was the matter?"

"Oh! I was mad with grief, and pain in my eyes, and wanted to kill myself, when I lost my dear little Jeannot, at Vibraye. I fancied I hadn't been careful enough with him. I was crazed! Don't you remember writing to me there, Taffy? through Angèle Boisse? Such a sweet letter you wrote! I know it by heart! And you too, Sandy;" and she kissed him. "I wonder where they are, your letters?—I've got nothing of my own in the world—not even your dear letters—nor Little Billee's—such lots of them!

"Well, Svengali used to write to me too—and then he got my address from Angèle. . . .

"When Jeannot died, I felt I must kill myself or get away from Vibraye—get away from the people there—so when he was buried I cut my hair short and got a workman's cap and blouse and trousers and walked all the way to Paris without saying anything to anybody. I didn't want anybody to know; I wanted to escape from Svengali, who wrote that he was coming there to fetch me. I wanted to hide in Paris. When I got there at last, it was two o'clock in the morning, and I was in dreadful pain—and I'd lost all my money—thirty francs—through a hole in my trousers pocket. Besides, I had a row with a carter in the Halle. He thought I was a man, and hit me and gave me a black eye, just because I patted his horse and fed it with a carrot I'd been trying to eat myself. He was tipsy, I think. Well, I looked over the bridge at the river—just by the Morgue—and wanted to jump in. But the Morgue sickened me, so I hadn't the pluck. Svengali used to be always talking about the Morgue, and my going there some day. He used to say he'd come and look at me there, and the idea made me so sick I couldn't. I got bewildered, and quite stupid.

"Then I went to Angèle's in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste.-Pétronille, and waited about; but I hadn't the courage to ring, so I went to the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, and looked up at the old studio window, and thought how comfortable it was in there, with the big settee near the stove, and all that, and felt inclined to ring up Madame Vinard; and then I remembered Little Billee was ill there, and his mother and sister were with him.

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Angèle had written me, you know. Poor Little Billee! There he was, very ill!

"So I walked about the place, and up and down the Rue des Mauvais Ladres. Then I went down the Rue de Seine to the river again, and again I hadn't the pluck to jump in. Besides, there was a sergent de ville who followed and watched me. And the fun of it was that I knew him quite well, and he didn't know me a bit. It was Célestin Beaumollet, who got so tipsy on Christmas night. Don't you remember? The tall one, who was pitted with the small-pox.

"Then I walked about till near daylight. Then I could stand it no longer, and went to Svengali's in the Rue Tireliard, but he'd moved to the Rue des Saints-Pères; and I went there and found him. He was very kind, and cured me almost directly, and got me coffee and bread and butter—the best I ever tasted—and a warm bath from Bidet Frères in the Rue Savonarole. It was heavenly! And I slept for two days and two nights! And then he told me how fond he was of me, and how he would always cure me, and take care of me, and marry me, if I would go away with him. He said he would devote his whole life to me.

"I staid with him there a week, never going out or seeing any one, mostly asleep. I'd caught a chill.

"He played in two concerts and made a lot of money; and then we went away to Germany together; and no one was a bit the wiser."

"And *did* he marry you?"

"Well—no. He couldn't, poor fellow! He'd already got a wife living, and three children, which he declared were not his. They live in Elberfeld in Prussia; she keeps a small sweet-stuff shop there. He behaved very badly to them. But it was not through me! He'd deserted them long before; but he used to send them plenty of money when he'd got any; I made him, for I was very sorry for her. He was always talking about her, and what she said and what she did, and imitating her saying her prayers, and eating pickled cucumber with one hand and drinking schnapps with the other, so as not to lose any time; till he made me die of laughing. He could be very funny, Svengali, though he *was* German, poor dear! And then Gecko joined us, and Marta."

"Who's Marta?"

"THE OLD STUDIO."

"His aunt. She cooked for us, and all that. She's coming here presently; she sent word from the hotel; she's very fond of him. Poor Marta! Poor Gecko! What will they ever do without Svengali?"

"Then what did he do to live?"

"Oh! he played at concerts, I suppose—and all that."

"Did you ever hear him?"

"Yes. Sometimes Marta took me: at the beginning, you know. He was always very much applauded. He plays beautifully. Everybody said so."

"Did he never try and teach you to sing?"

"Oh, maïe, aïe! not he! Why, he always laughed when I tried to sing; and so did Marta; and so did Gecko! It made them roar! I used to sing 'Ben Bolt.' They used to make me, just for fun—and go into fits. *I* didn't mind a scrap. I'd had no training, you know!"

"Was there anybody else he knew—any other woman?"

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"ET MAINTENANT DORS, MA MIGNONNE!"

"Not that *I* know of! He always made out he was so fond of me that he couldn't even *look* at another woman. Poor Svengali!" (Here her eyes filled with tears again.) "He was always very kind! But I could never be fond of him in the way he wished—never! It made me sick even to think of! Once I used to hate him—in Paris—in the studio; don't you remember?

"He hardly ever left me; and then Marta looked after me—for I've always been weak and ill—and often so languid that I could hardly walk across the room. It was that walk from Vibraye to Paris. I never got over it.

"I used to try and do all I could—be a daughter to him, as I couldn't be anything else—mend his things, and all that, and cook him little French dishes. I fancy he was very poor at one time; we were always moving from place to place. But I always had the best of everything. He insisted on that—even if he had to go without himself. It made him quite unhappy when I wouldn't eat, so I used to force myself.

"Then, as soon as I felt uneasy about things, or had any pain, he would say, 'Dors, ma mignonne!' and I would sleep at once—for hours, I think—and wake up, oh, so tired! and find him kneeling by me, always so anxious and kind—and Marta and Gecko! and sometimes we had the doctor, and I was ill in bed.

"Gecko used to dine and breakfast with us—you've no idea what an angel he is, poor little Gecko! But what a dreadful thing to strike Svengali! *Why* did he? Svengali taught him all he knows!"

"And you knew no one else? no other woman?"

"No one that I can remember—except Marta—not a soul!"

"And that beautiful dress you had on last night?"

"It isn't mine. It's on the bed upstairs, and so's the fur cloak. They belong to Marta. She's got lots of them, lovely things—silk, satin, velvet—and lots of beautiful jewels. Marta deals in them, and makes lots of money.

"I've often tried them on; I'm very easy to fit," she said, "being so tall and thin. And poor Svengali would kneel down and cry, and kiss my hands and feet, and tell me I was his goddess and empress, and all that, which I hate. And

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Marta used to cry. And then he would say,

"'Et maintenant dors, ma mignonne!'

"And when I woke up I was so tired that I went to sleep again on my own account.

"But he was very patient. Oh, dear me! I've always been a poor helpless useless log and burden to him!

"Once I actually walked in my sleep —and woke up in the market-place at Prague—and found an immense crowd, and poor Svengali bleeding from the forehead, in a faint on the ground. He'd been knocked down by a horse and cart, he told me. He'd got his guitar with him. I suppose he and Gecko had been playing somewhere, for Gecko had his fiddle. If Gecko hadn't been there, I don't know what we should have done. You never saw such queer people as they were—such crowds—you'd think they'd never seen an English woman before. The noise they made, and the things they gave me.... some of them went down on their knees, and kissed my hands and the skirts of my gown.

"He was ill in bed for a week after that, and I nursed him, and he was very grateful. Poor Svengali! God knows I feel grateful to *him* for many things! Tell me how he died! I hope he hadn't much pain."

They told her it was quite sudden, from heart-disease.

"Ah! I knew he had that; he wasn't a healthy man; he used to smoke too much. Marta used always to be very anxious."

Just then Marta came in.

Marta was a fat elderly Jewess of rather a grotesque and ignoble type. She seemed overcome with grief—all but prostrate.

Trilby hugged and kissed her, and took off her bonnet and shawl, and made her sit down in a big arm-chair, and got her a footstool.

She couldn't speak a word of anything but Polish and a little German. Trilby had also picked up a little German, and with this and by means of signs, and no doubt through a long intimacy with each other's ways, they understood each other very well. She seemed a very good old creature, and very fond of Trilby, but in mortal terror of the three Englishmen.

Lunch was brought up for the two women and the nurse, and our friends left them, promising to come again that day.

They were utterly bewildered; and the Laird would have it that there was another Madame Svengali somewhere, the real one, and that Trilby was a fraud—self-deceived and self-deceiving—quite unconsciously so, of course.

Truth looked out of her eyes, as it always had done—truth was in every line of her face.

The truth only—nothing but the truth could ever be told in that "voice of velvet," which rang as true when she spoke as that of any thrush or nightingale, however rebellious it might be now (and forever perhaps) to artificial melodic laws and limitations and restraints. The long training it had been subjected to had made it "a wonder, a world's delight," and though she might never sing another note, her mere speech would always be more golden than any silence, whatever she might say.

Except on the one particular point of her singing, she had seemed absolutely sane; so, at least, thought Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee. And each thought to himself, besides, that this last incarnation of Trilbiness was quite the sweetest, most touching, most endearing of all.

They had not failed to note how rapidly she had aged, now that they had seen her without her rouge and pearl-powder; she looked thirty at least—she was only twenty-three.

Her hands were almost transparent in their waxen whiteness; delicate little frosty wrinkles had gathered round her eyes; there were gray streaks in her hair; all strength and straightness and elasticity seemed to have gone out of her with the memory of her endless triumphs (if she really *was* la Svengali), and of her many wanderings from city to city all over Europe.

It was evident enough that the sudden stroke which had destroyed her power of singing had left her physically a wreck.

But she was one of those rarely gifted beings who cannot look or speak or even stir without waking up (and satisfying) some vague longing that lies dormant in the hearts of most of us, men and women alike; grace, charm, magnetism—whatever the nameless seduction should be called that she possessed to such an unusual degree—she had lost none of it where she lost her high spirits, her buoyant health and energy, her wits!

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"TAFFY WAS ALLOWED TO SEE GECKO."

Tuneless and insane, she was more of a siren than ever—a quite unconscious siren—without any guile, who appealed to the heart all the more directly and irresistibly that she could no longer stir the passions.

All this was keenly felt by all three—each in his different way—by Taffy and Little Billee especially.

All her past life was forgiven—her sins of omission and commission! And whatever might be her fate—recovery, madness, disease, or death—the care of her till she died or recovered should be the principal business of their lives.

Both had loved her. One had been loved by her as passionately, as purely, as unselfishly, as any man could wish to be loved, and in some extraordinary manner had recovered, after many years, at the mere sudden sight and sound of her, his lost share in our common inheritance—the power to love, and all its joy and sorrow, without which he had found life not worth living, though he had possessed every other gift and blessing in such abundance.

"Oh, Circe, poor Circe, dear Circe, divine enchantress that you were!" he said to himself, in his excitable manner. "A mere look from your eyes, a mere note of your heavenly voice, has turned a poor miserable callous brute back into a man again! and I will never forget it—never! And now that a still worse trouble than mine has befallen you, you shall always be first in my thoughts till the end!"

And Taffy felt pretty much the same, though he was not by way of talking to himself so eloquently about things as Little Billee.

As they lunched, they read the accounts of the previous evening's events in different papers, three or four of which (including the *Times*) had already got leaders about the famous but unhappy singer who had been so suddenly widowed and struck down in the midst of her glory. All these accounts were more or less correct. In one paper it was mentioned that Madame Svengali was under the roof and care of Mr. William Bagot, the painter, in Fitzroy Square.

The inquest on Svengali was to take place that afternoon, and also Gecko's examination at the Bow Street Police Court, for his assault.

Taffy was allowed to see Gecko, who was remanded till the result of the post-mortem should be made public. But beyond inquiring most anxiously and minutely after Trilby, and betraying the most passionate concern for her, he would say nothing, and seemed indifferent as to his own fate.

When they went to Fitzroy Square, late in the afternoon, they found that many people, musical, literary, fashionable, and otherwise (and many foreigners), had called to inquire after Madame Svengali, but no one had been admitted to see her. Mrs. Godwin was much elated by the importance of her new lodger.

Trilby had been writing to Angèle Boisse, at her old address in the Rue des Cloîtres Ste.-Pétronille, in the hope that this letter would find her still there. She was anxious to go back and be a blanchisseuse de fin with her friend. It was a kind of nostalgia for Paris, the quartier latin, her clean old trade.

This project our three heroes did not think it necessary to discuss with her just yet; she seemed quite unfit for work of any kind.

The doctor, who had seen her again, had been puzzled by her strange physical weakness, and wished for a consultation with some special authority; Little Billee,

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who was intimate with most of the great physicians, wrote about her to Sir Oliver Calthorpe.

She seemed to find a deep happiness in being with her three old friends, and talked and listened with all her old eagerness and geniality, and much of her old gayety, in spite of her strange and sorrowful position. But for this it was impossible to realize that her brain was affected in the slightest degree, except when some reference was made to her singing, and this seemed to annoy and irritate her, as though she were being made fun of. The whole of her marvellous musical career, and everything connected with it, had been clean wiped out of her recollection.

She was very anxious to get into other quarters, that Little Billee should suffer no inconvenience, and they promised to take rooms for her and Marta on the morrow.

They told her cautiously about Svengali and Gecko; she was deeply concerned, but betrayed no such poignant anguish as might have been expected. The thought of Gecko troubled her most, and she showed much anxiety as to what might befall him.

Next day she moved with Marta to some lodgings in Charlotte Street, where everything was made as comfortable for them as possible.

Sir Oliver saw her with Dr. Thorne (the doctor who was attending her) and Sir Jacob Wilcox.

Sir Oliver took the greatest interest in her case, both for her sake and his friend Little Billee's. Also his own, for he was charmed with her. He saw her three times in the course of the week, but could not say for certain what was the matter with her, beyond taking the very gravest view of her condition. For all he could advise or prescribe, her weakness and physical prostration increased rapidly, through no cause he could discover. Her insanity was not enough to account for it. She lost weight daily; she seemed to be wasting and fading away from sheer general atrophy.

Two or three times he took her and Marta for a drive.

On one of these occasions, as they went down Charlotte Street, she saw a shop with transparent French blinds in the window, and through them some French women, with neat white caps, ironing. It was a French *blanchisserie de fin*, and the

A FAIR BLANCHISSEUSE DE FIN.

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sight of it interested and excited her so much that she must needs insist on being put down and on going into it.

"Je voudrais bien parler à la patronne, si ça ne la dérange pas," she said.

The patronne, a genial Parisian, was much astonished to hear a great French lady, in costly garments, evidently a person of fashion and importance, applying to her rather humbly for employment in the business, and showing a thorough knowledge of the work (and of the Parisian work-woman's colloquial dialect). Marta managed to catch the patronne's eye, and tapped her own forehead significantly, and Sir Oliver nodded. So the good woman humored the great lady's fancy, and promised her abundance of employment whenever she should want it.

Employment! Poor Trilby was hardly strong enough to walk back to the carriage; and this was her last outing.

But this little adventure filled her with hope and good spirits—for she had as yet received no answer from Angèle Boisse (who was in Marseilles), and had begun to realize how dreary the quartier latin would be without Jeannot, without Angèle, without the trois Angliches in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts.

She was not allowed to see any of the strangers who came and made kind inquiries. This her doctors had strictly forbidden. Any reference to music or singing irritated her beyond measure. She would say to Marta, in bad German:

"Tell them, Marta—what nonsense it is! They are taking me for another—they are mad. They are trying to make a fool of me!"

And Marta would betray great uneasiness—almost terror—when she was appealed to in this way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TERRÂ MARIQUE.

BY C. H. GOLDTHWAITE.

I.

WITH thee on land or sea,
I ask no more.
With thee, on land or sea!
In crowded street or ocean's solitude,
In calm or storm, in pleasure or in pain,
Through toil and dole to life's supremest day,—
With thee in sweet content on land or sea,
I ask no more.

II.

With thee on land or sea,
I ask no more.
With thee, on land or sea!
Welcome the frown of fate, the scorn of time;
Welcome the small estate, the simple life;
Welcome all care, all loss, all suffering.
With thee in sweet content on land or sea,
I ask no more.

III.

With thee on land or sea,
I ask no more.
With thee, on land or sea!
Ah, God! the gift is thine, immortal Love!
Thy gift to man, in weal or woe the same.
Thy land! Thy sea! Thine image in her face
With whom in sweet content I live, I die,—
With thee on land or sea.

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SNAP-SHOTS AT THE OLDEN TIMES.

BY CHARLES D. DESHLER.

IN the "twenties" the great mass of our population still closely hugged the Atlantic seaboard; and widely sundered in New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Virginia there were still vast and almost impenetrable swamps, virgin savannas, and primeval forests, as yet unvisited by white men, and through which roamed the red man or the wild animals which he hunted for their skins or for food. Ohio had been settled only recently, and was so sparsely inhabited that the greater part of it, and all of Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Missouri, were vaguely styled "The Far West," and were suggestive of illimitable wilds where savage beasts lurked in every thicket, and still more savage Indians lay in ambush to bar the way against the pioneers of our advancing civilization. Prior to 1820 there were few cities in the United States whose population reached, and fewer still that exceeded, ten thousand. New York then, as now, outranked all the "great cities," and its population rose from 123,000 in 1820 to 197,000 in 1830; while Cincinnati rose from 15,000 to 23,000, Charleston from 20,000 to 25,000, Boston from 43,000 to 62,000, Baltimore from 62,000 to 80,000, and Philadelphia from 120,000 to 150,000.

During this decade the people of our towns, outside of the great cities, had few amusements. Of course children and youths had the games and sports which had been handed down to them by childhood and youth from time immemorial, and which have been handed down by them again to flourish sempiternally. But amusements and excitements of the kind suited to or indulged in alike by adults and young folk were exceedingly few, and in consequence were highly prized and zestfully enjoyed.

It must be further recalled that in the myriads of small towns in our country then just springing into activity there were no large halls for public entertainments, and none of our manifold pleasant modern devices for bringing large numbers together for amusement or secular instruction. In the absence of these the townfolk of each of our little municipalities were obliged to depend upon each other for the amenities and pleasures of life; and, as a rule, they did so with the result of a more intimate association between families and neighborhoods. Mutual sympathy and regard were more general, hospitality was more frank and generous, and confidence and good-will were more common.

First in order and importance among the popular amusements of that day was the circus. Days and weeks before its arrival the most delightful rumors and the most joyous anticipations heralded its coming, and on the morning or evening of its entrance into the little town the entire population was astir and agog. It was the custom of the circus managers of those primitive days to halt their troop a short distance outside of the town or city limits, at some inviting spot, where they might bait their horses and furbish up their trappings.

On the morning of the performances it was the custom for the whole cavalcade to parade the streets in full equestrian costume by way of an appetizing advertisement—the male and female performers in all the glory of their brilliant tinsel, and the horses in their most resplendent trappings. Preceded by a gaudily painted and richly gilt car, on whose hindmost seat reclined in regal state the two star male and female performers, while its forward and more elevated seats were occupied by a band vigorously discoursing melodies old and new, the cavalcade waked the echoes of the town as it moved along, and so stirred the imaginations of the people that when the performances began the tent was invariably filled to overflowing—especially in the evening.

In those old-fashioned days the circus was a circus pure and simple. There were then none of the side-show barnacles and menagerie excrescences which cluster on and around it in these degenerate days, and the performances were exclusively those of the arena and the amphitheatre—wrestling, vaulting, ground and lofty tumbling, feats of strength and agility, and prodigies of witching horsemanship, the whole interspersed with the excruciating drolleries of the clown and the cute tricks of the ponies and trick-horses, and winding up with a stunning farce by two actors, the one human and the other equine.

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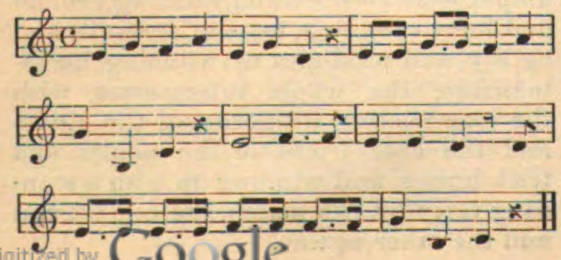
The circus tents of the period were of tiny proportions as compared with those now in vogue. My earliest recollections are of those which regularly every year were pitched in a large open field on the verge of our town, and within easy reach of its denizens. There was no gas, of course, for illuminating gas was then unknown, but the tent was lighted by a movable circular chandelier of rude construction, which was raised or lowered up and down the centre pole by halyards as occasion required, and which blazed with the effulgence of hundreds of flaring tallow candles. But despite the poverty of their properties, never since, to my mind, have there been tents so magnificent, lights so brilliant and bewildering, feats of horsemanship so thrilling, exhibitions of strength and agility so amazing, clowns so irresistibly comic, farces so side-splitting, ponies so knowing and petite, or female performers so resplendently beautiful! Never since any fragrance so delicious as the combined odors of the horses, the tan-bark, the tallow candles, and the roasted ground-nuts of those halcyon days!

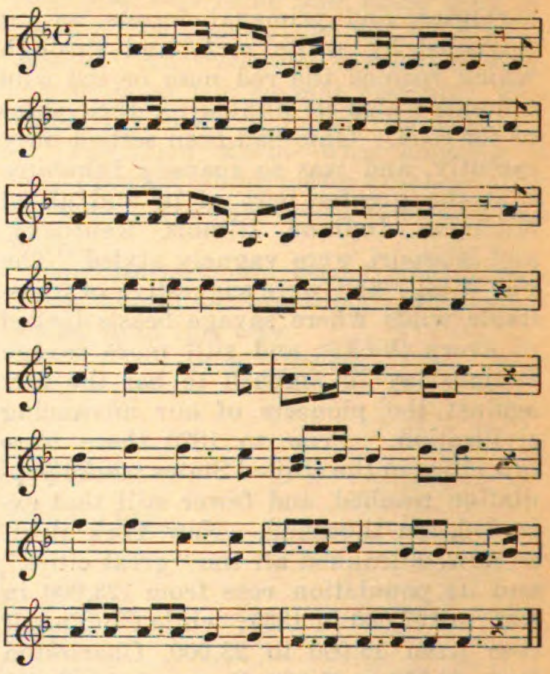
Here it was that the writer witnessed the introduction of negro minstrelsy as a part of the circus attractions, in the person of the renowned "Daddy Rice," whose famous songs—"Dat you, Ro-se?" "Ole Zip Coon," "Cl'ar de Kitchen," and "Jim Crow," accompanied by the inevitable bones and banjo, with dances in character—were received with shouts of delight by the audience, and soon after were whistled or sung along the streets by every urchin and stripling in the town who had a soul for melody. For the benefit of those who may be inclined to study the evolution of the literature and music of this kind of minstrelsy, I recall and append the score of each of these old-time favorites, and some specimen verses from them which have lingered in my memory for more than threescore years:

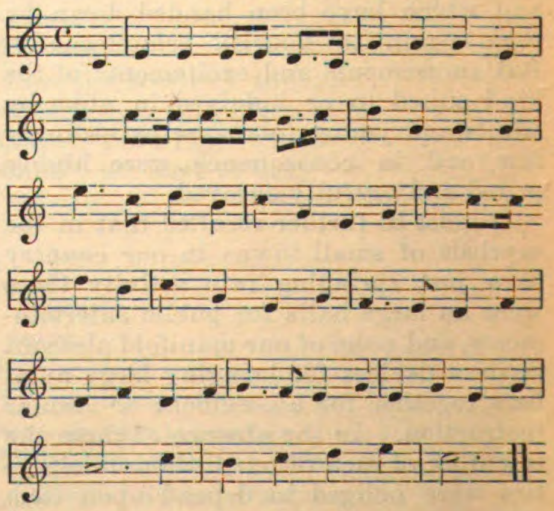
COAL-BLACK ROSE.



"Dat you, Ro-se? Sambo come.
Don't you hear de banjo? Tum, tum, tum.
Oh, Rose! de coal-black Rose,
I wish I may be shooted ef I don't lub Rose.

"Walk in, Sambo; don't stan' dar a-shakin';
De pease in de pot, an' de hoe-cake a-bakin'.
Oh, Rose! de coal-black Rose,
I wish I may be shooted ef I don't lub Rose."

OLE ZIP COON.

"I went down to Sandy Hook de oder arternoon,
I went down to Sandy Hook de oder arternoon,
I went down to Sandy Hook de oder arternoon,
An' who did I come to but Ole Zip Coon.
Ole Zip Coon's a mighty fine schol-a,
Ole Zip Coon's a mighty fine schol-a,
Ole Zip Coon's a mighty fine schol-a,
An' plays upon de banjo Coonie in de hol-la."

CL'AR DE KITCHEN.

"In ole Kentucky in de arternoon
We sweep out de kitchen wid a bran new broom,

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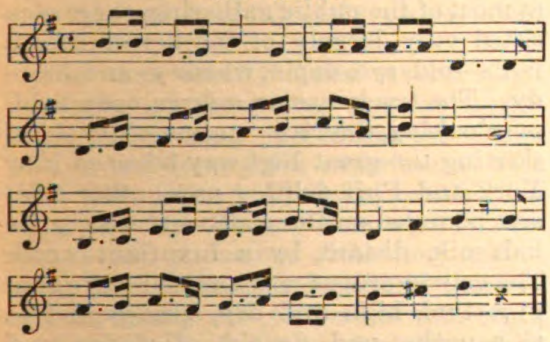
An' arter dat we form a ring,
An' dis is de tune dat we do sing:
Cl'ar de kitchen, ole folks, young folks,
Cl'ar de kitchen, young folks, ole folks,
Ole Vir-gin-ny n-e-v-e-r tire.

"Dar is a gal in our town
Dat dresses in a green silk gown,
An' as she walks de town aroun'
De holler of her foot makes a hole in de groun'.
So cl'ar de kitchen, ole folks, young folks,
Cl'ar de kitchen, young folks, ole folks,
Old Vir-gin-ny n-e-v-e-r tire.

"One day as I walks in Lumber Street
Dis lubly cree-tur I did meet.
I wink, she blink like a bag of sut,
Roll'd de whites of her eyes, an' gib a great strut,
So cl'ar de kitchen, ole folks, young folks,
Cl'ar de kitchen, young folks, ole folks,
Ole Vir-gin-ny n-e-v-e-r tire."

JIM CROW.



"Fust upon de heel-top, den upon de toe,
An' ebery time I wheel about I do jis so;
Wheel about, an' turn about, an' do jis so,
An' ebery time I wheel about I jump Jim Crow!"

From 1820 to 1828 a remarkable social phenomenon was witnessed in the seaboard portions of the Middle States, and it was one that can never be repeated; for just as the last vestiges of aboriginal life in the "Old Thirteen" were vanishing, the first ripples of the mighty oncoming wave of emigration from the Old World were reaching our shores.

The Indian tribes which were native to the Eastern and Middle States had for the most part migrated to the West or become extinct. Still those sections were periodically visited by parties of aborigines, chiefly adult men and their squaws, the latter sometimes carrying their papooses slung on their backs. Occasionally, also, half-grown Indian boys and girls came with them. These visitors came hither from what was then popularly known in the central Middle States alternatively as the "Indian Country," the "Genesee Country," and the "Lake Country," being the portions of New York bordering upon Lake Erie or lying around Otsego, Seneca, Cayuga, and Onondaga lakes and Lake George, and from the valley of Wyoming and the head-waters of the Lehigh and Delaware in Pennsylvania. Moved by their natural nomadic or vagrant instincts, or perhaps animated by some higher impulse to revisit the land which their race had once owned and ruled, they travelled on foot from place to place, and squatted gypsy-fashion on the outskirts of our towns and villages, where they deftly improvised a temporary shelter in the woods, and made provision for such longer or briefer stay as circumstances might warrant. They were usually regarded with complacency by the people, and although not considered specially welcome visitants by those on whose land they encamped, were not merely tolerated by them, but were looked upon compassionately, and made the recipients of many kindly offices. As a rule, they conducted themselves quietly and decorously, and except for some petty inroads upon the green corn ears of the farmers, and perhaps the confiscation now and then of a stray chicken or young porker, they pretty steadily observed the law of *meum* and *tuum*.

After the party had settled down upon the spot of their selection, which was almost invariably a sheltered nook beside a spring or brook and on the margin of some woodland, their women busied themselves industriously in weaving baskets of moss, willow, and other materials, in making boxes and trays of bark, in fashioning belts, slippers, and cushions ornamented with beads of wampum, and in manufacturing foot-rugs from the skins of rabbits, raccoons, foxes, and other wild animals. Here they were often visited by parties of townfolk, chiefly moved by curiosity to see these remnants of our aborigines and witness their manner of life, and also by the desire to purchase some of the products of their handicraft. As a rule, however, the Indians preferred to peddle their wares in the towns, whither they sent their comeliest squaws and maidens, dressed in all their savage finery, and carrying an assortment of their manufactures, which they knew very well how to display to the best advantage.

Meanwhile the men of the party were not idle. As soon as these had established their headquarters they visited the town, sometimes singly, but more commonly in groups of two or more, where they engaged in public exhibi-

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tions of their skill with the bow and arrow. The most popular of these exhibitions consisted in shooting at a penny or a sixpenny-piece, stuck in the end of a cleft willow or ash wand by those who desired to witness and test their skill. The distance shot over varied from twenty to forty or fifty yards—the greater the distance the larger the prize—and the money shot at being the reward of their success.

At the time of which we are speaking there were very few foreigners in our country towns who were permanent residents among us. In towns of the size of Brooklyn, Albany, Newark, New Brunswick, Jersey City, or Trenton there might be a Frenchman or two, a few Germans, Scotchmen, or Englishmen, and possibly half a score or more of Irishmen; but it was not until several years later, when the Oswego Canal, the Morris Canal, and the Delaware and Raritan and other canals were in process of construction, that the flood of Irish immigration—*avant-coureur* of the mighty stream that set in soon afterward—began to pour upon us.

Besides the nationalities that have been mentioned, from 1820 to 1828 there was an outer fluctuating fringe of foreigners, who flitted peripatetically from town to town and from neighborhood to neighborhood, and earned a precarious livelihood by the public exhibition of themselves as singers, dancers, musicians, and performers of feats of strength or dexterity. Earliest and most conspicuous among these were knots of wandering Bavarians, Bohemians, Hungarians, and Swiss, who sang their national or local songs, danced their provincial or national dances, and performed sleight-of-hand tricks, for such voluntary gifts as they might coax out of the curious, the amused, or the compassionate by-standers. The women and girls who accompanied these vagrant bands also turned an honest penny by fortune-telling, singing, and the sale of baskets and brooms of their own make; and they were the first to introduce into this country and to popularize the song "Buy a Broom," which has since become so familiar to us in its anglicized version:

"Buy a broom! Buy a broom!
Come buy of the wand'ring Bavarian a broom!"

These visitors were not numerous, and a few years later their visits became more rare, and then ceased altogether.

Although horse-racing was not as prevalent in the "twenties" as it has since become, yet the races were then an annual event in many of the States, and during their continuance were a source of feverish excitement to many of our people, and of entirely harmless amusement to fewer than it is pleasant to admit. Until 1832 my own town was the scene of some of the most important and most widely bruited of these sporting events. The race-course there, like the scenes of all public gatherings, had its plentiful side accompaniments of booths and tents, where eatables and drinkables were sold to the crowd, but the latter, instead of being confined to spruce beer and the like innocent beverages, as they were at most of the public gatherings, here consisted very largely of the fiercer stimulants—old rye, apple whiskey, and brandy. The track was on a large open field, overlooking the river on one of its sides, skirting the great highway between New York and Philadelphia on another side, and bounded on the south and east, some half-mile distant, by a luxuriant wood. The course proper was a model one—genuine turf, high and dry, springy, flat as a pancake, and devoid of stones and stumps.

There were then in all our towns and the circumambient country a great many negroes, some of them old family slaves, but for the most part the freed or apprenticed descendants of slaves. All these were proverbially fond of horses, and many of them were skilled in their management, and to them were largely intrusted their grooming, and the "breaking" of them for the saddle and plough, for driving in single or double harness, and for the race-track. Naturally they were in their element when the races were on the tapis.

For several days before the races the horses which were to participate in them were led into the town by their grooms and trainers, there then being no railroads, every part of them save their eyes, ears, noses, tails, and legs protected from the weather and hidden from vulgar view by closely fitting coverings, faced with red, blue, orange, or other hues indicating the colors of their owners. And they were jealously guarded day and night by their attendants, who watched over them with as much solicitude as if they were invalids under the care of their nurses.

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The favorite quarters for them were quite invariably at those old-fashioned inns which were the headquarters and baiting-places of the mail-coach lines, and which were therefore provided with capacious stables. At these stables the lovers and admirers of horseflesh, black and white, young and old, plebeian and aristocrat, in broadcloth and in homespun, congregated on an equality daily to feast their eyes on the symmetry, to compare notes as to the "condition," and to form conclusions as to the relative speed and bottom of the noble animals. Nor when I use the term "noble animals" do I lapse into bombast, for the only horses which then participated in the races were stallions — large, powerful, satin-skinned, spirited, and magnificently proportioned creatures.

The races usually lasted several days, during which the interest and excitement were at fever-heat. Of course there were betting and some mild experiments with the "little joker," but on the whole gambling and vice of every kind were less arrogant and audacious than they are in these more advanced days, and the betting especially was far less lavish, being confined chiefly to the owners, who made up the purses that were run for, and who were gentlemen and not blacklegs. There was then no trotting at races, and no driving before a sulky or other vehicle. The racing was all on horseback, and the sole gait was running, the usual heats being for a mile, two miles, and sometimes three miles, but some of the more famous horses in their great races ran four-mile heats, and occasionally "four miles and repeat." In these long heats there was often a profuse use of the whip and spur, very shocking to tender-hearted spectators, though not permanently hurtful to the horses, the most of which were proverbially long livers.

On racing days there was always an enormous concourse present, gathered from the towns and counties for a hundred miles around. No ladies attended, but it was not an unusual thing for them and the children of a household to witness them by the aid of a field-glass from the roofs and skylights of the houses in the town adjacent. I have myself assisted on more than one such occasion from the roof of my grandfather's house, before I was ten years old, now more than threescore years ago.

In the early part of the century our church music was far less ambitious than it is at this day; but notwithstanding its crude primitiveness, I persuade myself that it was much more highly charged with the sentiment of worship and devotion, and besides, that from the cradle to the grave it had the merit of being as familiar as household words to the people. Except in the Episcopal churches and in the exceedingly few Roman Catholic and Lutheran churches of that day, no instruments were in use in the churches of our provincial towns; and the organ in particular was regarded with grave disapprobation.

Every fall and winter three or four singing-schools flourished in the larger towns, and gave a strong impetus to the advancement of sacred music. Some of them were conducted by men of large musical attainments; one in especial that I recall having been taught by the justly celebrated vocalist and composer, Thomas Hastings. Ordinarily, however, these schools were presided over by peripatetic teachers from Yankee land or elsewhere, and sometimes by musical prodigies who were to "the manner born"; and with all their defects and shortcomings, they did undoubtedly contribute largely to the development and improvement of the popular taste.

Who that has ever participated in the exhilarating rides to the country singing-schools can ever forget them! First there was the delicious excitement of preparation—the choice of the fleet and stylish two or four horse team, the hunting up of the straps on straps of musical bells which were to encircle their necks and bodies; the arrangement of the capacious box-sled, with its half a dozen seats, its abundant supply of sweet fresh straw for the feet, and its ample store of bear-skins, buffalo-robes, and other comforters. Then came the seating and tucking in of the fair freight, the pairing off of congenial partners, the handing in of hot bricks, muffled in fragments of old carpets, to serve as foot-warmers for the girls, and of apple-shaped cobble-stones, also heated and swaddled in bits of old flannel, to keep their hands warm. And then the rapid trot of the horses, the swift swing of the sleigh, the music of the bells and of the ringing steel of the runners as they sped over the snow, the bursts of song and ripples of gay laughter that came from

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the light-hearted party as the lights of the town sunk down in the distance and the twinkle of some lighted farm-house window sparkled into view, and finally the merry unloading at the warm and cozy place of rendezvous. These singing-schools were oftentimes held at some country school-house; but it was a common thing, nor was it then considered improper, for them to be held at some of the many decorous taverns which before the day of railroads flourished at every village and cross-road, where the musical exercitations might be followed by a blithesome dance, and such a country supper of chickens, turkeys, mince pies, doughnuts, roasted apples, and other creature comforts as only the genius of the notable wives of the country innkeepers of those days could devise.

The Fourth of July was celebrated in the towns and villages of our republic in my earlier years as the universal popular holiday and day of national jubilee; and it was participated in with patriotic pride and exultation alike by the irrepressible small boy and the sedate men of the period. The manner of its celebration in my own town may be taken, *mutatis mutandis*, as a type of the manner in which it was celebrated in a thousand other towns throughout the land. There it was ushered in at daybreak by the single discharge of a huge old cannon which had been captured from the British at the battle of Princeton, and which lay for many years after the Revolutionary war on the "Big Field," closely adjacent to the town. Instantly after this voice from the Revolution had spoken, the bells of all the churches rang together until sunrise, when a salute of thirteen guns was fired in honor of the "Old Thirteen." At noon a national salute of twenty-four guns was fired—one gun for each State then in the Union. And at sunset a final salute of thirteen guns was again fired in honor of the "Old Thirteen," and the day closed with another simultaneous joy-peal from the church-bells from sunset until dark. Coincidently with all this, from daylight till midnight the air was fragrant with the smoke of powder, and was resonant with the din of fire-crackers, the ear-splitting reports of horse-pistols (there were no revolvers then), the crack of rifles and fowling-pieces, the roar of two and three pounder cannon, and the incessant boom of the anvils and fifty-six-pound weights that had been impressed into service as provisional ordnance by enterprising clerks and apprentices. In the evening, in further expression of the popular joy, the sky was reddened by the glare of blazing tar-barrels and other bonfires, which broke out in fiery eruptions in every part of the town, and the growing night was turned into day by the illuminated windows of prominent citizens and the gleam of sky-reaching rockets and fire-balloons.

Scarcely was any town so small but that it was enlivened on the "Fourth" by "a grand civic and military parade," the programme for which had been laboriously incubated by the joint genius of the authorities and a committee of arrangements appointed by the citizens at large, published with striking display lines in the newspapers, and circulated by hand-bills throughout the country adjacent for weeks in advance. On the momentous day the uniformed militia of the town formed line on the principal street and took their place at the head of the column with drums beating and colors flying. After them came the civil authorities in open barouches, and other open carriages tenanted by surviving officers and soldiers of the Revolution acting as a guard of honor of the national flag. Another carriage contained the officiating clergymen, the reader of the "Declaration," and the orator of the day. Then followed a long line of grave citizens—lawyers, clergymen, physicians, merchants, mechanics, and towns-people at large. In this order the procession moved to the court-house or to one of the larger churches, where, after an invocation to the God of Nations, the "Declaration" was read, a patriotic oration was delivered, a prayer was offered, and the "benediction" was pronounced, whereupon the procession was again formed, and took up its line of march through the principal streets to the place of its formation, where it was dismissed after a *feu de joie* of musketry, first successively by each of the military companies, and afterward by all in unison. These formal exercises were invariably followed by Fourth-of-July dinners at the principal taverns, one of which was always under the immediate auspices of the Common Council and the Committee of Arrangements, was participated in by a

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number of distinguished invited guests, and was interspersed with toasts, speeches, and songs, glowing with patriotism, and enlivened with good cheer.

At the period which we are recalling in these sketches an ardent military spirit prevailed throughout the country, which was kept actively alive by the traditions of the Revolutionary war that were still everywhere rife, and by the fresher memories of the "late war," as the war of 1812 was universally styled. There was scarcely a town so small in any of the older States that did not boast its troop of horse or its company of infantry, many of whose officers and men had seen service in the war of independence or of 1812.

There were three spirited but small military organizations in our town at that time, none of them numbering over thirty or forty rank and file. These were a troop of light dragoons known as "the Light-horse," a company of heavy infantry called "the Artillery," and a company of light infantry which rejoiced in the title of "the City Guard." To recall the brilliant array of these soldiers of the past, of whom not one survives, is to revive a vision that then seemed to us young folk "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." First there was the Light-horse, made up of the wealthier and more aristocratic young bloods of the town, with their bear-skin helmets surmounted by graceful white plumes, their belaced and befrogged suits of buff and blue, their jingling spurs, clanking scabbards, drawn swords, and prancing chargers. Next came the Artillery, composed of the bone and sinew of the town—hard-fisted masons, carpenters, blacksmiths, and other artisans—wearing dark blue uniforms resplendent with polished brass buttons and bright red facings, their martial throats incased in high leathern stocks as shining as a newly blacked boot and as stiff and rigid as iron armor, and their tall hats of stiff patent-leather, weighing as many pounds as modern hats weigh ounces, and surmounted by a red feather tipped with white and over two feet long. And lastly the City Guard, handsome young clerks and dapper merchants and lawyers, clad in light blue uniforms set off with glittering white-metal buttons and trimmed with white facings, their throats similarly clasped around by a stiff stock of shining leather, and their tall hats surmounted by a long white feather tipped with blue. Whenever the one or the other of these commands "turned out" the town was more or less astir, but boys, idlers, and negroes were invariably and most acutely interested.

But by long odds the most exciting and also the most amusing military event of the year was "General Training Day." This occurred in the several States on or about the third Monday in June in each year, and was a day of unmixed fun and jollification. The regiment whose parades are imprinted indelibly upon my memory was commanded by a certain Colonel Nathaniel ——, familiarly addressed by his townfolk of all degrees as "Natty," who was notable in his day and generation as a vender of lottery tickets, and who knew as much of the military art as he did of Sanscrit.

At that time, in the State which I have particularly in my mind, every white male inhabitant between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, with certain exceptions—such as clergymen, persons holding civil offices, drivers of mail coaches, ferrymen, college and theological students and professors—was by law enrolled in the militia, which was duly formed into companies and regiments in the various counties. The regiment whose doings linger in my memory was composed of the regularly uniformed and equipped companies already spoken of, and a tatterdemalion array from our town and the country parts adjacent which bore the appropriate title of the "Ragamuffins," fellows who came to General Training in every conceivable variety of costume and equipment, studiously made as outlandish as possible in ridicule of the occasion, and intended by those from the rural districts as an expression of the unpopularity of the law prescribing such musters in the midst of the hay harvest and other farm-work. They came clad in tattered coats and trousers of all hues and fashions, wearing brimless or battered hats of straw, beaver hats with dilapidated crowns and no crowns, and caps of cloth, of fox-skin, dog-skin, and musk-rat skin, each in every stage of degeneracy; and for arms bearing brooms and hoe-handles, pitchforks and rakes, decrepit scythes, aged and disreputable looking umbrellas, and an occasional flintlock, usually lacking either its lock, stock, or barrel. Preceded

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by its doughty colonel, for the sole time in the year mounted on horseback, and resplendent in his unaccustomed uniform, the regiment formed on the principal street, the Light-horse on the right, followed by the Artillery and the City Guard, and the Ragamuffins in the rear; and in this order it marched through the streets to an elevated plateau below the town, where it was putatively reviewed and inspected by the colonel, and put through a travesty of the manual of arms and sundry nondescript evolutions. These exercises were enlivened by the most exuberant fun and horse-play on the part of the non-uniformed militia, some of whom would leave the ranks as the whim seized them, not seldom just as some command had been given, in order to skylark with one another, or to visit one or other of the numerous booths which dotted the hill and regale themselves with a drink of small-beer, a munch of gingerbread, or a bite and a sup of some other edible or potable, and would then return to the ranks as nonchalantly as they had left them. At the close of the exercises, when the colonel gave the order dismissing the parade, the uniformed companies marched with due military decorum to the place where the line had been formed, and were there dismissed decently and in order, while the Ragamuffin contingent broke ranks then and there, and for the rest of the day indulged in all sorts of noisy fun and hilarious skylarking, and also, I am afraid, in all sorts of exhilarating potations.

There was another incident of the times we are recalling which excited the interest of the people of our towns whenever one of them was chosen as the arena for its exhibition. It was the closing period of the era of the lottery mania, which had prevailed almost universally in this country from the early colonial times, with the sanction and by the authority of the various Legislatures. There were church lotteries and college lotteries, lotteries for building court-houses and jails, lotteries for the construction of bridges, dams, ferries, and causeways, lotteries for laying out docks and landings, for opening roads and highways, and for other public uses; and, latest of all, there were lotteries which were devised and were engineered for their profits by shrewd capitalists, who traded upon the avidity of mankind to speculate in almost impossible chances for grand prizes in return for petty investments.

My grandfather, in whose family I was reared, was one of the earliest and most earnest to reprobate the lottery traffic as pernicious and immoral, as a dangerous form of gambling and a legalized system of cheating. And although I greatly loved and reverenced him, and had heard him express himself strongly on the subject, yet, as he had never laid an express command on me not to indulge in the pernicious pastime—doubtless because he did not think me sufficiently precocious to do so—with the natural facility of childhood I was once beguiled into an investment of this dangerously contagious kind. I had observed that reputable business and professional men bought lottery tickets freely and openly. I knew several industrious mechanics and artisans who had clubbed their resources for the purchase of "eighth," "quarter," or "half" tickets, sometimes with and sometimes without success. I discovered that our family negroes bought them with their small savings, and often heard them babbling excitedly over their great expectations. I had read in the papers that such a well-known citizen had drawn a $10,000 prize, such another a $12,500 prize, and that others had been the fortunate winners of smaller, but, as it seemed to my eyes, very magnificent prizes. And I had often stopped to gaze with open-eyed wonder on the glowing pictures and transparencies with which the lottery offices were adorned.

I was only a lad of nine summers, and one of my chums and schoolmates was "tending" one of these offices during his vacation. It chanced that I had saved up fifty cents, and when I imparted this important fact to him, he very naturally suggested that I buy a lottery ticket with it. A "quarter ticket" in the Delaware State Lottery could be bought for that sum, he said, and it *might* draw the fourth of a $5000 or $10,000 prize. I yielded to the seductive reasoning of that eloquent "might." We deliberated long and profoundly as to the combination of numbers that would be lucky, and having heard that there was "luck in odd numbers," we finally pitched upon 7, 27, 29 as the combination that was almost sure to win. Just at this time, as it happened, our town was thrown into an ex-

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citement by the news that the next drawing of this same lottery would be held in it in the course of a few weeks, within full view of the public; and, in consequence, the lottery offices were at once besieged by customers, and drove a spanking business. When at length the important day arrived thousands of all ages, sexes, and conditions, the expectant writer of these sketches among them, were present to witness the ceremonies. A commodious platform had been erected on the public street, in front of one of the principal taverns. Upon this, amid the admiring hum of the spectators, was placed the huge lottery-wheel, all of glass except the spokes, and without any aperture save at one point, where there was a sliding-door large enough only to admit a hand and arm when open. Then several officials mounted the stage — an inspector, chosen for his high standing in the public estimation, to certify that all the tickets had been duly examined and verified, and were now placed in the wheel; another inspector of similar high standing to watch the drawings, and see that they were fairly and honestly conducted; a porter to revolve the wheel and give the tickets a thorough shaking; and a boy of about my own age, blindfolded and in his shirt-sleeves, whose province it was, each time after the wheel had been revolved, to thrust in his hand and arm, and draw a ticket representing a prize. Meanwhile the crowd gazed at the proceedings intently, almost breathlessly, hundreds among it waiting to hear the numbers on their tickets announced as representing high prizes—and, alas! waiting in vain—and the drawing over slinking away sadder and mayhap wiser men. That was the last lottery drawing in our town, and the last lottery in which I was an investor. Not that I had drawn a blank, however. For on the following day my school-fellow sagely informed me that my ticket had *only just missed* drawing the fourth of the capital prize, the lucky numbers having been 7, 27, 30; and, further, that I was entitled to a dollar and a quarter for it, which he urgently advised me to expend for two "quarter" tickets and an "eighth" ticket in the same lottery, being confident that thus trebly armed I "couldn't fail to draw a prize next time." But I did not see it. The dollar and a quarter in my pocket had a very comfortable feeling, and I informed my friend that I guessed I should buy some books with it that night at the book auction, which I did, without experiencing any after-regrets, I am happy to say.

Fires were not numerous nor calamitous in our little towns in those days, but when they did occur they were intensely exciting. This immunity was mainly due to the fact that, except in great cities, few houses exceeded two stories in height, and were therefore easily accessible in every part, and to the further fact that, as land was cheap and the population sparse, they were sundered by wide intervening spaces. Few of the towns had any public water supply, and when fires broke out the only recourse was the nearest pump or pond, or the river, if there was one and it was near enough to be available. And the fire apparatus was usually restricted to one, two, or perhaps three fire-engines of insignificant power and dimensions, most commonly superannuated machines which had been discarded by the authorities of the larger cities to make way for new and more powerful ones, and which had been picked up cheaply by the rural municipalities.

In our town there were three such rickety, old-fashioned, and diminutive fire-engines, the largest of the three having a five-inch cylinder, and the others four-inch cylinders, so that the combined capacity of all was less than that of one of the smallest engines now in use. Besides their inferiority in power and capacity, few fire-engines in the provincial towns were provided with more than a single fifty-foot length of hose, nor did they carry suction-hose. They were therefore unable to draw water by their own power from a pond, stream, or reservoir, or to force it to any considerable height or distance from the place where they were stationed; and if the fire to be combated was in the upper portions or the rear of a house, the machine was drawn up to a point as close as possible to the conflagration, the single length of hose was attached, and the water was conveyed to it. But if the fire was in the front part of the building on the outside, the length of hose was dispensed with, a length of copper pipe was screwed to the "goose-neck," and the water was forced upon the flames directly from the water-box. The "goose-neck," appropriately so named from its resemblance in

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shape to the neck of the goose and the facility with which it might be turned in any required direction, was a faucet-like brass or copper fixture projecting from a platform rising from the end of the deck of the engine, out of the way of the "brakes," and affording standing-room for the fireman to whom the management of the goose-neck and its pipe attachment was confided. Inasmuch, then, as a stream could not be discharged from the pipe and goose-neck to a greater distance than thirty or forty feet, it was necessary to back the machine as close to the fire as the heat would allow; and thus it became an occasion for great boasting and great crowing over their rivals on the part of the crew of an engine when the back of their "masheen" was scorched and blistered while filling this post of danger and of honor.

The engine was supplied with water through the agency of buckets, which were filled at the nearest pump or pond, or from the river, if there was one near enough to be reached, and were passed along thence, from hand to hand of a line of citizens, to the engine-box. Great was the competition between the adherents of the rival "masheens" to secure the pump or other water supply that was most abundant and nearest the fire, and often lusty were the hustling and wrangling, and sometimes doughty the encounters, that accompanied the struggle for it.

In those times there were few bells, even in churches, in our little towns, and no public fire-alarms nor bell-ringers. Therefore when a fire broke out, the alarm was given by the cry of "Fire! fire!" at first a faint and solitary voice in the distance, perhaps, but quickly taken up by other nearer and louder voices shouting the startling alarm as the people poured out of their houses and ran toward the scene of the conflagration, each one vociferating the cry with all his might, as if his salvation depended upon the uproar he raised. Each house was at that time provided with two or more long leather fire-buckets, each holding about three gallons, and having the owner's name painted thereon, together with "No. 1," "No. 2," or "No. 3," corresponding with the number of the several fire-engines. These were hung in the hall of each house, where they might be easily and quickly reached from the staircase. A lantern, with a lamp or candle inside ready for lighting, was also kept in some convenient place for night service at fires, for the streets were mostly guiltless of lamp-posts, and were unlighted either by oil or gas—indeed, the latter was as yet a stranger in the land. When the startling alarm was heard, each citizen or some one of his household rushed for the fire-buckets, and dashed with them in the direction of the fire, where a double line was automatically formed, reaching from the chosen water supply to the engines. One of these lines was composed of adult men and well-grown youths, who passed the full buckets to the engine; and the other of women and young boys and aged men, who passed the empty buckets back to the water supply, where they were again filled and passed back and forth as long as the exigency required. After the fire was extinguished the engines were taken back to their houses, and carefully washed and overhauled; and the return of the fire-buckets to their multitudinous owners was regulated after the following fashion: constables, watchmen, and others collected them from the spots where they had been dropped, and threw them into a promiscuous heap on the public square or in the market-house, and thither the owners or their children or servants repaired to reclaim them from the mass, to take them to the harness-maker for repairs if damaged, or, if uninjured, to carry them home and again hang them up in their accustomed places in the hallways in readiness for another emergency.

An interesting feature of the times under review, so long since fallen into desuetude that the present generation have no practical knowledge of it, was the old-time town meeting. This generally met in April of each year, and in our little town was always held in the public street or on the lot in front of the court-house. As it was strictly a township meeting, only those townships which were county towns could boast of a court-house, and the others were accustomed to hold their town meetings on the street adjacent to some tavern, or in emergency in the tavern itself. At town meeting provision was made for such township concernments as the care of the poor and the imbecile, the management of the poor-farm and other township property, the destruction of noxious or hurtful animals; and here moneys were voted for each of the fore-

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going purposes, and for the maintenance of pounds and bridges, the laying out and working of roads, etc. Here also township officials were chosen.

All the various matters that came before the meeting were open for free discussion and debate to every voter, and each one frankly advocated or opposed measures that were proposed. It was unlawful for any one to "interrupt a person speaking by unnecessary noise or conversation," or to "behave in a disorderly manner"; and, in either event, if any person, after notice given by the moderator, persisted in offending, it was in that dignitary's power to direct the offender to withdraw from the meeting and to fine him one dollar. Should the offender still persist, or if he refused or neglected to withdraw when directed by the moderator, then the latter might order "some of the constables of the township to carry the offender out of the meeting and put him into some place of confinement until the town meeting be ended." The entire business of the meeting was determined by *viva voce* voting. When there was a decided diversity of opinion the opposing parties formed lines in front of the moderator, when he counted them, and decided which had the plurality; and it sometimes happened, when there had been a hot contest and the parties were pretty equally divided, that there would be a lively struggle by each side to win from the other the halting, the timid, the doubtful, and stragglers. Although these struggles were generally conducted with great good-humor, yet it occasionally happened that men were jerked back and forth from one line to the other in the most noisy and violent way, and sometimes this festive method of persuading the voters resulted in a plentiful crop of blackened eyes and bloody crowns. Nevertheless there is no instance on record, so far as I have been able to ascertain, when the moderator felt it incumbent upon him to direct an elector to withdraw from the meeting, or to order one to be carried out by the constable.

Executions were not then restricted, as they now are, to the prison yard, in the presence of a limited number of witnesses, but were celebrated conspicuously on an open field, before a large and often rollicking and tumultuous crowd of spectators.

Such a body I remember to have seen gathered on such an amphitheatre more than sixty years ago to witness the hanging of a murderer. The man was a farm hand, and well known. When under the influence of strong drink he was sullen, truculent, and dangerous; but when sober, he was so proverbially quiet and inoffensive that he was the easy-going butt of his associates. While at work one day in harvest-time, mowing a meadow near town, he drank freely, and became tipsy; whereupon one of his comrades indulged in long-continued and rough horse-play at his expense, till in an access of passion inflamed by rum he turned upon his tormentor and slew him on the spot. Of course he was immediately arrested, and never shall I forget the wave of horror that swept over the little town when the news of the murder was bruited, and the victim was carried to the home of his parents on a barn door. During the trial of the homicide the court-house was crowded to overflowing with people, who flocked in from the country from miles around to listen to the grewsome details of the slaying, and to gaze upon the murderer as he was escorted to and fro by the constables between the jail and the court-house. For several days immediately preceding the hanging (that was before the day of railroads, it should be recalled) multitudes from the country for twenty and more miles around flocked into the town to see the execution, and some of them "to turn an honest penny." On the fatal Friday the "Big Field" surrounding the gallows was fringed with booths and tents for the sale of cakes, pies, small-beer, and other refreshments, interspersed at frequent intervals with farmers' wagons laden with water-melons, musk-melons, apples, peaches, and other fruit, the enterprising venders of which drove a brisk trade under the very shadow of the fatal tree. It was estimated that on that tragic summer day over twenty-five thousand people, a large proportion of whom were women and children, were clustered around the gallows to witness the dying throes of the wretched man. And, thoughtless boy though I was, I was shocked by the horrible indifference to the dread event for that poor soul which was manifested, and by the still more horrible jesting, profanity, and drunken combats that were indulged in. It was a saturnalia of brutishness and indifference never to be forgotten.

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IN FLY-TIME.

BY ROBERT GRANT.

TOM NICHOLS, the architect, lay back in his hammock with a contented air. He was comfortable, and an opportunity to vegetate and to rest his weary mind and body was his at last. On the 1st of June he had informed his wife that unless he had time to think he could not possibly hope to win the award in the coming competition for the Public Library building at Foxburgh. On this Mrs. Nichols had set her heart. To tell the truth, they were both tired—tired of the bustle and rush of city life, from the rumble of the milkman's cart over the pavement in the early morning to the clang of the fire-engine as it jangled round the corner at dead of night. They needed rest — rest from calls and newspapers and five-o'clock teas and telephones and stock quotations and servants and marriages and deaths and late suppers and small-talk. And they had found it at last, here on this abandoned farm, a good twenty miles from the meretricious excitement and vitiated atmosphere of town.

It was the Fourth of July, and yet there was scarcely a sound to be heard. The very bees neglected to hum. The children were in the barn, scraping acquaintance with the live-stock and tumbling in the hay. Their voices sounded pleasantly remote. Before leaving town Tom had made a bargain with them. On the understanding that they would forego fire-crackers and other noisy accompaniments of the national holiday, he had presented them with four rabbits. Mrs. Nichols was upstairs tending the new baby, for a baby has to be looked after on a quiet abandoned farm as carefully as elsewhere. But Tom himself was supremely comfortable.

He had swung his hammock between two apple-trees, the boughs of one of which shaded his head from the sun. He could see everything which went on about the house without even turning his head. There was absolutely nothing on his mind, and he was free to let that important mechanism lie fallow. From time to time he opened his eyes to enjoy the charming outlook. The old homestead, the main portion of which had been built prior to the Revolution, stood picturesquely dilapidated and awry on ground a little higher than the rest of the farm. The rose, honeysuckle, and other vines which blithely ran riot over the front seemed all that saved it from collapse. Yet it was comfortable enough inside. Tom was not altogether sure that he would not find the double bed atrociously hard as soon as the glamour of the situation had faded into every-day reality, but there was no denying that the cream was so thick that it required joggling before it would pour, and that the hearth possessed all the capacity for blazing logs which a hungry city imagination associates with the rustic fire-side. To be sure it was now the Fourth of July, when wood fires are apt to be superfluous; but it was pleasant to feel that there was one to light if you wished; and there were the big brass andirons and the curious old bellows, at any rate. On one side of the house stood the barn and the outbuildings, tenanted still by a sow with young ones, some clucking poultry, and a solitary twenty-year-old farm horse, which, under the guidance of Uncle Reuben Coffin, had fetched Tom and his family from the station the day before. On the other side was a small flower-bed, where peonies and dahlias and mignonette and scarlet-runners and other country flowers bloomed in sweet profusion. It had once been a large garden, but since the death of Farmer Joseph Coffin ten years before it had gradually dwindled away, and in the field beyond, where oats and barley and cauliflowers and spinach and squashes and strawberries had formerly grown to proud maturity, there were only a patch of corn and a few potato-plants for the immediate needs of the widow Coffin and her daughter and limping Uncle Reub.

But only a countryman's eye would have noted that the farm was out at elbows. To Tom, as he lay in his hammock, the landscape seemed a paradise. The fields rolled away in green freshness, with here and there a stretch of woodland, to a horizon of stately hills, and on every side were peace and stillness. He could just discern the silver line of a stream threading its way through the distance. In front of the house stood a genuine moss-bound, old-fashioned well with buckets, and by the barn was a kennel, in front of which Pop, the huge mas-

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tiff, stiff with age and rheumatism, lay basking, with his head upon his paws. Tom said to himself that he had been longing in his inner consciousness for years for some such refuge as this, and he had now merely to close his eyes and enjoy the situation to his heart's content. A book—a volume of poems—lay on his lap, but Tom had no inclination to read. He would fain bask like Pop, and think in a lazy, listless fashion.

What a blessing it was to be in the country on this day of all others! No fire-crackers, no fish-horns, no torpedoes, no crowd! The pensive lowing of the kine and the clucking of an agitated hen were the sole, infrequent invasions of the summer stillness. It had rained on July 1st, and again on July 2d, and the aspect of the skies had caused his brow to pucker on the morning of the third day; but the sun had asserted his majesty at last simultaneously with the arrival of the express-cart at the door. And here they were.

A sound of a closing door caused Tom to open his eyes again. The disturber was Uncle Reuben Coffin, or Uncle Reub, as every one called him, who was standing on the door-sill in his Sunday go-to-meeting trousers, shirt, necktie, and suspenders, but without a coat. The old man was lame. One of his legs was shorter than the other. He walked by the aid of a stick, and his gait was a jerky hobble. He cast a furtive glance in Tom's direction, and began to work toward him. Uncle Reub was the man of the house. He was a half-brother of Joseph Coffin, and had lived with the widow and her daughter Maretta ever since his brother's death. Both Reuben and Joseph were veterans of the civil war, and both had come out of it without a scratch. Joseph had succumbed to liver-complaint ten years ago, but Reuben's injury dated back to the year immediately following that in which he had left the service. He had fallen from the hay-loft in the barn and fractured his leg. Last evening he had more than satisfied Tom's curiosity regarding him by a detailed account of the accident, which, in Uncle Reuben's estimation, furnished ample grounds for a government pension. As he explained to Tom, it grew out of the war. If he had not enlisted he would never have remained on the farm, for his tastes as a lad had been roving, and his eyes had been fixed on the far West when Fort Sumter fell. Oh yes, it grew straight out of the war, and if ever a man was entitled to a pension it was he. He had petitioned Congress in vain until now, but this new bill would settle matters, and he hoped to have his papers signed before the maple leaves turned.

Although Uncle Reub had satisfied Tom's curiosity, Tom still remained a mystery to him. The old man's furtive glance seemed to express wonder why a young man who had the chance to hear fire-crackers, and see the balloon and the military, should prefer to lie in a hammock with his eyes shut on the Fourth of July. Shyness had restrained his tongue last evening from asking questions of the new boarders, but here was an opportunity not to be neglected. First he hobbled over to the open barn, in order to avoid the appearance of premeditation, and busied himself for a few moments in examining once more the two bicycles belonging to Tom and his wife which stood just inside. Then he made for Tom.

Tom, who was fully aware of his presence, was tempted to simulate slumber. He had no wish for conversation; indeed, he yearned for solitude. But city people have the habit of politeness even toward those whom they wish to avoid, and custom was too much for him. He sat up and nodded at Uncle Reub, who stood leaning against the apple-tree toward which Tom was stretched.

"Suffering from lung trouble, ain't yer?" said the old man, tentatively.

"Not to my knowledge."

"Sweat much nights?"

"I haven't begun to yet."

Uncle Reuben felt of his chin, and pondered. "I had a cousin jus' your build who died o' consumption two years back come the fifteenth day of next month. He sweat nights dreadful. The doctors said it warn't no use trying to do for him. Yer cough some, don't yer?"

"Not at all. I never had a cough in my life, Mr. Coffin, and my lungs were examined for life-insurance six months ago, and pronounced perfectly sound."

"I want to know!" said the old man, who felt in no wise rebuffed by this downright refutation of his theory. He was merely doing his best to express friendly interest, and to become better acquainted. "Old Billy has gone dead lame this morn-

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ing," he continued, by way of a second attempt. Old Billy was the aged farm horse of the family already referred to.

"I'm afraid that bringing us from the station was too much for him," said Tom. "I'm sorry to hear it."

"I expect it's rheumatism. He's liable to spells of it. But it's kind of provoking for me and Maretta. We'd fixed to drive over Foxburgh way to see the celebration. I reckon now a bi-cy-cle don't go lame?" he added, with a facetious glance at the two machines.

If there was a theme capable of arousing Tom from his present delicious torpor, Uncle Reuben had hit upon it. Tom was just beginning to ride on a bicycle. Not only Tom, but Mrs. Nichols. They were in the throes of acquiring facility, and delighted with their budding talent. A strong argument in favor of retiring to the country had been the expectation of being able to practise in obscurity, and witch the world with this substitute for noble horsemanship on their return to town. Tom had waked up one morning and announced that he was going to buy a bicycle, and a fortnight later Mrs. Nichols had taken the bit between her teeth and declared that she would ride too. It had been a little difficult for Tom to get rid of the conviction which he had acquired by personal observation that pretty women do not ride wheels, but his better half's reply that he would soon behold one was extremely pertinent. "It is all a matter of clothes, dear," she had explained to Tom. "Wait until you see me, and I'm sure you'll be satisfied. Besides, only think how delightful it will be to have me with you on your rides, instead of poking off all by yourself." The event had justified her statement. They both were still at the wobbly stage; but there was no doubt in Tom's mind that Mrs. Nichols on a bicycle was fully as charming as Mrs. Nichols on foot. And when a husband is satisfied, cannot a woman afford to smile in the face of a critically conservative world?

Consequently Tom raised himself a little in the hammock in order to obtain a more complete proud glimpse at the precious machines, and his expression brightened as he answered:

"A bicycle is the poor man's friend, Mr. Coffin. It isn't afraid of railroad trains or electric cars; and if it goes lame it doesn't eat its head off while recovering."

Mr. Coffin sighed. It might be that he was deploring his game-leg, which stood in the way of his ever mounting a wheel, or it might be that he was reflecting on the wide difference just pointed out by Tom between a lame horse and a lame bicycle in the matter of feeding. He again felt of his chin meditatively.

"How much might one of them machines cost, if it ain't asking too much?" he inquired.

"One hundred and fifty dollars for the best. But you can get a good second-hand one for seventy-five."

"Most as much as for a fair to middlin' horse."

"But there's no expense for oats, or distemper, or breakage, no veterinary bills, and no cost for shoeing and sharpening. Besides, bicycles must come down in price, Mr. Coffin. It's merely a question of time. The American people intend to ride."

Tom's enthusiasm so far got the better of him that he grasped the sides of the hammock and sat up and looked at his tormentor; then suddenly remembering why he was there, he sank back emphatically, and closed his eyes again.

A countryman is slow to take a hint. Besides, Tom's momentary flow of words had been reassuring. Uncle Reuben waited a moment, then he said:

"They're cute things, sure. Speakin' now of inventions, what might be yer opinion about these 'ere rain-makers?"

Not a sound came from the hammock. Uncle Reuben waited for a reasonable time, but he did not seem to be disturbed by his failure to obtain an answer. He varied his posture a little and glanced up at the sky, shielding his eyes with his hand.

"It's great weather for the Fourth of July," he remarked.

This was the sort of observation which did not strictly require an answer. It might pass for a soliloquy. A man might make it and not get a response without loss of self-respect. Not even a murmur came from the hammock. Uncle Reuben cocked an eye again skywards, hitched his suspenders into place, and saying, by way of explanation, "I guess I'll go and fix up the scarecrow," halted off in the direction of the corn-patch.

As may have been manifested by his burst of declaration regarding the American people, Tom was at heart a patriot

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and a believer in the institutions of his native country. Ordinarily the conventional celebration of the Fourth of July had no more terrors for him than for the average adult of forty in his walk of life. He would not have deemed it proper to debar his children from fire-crackers, even by a bribe, if he had not felt that rest was imperative for him in order to win the Foxburgh award. Consequently, although Uncle Reuben was gone, his consciousness, or rather half-consciousness, remained under the spell of their conversation. The weather for the national holiday was indeed glorious, and though he had reason to rejoice that he was removed from the blaze and noise, was it not an inspiring thought that in every city and town of the national domain from the Atlantic to the Pacific an orator was rehearsing in fervid speech the national glories and the national hopes, bands of music were playing, balloons were ascending, and the great American people was letting itself go? And only think how many bicycles were being ridden within the same ocean-bounded territory! Surely the price of bicycles must come down. Under the influence of these appropriate sentiments Tom fell asleep, and the farm was stiller than ever. Pop slumbered in his kennel, and Uncle Reuben down in the corn-patch sat rigging the scarecrow, keeping his back to the new boarder by way, perhaps, of mild resentment.

The next thing Tom was conscious of was a sound as of cows cropping grass very close to his ear. He struggled against the impression until it changed to a ripping sound, and at the same moment his nose was violently tickled by something hard, a package smote him rudely upon the chest, and a voice above him called, "Why in thunder don't you catch hold, you infernal idiot?"

To be called an idiot, especially on the Fourth of July, is galling to a free-born American citizen. Tom's eyes opened simultaneously with the upward spring he made. But he was fairly electrified by what he saw. In front of his face dangled a long rope, and overhead, in close proximity to the apple-tree, was a huge oscillating mass. What could it be? What did it mean? Merciful heavens, it was a balloon—a real, active balloon!

Even a patriot can be rendered incapable of action by astonishment and the complexity of his emotions. Where had it come from? Was it coming down on him? What had the bale of cannon crackers, which had nearly broken his breast-bone, to do with it? What did the two men in the swaying car, ten feet above the apple-tree, wish him to do? There was quite a breeze now, and they were bellowing like mad.

"Catch hold of the rope, can't you?"

Tom glared at the speaker, nevertheless he grabbed at the rope. He was out of the hammock now. He missed it, for it was bobbing just above his head, and the air around him seemed to be raining packages of cannon crackers, rockets, and other missiles of the fireworks order. Apparently the two occupants of the balloon were acting at counter purpose, for one was throwing out everything he could lay his hands on to make the monster rise, whereas the other, who was peering over the edge of the car, was anxious that Tom should grasp the rope so as to make her fast to the tree. Tom said to himself that it must be the balloon from Foxburgh which had been sent up that morning, and in obedience to orders he made another lunge at the rope. This time he caught it, and he felt as if he had seized a comet by the tail, for just at that moment a puff of wind struck the George Washington—he could see the large letters of her name—and she rolled and swayed like a ship in a heavy sea, then swooping away from dangerous proximity to the apple-tree, began to career in a level line across the farm. Both the occupants now were yelling like crazy creatures, but their words were inaudible to Tom. For an instant he ran like a deer-hound, holding fiercely to the rope; the next he was lifted from his feet, and hung dangling, with his toes a few inches from the ground. A huge portmanteau just missed him and burst open at his feet, and two bags of sand fell with dull thuds on either side.

In an instant the abandoned farm awoke to action. The mastiff Pop bounded along at Tom's heels, barking wildly. Tom's four children, lured from the hay by the hubbub, stood open-mouthed, paralyzed at the sight of their father being dragged along by this monster of the air. It was not until Mrs. Nichols, with the baby in her arms, flew from the house, crying "Tom! Tom! Tom!" that they

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added their shrill voices to the tumult, and scurried over the pasture in pursuit. In their wake hobbled, as fast as he was able, Uncle Reuben, giving vent to his emotion in a frantic "Whoa, there!—whoa, there!—whoa, there!" And last, but not least, the widow Coffin and Maretta flitted along behind, screaming like two agitated geese, their necks extended, and their white aprons fluttering in the breeze.

Tom does not know to the present day exactly why he held on like grim death; but he did, though the huge balloon rolled and pitched and surged, so that occasionally he was lifted three feet from the ground, and it looked as if he would be carried up a mile or two with even greater promptitude than Sindbad the Sailor was borne away by the predatory roc in the *Arabian Nights* tale. And all the time it was raining, not cats and dogs, but what were much more unwelcome to Tom—bunches of fire-crackers in mad profusion, as though fate was determined to foist the Fourth of July upon him in spite of everything. He could not see very distinctly, for he was spinning round like a teetotum, so that he got only what might be called bird's-eye glimpses. He did discern quite clearly for an instant his better half in the van of his pursuers, waving the baby in her arms in wild dismay, and he made one last frantic effort to pull down the balloon before letting go. Just then there was another ripping sound, which resembled the bursting of an enormous torpedo, and Tom felt his feet touch earth again. In the next instant he narrowly dodged a collision with an elm-tree, and immediately after his course was rudely stayed, and he found himself being wound round and round the venerable trunk. When he came to a halt the balloon and the top of the elm-tree seemed to have amalgamated, and the voice which had but lately dubbed him an infernal idiot now shouted from a stalwart bough, "You're a noble fellow, sir—a genuine hero, worthy of the day we celebrate."

Thereupon the speaker, with an agile movement, swung himself from his perch, and dropping close to Tom, threw his arms about his neck.

"Your hand, sir, your hand."

Tom, who still was grasping the end of the rope, which was wound around the tree, being of a forgiving disposition, let go, and suffered his fingers to be grasped by the enthusiastic stranger.

"You're a hero, sir. The country shall know of this. Permit me to introduce myself."

The young man—he was a thin, nervous-looking, snappy-eyed individual of about thirty, with a prominent Roman nose—fumbled in his vest pocket and produced a printed card. Tom read the inscription with a feeling akin to horror. "Irving K. Baker, Foxburgh *Mail and Gazette*."

"The most enterprising newspaper in the United States. Have you a cabinet photograph of yourself, sir, on the premises?"

The necessity of answering this question was averted for the moment by the arrival, in a breathless condition, of Mrs. Nichols, who threw herself and the baby upon Tom in one warm indiscriminate embrace.

Mr. Baker's hat was off in an instant, and he jumped and changed feet. "Your lady, sir?"

"This is my wife, Mrs. Thomas Nichols. Elizabeth, this is Mr.—er—Irving K. Baker, one of the gentlemen in the balloon."

"Charmed to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Nichols. Allow me, madam, to congratulate you on the noble act of heroism just performed by your husband. At great personal risk he has guided the course of the ill-fated George Washington, which rose an hour ago in Foxburgh amid the shouts of thousands of free-born American citizens, so successfully that Professor Strout and myself have been enabled to seek refuge in the branches of this noble elm at a moment when instant destruction seemed to stare us both in the face."

"Where is Professor Strout?" inquired Elizabeth, who was of a practical turn of mind notwithstanding her extreme devotion to her husband. As for Tom, his attention had been momentarily diverted by the sight of his children, all of whom, after realizing that the race was over, had stopped to gather up the fireworks which Mr. Irving Baker had let fall, and were now moving swiftly toward him with laden pockets and arms.

"I am safe, madam, and will be down in a moment," said the professor, answering for himself from the summit of the tree. Tom and his wife, gazing eagerly through the foliage, beheld a pleasant-looking man, of about the same age as Mr. Baker, absorbed in grappling with the remains of the collapsed air-monster.

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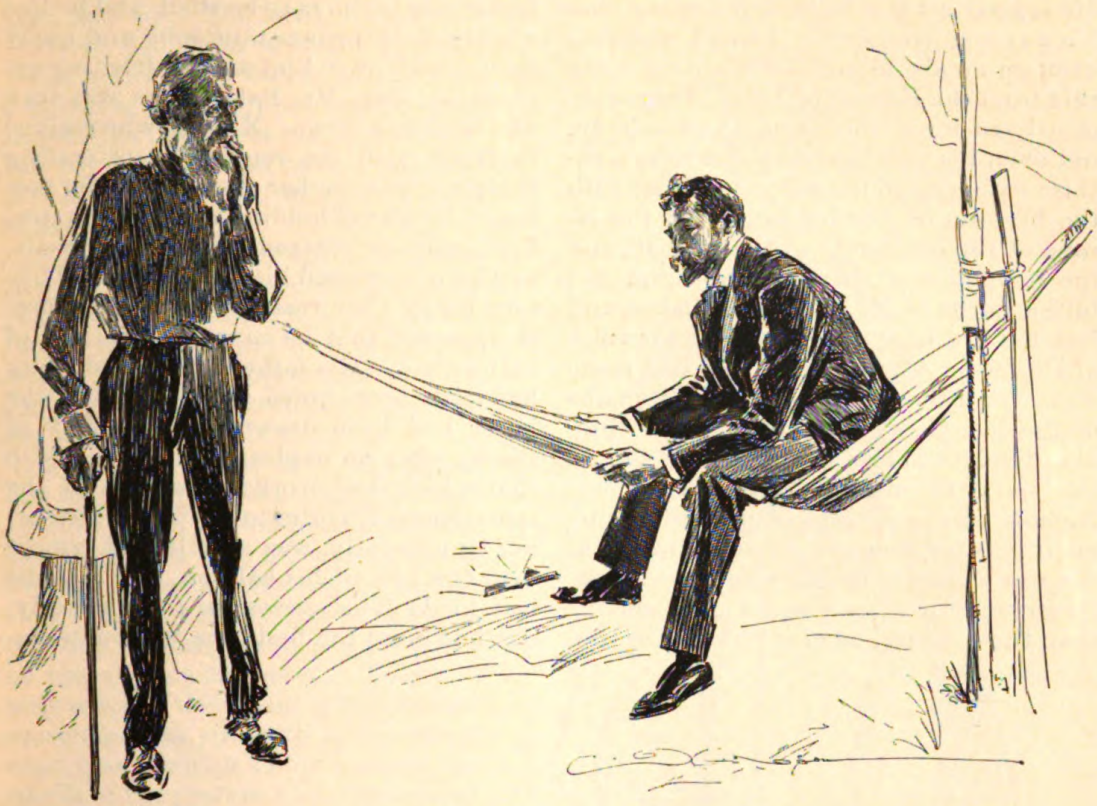

"I HAD A COUSIN JUS' YOUR BUILD."

"One of the most celebrated aeronauts in the country," explained the reporter. "This is his twenty-sixth voyage, and he has never broken a limb."

"What was the matter with the balloon?" inquired Mrs. Nichols.

"She burst, madam, in mid-air, not once, but twice, and, had our course not been providentially guided by your husband, the probabilities are that we should now be lying inanimate within a short distance from this spot. Where are we, by-the-way?"

"You're on the widow Coffin's farm," said Uncle Reuben, who, in company with the two females of his family, had just hobbled up in time to answer this inquiry.

"I expect we'll be able to take our Fourth of July dinner with you," continued Mr. Baker, suavely, addressing Mrs. Coffin, with a quick perception that she was the mistress of the situation. He glanced at the same time so admiringly at Maretta that the country lass looked up and then down.

"How many be you?" asked the widow.

"Two. Professor Strout and myself."

"There's a goose and apple sass and a plum pudding. I guess you're welcome," replied Mrs. Coffin.

"Can we have these, sir?" broke in Tom's eldest boy of eleven, indicating the spoils which he and his brothers had collected.

"Bless your hearts, yes. We'll let the crackers off after dinner, and in the evening we'll have a genuine Fourth of July fireworks show, with rockets and bombs and Catherine-wheels."

"Bully for you!" cried the children together, and Maretta let slip a gratified "Oh, my!"

"We haven't had any fire-crackers today," said the eldest boy.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Baker, with an astonished and suspicious glance at Tom. "Are you an Englishman?"

"No, sir. It was an accident. They usually have plenty."

"My advent, then, is a peculiarly fortunate circumstance," answered Irving K. Baker.

A few minutes later the entire party was on its way to the farm-house in the gayest of spirits. That is, all except Tom.

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He lagged a little behind, reflecting that his day was completely spoiled, and that even on an abandoned farm a man is not safe from the Fourth of July. They were clearly in for a noisy time; and nobody, not even his wife, was disposed to sympathize with him on the subject. What with the heroism of her husband, and the escape of the occupants of the balloon, and the happiness of her children, and the blithe spirits of Mr. Irving K. Baker, and last, but not least, the pathetic tenor voice of Professor Alvin Strout, who had come down from the tree-top with the remains of the late George Washington, trolling plaintively a stanza of "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" Mrs. Nichols was in a state of pleased excitement. As for Maretta, it was obvious that she was at loss to decide whether the professor was "a more elegant gentleman" than the reporter, or *vice versa*. The professor was inclined to be stout, and he had a wavy dark brown-mustache and curly hair, which gave him a more fetching appearance than Mr. Baker, who was lean and smooth-shaven. Maretta, who walked in front with the reporter, kept casting sheep's eyes over her shoulder at the professor, by way of holding them both in tow. The professor walked with Mrs. Nichols, to whom he related his entire personal history before they reached the farm-house. It appeared that he came of a family of balloonists. His father and grandfather had each been noted aeronauts, and the latter had been drowned in the Bay of Biscay after an explosion very similar to that which had worked the ruin of the late George Washington. The professor, not unnaturally, was a little lachrymose over the loss of his balloon, in which he had made four successful trips already. She had burst the first time without warn-

"I ALMOST WISH I HAD LET THE GEORGE WASHINGTON—"

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ing just over the spot where Mr. Nichols had been slumbering; but though Mr. Baker had been eager to descend at this juncture, the professor himself had done his best to continue his voyage until the second catastrophe had proved the futility of his endeavor.

"But I have nothing to reproach myself with," he concluded, wiping his eyes. "Although I am accustomed to fall on my feet, it appears that I have been more than usually fortunate on this occasion," he added, with a gallant bow.

Mrs. Nichols had it on the tip of her tongue to remark that he would be sure to fall on his head some day instead of his feet, but she reflected that, as he was a balloonist by profession, there was really no use in pointing out its dangers at a time when he was already depressed. They had now reached the house, where the atmosphere was rife with the savor of roast goose, which so far restored the spirits of the professor that he rubbed his hands cheerily together, and presently began to perform some acts of legerdemain, ostensibly for the amusement of the children, but it may be with an eye to Maretta also. He seized two of the new rabbits, and with a deft movement of his fingers rolled them into one, proceeded to swallow the compound animal, and then shook them both from Mr. Irving Baker's hat. The children shrieked with pleasure, and Maretta said, "Oh, my! ain't he cute?" so many times that Mr. Baker felt called upon to play a solo on a Jews-harp and dance a jig to avoid sinking into obscurity.

"Tom," whispered Mrs. Nichols, observing that her husband had retired to a corner, where he was sitting in glum despair, "here is an occasion for the display of moral courage to serve as a pendant to your physical bravery of the morning. Cheer up. He really plays uncommonly well, and the professor actually made my heart leap into my mouth when he rolled the two bunnies into one."

"That Baker will have us all in his confounded newspaper to-morrow morning. I see it in his eye. To think, Elizabeth, of what our Fourth of July was intended to be, and then consider what it is! I almost wish I had let the George Washington—"

"DINNER!"

"Dinner!" exclaimed the widow Coffin, entering from the kitchen, and cutting short thereby Tom's dire malediction.

"Be brave," whispered his wife. "It cannot last long, and if the goose only holds out we shall do famously."

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A phrase of tender conjugal appeal is often more effective than a page of Scripture.

Tom clinched his teeth and seized the carving-knife. "I will do my best, dear," he murmured.

Tom's best was very good indeed. He carved the goose with consummate skill, so that every one had enough, and at the first mention of the word Fourth of July he rose from the table, and reappeared with sundry bottles of ale from his private stock, in which a variety of toasts appropriate to the occasion, proposed in a very witty fashion by Mr. Baker, were drunk. Then the professor sat down at the piano and sang "The Lost Chord," and Mr. Baker, to cap the climax, recited Poe's "Raven," without the slightest provocation excepting the ale in question. Maretta, who waited at table, and who had been in a state of concentrated giggle over the humorous portion of the programme, was now in tears, and Uncle Reuben confided to Tom that "them two were better'n the theātre, and, barrin' the absence of wild animals, most as good as a circus." The professor, to prove, perhaps, that he had his lighter side in song as well as real life, then supplemented "The Lost Chord" with a negro ditty, which captivated everybody, especially Mrs. Coffin.

"He's just real comical," she said, in a stage-whisper. "It's too bad," she added to the company, with a pathetic air, "Maretta 'ain't got no accomplishments."

All eyes were directed toward the young woman in question, who flushed becomingly, and who, as so many young women in her position with accomplishments would have done, said nothing tart to her mother in reply. She merely looked down, much to the disgust both of the professor and Mr. Baker, whose glances plainly declared that they were prepared to think none the less of her on that account. She was really a very pretty girl, save for the bang which disfigured her comeliness, and she had taken advantage of a few moments which had intervened between the reporter's performance on the Jews-harp and dinner to put on a pale blue silk frock.

"For my part, Mrs. Coffin, I think that she is to be heartily congratulated because she hasn't any," said Tom, by way of commentary on the widow's grievance.

This was the only speech of doubtful propriety of which Tom was guilty, and its effect was speedily counteracted by the cigars which he presented at this juncture to the two performers, who had cast suspicious looks in his direction.

"You are a gentleman and a scholar, sir," said Mr. Baker, with affable satisfaction as he accepted the proffered Regalia Britannica. "If your young Americans would like to fire off those cannon crackers I am entirely at their and your service."

For the next fifteen minutes the abandoned farm was one of the noisiest spots in the universe. When the last pop had been uttered and the smoke was clearing away, Mr. Irving Baker announced that he would devote his energies to erecting a frame-work for the rockets and Catherine-wheels to be discharged after dark, and he said to Professor Strout,

"I will match you, Alvin, to see whether you or I go to the wood-pile for an axe and lumber."

Thereupon the reporter drew from his pocket his mascot, an old-fashioned United States cent, which he flipped into the air.

"If you are to match me, mine's a head," said the professor, who had a Mexican dollar as the genius of his fortunes.

"I have done it," said Mr. Baker, triumphantly, and he glanced contentedly in the direction of Maretta. There was a corresponding look of depression on the countenance of the baffled magician as, accompanied by the children and Uncle Reuben, he proceeded toward the barn. Who knows but he was reflecting that a stroke of legerdemain would, under the circumstances, have been wiser than trusting to that bawd, Fortune?

Seeing Mr. Baker and Maretta compose themselves on the door-step, Mrs. Nichols whispered in Tom's ear: "You have been a hero twice to-day, dear boy. Go up stairs and try to get forty winks. I am certain that every fire-cracker has been set off, and I will take baby to the barn."

Tom did as he was bid. The consciousness of virtue is apt to be its own reward. He fell asleep almost instantly, and his slumber was pleasantly agitated by a promising idea for the library at Foxburgh. He had slept just ten minutes when this vision was rudely interrupted by a hand laid on his shoulder.

"Why in thunder—" he began.

"Tom, dear, I'm awfully sorry, but I

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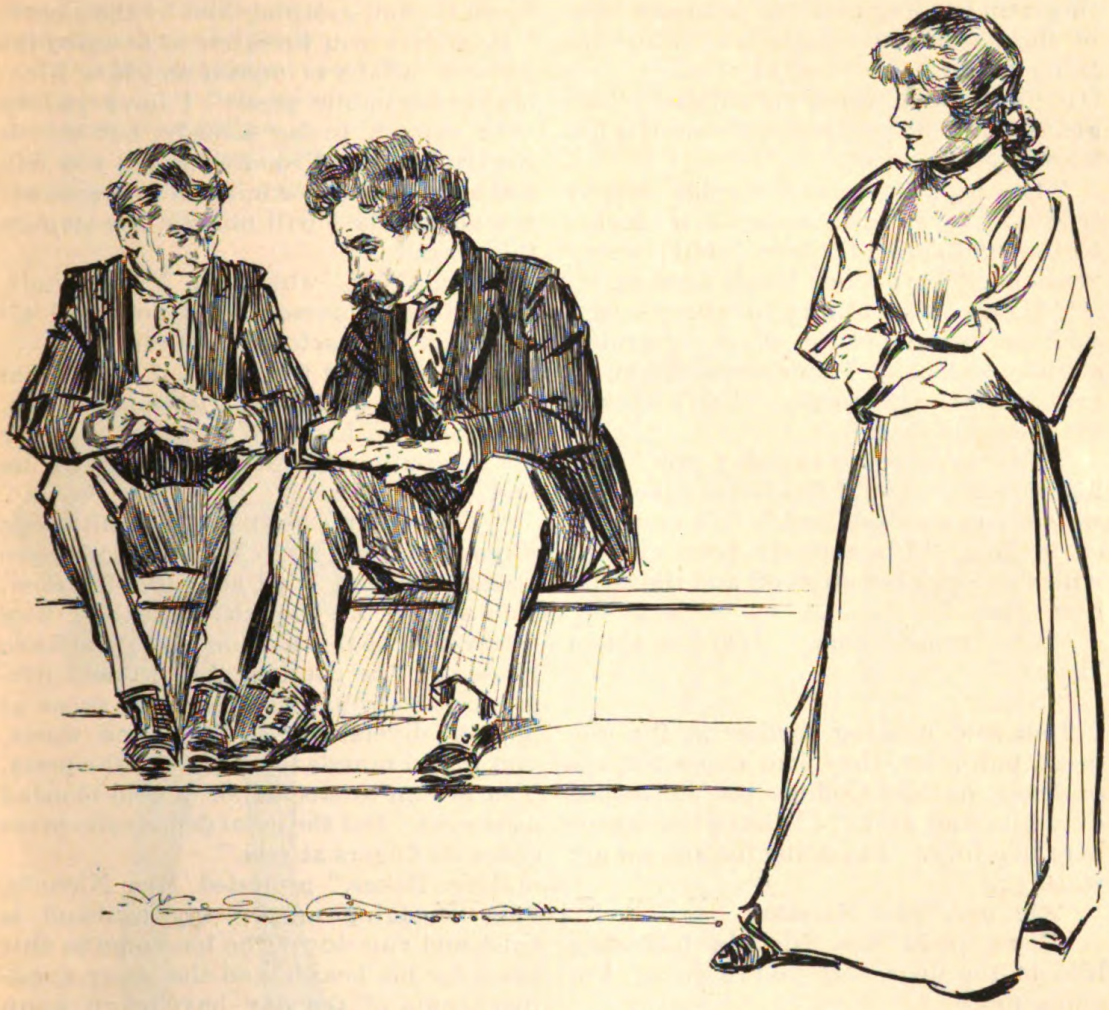

"'MINE'S A HEAD,' SAID THE PROFESSOR."

had to wake you. Professor Strout has fallen from the loft in the barn and broken his leg."

Tom sat up and rubbed his eyes. Even the serious nature of this announcement did not restrain him from exclaiming, "I was just getting a grand idea for the library, and now I've lost it. Confound the professor and the Fourth of July! What did you say, Elizabeth? Broken his leg? Poor fellow! How did he manage to do that?"

"He was looking for a suitable piece of wood for the rocket-stand, and he fell over backwards at almost the same point as Uncle Reuben Coffin fell years ago."

"Now that's a queer coincidence, isn't it?" said Tom.

"Yes. They need you to help move him to the house."

"To think," said Tom, as he slipped on his coat, "that a man should drop with a balloon and get off scot-free, and within two hours break his leg by falling from an every-day commonplace barn loft!"

"Isn't it odd!" But Mrs. Nichols was more interested in the live features of the case. "What are we to do, Tom?" she added, earnestly. "The nearest doctor is at Middleborough, which is ten miles from here. The horse is lame, you know."

"So he is." Tom stopped on his way down stairs. "If he has really broken his leg, I shall go for the doctor on my wheel."

"Oh, Tom, you haven't had experience enough. You would never get there."

"I shall go. We can't let him die on our hands." There was a sort of fierce fervor in his tone.

"This is a fine outfit," exclaimed Mr. Baker, who met them at the barn door. "A sad ending to a delightful day."

Tom passed in and found a dismal lit-

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tle group bending over the prostrate form of the unfortunate balloonist, who was lying on an improvised hay bed.

"Papa, papa," cried the children, "the gentleman who swallowed the rabbits has hurt himself."

"His leg's broke and the bone's protrudin'. He struck the floor three inches to the south'ard of where I fell twenty years back," explained Uncle Reuben.

"I guess it's nothing to worry over," said the victim, but the effort of turning slightly to look at Tom distressed him so greatly that he groaned. "Can't walk to the house, though."

"No; we're going to carry you," said his friend. "You'll feel better as soon as we get you on a soft bed." He murmured to Tom, "It's a pretty poor lookout with the doctor ten miles off and the farm-horse lame."

"Yes," replied Tom. "Do you ride a bicycle?"

"Nop."

Tom said nothing further at the moment, but, after they had deposited the professor on Mrs. Coffin's bed, he leaned over him and said: "I'll have the doctor here in a jiffy. I'm going for him on my wheel."

"Oh, my!" said Maretta.

"Tom," said Mrs. Nichols, following him to the door, "if you're going, I'm going too."

"Nonsense, dear."

"It's ten miles. Supposing anything should happen to you? You've never ridden more than half a mile before at a time."

"Neither have you."

"No; but if anything should happen, we should be together. Oh, Tom, I must go. Besides, it will be moonlight coming home."

"Or broad daylight."

Mr. Baker, who had followed them down the staircase listening to the conversation, took out his notebook with a graphic air. "It seems to me a most charming idea that your wife should accompany you. It will add a peculiarly picturesque feature to the extraordinary incidents of the day, which I intend to describe at full length in a special article in the columns of the Foxburgh *Mail and Gazette.*"

"How dare you, sir?" exclaimed Tom, turning upon him with the sudden ire of one who had been goaded beyond his strength, and grasping him by the sleeve. "How dare you threaten to describe the personal affairs of myself and Mrs. Nichols in the public press? I have put up with enough to-day already, but this is the last straw. Promise me that you will not allude to me or mine in any manner whatsoever, or I will not stir one step on this errand."

"Tom, Tom," whispered Mrs. Nichols, "you forget yourself. Do not spoil all after you have acted so splendidly."

Mr. Baker had torn himself loose from Tom's grasp, and stood with folded arms, the picture of haughty contempt, waiting for this outburst to terminate. Then he said:

"You are an enemy of the institutions of your country, sir. My suspicions were already aroused, but I am sure of it now. You are out of sympathy with the fitting celebration of this glorious day; you have hidden in the country, and refused firecrackers to your children; you sneer at popular diversions; and last, and worst, you would muzzle the liberty of the press. You are an aristocrat, sir, a cold-blooded aristocrat. But the great democratic press snaps its fingers at you."

"Mr. Baker," protested Mrs. Nichols, with engaging mien, "my husband is tired and run down; he has come to this place for his health, and the many exciting events of the day have worn upon him. He did not mean what he said, believe me. We are going for the doctor of course, and we feel nothing but the kindest sentiments towards you and Professor Strout; but—but can't you understand that to people who have no taste for publicity the idea of being described in the newspapers as bicycle-riders on an errand of mercy would be very annoying, especially if it were illustrated?"

"Of course it would be illustrated," said Baker, "and in our best style. I believed you would like it, madam." There was disappointment in his tone.

The interruption by his wife had given Tom time to think. "I beg your pardon," he said, extending his hand. "I had no right to speak as I did. As Mrs. Nichols has said to you, my nerves are unstrung. Pray accept my apologies, and after the doctor has been brought here we will discuss this further."

Mr. Baker's eyes lighted up with the gleam of generosity. "I am happy to withdraw the epithets which I used in

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the heat of controversy," he said, as he returned the hand-shake.

"Odious miscreant and interloper!" muttered Tom five minutes later as he mounted his machine.

"'Sh!" answered Elizabeth. "Don't, for Heaven's sake, agitate me now, dear, I look at things from entirely different points of view. I loathe the Fourth of July and he loves it, and he says I'm a cold-blooded aristocrat. I'm willing to die for my country, but why should my wife and children be paraded in the newspapers?"

"MY HUSBAND IS TIRED AND RUN DOWN."

for if I should fall before these people it would be the crowning stroke, and I do feel wobbly."

The two riders worked their way along the highway with careful deliberation, followed by the plaudits not only of their children, but of the rest of the company. They could hear Uncle Reuben limping after them in his unwillingness to lose sight of them, and telling them the route for the fifth time.

"We can't expect not to come to grief before long," continued Elizabeth, "but I do hope that nothing will happen until we get round the bend. Don't go quite so fast, Tom, dear."

"I suppose," said Tom, with a sigh, "that I was a fool to get mad. He and

"And on bicycles, too! Oh, Tom, can you blow your nose?"

"No."

"Neither can I. I wonder if I shall ever be able to ride with one hand? And some people use neither. I think they're both taken by Maretta—don't you?"

"She's too good for them."

"Not a bit. You're prejudiced, Tom. I think they're rather nice. Mr. Baker's just the sort of man who is liable to become President of the United States, and a girl might well think twice before refusing an aeronaut who could be a necromancer when business was dull. Oh, Tom, are you going to coast?"

Tom was. "We shall never get there if we don't. It looks like a smooth hill."

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"A SOLITARY FIGURE PERCHED ON A FENCE."

Up went their feet, and down they went. Elizabeth gave a little shriek, which was partly joy and partly apprehension, when they were half-way down.

On they went, with increasing confidence. A fly flew straight into Elizabeth's eye, and in pain and bewilderment she clapped one hand to the spot, and in another instant came rudely in contact with a fence at the road-side. But this might happen to any one, she remarked, after she had remounted. It was an exquisite afternoon. The sunset clouds were beginning to variegate the west, and the landscape was a delight to behold. The loosening of one of the nuts in Tom's machine caused a delay of fifteen minutes. Presently it became necessary to pump air into one of the pneumatic tires. But these were trifles, and on they went.

"Why do you keep chirruping to your wheel as if it were a horse?" asked Elizabeth presently.

"Because I can't forget that it isn't a horse. When that train went by a few minutes ago I expected it to rear. When I wish it to go faster I say 'click,' and feel like an idiot a moment after."

They stopped at a farm-house for some milk, and learned that they had covered one-half of the distance in a little less than an hour, including stops. Ten minutes later the sun went down.

"Now it will be cooler and more poetic," said Elizabeth. "Do I look like a guy, Tom?"

"No; you are perfectly sweet."

"That was lovely of you, even if it was a white lie. When the moon comes out it will be heavenly."

"Look," cried Tom, pointing to the horizon, where the streak of the first rocket indicated that the American people were still hard at work. Ten minutes later the whole sky was alive with distant fireworks variegated by heat-lightning. Ten minutes later Elizabeth's machine broke down. It happened without warning, and the break was radical and comprehensive. Their combined mechanical resources were put utterly to confusion. What were they to do? They sat upon a fence to ponder the matter.

"You must go on," said Elizabeth, firmly.

"And leave you behind?"

"That poor man must have a doctor."

"You might go, and let me stay."

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"No; a woman riding a bicycle alone at dead of night would be worse than a woman sitting on a fence. I will stay here."

"But, Elizabeth, supposing something or some one should—"

"Pooh!" she interrupted. "As for somethings, there are no bears or lions; and as for some ones, all the tramps must have gone to town to see the fireworks. When the moon gets up it will not even be pokey. I shall sit on this fence and poetize until you return. Kiss me, dear, and go."

Tom obeyed. His embrace suggested a little that he might be parting with her forever, but he had no arguments wherewith to refute her logic. Once under way his apprehensions lent velocity to his pace. He took chances, and therefore two headers. But he made slightly better time. He was sore, dirty, and tired when he reached the doctor's house, which looked forbiddingly dark. It was half past eight. The doctor must have gone to bed, or more probably to see the fireworks in the town, which were in full blaze when Tom arrived. He dismounted and rang. Presently the window was thrown open, and a head appeared.

"Holloa, there!"

"Is Dr. Hopkins at home?"

"I'm the doctor. What 'll you have?" said a cheery voice.

Tom explained his needs.

"The widow Coffin's farm? That's the end of everything, isn't it? And I was just trying to forget that I had attended seven cases of singed young America and two cases of 'didn't know it was loaded' since the sun rose on this glorious anniversary. I'll be down in a minute."

It was barely five minutes before the doctor opened the door. He was tall and athletic-looking. "My wife, my children, my hired man, and my hired girl have all gone to see the fireworks," he said, "so you'll excuse my not letting you in sooner. I saw you were on a bicycle, so I'm in bicycle rig too. It's a fine night for a spin. I think nothing of twenty miles."

"Yes," said Tom, with a gasp. "Excuse me—er—there's a lady in the case."

"I thought you said it was a man."

"A man has broken his leg, but my wife is sitting on a fence half-way between here and the farm."

"Anything serious?" said Dr. Hopkins, who from this description jumped at the conclusion that there must be two patients instead of one.

"I mean that my wife's bicycle has broken down, and I had to come on alone, and — and if we ride back on bicycles, what is to become of her?"

"Oh, I see. That's easily solved. I'll hitch up the bay and drive instead, and pick up your wife on the way. Or, no," added the doctor, slapping his thigh, "there's a better way still; I'll take your bicycle, and tell the lady that you're coming." Thereupon he began to strap his bag of implements on to Tom's machine.

"I'm very grateful, I'm sure," said Tom, who had been wondering how he should be able to keep pace with the doctor on a wheel. The doctor might think nothing of twenty miles, but ten had taken all the wind and energy out of him. A half-hour later he caught sight at last of a solitary figure perched on a fence, and realized that Elizabeth was where he had left her.

"Well, dear," she cried, as he drew in the quiet, plodding nag, "here I am safe and sound. You don't know how my heart throbbed with envy as I beheld the doctor flying toward me. I thought it was you, and I said to myself, 'How splendidly he rides!' And I never realized it wasn't you until he rode up to me and said, 'This must be Mrs. Nichols.' Do you suppose we shall ever be able to ride as he does?"

"And nothing harmed you?" asked Tom, avoiding the question.

"Nothing worse than a bat. And I thought I smelled a—polecat. It was lovely though, Tom; so peaceful and poetic. The fence was a little hard, but I was afraid to lie down for fear of creeping things. What time is it, dear?" she asked, as she settled back in the comfortable vehicle, while Tom carefully concealed the broken bicycle behind the fence.

"A little after nine."

Elizabeth was silent for a few moments; then she said, "An ordinary horse and buggy are really very satisfactory in the long-run, after all."

"I should think they were," said Tom, as he took the reins.

They were not long in reaching the abandoned farm which they now called home. Mr. Baker met them at the gate on arrival. He was in high spirits, for Dr. Hopkins had agreed to carry him as

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far as their ways were the same, and he would be in Foxburgh in time to print the article which he had written for the morning paper. He said that the professor was as comfortable as could be expected, and that the fracture was nothing out of the common run of broken legs, but that prompt medical attendance had doubtless saved him from pain and the risk of serious complications.

"I beg to offer you both on his behalf and on mine the heartiest thanks for your philanthropic and generous assistance," continued Mr. Baker, with fervor, as they walked toward the house after the horse had been hitched. "But for your night ride of mercy my friend's leg might have been lost to him forever, if not his life endangered. While the free press of this country yields neither to threats nor to pressure, a noble action is never lost upon it. Permit me to inform you that there is not the slightest allusion to either of you in the chronicle of the day's adventure which I have prepared during your absence." He produced as he spoke a roll of manuscript, which he held out rhetorically. "The omission will be a loss to literature, and a manifest renunciation of the legitimate fruits of journalistic enterprise, but I take the responsibility upon my own shoulders."

Mr. Baker's tones were those of one who feels that he is making a sacrifice, but yet is willing and glad to make it. His thin nervous face looked solemn and impressive in the moonlight.

"It's very kind of you, I am sure," said Mrs. Nichols.

"Yes, indeed, we're very much obliged to you," murmured Tom.

They both felt like guilty wretches.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Baker, with a wave of his hand.

He still remained outside, while Tom and his wife went up stairs to make sure that the children had been properly looked after and to inquire for the invalid. They found the professor in the possession of the Coffin family, who were bent on making him comfortable. His leg had been set, and the doctor was on the eve of departure. The children, who were still awake, were loud in their praises of Mr. Baker's display of fireworks.

"I feel somehow as though that man had sacrificed his principles for us, and put us under obligation for life," said Elizabeth to her husband.

"So do I," said Tom, "and yet there is not the slightest reason why we should feel so."

But he went to his drawer, and taking out half a dozen of his best cigars, slipped down stairs. Mr. Baker was still outdoors, and was looking at the moon meditatively.

"Perhaps these will come in pleasantly during your journey," said Tom.

The reporter took the cigars with a bow, and immediately proceeded to light one. Then he put his arm in Tom's, and said, in a whisper,

"Is Maretta keeping company with any one?"

This was a little disconcerting, but Tom duly found his tongue. "Not to my knowledge; but, you know, I arrived only last night."

"True," said Mr. Baker, with an air of gloom. "I beg to inform you, in the strictest confidence, that I intend to make her Mrs. Irving K. Baker, and I now invite you and your lady to be present at the ceremony, which I hope will take place in the early fall."

"I accept, with pleasure," said Tom, "provided—"

He had been going to say, provided he were still there, but Mr. Baker finished the sentence for him:

"Provided, of course, that no unforeseen obstacles to the match on the part of the young lady arise in the near future."

How often are experiences which we think unfortunate at the time conducive to our ultimate welfare! If any one had prophesied to Tom Nichols, the architect, when he chose an abandoned farm as a spot where he might meditate on art to advantage, that ultimately he would owe the award in his favor for the Foxburgh Public Library to the acquaintance made by him on the Fourth of July with a reporter who had fallen with a balloon, he would have considered the prophet mad. And yet this proved to be the case, for Irving K. Baker was chosen a member of the City Council of Foxburgh in the following autumn, and subsequently became a member and leading spirit of the Committee on the New Library. Let it be said to Mr. Baker's credit that at the time he voted in favor of Tom's design he had been crossed in love, and was in a doleful state of mind, which in some mortals might have bred a malignant spirit toward all abandoned farms and their occu-

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pants. Obstacles on the part of the young lady had arisen, in spite of the fact that the suitor paid weekly visits to the abandoned farm, and sent sundry and frequent gifts of candy and fruit to take the place of his presence. Sad to relate, the professor ate much of the candy and fruit in the course of his prolonged convalescence, and by the time he was well had persuaded the fair Maretta to link her destiny to his. She became Mrs. Alvin Strout on a beautiful September day. The professor had suggested the appropriateness of being married in mid-air in a balloon, and offered to provide a clergyman willing to risk the voyage; but Maretta decided in favor of a church. Tom and his wife were present, and they rode to the church on bicycles with amazing swiftness. Tom was rested and five pounds heavier, with his design for the library firmly in his mind's eye. And Mr. Baker was there too, magnanimous to the last. In spite of his feelings he wrote a dazzling account of the nuptials, headed "A Society Wedding on an Abandoned Farm," in which the names of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nichols did not appear.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

I WONDER is the cardinal-grosbeak still singing at dawn on Mount Eyrie, there among the junipers called cedars, with a great choir of warbling assistants, who hail the first light on St. George's Island when the sun lifts itself out of the Atlantic, and begins to paint the Bermudian seas in blue and purple and emerald, and to set the waters sparkling in opalescent hues? Does he come for his breakfast of crumbs to the open windows, where the travellers sit looking down upon the white town, the green islands, the shimmering waters, in a dream of having arrived on a coast of absolute leisure? Are the comely little pickaninnies, descended from Africa and various other countries, sitting on the gray walls of the narrow crooked lanes, called streets, which enclose the gardens of flowers and flowering trees, and the neat white houses with verandas and green lattices, where the banana-stalks leaning over the wall make a characteristic background for their dusky faces? Are their voices still low and modulated in the broad *a* of the English speech? Do they still sit there on a Sunday morning in the ancient parish church of St. Peter's, white and colored all together, served alike from the communion service presented by Queen Anne and by William III., and from a chalice that bears the older date of 1625—the old church, the nave of which was built in 1620, when the Pilgrims were looking for their Rock; the quaint church with the slender white square tower, having a clock face and a balustrade, like the railing of a minaret round which the muezzin walks to call to prayer? Is there any stranger now, I wonder, in the Governor's square pew, musing as he worships on the quaint and comforting tablets, with their sad memories of exile?—"Harriet Wadsworth, of Hartford, Conn., who died in this island of consumption April 10, 1793, aged 24 years." Governor William Campbell, 1796. "And his solitary relict, whose happiness was suspended on the Tenderness of his heart, endeavors to soothe her sorrow by inscribing this marble with his much loved name." And then there is that modest inscription which refrains from praising the dead for fear of wounding the sensibilities of the living:

Died at Bermuda Nov. 17, 1744,
In the 46th Year of his Age,
After Nine Days Illness of a Bilious Fever,
The Good Governor
ALURED POPPLE ESQR.
During the Course of his Administration,
Which to the inconsolable Grief of the Inhabitants
Continued but Six Years.
Of the many Strangers who resorted hither for their Health
The *Observing* easily discovered in Him,
Under the graceful Veil of Modesty,
An Understanding and Abilities equal
To a more important Trust;
The *Gay* and *Polite* were Charmed with the Unaffected
Elegance and amiable Simplicity of his Manners;
And ALL were Chear'd
By his Hospitality and diffusive Benevolence,
Which Steadily flowed, and Undisturbed
From the Heart.
To praise according to his Merit
The Deceased
Would be but too sensible a Reproach
To the Living;
And to enumerate the many rare Virtues
Which shone united in the Governor
of that little Spot,

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Were to tell how many great Talents,
And excellent Endowments, are
Wanting in some,
Whom the Capriciousness of Fortune
Exposes
To a more elevated and Conspicuous Station.

There in the light-house tower on St. David's Island, I wonder, is the sea-bronzed Hayward, watch-dog of storms, and *sensitive* of atmospheric changes, still perusing the sky and feeling the breeding disturbances in the West Indies or elsewhere before the barometer recognizes them, and cabling to the New York *Herald* the warning of danger to the Atlantic coast? All day long in the breeze, at the foot of the tower, somewhere there that Tom Moore caught his first impression of the Bermudas which inspired his verse, does the stalwart colored pilot stand, telescope in hand, waiting for the advent of a whale? Is ancient Esau still living, the Africo-Indian, whose eyes are like the stone called cat's-eye; and can any one say whether he and many like him in that part of the island, young and old, with straight blue-black hair and high cheek-bones, are descendants of the Pequots who were sent away captives and slaves from New England, or of the Indians from the Mosquito Coast?

Is the quaint town of St. George's still sleeping, I wonder, among the scarlet oleanders, with here and there a nodding palm or a red-flowering ponciana, amid the hibiscus and the Pride of India, in its walled gardens and whitewashed roofs, waiting for the departed blockade-runners, whose ribs lie along the shores, to revive and sail again? Is the white flag with the red cross hoisted on the signal station, denoting that the New York mail is sighted, bringing news perhaps that the insatiate American Congress has put more duties on the early potato, and perhaps shut out the onion from those who like it mild? Could a bad person, and not a very bad person, I wonder, get board in that cheerful jail, which behind its gray wall is a verandalike structure, completely embowered in flowers and semitropical vines and plants, in the society of the gentle old keeper and his family, whose pretty central apartments give a domestic tone to the establishment? There is nothing to do there but to break stone all day, in the shade, with a small hammer, and to retire at night to a roomy cell which gives upon the veranda, and commands a charming view of the harbor, and St. David's Island, and the light, and the tossing sea beyond. The cells are closed with wooden doors, which are locked at night. There are no watchers, there is no keeper but the one, and when the doors are locked at night everybody is supposed to go to bed and sleep in peace. The only improvement to be suggested is that the cell doors should be of glass, so that the inmates could better enjoy the lovely prospect. There is a certain monotony about cracking this limestone for the roads with a hammer; but it does not seem to affect the spirits much, and women, as a rule, accomplish as much as the men. There must be a gentle influence about the place. A young but wicked mariner from the flag-ship *Blake* —at least he said he had deserted from that beautiful vessel of destruction—wrought very neatly in crewels and rags, and had decorated his cell with mottoes, indicating that he had had "A Happy New-Year," that he offered to his visitors "A Prisoner's Welcome," while he had worked into a rug of sacking on the floor the idea of "A Humble Home." It is considered wrong to do wrong in these islands, but punishment seems to be suited to the size of the territory. And then they are all prisoners here in a way, all the fifteen thousand—voluntary, for the most part, though the opportunities of getting away are seldom and limited. Even the jailor must wait for the weekly steamer, and trust to a skilful pilot to take him outside the reefs. Why should the convicts in the jail try to escape, when liberty only means a chance to sleep outdoors for a night or two? And besides, at night all the other places on the islands may be shut! Why should not everybody on an island where Positivism is not even known by name dwell together in peace and security? Is it, indeed, easy to go far astray under the winning care of the Established Church and the minatory guns of the fortresses, in a community where the agricultural aristocracy has to do mostly with the democratic potato and the plebeian onion, and the shops for dry-goods and groceries are marks of social distinction; where labor, not too much of it, is in a manner honorable; where the beloved parson changes himself the tether of his grazing cow before he goes to evening service; and the best liquor-store is presided over by a stanch teetotaler? This is what all

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the world might be without railways or gas or electric lights or newspapers. Have we not fallen upon days of innocence? How many children have you had, aunty? The good old lady, whose experience differs from that of Ulysses in two particulars, one of them being that she has known only one city, hesitates, and lets her mind run back over her eighty-two years of pleasant memories, and then answers, with a faint smile, "Neighboring seven, sir."

II.

Bermuda is without the hearth-stone. It is true that here and there is a grate, rarely used, but the hearth-stone as an institution is unknown. The learned in such matters know how important a part this plays in the kind of civilization which is just now the conquering one in the world, and the Northern-bred are apt to inquire whether there can be any real civilization without it. It implies cold weather, and anxiety for the morrow, and thrift and poverty and annual suffering, and so many things we are accustomed to associate with civilization. Will not both the virtues and vices of people brought up out-of-doors, or with perpetually open windows, be different from those of people drawn together about a central point of comfort, and trained to fortitude by a low temperature and heavy clothing? It is noticed in communities whose wants are few that certain hardy virtues are fewer still. Now there is probably as much virtue, and certainly as little poverty, in the Bermudas as in any other islands so friable and fragile, and less want than in any continental community. The honored descendants of the early mariners and adventurers, who live here as their family generations have lived, with not much to mark their lives, and commonly not an inscription to mark their resting-place in the whitewashed tombs in the flower-grown or sea-lapped peaceful churchyards—these people in their white bungalows, amid semitropical gardens, are perhaps as contented as any in the world, and as little disturbed by the fluctuations of modern life. But, alas! even the reefs are not a perfect protection against the spirit of the age. The inhabitants have sons and daughters in England, in India, in America. Even if there were a hearth-stone to generate energy, what chance is there here for ambition and a career? There is, to be sure, one chance, and it is not much thought of nowadays. It is that of being a good man. One cannot become very rich here, or very powerful, or climb higher than a seat in the colonial Parliament, to legislate, a very little, for fifteen thousand blacks and whites, but there is not a better chance in the world for becoming a good man. But man, it is well known, is not content with being good; he wants to be great in some way. It would no doubt be better all round to make a picnic of life, as is done here most of the year; but when it comes to the picnic life, the colored brother is better adapted to it than the white. Give him plenty of onions, bananas, and potatoes, and he cares not who makes the songs of the world. The colored man increases and multiplies without any need of a hearth-stone. The whites, who have lived here for almost three centuries, love it as the most charming home in the world. Those with silver hair could never be happy elsewhere. But the young have continental notions. If Bermuda were not a dock-yard and a fortress, one of the stations where the English flag is raised from point to point in the circle of the earth to greet the sun, which expects to find it there, it may be conjectured that in a few years these lazy islands would contain few white men besides the winter visitors.

III.

Within the past ten years England has set in Egypt an example in the art of governing which has not been paralleled by her, not even at home, nor by any other nation in this century. This is not so large a statement as it may at first appear, when we consider the common unwisdom by which the world is governed. For by the art of governing is here meant the prosperity of the country, and the well-being and happiness of the people governed, and not personal success in getting office or skill in keeping at the top of affairs. And good statesmanship has nowhere else been shown to such advantage as in Egypt since England found herself in the sole occupation of that interesting land—an occupation demanded for the peace of Europe by the rising of Arabi, and made sole by the shirking of the French. Egypt was a chaos, but by no means a void. England's task would

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have been comparatively easy if she had had *tabula rasa*. Every department was in ruin, but the people remained the same, and there was a mass of Oriental tradition, habits, prejudice, which could neither be removed nor rapidly reformed. The task was not simply to bring order out of chaos, but to run existing institutions, and to reconstruct the whole social state out of this decadent material. The government was honeycombed with fraud, and executed with despotic disregard of human rights; there was no army with either discipline or courage; the courts were a travesty of justice; the treasury was bankrupt; the taxation was excessive and most unequal; the management of irrigation, upon which depends the life of Egypt, was in almost hopeless confusion; and the condition of the fellaheen was more pitiable than that of any other peasantry in modern times. The English have destroyed no existing institution, but they have restored order. They have created an Egyptian army which has been able, on several occasions, to give a good account of itself. They have greatly reduced and equalized taxation, and enormously increased the revenues, so that Egypt to-day is solvent, and able to pay the interest on her vast debt and lay by for emergencies. They have greatly improved the departments of justice and the working of the police. They have so dealt with the very difficult problem of irrigation that the cultivable land has been much enlarged in area, and both the winter and summer crops have risen greatly in quantity and value. By these measures and the abolition of the corvée (or forced labor) they have transformed the peasants from the condition of despondent slaves into that of cheerful and prosperous laborers. The moral transformation has been as striking as the physical. And in this mainly disinterested work England has at last gained the moral support of nearly every one of the great powers—France always excepted. And Egypt is advancing, slowly but steadily, to the condition of a self-governing nation.

How has this been done? The secret of it is as needful to be known in the United States as in any other portion of the globe. Here was a great work to be done, and how did England set about it? The answer is very simple. By selecting the men fitted to do it, and giving them power with responsibility. A real statesman, Sir Evelyn Baring (now Lord Cromer), has been continued in the guiding-place of Consul-General. The reform of the finances and of taxation was intrusted to men who had a genius for the work, and a comprehension of the economic conditions that make for the prosperity of a people. The reform of the courts, so far as France was unable to defeat it, was given to upright and able jurists. The army was created by soldiers. For the vital work of irrigation, upon which everything else depends, the ablest experts were called from India. And so in all departments experts and men of character and experience were called from any part of the empire that could furnish them. And they were given as free hand as they could be given under the hindering capitulations of the great powers.

Does this remind anybody of what goes on at Washington, say about the currency, about the conduct of the Treasury, about the scheme of desert-irrigation, about taxation, either for revenue or for fun, about the architecture of public buildings, about any department which a great busy people have not time or skill to attend to themselves, but would like to see managed by men who do know how, and in a spirit of disinterested statesmanship?

IV.

What will the historian of the last decade of the nineteenth century describe as the most important and significant and revolutionary movement of this period? Will it be in England the home-rule agitation, with its incidental danger to the House of Lords, and the democratic remodelling of the English constitution? Will it be the revival of the fighting patriotism of France, under the guise of the spiritualization of thought? Will it be the silver craze in India and America, or its phase of bimetallism known as the attempt to use two yardsticks of unequal and varying length as a standard measure of value? Will it be the capitalist notion that ten dollars' worth of industrial stock can by a stroke of the pen be converted into twenty dollars' worth in dividend production, labor bearing the burden of the expansion, or the proletarian notion that a printed note, officially signed, is worth as much as a bushel of wheat or an ounce of silver? Will it be the recurrence in America of the notion that it is the duty

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of the central government to furnish the idle and the unemployed populace with both food and amusement, resulting in the grotesque barbarian invasion of the Federal capital? Will it be the insolence of great corporations, or the attempt of anarchists to destroy altogether the social order? Will it be the elimination of electricity as the chief servant of man, or the semblance of its diffusion in all humanity in nervousness and unrest, as if all the world were struck by lightning? Will it be the semi-return of woman, as a creation of fashion, to the costume of the French Consulate and the emancipatory anticipation of that provisional period?

All these things have a present importance, and some of them a threatening magnitude, but none of them, except the last, in a way, is, we fancy, the distinguishing phenomenon of the close of this century. The movement most far-reaching and quite incalculable in its consequences is that of fashion for woman suffrage. To say that woman suffrage has become the fad of fashion is not to underestimate it; it is simply to acknowledge that it has passed beyond the control of man. The philosophic historian will study this evolution with the utmost respect. It is the boast of science that every effect has its cause, and that every movement or development in social economy, except one, can be accounted for. But no scientist has ever been able to tell how "fashions" arise or why they disappear. This subject is as much beyond philosophy also as it is outside of scientific calculation. To say, therefore, that woman suffrage has become the fashion in what is called society, or rather to say that it has become the fashion to take an interest in it, either for or against, is to announce to man—or what Mr. Malcolm Johnston calls "a person of the male persuasion"—that he is no more "in it," except as a passenger. He may help a very little, he may hinder a good deal, but where in history was he ever able to resist a fashion or to control it?

The historian of this period, in searching for the genesis of this movement, will find it easier to deal with the remote than with the immediate cause. He will dwell upon the long-time growing emancipation of woman from the region of duties into that of rights. He will notice her advent into business, into the professions, into literature and art, and her perch upon the bicycle as typical of her going fast and going far. He will notice that for a full generation women of ability and self-sacrifice, and also of vanity, have devoted themselves to the cause with about as much recognition from the fashionable world as the early abolitionists obtained. But he will have to notice that they diffused ideas and compelled thought, and gained victories year by year. He may take refuge in what he calls the spirit of the age, but even this will not satisfy him as the immediate cause of the fashionable championship of woman suffrage. Perhaps no one will ever discover how this was brought about. But there is a suggestion, here in America, that is not without its value in explanation of this phenomenon—that is, that it is in a degree one of the fruits of the World's Fair at Chicago. In that exposition women for the first time took a leading part, socially as well as industrially. They everywhere had their organizations—State, city, and village. They did an immense amount of work, not all profitable as an exhibition, but all educative so far as they were concerned. They not only organized, but they constituted congresses and assemblies, and got into the habit of semi-public functions. They learned not only how to preside, but, a more irksome thing, how to be presided over by their own sex. They had for over a year, tens of thousands of them, all over the country, an occupation. To be sure, they had had occupations before—in classes and clubs, and meetings of various sorts for charity and self-culture. But somehow, after the experience in the wide arena of the great exposition, these seemed tame and petty. It did not satisfy the soul any more to puzzle over Browning or to shudder over Ibsen, or to contemplate the sleepy-eyed Buddha, or even to listen to lectures on the art of Japan or the mysteries of Eleusis. They had learned the power of associated bodies, and got an inkling of the indefinite extension of management possible in what is called politics—the noblest of all games when honestly played. When the fair was over, thousands of women, who had never been interested in politics or in the suffrage, but had been interested in society and its mitigation in clubs, found themselves without any occupation, and without any interest that exercised the powers they had discovered they possessed. They had no more use for the word "parlia-

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mentary," except in those educating institutions the Daughters of the Revolution and the Colonial Dames. It was at this moment that society took up suffrage, and began to argue the question in parlors and to circulate petitions. It is the women of fashion who favor it and who oppose it. The dusty brigade of the Old Guard, who have been marching on foot, see the Cause riding in chariots along a watered highway.

The Study, which records this phenomenon, and directs the attention of the future historian of it to one proximate cause, does not underestimate the gravity of it, nor the responsibility that the sex is eager to assume. Nor will it express any doubt that "society," which asks for the ballot, is even now more eagerly studying the great economic and political questions which are affected by the ballot than the means of obtaining it.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of May.—Fifteen million dollars was said to have been distributed among the poor of New York city during the winter. The South Carolina Dispensary Law was, on April 19th, declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of the State, and all dispensaries were closed by order of the State Board of Control.

On April 21st 130,000 miners throughout the country stopped work in obedience to an order from the headquarters of their organization. They were afterwards joined by 25,000 more. Nearly all the coke plants in western Pennsylvania were closed.

An "Industrial Army," under the leadership of J. S. Coxey, marched on Washington during the last half of April and the 1st of May to demand help from the national government. The contingent from the far West was generously fed by private contributions on the way. Railway cars for transporting the army were appropriated at Omaha, and in Montana a collision occurred between Coxey troops, who had seized a Northern Pacific train, and the State authorities, in which shots were exchanged. Trains were afterwards stolen in Colorado and Pennsylvania. The advance-guard of the army reached Washington April 30th, and on May 1st attempted a demonstration on the steps of the Capitol. The leaders were arrested, and J. S. Coxey and Carl Browne were tried and found guilty of "trespassing" on the Capitol grounds.

The New York State Constitutional Convention met at Albany on May 9th. Joseph H. Choate was elected president.

M. Sadi Carnot announced, April 13th, that he would not be a candidate for re-election to the Presidency of the French Republic on November 2d.

Admiral Mello and 1500 Brazilian insurgents surrendered to the Uruguayan authorities on April 14th. Admiral Mello's fleet at Buenos Ayres was turned over by the Argentine government to the Brazilian minister. War continued in Rio Grande do Sul.

The ban against Catholic orders, with the exception of the Jesuits, was formally removed in Germany on April 23d.

Bombs were exploded in two Italian cities, and there were several hours' riots in Vienna on April 30th in anticipation of May-day, but the 1st of May passed quietly in Europe.

Sir William Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, introduced the budget in the House of Commons April 16th. The deficit was estimated at £4,502,000. The French government, on the 17th, proposed a plan for wiping out their budget deficit of 83,000,000 francs.

An international exhibition was opened at Antwerp on May 5th by King Leopold. Another fair was opened in Vienna on April 20th.

The Grand-Duke of Hesse and the Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, grandchildren of Queen Victoria, were married at Coburg on April 19th. The betrothal of the Czarowitz and the Princess Alix of Hesse was announced on the following day.

DISASTERS.

April 12th.—Twenty-two lives were lost in a fire which destroyed the works of the American Glucose Company at Buffalo.

April 20th–27th.—Earthquakes did great damage in Greece during Passion week. About three hundred lives were lost, and many villages were destroyed. In Thebes, Athens, and other cities many buildings were thrown down. There was much suffering from hunger and exposure.

April 29th.—The St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans was burned; loss, $500,000.

April 30th.—Four lives were lost and property worth $500,000 was destroyed by a landslide, which levelled a waterfall, blocked the Ste. Anne River at St. Alban, near Quebec, turned the stream into a new bed several miles distant, and involved six square miles of farming country in the wreck.

OBITUARY.

April 13th.—At New York, David Dudley Field, aged eighty-nine years.

April 14th.—At Washington, Zebulon Baird Vance, aged sixty-four years.—At Brooklyn, General Henry W. Slocum, aged sixty-six years.

April 30th.—At Chicago, Senator Francis Browne Stockbridge, aged sixty-eight years. At Washington, Frank Hatton, ex-Postmaster-General, aged forty-eight years.

May 1st.—At Baltimore, George W. Abell, owner of the Baltimore *Sun*, aged fifty-two years.

May 5th.—At New York, John Jay, ex-United States Minister to Austria, aged seventy-six years.

May 12th.—At Brooklyn, Thomas C. Latto, ex-editor of the *Scottish-American Journal*, and a contributor to *Harper's Magazine*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, and other periodicals, aged seventy-six years.

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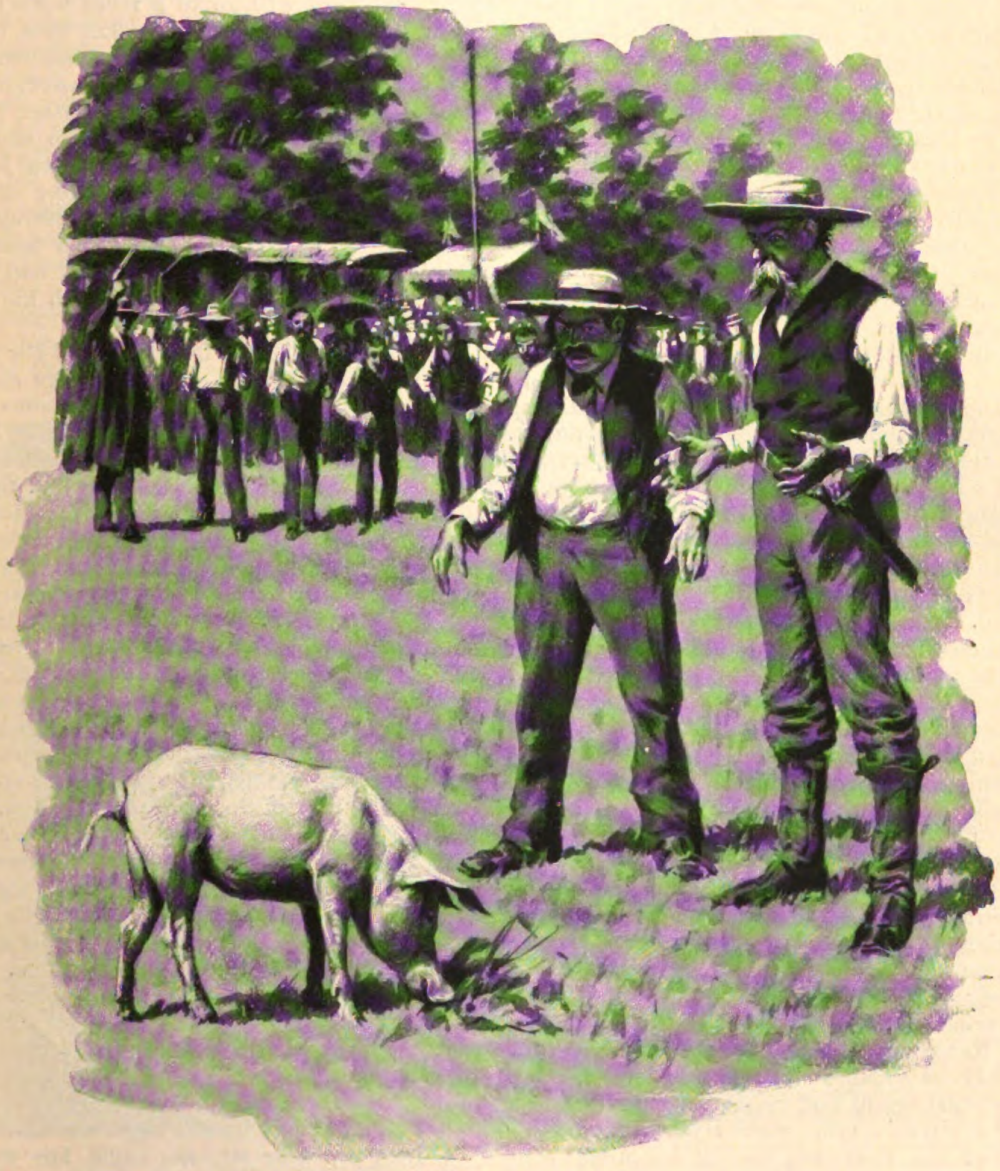
EDITOR'S DRAWER

THE UNFORTUNATE TOWN OF BLUEBLOSSOM.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

OF all the peripatetic laborers in the typographical field that I ever knew—and my acquaintance among them has not been small—certainly the most entertaining was Mr. Mark Wallis. In some respects he reversed all established facts of human nature. In his normal condition—that is, when under the moderate influence of liquor—he was reserved, almost taciturn, and worked steadily at his case; but when sober, as would happen Friday night after a long stretch at "making up" and printing the paper, he would relapse into a vein of mellow reminiscence which showed his encounters with people and things to have been extensive, not to say extraordinary. One night he said:

"The most unfortunate town I ever worked in was Blueblossom. A day on which it didn't have a fire it would have a cyclone, and all the neighboring towns shipped their tramps



"HE ONLY GRUNTED."

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and cats there regularly. A car-load of these commodities would arrive nearly every night from some point. As a protection against fire the people bored an artesian well. The well flooded the town and wrecked twenty houses. They plugged up the well, and that night the post-office burned down. Blueblossom was the Niobe of towns.

"Still, there was nothing pliable about Blueblossom's upper lip; she boomed herself like other new Territorial towns, or tried to at least, though with Nemesis running close behind all day, and camping on her trail at night, Blueblossom couldn't do much. Her people prided themselves on her permanency and stability. The editor of the *Blueblossom Humming-Bird*, for whom I worked, one day wrote an item saying that 'Blueblossom is not a mushroom town put up on wind, but a substantial municipality, showing, especially in the buildings, its solidity and permanency.' He stopped and said to me: 'Mr. Wallis, go out and drive that confounded stray hog out from under the house. He's scratching his blamed back on the floor joists and shaking the building so I can't write.' Those wandering hogs got under the Methodist church, rooted away the foundation, and allowed the structure to topple over, and the wind rolled it away like a tumbleweed. A rival town stole the court-house. Cyclones got the outskirts, fire the business district, and the well the residence portion. The day I started away but one building, a small real-estate office, remained. When I went over the hill I looked back, and, as I live to tell it, a stray steer stuck his head through a window of this, got his horns caught, and ran off pell-mell across the prairie with it on his head.

"But what I started to tell you about was Blueblossom's Fourth-of-July celebration. Of course it was doomed to failure, like everything else there. Even their Christmas trees failed. A hornets' nest thawed out of the first one and the people left with great haste; and on the second one the labels became all mixed up, and Grandpa Sommers got a pair of roller-skates and a rattlebox, Baby Brown a shot-gun, and so on; and finally the whole thing broke up in a row. But the memories of the Blueblossom failures which well up in my bosom are so numerous that I become garrulous.

"On the occasion of this Independence-day celebration the first untoward event was the explosion of the cannon; but the Fourth-of-July cannon usually does explode, so this need not cause remark. The most important thing on the programme of the day was the oration by the Honorable Medary Buzzell, candidate for Territorial Delegate in Congress. He arrived on an early train, and was escorted to the hotel. Three citizens soon waited on him, and informed him that they were a committee sent by the General Celebration Committee of Fifty on a delicate but important mission. 'We hope,' said the leader, 'that you will receive us in the spirit in which we come. We have a weighty matter to discuss with you, but when we explain the situation we are sure you will admit that we are fully justified.'

"'State the cause whereby I am thus honored with your presence,' said the gentleman, pompously.

"'Well,' said the man, 'it is this way: There are a number of Englishmen living near here, younger sons, poor relations, and similar family débris, who have been sent out here to learn how to farm by playing football in the pasture and chasing foxes on the wheat land. They have money, and are good customers of the town. But last year the orator, as is usual with Fourth-of-July speakers, handled the British lion pretty roughly—in fact, he fairly twisted his tail—and it made these Englishmen angry, and they threaten, if the thing is repeated this year, that they will go to a rival town to do their business—buy their cricket bats, hunting-saddles, and other agricultural implements. We are hoping that you haven't anything in your speech against the lion, Mr. Buzzell?'

"'Gentlemen,' said Buzzell, 'I am sorry to disappoint you, but there *is* a great deal in my speech about the lion, and I take one or two stabs at the unicorn. As for twisting the former's tail, I twist it off, and then beat the despicable creature with the bushy end of it till he lies on his back and begs with his poor dumb paws for mercy.'

"'But can't you cut it out?' asked the man.

"'Possibly; I'll try. I can enlarge on the slavery idea, and talk about Appomattox, and—'

"'Hold on,' said the man; 'that's another point that we were delegated to speak to you about. There are a number of Missourians in town, and a few Texans, brought here by the stock interests, all good loyal citizens, and leading men in the community—Colonel Foster, of the Confederate army, is our county attorney—but of course they wouldn't like it to hear the lost cause abused—genuinely vilified—in your remarks.'

"'Well,' said the orator, 'I don't see how I can help it and give the necessary snap to my speech, with our hereditary Fourth-of-July enemy, the British lion, barred. You see, that wouldn't leave me anything but Mexico.'

"'That's another point we were to see you about. Not a word against Mexico. Colonel Vallejo, the largest stock-owner here, is a Mexican. He owns the very grove where you are going to speak, and he's pretty sensitive. We don't think you'd better so much as mention Mexico.'

"'Will you please tell me what I *am* going to talk about, and make an acceptable Fourth-of-July speech?'

"'Can't you just let the eagle scream?'

"'But, my dear sir, the eagle has got to scream *at* something to be effective on the Fourth of July. The Fourth-of-July eagle is

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not a bird which screams simply to hear himself scream. He must know he is scaring somebody, or he is silent.'

"'That occurred to us,' admitted the man, 'before we came in. I don't know as it will be of any use to you, but an idea struck us, which you can use if you like it. There are the Indians—abuse them.'

"The honorable gentleman was becoming somewhat warmed up by this time, and he said, 'You are quite sure they wouldn't be offended, and buy their war-paint and ghost-dancing pumps elsewhere?'

"'Oh yes,' answered the man. 'You'll pardon us for speaking as we have, but so many things have happened to the town that we didn't feel that it could stand much more. Only yesterday our high-school building fell down, and a freight train smashed the railroad depot; and already to-day the cannon has burst, and the artesian well broken out again and flooded the race-track, so we can't have any of the trials of speed which are on the programme. Abuse the Indian all you want to; and if you would care to take a shy at the Chinese too, just go ahead.'

"Well, the upshot of it was that the Honorable Mr. Buzzell refused to deliver any address at all; but of course it didn't make the least difference, as the idea that they could have a celebration at Blueblossom was absurd from the first. An attempt was made to give what the programme called the 'Sports of the Populace,' but a leading citizen fell and broke his leg in the foot-race, and when the Committee on Greased Pig carefully lubricated their animal, and turned him loose to become the property of the man who could catch him, he only grunted, and began rooting among some gum-weeds, refusing to run an inch.

"They had even worse luck with that other standard greased preparation of the small-town celebration. The chairman of the Committee on Glee Club and Greased Pole was a local humorist named Verbeck. He restrained himself while helping get the singers together, but gave his exuberant fancy full range on the pole. Instead of nailing the usual pocket-book containing $2 on top, and greasing the pole the whole length, he covered the last four feet with a most villanously sticky substance, and the Mayor, who succeeded in climbing the pole, stuck at the top all the afternoon, including the time of the thunder-shower, which of course came up and ended the dismal proceedings."

"Isn't that a pretty stiff detail—the Mayor's climbing the greased pole for $2?" I asked.

"The truth about Blueblossom is always stiff. He didn't climb the pole for the $2, but because the county judge 'dared' him. The Mayor was going to donate the money to the Episcopal Church Society, but while he was sticking to the pole the lightning struck the church steeple and burned the building, so it didn't make any difference. I don't know how long the Mayor staid up there, but I noticed him on the street the next day. Poor Blueblossom, I was glad when I saw the last building tearing away on that steer, and knew the place was out of its misery at last."

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE

OFFICER. "The prisoner's a British spy? How know you that, McPherson?"
PRIVATE. "When he was captured, sir, we found a spy-glass on his person."

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A PATRIOT'S APPEAL.

I AM a patriotic wight, which no one can deny;
I hail with joy my country's flag a-waving in the sky.
The stars in the cerulean I cheer with ecstasy,
And stripes, no matter where they are, are pleasing unto me.
My learning, such my feeling is, begins with that great day
When George the Third got notice that he'd better skip away.
I have no use for history or aught that antedates
The downfall of the British and the rising of the States.

And when it comes to company, I vow I would prefer
A band of Yankee thieves to any foreign minister.
It matters naught to me what one may be or may have been,
As long as past all question he's a U. S. citizen.
And all my life's devoted to a scheme to make complete
Our blest emancipation from the monarchies effete—
The making of a language, which, alas! our people lack.
Why should we borrow language from the hated Sassenach?

So far I've only finished up the verbs and adjectives,
A dozen exclamations and some splendid expletives;
A "cuss" or two for private use, suggested names for towns,
And shortly I expect to start upon my list of nouns.
All which is quite expensive, since it takes up all my time,
And that is why I stop my work to pen this little rhyme,
To ask my fellow-patriots—a large and gallant band—
If to this splendid effort they won't kindly lend a hand.

If sixty million people would send in a dollar each,
I'd start a university the Yankee tongue to teach,
Where all the children of our land could come, and there be shown,
At small expense, a language they can call their very own.
So, fellow-citizens, I say, oh, noble, gallant band,
Send in your dollars quickly, lend a patriot a hand,
And soon you'll see the language of the hated Sassenachs
Laid low as any chicken that has interviewed an axe.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

REPAIRING THE CLOCK.

THE clock in Mrs. Cumso's sitting-room stopped the other day, and when Mr. Cumso came home he tried to get it to going again. He started the pendulum, and it ticked a few times, only to relapse into silence. He started it again and again, with the same result.

"There can't be anything serious the matter with it," he said, "or it wouldn't tick at all. I think I can fix it soon."

He unscrewed the back, joggled the wheels, screwed the pendulum shorter, gave the mechanism three or four encouraging taps to dislodge any dirt which might have clogged the wheels, and then put the thing together again. Still it would not go, and Mr. Cumso, disgusted, set it back on the mantel.

"Is it fixed, dear?" asked his wife, sweetly.

"No," he snapped; and she dared question him no more.

All next day the clock stood silent, and all the day following. Then Mrs. Cumso ventured to say: "Harry love, I wish we could get the clock to running again. It's such a nuisance to have to look at my watch every time I want to know the hour, and, besides, it is real company for me when the children are at school and the house is quiet."

"I'll try it again," responded her husband; and he did. He patiently started the pendulum a great many times, but with no encouraging result. He blew into its interior department with a pair of bellows, and shoved a long feather dipped in oil into its machinery, with a view to lubricating it. Still no result. "I don't like to have to carry the thing to the watchmaker's," he said, "for it is too heavy."

This was true. It was an iron clock which had been given to Mrs. Cumso as a wedding-present by one of her relatives, and, until now, for eight years it had ticked away in a thoroughly reliable manner. It was, as Mr. Cumso said, a heavy clock, and it would have made a very awkward package to carry down town for repairs.

Mr. Cumso worked at the clock for three successive evenings, but as he had no practical knowledge of the clock business, the timepiece refused to respond to his efforts. Then, in desperation, he stopped at the watchmaker's and left an order for the clock to be sent for and repaired. This was done, and it was soon ticking merrily away in its former place as though nothing had happened to it.

When Mr. Cumso stopped to pay for the work, he was surprised at the smallness of the bill.

"I am an honest man," said the watchmaker. "Many a man in my trade would have socked you for four or five dollars on that job, but I have assessed you only a trifle more than my boy's time in getting the clock and taking it back."

"What was the matter?" asked Mr. Cumso.

"It needed winding," replied the watchmaker.

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

AN OBSERVANT YOUTH.

IT was Bobbie's mother's birthday—her thirtieth, some said, though there were others who were disposed to credit her with three or four years more. Bobbie too had his ideas on the subject apparently, for at breakfast he said,

"How old are you, mamma?"

"Oh, nineteen or twenty," was the answer.

"Humph!" said Bobbie. "Seems to me you're growin' backwards."

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PROVIDING FOR THE FUTURE.

MR. and Mrs. Gumby live out of town, which makes it incumbent on Mr. Gumby, when it is necessary to secure a new cook, to go to the agency in town himself and arrange for one that he thinks may answer the purpose. It is nothing to the discredit of Mr. Gumby to say that his visits to the agency have been somewhat frequent, for a good cook who will stay in the country is almost an unknown quantity.

One evening not long since, Mr. Gumby having paid his periodical visit to the agency Mrs. Gumby was dumfounded, on entering the kitchen, to find three dignified Bridgets sitting there in a row. Hastily going into the library, where Mr. Gumby was seated, she exclaimed, "Henry, what in the world do you mean by getting three cooks?"

"I thought it was the best thing to do," replied her husband. "You see, I shall be so busy next week that I won't have time to get any."

TOM MASSON.

A FINE IDEA.

"HOORAY!" cried the summer-hotel-keeper. "I have it!"

"You have what?" inquired his wife.

"An idea—a bonanza," was the answer. "Something that will make the hotel the most popular one in all the land. I've been looking up a novelty, you know, so as to advertise it, and attract people when I open in June."

"Yes."

"Well, how's this?" And he held up an advertisement describing the beauties and advantages of his hostelry, while below, in prominent letters, was added,

"*Engagement rings will be loaned to guests for the season.*"

"There!" cried the happy man. "*That* will bring the men!"

A SUFFICIENT REASON.

THE admission of a stranger, who had moved into the vicinity but recently, into full membership in the church bothered Deacon Johnson very much. He disliked the man, and felt quite convinced he was not worthy to become a member, but he could make no definite charge against him. When the church session had the man's application under consideration, the deacon protested against his admission. When pressed to give his reasons, he said, "Wal, pahson, de fac' ob de mattah is I feels dat he's a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Dat's a hebby chadge, Brudder Johnsing," said the parson. "W'y do you t'ink so?"

"I dun'no', but it 'pears to me he don't bleat jest like de rest ob de flock."

P. MCARTHUR.

A WISE BENEDICT.

GROOM. "This rice-throwing business is the worst feature about getting married. But it's all right. I selected Jack Bolivar for best man for no other reason than that he couldn't hit a barn door with a Gatling gun."

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THE PROXY CLERK.

"I WAS passing along the street," said Mr. Blotterwick, as he took a chair in the office, "and saw your sign. How long have you been in business for yourself?"

"Since last June," answered young Ponsonby, cheerily. "You'll excuse me, won't you, while I run over the mail? This business requires a heap of correspondence."

"You appear to have plenty of business."

"Yes, indeed! Still, some of my business—Well, I declare, if this isn't too bad! Bob!"

A bull-necked, burly young man with a red face and bristling mustache stepped in briskly from the next room.

"Bob," said Ponsonby, severely, "the Buffalo firm has thrown the consignment back on our hands without a word of explanation."

"What's that?" roared Bob, getting even redder in the face. "Thrown back the con—"

"—signment," said Ponsonby, as Bob hesitated. "That's what they did."

Bob smote the palm of his left hand with his right fist, and then rushed out of the room. In another instant there came from the anteroom a volley of oaths and objurgations that made Mr. Blotterwick stiffen up in his seat.

But Ponsonby went on reading his mail with a placid countenance, and making notes. "How are the De Twirligers?" he asked, when all was quiet. "I haven't seen one of them for an age."

"Very well, I believe," answered Mr. Blotterwick. "Young Arthur—"

"Pardon me—one moment," said Ponsonby. "Bob!" he called through the half-open door; "Dubbs and Dobbs want an additional discount of twelve per cent., or they won't take the goods."

"Twelve per cent!" howled Bob, and there was a sound like the smashing of a chair on the floor. "Why, dod gast their hides! what in the—"

Here Mr. Blotterwick got up with a horrified face and closed the door. "My dear Ponsonby," he said, anxiously, "this partner of yours—"

"He isn't my partner; he's a clerk."

"That's worse. How is it possible you can tolerate such a noisy, profane, and abusive person in the establishment?"

"My dear Blotterwick," said Ponsonby, gravely, "Bob is indispensable. He is my proxy clerk."

Mr. Blotterwick looked bewildered.

"You know," explained Ponsonby, "that I have led a pretty wild life, and when I went into business for myself I thought it high time to reform. No dissipation, no drinking, no swearing."

"Highly proper, I'm sure."

"Yes, wasn't it? Well, that's where Bob comes in. I dropped the dissipation easily enough, and I've cut down the drinking one-half, but—well, this business would provoke a saint, and I saw at once that I had to have some one to take the burden off my conscience. I knew Bob, and it struck me he would be just the man."

"I—I don't understand," said Mr. Blotterwick, wonderingly.

"Don't you? It's simple enough. When anything goes wrong, instead of fuming and fretting and swearing over it, I just call in Bob, give him the main points, and he does the kicking. He's a master-hand at it, and I've got that little room fitted up with cheap furniture and other things to break if he feels that the occasion justifies it."

"You amaze me," said Mr. Blotterwick. "I never heard the like."

"Capital plan, isn't it? It allows me to devote my whole time to business; and really, you know, I think Bob does it fully as well as I could."

"But, my dear Ponsonby," said Mr. Blotterwick, earnestly, "have you considered the effect upon Robert? These fearful outbursts of temper, this profanity, this—"

"My dear sir," cried Ponsonby, "you don't know Bob. Do you suppose I taught him to swear and carry on? Why, he was born in the Fourth Ward, and has been a politician ever since he was sixteen! Then consider the situation. You can't carry on this business without something of this sort, and it doesn't hurt Bob one-tenth as much as it would me. Why, he positively enjoys it. Now here is a specially aggravating— Bob!"

"Yes, sir."

"No letter from that Chicago firm this morning."

"No! You don't mean to say that!" cried Bob, turning absolutely purple.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, of all the—" The din that arose in the proxy clerk's room was absolutely awful as Bob began to carry on.

"He's been on this case before," explained Ponsonby, lighting a cigarette. "But you ought to hear him let himself out on a Milwaukee man who has sued us for breach of contract. Wait; I think there is a letter in this mail from him."

"Sorry," said Mr. Blotterwick, rising hastily, "but I have an engagement at noon."

"Oh, it won't take a minute. Yes, here it is. Must you go? Well, regards to the De Twirligers when you see them. Bob!"

"Yes, sir."

"That Milwaukee man—" But Mr. Blotterwick had fled. SIDNEY.

IRRESPONSIVE YOUTH.

IT was in the Woman's Building at the fair that we encountered a boy with tear-stained and dirt-begrimed face loudly boo-hooing. We inquired into the cause of his grief, and received this reply:

"That — darned — mother o' mine — has gone an' lost me again." M. H. CONNELLY.

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HOW A FAMOUS HUNTER WON HIS REPUTATION.

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HIS FIRST CASE.

THE young man had just been admitted to practise at the bar. He sat within the bar enclosure, speculating upon the chances of clients coming to him, by mistake or otherwise. He heard his name spoken, and started to his feet.

"Mr. De Novo, the prisoner at the bar is unable to employ counsel. Will you defend him?"

"Certainly, your Honor. May I retire with him to the bar office for a few moments' consultation?"

"Yes, sir; and give him your best advice."

A hardly perceptible sneer curled his Honor's lips as he uttered these last words, but the young man did not appear to notice it. Motioning for the prisoner to follow him, he passed into the other room. The door was closed, and for ten minutes the lively clatter of many conversations filled the court-room. Then the young man strolled into the room and dropped into a chair. The crier proclaimed, "Silence in the court-room!" His Honor gazed upon the young man and said,

"Are you ready to proceed?"

"Yes, your Honor."

"Where's the prisoner?"

"I really don't know."

"What?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Mr. De Novo, will you explain what you mean by this most extraordinary conduct?"

"Your Honor told me to give him the best advice I could, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"May it please the court, when I consulted him I found he was guilty, and had really no defence whatever. So, in pursuance of your Honor's so kindly meant suggestion, I advised him to drop out of the window and make himself as scarce as possible. I presume, in fact I know, that he followed the first part of my advice, and I believe he will also observe the rest of it."

The prisoner that was is still at large.

A FISH STORY.

THEY had all told tales of their success in landing fish of enormous size. Hawkins alone had modestly held himself in check. Finally he groaned.

"You make me weary," he said. "Big fish! Great Scott! yours were minnows alongside of one I caught. I don't know how big he was, but it's a fact that he had gallons instead of gills, and he was covered with hay scales, by Jove!"

AFTER THE BALL.

HE. "Ah, dear—back at last! It is very late."
SHE. "Yes, papa; but I couldn't help it. The chaperons were behaving so badly I didn't dare leave them."

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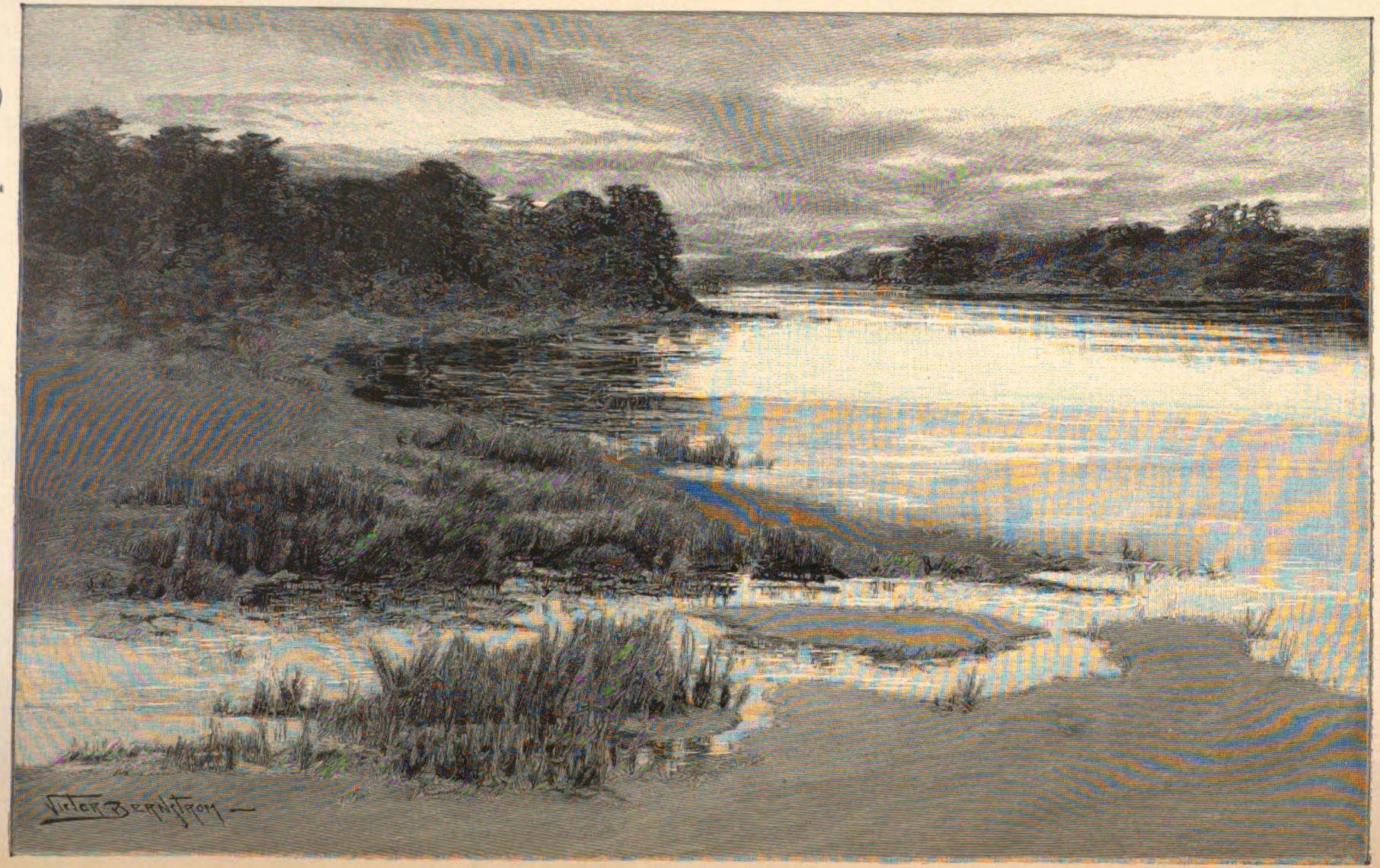

ON SHARK RIVER.

See "Old Monmouth."

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HARPER'S
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OLD MONMOUTH.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

FOR lively history, attractive resources, and present conspicuousness, it will be found hard to match Monmouth County, in New Jersey. Its northernmost boundary is the southern shore of lower New York Bay. Its Highlands of Navesink are the first objects the immigrant descries when nearing New York, the last the departing voyager observes to sink below the western horizon. Its sea-coast is practically one gigantic watering-place, paralleled nowhere in the world. Its twenty-one or twenty-two miles of frontage on the ocean (exclusive of the Sandy Hook government reservation) is the seat of thirty-two watering-places, two dozen being on the sands, and the rest just back of them, on the rivers and lakes of that land of beautiful and varied scenery.

It is worth while to name these towns. They are Island Beach, Highland Beach, the Navesink Highlands, Monmouth Beach, Normandie-by-the-Sea, Rumson Beach, Seabright, Low Moor, Galilee, North Long Branch, Long Branch, West End, Norwood, Hollywood, Elberon, Deal, Loch Arbour, Interlaken, Wanamassa, Asbury Park, Ocean Grove, Bradley Beach, Neptune City, Key East, Ocean Beach, Lake Como, Spring Lake, Sea Girt, Manasquan, and Brielle.

But this same county, so long famous for its oysters, trotting-horses, and apple-jack, contains Shrewsbury and the river of that name, Keyport,

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A MONMOUTH COUNTY SUMMER RESORT ON SUNDAY.

Red Bank, the Atlantic Highlands, Monmouth Park (the famous race-track), the Monmouth battle-ground, and Sandy Hook, and the United States proving-grounds for great cannon. Lakewood, which President Cleveland has made one of his resting-places, is just over the Monmouth line in Ocean County. The winter population of the county is large, but its summer population is immense. Half of these settlements are maintained by parts of New York's overflow, and the other half owe more or less to Philadelphia, but the great West pours a multitude of seekers after salt air into all of them.

The pity is that these idlers do not, and cannot easily, know how opulent are their surroundings in legendary, historical, and romantic interest. The summer resorts are modern, and wholly sufficient unto themselves. The natives are busy and practical, and have never interested themselves in the posting of even a few such placards as would show where Hendrik Hudson landed, where Washington marched his men, where the British took ship after Monmouth's battle, where any two of a score of famous shipwrecks occurred.

Monmouth County's history begins with Hudson's discovery, which resulted in the settlement of the shores of New York Harbor by the Dutch. But Charles II. of England, in the large-hearted and free-handed way of royalty in those times, gave the entire country from the Connecticut to the Delaware to his brother of York and Richard Nicolls. It was Nicolls who, by the Monmouth Patent, gave old Monmouth, in its earliest form, to certain specified men and their associates, some of whose names, viz., Stout, Grover, Bowne, Tilton, Sylvester, and Holmes, still live as the titles of leading families in the county.

In 1682 the General Assembly of East New Jersey, acting under the influence of Colonel Lewis Morris, who had bought a large tract and called it Tintern, after a family estate in Monmouthshire in Eng-

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ON A WEEK-DAY.

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A CONQUEST OF SAND.

land, caused the county to be named Monmouth.

Before the English parcelled out New Jersey the Dutch ruled in Monmouth, where, as in the rest of the State, they were supreme till 1664, when the English took control. In 1673 they regained control, and kept it not quite a year.

To some extent they began the custom of regarding the Monmouth shore as a watering-place, for some well-to-do Dutchmen of New York spent their summers at the Navesink Highlands, going to and fro in little periaugers. James Fenimore Cooper, in his novel *The Waterwitch*, tells of the dwelling of a Dutch New York alderman in wealth and comfort, in his mansion called "Lust und Rust," on the verdant Highlands. The ruins of his place are still to be seen there. The cellar and part of a wall that contains an open fireplace are all that I remember as remaining of the house, but the smoke-house and, I think, the well are yet nearly as they were. In the neighborhood these ruins were called "the Dutchman's" long before Cooper saw or wrote of them.

The Hook, now five miles long, used to be much smaller, and was joined to the Highlands. The Shrewsbury River, which now cuts the two apart, then reached the ocean by an inlet in the narrow beach. It is a wrinkled and a bearded old reef of sand dunes and forest, and naturalists say that it is one of the very few places in the Eastern States where primeval conditions remain, and where are found flowers and plants which once were common, but now are almost extinct.

There is a great stone light-house on Sandy Hook which was built in 1764 by the leading merchants of New York. Its light was destroyed at the patriots' bidding in 1776, that it might not serve to guide British men-of-war to New York, but it found itself marking a Tory encampment soon afterward, for the "refugees" built fortified quarters near by, and thence made their murderous and thieving raids upon the patriots of old Monmouth. Thither Sir Henry Clinton retreated from the battle of Monmouth, crossing the Shrewsbury on an improvised bridge, and hastening to the British ships anchored in the ample bay, which Hendrik Hudson is supposed to have christened with the name it bears to-day—"the Horseshoe." Captain Kidd's treasure has been dug for on the Hook time and again, for he knew its shores and anchorages well, and so did the people alongshore know him and his vessel.

Here now is the proving-ground of the United States Ordnance Department, with its targets and ranges and fragments of bursted cannon. Here also are two beacon-lights and a life-saving station. And here, since the cholera epidemic in Hamburg in 1891, a cholera quarantine station has been established.

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A TIMID BATHER—ASBURY PARK.

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The Highlands of Navesink (an Indian word meaning "good fishing-grounds") rise 375 feet above the river that lies between them and Sandy Hook. Here lives Benjamin M. Hartshorne on the grounds that were purchased of the Indians by his ancestors in the middle of the seventeenth century. Here, too, are the beautiful twin lights, of the first class, whose rays are said to be blindingly bright fifteen or twenty miles out, where they strike the sea. And here, as I have said, are the ruins of a Dutch summer-house of two centuries and a quarter ago. There is a very old pair of summer hotels at the foot of the hill, but the main body of the great eminence is not yet a place of resort. It is a singular thing that on this coast, where the watering-places are not always a mile apart, the two oldest and finest places are undeveloped. One is Deal Beach. It is below Long Branch, and was so named in 1693. It has supported one or more boarding-houses for at least 100 years. It is high ground, and the farm land reaches to the very edge of the sea. The other place is Mount Mitchell, an eminence of the Navesink Highlands. It is the highest, and I think the most beautiful, ground on the coast between Maine and Florida. Capitalists bought a great tract there many years ago, but left it to care for itself. Now they are improving it, with the intent to create there a charming park filled with summer cottages for themselves and other wealthy New-Yorkers.

The Hook and the Highlands are in Middletown township, an ancient and rich seat of agriculture. The main road in that township is said to be the same that both Sir Henry Clinton and Washington took after the battle of Monmouth. It traverses a section that has changed less in appearance and ownership than most persons would believe possible. The land there was bought from the Indians in 1667, and it is believed that the Baptist Society which the settlers organized there is one of the oldest in the country. As early as 1709 the Dutch of New York city sent a minister to preach there and in Freehold, the shire town. But the most interesting church in the county is unquestionably that at the quaint and very English town of Shrewsbury.

A JERSEY FARMER AND HIS WIFE.

This little town was settled in 1664 by a number of immigrants from Shrewsbury in England, several of whom had tried Connecticut and Long Island. The Quakers were the first to organize there, and eight years after the settlement George Fox visited them. It is said that he set and saved a broken neck on the way to

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the village. George Keith, a famous convert from Quakerism to the Church of England, came there in 1702, and drew a number of the Friends into the Episcopalian meetings, of which there are records dating back to 1689. This Keith fixed the line separating East and West Jersey. The date at which Episcopalians met for worship in Shrewsbury shows that congregation to be one of the oldest of its kind in America. It was chartered in 1738, and the present picturesque shingled edifice was built in 1769. Bullets riddled the walls of its belfry when the patriots shot at the crown on the spire. The church society owns a Prayer-book that was the gift of Governor William Franklin, and a Bible of earlier date (1717); Queen Anne gave the communion silver that is used there. Opposite the old church building is an ancient dwelling which also has a place in history. It was the scene of the massacre of some Continental soldiers by Tory refugees. Full religious liberty was from the first decreed to all citizens of Monmouth. If it is true that Catholics were not allowed to share in this privilege in earliest Rhode Island, then Monmouth County led all America in this respect, for the Monmouth patentees set no limit upon their liberality. All, they said, should have "free liberty of conscience, without any molestation or disturbance whatsoever in the way of their worship."

FISHING FOR CRABS IN SHARK RIVER.

Freehold, the battle-field of Monmouth, and the historic old Tennent Church are well worth visiting. At Leedsville there is a solitary grave on a bleak hill, and in it lies the dust of a man named William Leeds. He is distinguished in the public records for having given his house and farm to the then young Episcopalian church of Shrewsbury and Middletown early in the eighteenth century. But in the gossip of the country-side it is handed along from era to era that he was an officer or partner of the pirate Captain Kidd, and that he gave his property to the church in order to shrive his soul. The main and apparently the only basis for this belief is that, like many another legend of old Monmouth, it has always been believed.

In an old history of New Jersey I find that Eatontown was once thought to be queerly connected with the career of Kidd. The country around was bought of the Indians for a barrel of cider. All but one of the red men moved away, but he staid, and exasperated the others by so doing. While eating in the house of the settler Eaton, for whom the town was named, he used a silver spoon, and remarked that he knew where there were many such. He was told that if he would bring them he could have a cocked hat and a red coat. In a short time he ap-

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peared in that regalia, and the Eatons suddenly became rich. More than a hundred years later, when workmen were pulling down an old mansion in which a maiden member of the Eaton family had dwelt at Shrewsbury, a great quantity of "cob" dollars, supposed to be part of Kidd's treasure, was found in the cellar wall. The historian remarks, in parenthesis, "Cob dollars were generally square or oblong, the corners of which wore out the pockets."

In addition to the comparatively dignified privateers who owned swift stanch vessels and roamed the seas, the Revolutionary war bred a class of patriot privateers along the Monmouth shore. There they lurked in the daytime, and at night they went privateering from New York Bay, Toms River, and other inlets and harbors. There were many of them, and they were an astonishing lot of men. Some had small sloops armed with one or two cannon, but the most effective work was done by those who employed only whale-boats. One, a Captain Hyler, had several such boats and one hundred men to man them. The number of ships, brigs, coasters, and even armed British vessels that these men captured would seem beyond belief were not the records of their work very clear and extensive.

It is almost impossible in these days to understand how they could have committed such havoc. They took vessels frequently, often with valuable cargoes and great amounts of money. They burned or blew up whatever prizes they could not handily bring to port. When the wind was fair or the prize was especially valuable, they sailed her in. Captain Hyler, the cleverest of them all, actually took an eighteen-gun cutter, captured all on board, and blew her up. The *Pocket* (newspaper) of January, 1779, reports one escapade of these fellows in these words:

"Some Jerseymen went in row-boats to Sandy Hook and took four sloops, one of which was armed. They burned three and took one. The share of prize-money per man was £400."

The patriot accounts mention these

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marine devils as "the celebrated water partisan" so-and-so. They say that the sailors were taught to be particularly expert at the oar, and to row with such silence and dexterity as not to be heard at the smallest distance, even though three or four boats were together, and going at the rate of twelve miles an hour.

This is the story of the captain of one of the captured vessels: "I was on deck with three or four men on a very pleasant evening, with our sentinel fixed. Our vessel was at anchor near Sandy Hook, and the *Lion*, man-of-war, about one-quarter of a mile distant. It was calm and clear, and we were all admiring the beautiful and splendid appearance of the full moon, which was then three or four hours above the horizon. While we were thus attentively contemplating the serene luminary we suddenly heard several pistols discharged into the cabin, and turning around, perceived at our elbows a number of armed people, fallen as it were from the clouds, who ordered us to 'surrender in a moment or we were dead men.' Upon this we were turned into the hold, and the hatches barred over us. The firing, however, had alarmed the man-of-war, who hailed us, and desired to know what was the matter. As we were not in a situation to answer, at least so far as to be heard, Captain Hyler [the patriot privateersman] was kind enough to do so for us, telling them through the speaking-trumpet that 'all was well.' After which, unfortunately for us, they made no farther inquiry."

These were fierce fellows; but how brave they must have been! It is impossible to restrain one's admiration of their skill and courage. Their usefulness ended with the Revolutionary war, but, alas! after them came a race of wreckers, who plundered vessels, and even the living and the dead that came ashore. Worse yet, they lured vessels into the breakers by means of false beacons. Wrecking on the coast, a little south of Monmouth, is within the recollection of men who are today of only the middle age.

Off the track of even the county travel, but only four miles from Red Bank, is Leedsville, and here are the relics of what was called "The American Phalanx at Strawberry Farms." They form an interesting reminder of a most interesting era and series of experiments. If you ask the country folk about "the Phalanx," even in Red Bank, they will shrug their shoulders. If you consult the popular records you will read that it was the scene of a dubious experiment, and that when it failed, the people of the county were not sorry. The fact is, the scheme and the colonists were never understood. They were scholars and philosophers who had little in common with the folk around them, and they took no pains to contradict the evil stories which ignorant and foul-minded men set afloat.

At "the Phalanx," as the place has ever been called, the disciples of François Charles Marie Fourier, the French socialist writer, made an ambitious communistic experiment in the first half of the century.

The Phalanx was founded in 1843 as a joint-stock corporation, and the shares were sold very largely in the same circles out of which the New England Brook Farm experiment had sprung. The pioneers in the new movement had come down from Albany and bought a tract of 700 or 800 acres in old Monmouth. The stockholders were not necessarily members. Horace Greeley, for instance, was not. The members who formed the actual Phalanx were about 150 persons, among whom the men and women were nearly equal in numbers. Their idea was that all the members should divide the labor of maintaining the place, as well as of its commercial and manufacturing enterprises. They agreed that work should be paid for according as it was easy or difficult, pleasant or disagreeable. The highest wages went with the meanest duties. A farm, a flour-mill, and other industrial enterprises were established. These busied the men. The women worked as sempstresses, nurses, teachers, cooks, waiters, and house-cleaners. Some chose their work, and others took turns at one branch or another. All were credited with what they did, and debited with what they used.

Very many men who have since become famous were stockholders and frequent visitors. It is said that there was not a conspicuous writer or thinker in the North who was not attracted there, and being close to New York, "the Phalanx" became one of the greatest show-places of the country. The great Phalanstery, or common-house, in which all lived, was far in advance of the ordinary houses of the world outside. Any one may see it,

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for it stands there to-day. It was the first house to be heated by steam in this country. Its laundry was considered the first in labor-saving appointments, and in its kitchen were manifold new devices for cooking, dish-washing, plate-washing, knife-cleaning, and I don't know what not. The house still stands, as I say, but its beautiful grounds, its lake and drives and woodland rambles, are only outlined now. The cottages which summer visitors built are not all standing, I think. The great dining-hall, with its gallery, is there; but nearly all else, like the music, the dances, and the plays that were performed—even the gifted teachers who led their classes into the languages and the fine arts—all are gone.

The experiment lasted until 1858, when there was a disagreement as to whether it was best to keep the mill where it was or move it to Red Bank, nearer the markets. The shrewdest men who had guided the colony were by that time convinced that they were carrying a great many less able men. When they were opposed in the execution of their plans they withdrew, and the experiment went by the board.

One first encounters the "Pines" at Long Branch. They are cleared away just there, but signs of their previous existence are plentiful, and in a short drive back from the sea the tourist finds himself in them. Most lines of travel from New York avoid them, or give such little glimpses of them as not to impress their true extent and character upon the traveller's mind. They have been important since what was, I think, the first iron-foundry in the country was established there, before the Revolutionary war, until to-day, when they produce the greater part of the cranberry crop of the United States, and are beginning to attract from Florida and the Bermudas the class of semi-invalids who must avoid the severe winters which rage not thirty miles to the westward and northward in three such great capitals as New York, Brooklyn, and Philadelphia.

Long Branch is twenty-eight miles by an air-line from New York (it is only about a mile farther by boat and rail), and these pines begin there, and lie behind the whole coast of the State to the southward, a matter of nearly 117 miles. They take the shape of a triangle, and are fifty miles wide at Delaware Bay. In all, they withhold from population and progress a full third of New Jersey.

They are composed of a conglomeration of many swamps, of a great number of rivers and smaller streams, which offer valuable water-power, of a succession of tall sand ridges, which the people regard as ancient sea-beaches, and a grand area of oak and evergreen forest, once thickly grown with scrub pine, that has been greatly thinned out for charcoal for former iron-furnaces, that utilized the bog-iron ores or limonites, which are still abundant, and are even said to replenish and renew themselves as time goes by. Here, too, are those wonderful beds of marl, the use of which once made Monmouth County the first agricultural district of its class, and long kept her second in productiveness among all the counties of the nation.

It would not be easy to find in the older States a tract richer in record than these "Pines," and yet to the geologists its ancient scientific history is far richer. It appears that these "Pines"—by which I mean the tract that takes that name—were long the sport of the Atlantic, or of some other and unstoried ocean, which constantly covered them, and then drew back and allowed them to be covered with vegetation, only to return and bury it all again. All this was at last thrown high in air, and then razed by the water or by glaciers, the lofty Highlands behind Sandy Hook escaping to preserve the record. At several places are buried forests, at least one of which has been worked for marketable lumber.

The marl beds are rich deposits of the sea, and are the repositories of such relics as whalebones, sharks' teeth, shells, and marine fossils. The remains of great turtles, crocodiles, mastodons, and saurians of frightful proportions tell of one or many eras of tropic heat, while walrus skulls and teeth betray the former presence of the great northern ice-cap. The sand hills which lie in irregular lines along the barrens are ancient reefs formed under water. And under the sea of to-day, at greater or less distance from the shore, are submerged forests and bogs. The sea is still at its pranks. It is eating into Long Branch at the rate of two or three feet a year, and it is adding to Sandy Hook at the same rate at which it preys upon the mainland.

This forest region, which Horace Greeley once visited, and described as if it

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were as strange and foreign as Beloochistan, was once the site of many forges and the home of a great number of charcoal-burners, who made the fuel for the furnaces. They were a rough and ignorant lot, and many of their descendants who still remain in the woods are as benighted, perhaps, as any white men in the Northern States. They form a distinct population on the southern edge of Monmouth County, where they are often seen in the market towns, and are distinguished by their long hair, their rude apparel, and their unclean appearance. The term "piners" is synonymous with the term "poor whites" in the South. The furnaces are all abandoned now. Their wrecks and relics are very interesting. Near Freehold any one may see the best of them—an abandoned town of brick dwellings, picturesquely overrun with vines, and all but stifled by the newly triumphant forest.

The Jersey Pines were first brought to the notice of the great world beyond them as a place of hiding of many Tory refugees during the war for our independence. These were British loyalists who helped to give Monmouth County the character it earned as the chief sufferer, in that bloody contention, of the horrors that always attend civil war. Close to New York, with such ports as Toms River (then in Monmouth) and the Shrewsbury River hiding our privateer ships, with the coast searched by British war-vessels, with pirates following the rivers and lurking wherever they could, with an American military post at Toms River and a British stronghold on Sandy Hook, with hostile and friendly armies marching and camping there, and with the camp-followers and dregs of both sides loitering there and ravaging the little communities, life in old Monmouth was terribly exciting.

Some of the so-called refugees were New Jersey militiamen who espoused the royal cause, some were renegades who pretended to be royalists and drew more or less pay from Tory New York, but hid in the woods and sallied out for any sort of plunder. Some were marauders from British vessels that anchored off the coast, and from which men ran away or were sent ashore in marauding bands. Many of these raiders called their peculiar work by the name of "picarooning."

All appear alike in the popular records as "refugees" and as "greens" and "Jersey greens"—the nickname for the Tory militia, given presumably in contradistinction to the nickname of a body of Jerseymen in the Continental army, who were called "the Jersey Blues." The most dignified and forceful body of the refugees was formed of those American-born loyalists who were regularly organized and officered under the Board of Associated Loyalists at New York, of whom William Franklin, a natural son of Benjamin Franklin, and the last Tory Governor of New Jersey, was president.

These precious opponents of liberty did not pause at trifles like murdering sleeping men, but they were charming fellows when compared with the Pine robbers. So desperately bad were these robbers that they preyed upon both sides, and the names and deeds of their leaders are kept in mind to-day through the legends of old neighborhoods and the traditions of old families. They lived in caves burrowed in the sides of the sand hills. They covered these dens with brushwood when they were in them, or when they issued from the forest to ravage the country. They terrorized Freehold, Shrewsbury, Toms River, Red Bank, and the region back of Long Branch. In one little locality twenty-three women were ravished, and all over the county men were murdered, houses were burned, and thefts and outrages followed close upon one another. Not all this was chargeable to the Pine robbers. They simply shone with the greatest lustre amid the blaze of the general pillage. Thirteen of the robbers were hanged at Freehold, some of them in chains. Any one may see at Blue Ball, near Freehold, one of their old rendezvouses, but little changed.

Men carried guns when they worked in the fields, and ventured to church only with muskets on their shoulders. Rewards were offered for the bodies of the robbers, dead or alive, and they were hunted as the wolves of the same forest were, and shot or dragged away to be hanged. It was to New York, or to the agents of the Tories of that city, that these Pine robbers took their spoils for sale. And Monmouth's patriots thanked God that it was to New York that many of them and their sympathizers went at the last to join the 29,244 royalists who left this country for Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, sailing from New York before the British evacuated that city.

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While the Pines were the scenes of the picarooners' deviltries, their narrow lonely roads were threaded by many others than the robbers. There were frequent travellers on horseback and by wagon, making their way between the coast and Freehold, West Jersey, and Philadelphia. In addition to the iron-forges, whose products went far and wide, there were salt-works on the edge of the Pines at Toms River, Shark River, Barnegat, and Manasquan. We have seen already that the water-sides of Monmouth County were eminently lively adjuncts of the troubled mainland. To the pirate-boats, the privateersmen, and the men-of-war provisions were constantly being carried through the woods. New York city was scant of food at times, and provisions fetched such prices as to tempt men to wrench their consciences in selling to the enemy, and to run terrible risks in getting their goods and money to and fro.

To-day the great forest region is thinned of its pines, and, where I know it best, there are more trees of oak than of any other wood, interspersed with spruce, cedar, hickory, holly, poplar, laurel, and chestnut. Though the trees are not large, they are often tall, and are not to be compared with those of the scrub forests of Long Island. The population of the Pines is still very sparse. Lumbering and charcoal-burning still go on, but weakly. Extensive glass-works utilize the sand in the south, and the swamp lands not far south of the Monmouth line form part of the principal cranberry-producing district in the country. There is far more good soil and far better soil in these woods than used to be supposed, and around Bridgeton and Vineland are extensive and prosperous farming communities devoted to the raising of small fruits. Vineland dates from the beginning of the war of the rebellion, and is a prohibition town. That, however, is a matter of government and communal morality. It has apparently no connection with the further fact that the town is heavily engaged in the cultivation of grapes and the manufacture of wine. One of its suburbs is the seat of a successful experiment in establishing a colony of refugee Russian Jews as farmers. Bridgeton, near by, is an old town, very busy with manufactures, in which glass-making—begun in South Jersey 133 years ago—takes the lead.

These larger places are regarded in some degree as health resorts, and it is evident that the Pines will yet become famous and perhaps populous as a great sanitarium. In the movement that is giving them this character the lead was taken many years ago at a place now called Lakewood. That is now one of the most conspicuous winter resorts in the North, and others are projected near by. How strange that one county should be at once the chief summer resort and a leading winter resting-place!

The winter season in the Pines is very like that of Florida. It is much milder and more equable than that which prevails even ten miles away from the forest belt. It is hard to explain why this is so, and any explanation would be difficult to illustrate, because the thermometer shows but little difference between its records in one place and the other. Yet the fact remains that the Pines, even where they all but touch the sea, offer a soft, mild, balmy winter climate that is not trying to invalids; on the contrary, one that carries a tonic in the balsam that tinctures its gentle, aromatic breezes. Atlantic City was the first all-the-year-round resort in New Jersey. It is at the edge of the Pines, on the ocean. It used to be argued that its mild winters were due to the near presence of the Gulf Stream, but it is now understood that Asbury Park, which is partially enclosed by the Pines and protected on the north by Deal Lake, is a few degrees warmer than Atlantic City, though Asbury Park is only thirty-five miles south of New York.

To my taste, the wild pine region is far more interesting and attractive than those bits of forest with modern improvements which capital establishes at the present piny-woods resorts. In the summer I walk deep into the timber, and seeing no one else in its solitudes, count myself the most fortunate of men. For beside my feet are literally thousands of tiny flowers, over which the wood-violet, the strawberry, and the arbutus struggle for queenhood, and the marsh-mallow, garlanding the edges of the creeks and ponds, is easily the king. The hush of the primeval condition is the more distinct because the very light of heaven is subdued. The only sunshine—except what gilds a little break or clearing here and there—is that which is sprinkled and splattered in shivered beams upon the brushes and the leafy

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ground. Thick grape-vines, tangled creepers, and huckleberry-bushes the size of trees, laurel thickets, young hollies, and rose-bushes are abundant. The earth is cushioned with a soft layer of dry leaves and pine needles. The quiet waterways have the peculiar Southern color, which some attribute to iron, and some to contact with the roots of the gumberry-trees and the oaks. Kingfishers, wood-peckers, hawks, owls, thrushes, finches, quail, and duck are in those woods. Musk-rats and uncommonly big bull-frogs dive or splash into the water as my footsteps startle them.

In winter I find the Pines no less inviting. They often sigh then as the winter winds buffet their tops, but no winds get into them. No matter how chill may be the weather without, in that vast natural Gothic temple the cold is abated. The Pines are still a green wood, even at Christmas, for the pines, cedars, and other unchanging trees form a vault of green; and green as in summer are the beautiful hollies and thickets of laurel. Up the tree trunks and around their roots are pads of liveliest green moss, and the winter-green and partridge-berry weeds lie plentiful beside the trails and cart roads. The winter birds and rabbits are now my companions, though deeper in and farther south both deer and bear are yet found. Winter-green berries, hickory-nuts, and chestnuts attract the children to the edges of the woods; and on the edges, where the splendid tulip-trees have reigned in summer, the heavy-laden persimmon-trees now spill their sweet frost-bitten plums, like broken bags of preserves, upon the earth. There are persimmons far to the north of the New Jersey Pines, but they do not compare with these, which are as sure to ripen and are every whit as luscious as those of Virginia.

I cannot think of the edges of this forest without recollecting the birds that live there — the luck-birds of old Monmouth. These are the fishing-eagles or fish-hawks. They not only live on the rim of the woods, but out upon the open farms, and even in the villages. Their nests are always in plain sight, like the churches and the liberty-poles. It is superstition which makes these great creatures the care and pride of the people, but along with that superstition must go much humanity, and no little poetic feeling, all of which are so lacking in some other parts of the earth that an English text-book omits to tell whereabouts a few of these birds yet remain in the British Isles, lest they too be slaughtered as all the rest have been.

Sometimes a Monmouth County boy yells and claps his hands at a fish-hawk returning from the sea, just to make the gentle creature drop his prey and shriek. But that boy's father would do worse to him than scare him if he knew of the boy's prank, because to Monmouth men these fishing-eagles bring luck—luck to the house they build upon, luck to the farm they live upon, luck to any landholder who willingly pays the cost of a tree to have them near. The cost of a tree, I say, because as sure as fish-hawks build in a tree, so surely will that tree die within five years.

Near Eatontown any one may see the house over which a new chimney rises because a fish-hawk built his nest on top of the old chimney, and was not to be disturbed. And any visitor among the country folk may hear a round of tales of the evil that has befallen men who have hurt or killed these great birds. Such will be tales of poor crops without their houses, and of sickness and death within, of ill luck in every venture—even of one man whose hair fell off his head till it was as bare as a winter landscape, because he shot one of the hawks that brought him luck.

How well it seems that these gentle birds should be prized when one thinks that they and their ancestors antedate the oldest families here! I know of bird families that are said to have nested 225 years with one community, and all over old Monmouth the same permanency of residence is credited to them. It jars upon the poetry with which we clothe their lives to think that when they are not in Monmouth they are down in Nicaragua or Brazil, where the people claim the same identical birds as their own particular mascots. But we need not enlarge upon that. They give the best part of the year to Monmouth, coming in March or April, and staying till September or October.

The notion that the ospreys bring luck first obtained among the fishermen of the coast. They were so convinced that God sends plenty of fish wherever fish-hawks fly that they caused a law to be passed for the protection of the birds. From the fishing villages the notion spread to the farms. The birds are of the falcon family, and

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have large bodies, broad powerful wings, and strong naked feet. The largest of them, when in flight, show bodies two feet long, and wings that spread five feet. They are dark brown on top, and white or light-colored underneath. Either because they love any company—even that of men—or because they have learned not to be afraid of us, they build open nests in conspicuous places, choosing a tree in a pasture or a grain-field, and in a fork of its lower branches building a great rough basketlike nest of dry brushwood lined with weeds. Their eggs are mottled or marbled with every color and shade imaginable. Out of these eggs are hatched baby birds of equal attractiveness. They are like powder-puffs alive. They are mere balls of whitish down from the best point of view, though it is possible to see them so that they show little else than gaping, peevish, insatiable mouths. Most Monmouth County children know that it will not pay to try to steal either the eggs or the babies. The big birds will fight marauders very savagely. Close at hand, the smell from their nests is perhaps an equal deterrent to thieves. I have always believed that what causes this odor is what kills the trees. It is not that the birds strip the bark off the trees. After the trees are dead the bark loses its hold, and would fall off in time, if the osprey's talons did not rub it off.

These birds are said to wait upon their young until the great loafing babies are full-grown like themselves, and in this service the parents take turns. When the female tires of her home cares and duties she sails out over the sea, and the male bird keeps house. Moreover, whichever one is off a-fishing is sure to bring the catch home to those who are there.

But of all the pretty sights in Monmouth County I know of none to excel that of a pair of mated ospreys at their airy gambols on a sunny afternoon when there has been food enough, and it is not yet time for sleep. Far on high, from whence we must look squat and small, the winged partners soar and circle and float, lightly as cloud shreds, gracefully as only birds can move. To me it seems as if it would be pleasure too great to endure were we permitted to play in the same way. Without the troubling of a wing, without the ruffle of a feather, without a sign of any effort, the two birds sweep round and round. Each makes its own separate series of circles, and these cross and cut one another at different levels as though it were a pattern the birds were outlining against the sky—a pattern that vanishes even as they make it.

They are very clumsy birds when on the ground. Like their cousins the eagles, they walk as if their feet were loaded with lead. They are very timid. They live in peace with even the most bitter foes of all the others of the eagle kind. Apparently they ask only to be let alone. They are great cowards. Their plaintive, almost childlike, cries will call out all the people in a hamlet when the thieving, devilish little kingbirds harry them in the air and make them drop their prey. But every man to his work, and every bird to his calling. See the osprey when he fishes. See him fifty or one hundred or even more miles at sea. See with what strength he flies, with what steadiness he goes forward. Note his head, held a little downward, and his eyes scanning the water. And when he sees a fish, watch what he does. His wings close, his body falls (not down like a plummet, but forward at an angle), his feet reach down, his talons are spread. Just as he touches the water, instead of splashing into it like a bungler, he opens his wings a little, and the contact is as light as that of a skimming-stone that kisses the water as it flies. That would be the case if the bird struck the fish as he meant to. Sometimes the fish is deeper down, and he has to let his well-oiled body sink far in. In a few seconds he rises, his wings beat the sea, and he is up and off with a wriggling victim gripped in his claws. At other times men who have been watching say the bird disappears forever. He has sunk his talons in too big and heavy a fish, and down he goes with it, leaving his partner ashore to act distractedly over his loss, and the problem how to keep house and get fish at the same time.

By far the best way to visit and see old Monmouth is to make Red Bank one's headquarters. It is a lively town on a particularly beautiful part of the lovely Shrewsbury. Thus is that stream called by the people, in opposition to the Federal government, which styles it the Navesink River, and gives the name Shrewsbury to that river which joins it near the Highlands, and which the people call the South Branch, or South Shrewsbury. From

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Red Bank fine roads lead to Middletown, the sea-coast resorts, Shrewsbury, the Phalanx, Freehold, and the points on the bay shore, all these points being reached by short journeys.

The religious and semi-religious shore resorts are as attractive as they are famous. The oldest of these is Ocean Grove, a Methodist camp-meeting ground now grown into a great wooden town, where persons of moderate means own the cottages, and attend the frequent meetings that are held in summer in an enormous open-sided tabernacle, and sometimes on the beach. Next to that place is Asbury Park, which may be said to represent the cleanliness that should be next to the godliness of the camp-meeting resort. Asbury Park is a beautiful place of a higher rank. It is built in "the Pines," which there extend to the sea-side, the streets and house sites being cut out of the woods, which otherwise remain around them. The founder of the place may not be an expert at advertising—indeed, he would doubtless deny that he is one—but if not, he has at least been fortunate in stumbling upon a very novel course that has served to make the place famous. All over the land the newspapers and people discuss his peculiar rules for governing the conduct and morals of the visitors to the place. And these rules are placarded about most publicly. These examples illustrate their character:

"Nude bathing will not be permitted at any time.

"The use of tights or 'trunks' will not be allowed.

"The police have orders to remove from the beach any person, male or female, whose conduct is improper.

"For the sake of example, all persons are requested to discountenance the practice of the sexes in assuming attitudes on the sand that would be considered immoral at their city homes, or elsewhere. If this rule is not observed, it becomes the duty of the police to serve a card on the offending persons, and if the thing is repeated the offender must be ordered from the beach peremptorily.

"As a rule, respectable people retire from the beach by 10.30 in the evening.

"The electric lights are extinguished at 12 o'clock. All persons are expected to be off the beach one half-hour before that time."

Yet the fact remains that the place is one of the most orderly and reputable towns, at no expense to any self-respecting person's comfort. Decent folks do as they please, and stay as long as they like on the beach; wines and liquors are kept in the houses of those who wish to use them; bathing is carried on precisely as at any other place, and the government, of which the founder is but a member, is sensible and liberal. There is far more talk about the idiosyncrasies of the founder than there is any basis for; but if he were merely intent upon advertising his town, I should say that he had discovered, and made full use of, the fact that to advertise the decency of a town is to insure its prosperity. To prove this by its reverse one needs only to visit Long Branch, which, after long-continued notoriety as a place where gambling is openly carried on, has fallen from the high estate of a "summer capital," to become stagnant and not far from shabby.

Asbury Park is not a religious foundation, as Ocean Grove is; but near by is Wanamassa, a summer camp in "the Pines" for members of the Young Men's Christian Association. And on the shore of New York's lower bay is a very healthy, pushing resort called Atlantic Highlands, which was organized as a camp-meeting town, "and to combine health, pleasure, and religion." It is a beautiful spot, and is maintained with a close regard for the morals of the visitors, whose number, increasing every year, now form a multitude.

The water views of Old Monmouth are by no means all of the sea. Below, where the Shrewsbury and Navesink rivers lend truly magnificent beauty to a thousand vistas, the beach and woodland ponds are numerous. They are called "lakes" by the summer hotel-keepers. Many of the resorts possess one pond, but Asbury Park has three, and Ocean Grove lies between two. Some of these are so very close to the sea that one may toss a stone from one to the other, but the coast is actually broken by inlets in very few places. Shark River is made by one of these breaks, and deserves an especial word of praise for its beauty, its healthfulness, and the sport with boat and rod and net which it affords.

And now let me conclude this mere dish out of the feast of good reading that the records of old Monmouth afford by a quotation from its ancient history. It is

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one Oldmixon, friend of William Penn, who is responsible for it:

"A gentleman asking one of the Proprietaries (Berkeley and Carteret) '*If there were no Lawyers in the Jerseys*,' was answered '*no*.' And then '*If there were no Physicians?*' The Proprietor replied '*no*.' '*Nor Parsons?*' adds the Gentleman. '*No*,' says the Proprietor. Upon which the other cry'd, '*What a happy place, and how worthy the name of Paradise!*'"

The last sentence of that epitome of the charms of Monmouth was nearer the truth than the others. There were parsons and doctors and lawyers in that "good land to fall in with," and at a very early day, and presently there came upon the scene a poet of great renown in his time. This was Philip Freneau, whose "patriotic songs and ballads were everywhere sung with enthusiasm." He was a graduate of Princeton, an editor, traveller, and poet, and the friend of Adams, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. He died at the age of eighty, and was buried near Freehold.

THE EDITOR'S STORY.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

IT was a warm afternoon in the early spring, and the air in the office was close and heavy. The letters of the morning had been answered and the proofs corrected, and the gentlemen who had come with ideas worth one column at space rates, and which they thought worth three, had compromised with the editor on a basis of two, and departed. The editor's desk was covered with manuscripts in a heap, a heap that never seemed to grow less, and each manuscript bore a character of its own, as marked or as unobtrusive as the character of the man or of the woman who had written it, which disclosed itself in the care with which some were presented for consideration, in the vain little ribbons of others, or the selfish manner in which still others were tightly rolled or vilely scribbled.

The editor held the first page of a poem in his hand, and was reading it mechanically, for its length had already declared against it, unless it might chance to be the precious gem out of a thousand, which must be chosen in spite of its twenty stanzas. But as the editor read, his interest awakened, and he scanned the verses again, as one would turn to look a second time at a face which seemed familiar. At the fourth stanza his memory was still in doubt, at the sixth it was warming to the chase, and at the end of the page was in full cry. He caught up the second page and looked for the final verse, and then at the name below, and then back again quickly to the title of the poem, and pushed aside the papers on his desk in search of any note which might have accompanied it.

The name signed at the bottom of the second page was Edwin Aram, the title of the poem was "Bohemia," and there was no accompanying note, only the name Berkeley written at the top of the first page. The envelope in which it had come gave no further clew. It was addressed in the same handwriting as that in which the poem had been written, and it bore the post-mark of New York city. There was no request for the return of the poem, no direction to which either the poem itself or the check for its payment in the event of its acceptance might be sent. Berkeley might be the name of an apartment-house or of a country place or of a suburban town.

The editor stepped out of his office into the larger room beyond and said: "I've a poem here that appeared in an American magazine about seven years ago. I remember the date because I read it when I was at college. Some one is either trying to play a trick on us, or to get money by stealing some other man's brains."

It was in this way that Edwin Aram first introduced himself to our office, and while his poem was not accepted, it was not returned. On the contrary, Mr. Aram became to us one of the most interesting of our would-be contributors, and there was no author, no matter of what popularity, for whose work we waited with greater impatience. But Mr. Aram's personality still remained as completely hidden from us as were the productions which he offered from the sight of our subscribers. Each of the poems he sent had been stolen outright and signed with his name.

It was through no fault of ours that

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he continued to blush unseen, or that his pretty taste in poems was unappreciated by the general reader. We followed up every clew and every hint he chose to give us with an enthusiasm worthy of a search after a lost explorer, and with animus worthy of better game. Yet there was some reason for our interest. The man who steals the work of another and who passes it off as his own is the special foe of every editor, but this particular editor had a personal distrust of Mr. Aram. He imagined that these poems might possibly be a trap which some one had laid for him with the purpose of drawing him into printing them, and then of pointing out by this fact how little read the editor was, and how unfit to occupy the swivel-chair into which he had so lately dropped. Or if this were not the case, the man was in any event the enemy of all honest people, who look unkindly on those who try to obtain money by false pretences.

The evasions of Edwin Aram were many, and his methods to avoid detection not without skill. His second poem was written on a sheet of note-paper bearing the legend "The Shakespeare Debating Club. Edwin Aram, President."

This was intended to reassure us as to his literary taste and standard, and to meet any suspicion we might feel had there been no address of any sort accompanying the poem. No one we knew had ever heard of a Shakespeare Debating Club in New York city. But we gave him the benefit of the doubt until we found that this poem, like the first, was also stolen. His third poem bore his name and an address, which on instant inquiry turned out to be that of a vacant lot on Seventh Avenue near Central Park. Edwin Aram had by this time become an exasperating and picturesque individual, and the editorial staff was divided in its opinion concerning him. It was argued on one hand that as the man had never sent us a real address, his object must be to gain a literary reputation at the expense of certain poets, and not to make money at ours. Others answered this by saying that fear of detection alone kept Edwin Aram from sending his real address, but that as soon as his poem was printed, and he ascertained by that fact that he had not been discovered, he would put in an application for payment, and let us know quickly enough to what portion of New York city his check should be forwarded.

This, however, presupposed the fact that he was writing to us over his real name, which we did not believe he would dare to do. No one in our little circle of journalists and literary men had ever heard of such a man, and his name did not appear in the directory. This fact, however, was not convincing in itself, as the residents of New York move from flat to hotel, and from apartments to boarding-houses as frequently as the Arab changes his camping-ground. We tried to draw him out at last by publishing a personal paragraph which stated that several contributions received from Edwin Aram would be returned to him if he would send stamps and his present address. The editor did not add that he would return the poems in person, but such was his warlike intention.

This had the desired result, and brought us a fourth poem and a fourth address, the name of a tall building which towers above Union Square. We seemed to be getting very warm now, and the editor gathered up the four poems, and called to his aid his friend Bronson, the ablest reporter on the New York ——, who was to act as chronicler. They took with them letters from the authors of two of the poems and from the editor of the magazine in which the first one had originally appeared, testifying to the fact that Edwin Aram had made an exact copy of the original, and wishing the brother editor good luck in catching the plagiarist.

The reporter looked these over with a critical eye. "The City Editor told me if we caught him," he said, "that I could let it run for all it was worth. I can use these names, I suppose, and I guess they have pictures of the poets at the office. If he turns out to be anybody in particular, it ought to be worth a full three columns. Sunday paper too."

The amateur detectives stood in the lower hall in the tall building, between swinging doors, and jostled by hurrying hundreds, while they read the names on a marble directory.

"There he is!" said the editor, excitedly. "'American Literary Bureau.' One room on the fourteenth floor. That's just the sort of a place in which we would be likely to find him." But the reporter was gazing open-eyed at a name in large let-

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ters on an office door. "Edward K. Aram," it read, "Commissioner of ——, and City ——."

"What do you think of *that?*" he gasped, triumphantly.

"Nonsense," said the editor. "He wouldn't dare; besides, the initials are different. You're expecting too good a story."

"That's the way to get them," answered the reporter, as he hurried towards the office of the City ——. "If a man falls dead, believe it's a suicide until you prove it's not; if you find a suicide, believe it's a murder until you are convinced to the contrary. Otherwise you'll get beaten. We don't want the proprietor of a little literary bureau, we want a big city official, and I'll believe we have one until he proves we haven't."

"Which are you going to ask for," whispered the editor, "Edward K. or Edwin?"

"Edwin, I should say," answered the reporter. "He has probably given notice that mail addressed that way should go to him."

"Is Mr. Edwin Aram in?" he asked.

The clerk raised his head and looked behind him. "No," he said; "his desk is closed. I guess he's gone home for the day."

The reporter nudged the editor savagely with his elbow, but his face gave no sign. "That's a pity," he said; "we had an appointment with him. He still lives at Sixty-first Street and Madison Avenue, I believe, does he not?"

"No," said the clerk; "that's his father, the Commissioner, Edward K. The son lives at ——. Get off at 116th Street."

"Thank you," said the reporter. He turned a triumphant smile upon the editor. "We've got him!" he said, excitedly. "And the son of old Edward K. too! Think of it! Trying to steal a few dollars by cribbing other men's poems; that's the best story there has been in the papers for the past three months—'Edward K. Aram's son a thief!' Look at the names—politicians, poets, editors, all mixed up in it. It's good for three columns sure."

"We've got to think of his people, too," urged the editor, as they mounted the steps of the elevated road.

"He didn't think of them," said the reporter.

The house in which Mr. Aram lived was an apartment-house, and the brass latchets in the hallway showed that it contained three suites. There were visiting-cards under the latchets of the first and third stories, and under that of the second a piece of note-paper on which was written the autograph of Edwin Aram. The editor looked at it curiously. He had never believed it to be a real name.

"I am sorry Edwin Aram did not turn out to be a woman," he said, regretfully; "it would have been so much more interesting."

"Now," instructed Bronson, impressively, "whether he is in or not we have him. If he's not in, we wait until he comes, even if he doesn't come until morning; we don't leave this place until we have seen him."

"Very well," said the editor.

The maid left them standing at the top of the stairs while she went to ask if Mr. Aram was in, and whether he would see two gentlemen who did not give their names because they were strangers to him. The two stood silent while they waited, eying each other anxiously, and when the girl reopened the door, nodded pleasantly, and said, "Yes, Mr. Aram was in," they hurried past her as though they feared that he would disappear in mid-air, or float away through the windows before they could reach him.

And yet, when they stood at last face to face with him, he bore a most disappointing air of every-day respectability. He was a tall, thin young man, with light hair and mustache and large blue eyes. His back was towards the window, so that his face was in the shadow, and he did not rise as they entered. The room in which he sat was a prettily furnished one, opening into another tiny room, which, from the number of books in it, might have been called a library. The rooms had a well-to-do, even prosperous, air, but they did not show any evidences of a pronounced taste on the part of their owner, either in the way in which they were furnished or in the decorations of the walls. A little girl of about seven or eight years of age, who was standing between her father's knees, with a hand on each, and with her head thrown back on his shoulder, looked up at the two visitors with evident interest, and smiled brightly.

"Mr. Aram?" asked the editor, tentatively.

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The young man nodded, and the two visitors seated themselves.

"I wish to talk to you on a matter of private business," the editor began. "Wouldn't it be better to send the little girl away?"

The child shook her head violently at this, and crowded up closely to her father; but he held her away from him gently, and told her to "run and play with Annie."

She passed the two visitors, with her head held scornfully in air, and left the men together. Mr. Aram seemed to have a most passive and incurious disposition. He had no idea as to who his anonymous visitors might be, nor did he show any desire to know.

"I am the editor of ——," the editor began. "My friend also writes for that paper. I have received several poems from you lately, Mr. Aram, and one in particular which we all liked very much. It was called 'Bohemia.' But it is so like one that has appeared under the same title in the —— *Magazine* that I thought I would see you about it, and ask you if you could explain the similarity. You see," he went on, "it would be less embarrassing if you would do so now than later, when the poem has been published and when people might possibly accuse you of plagiarism." The editor smiled encouragingly and waited.

Mr. Aram crossed one leg over the other and folded his hands in his lap. He exhibited no interest, and looked drowsily at the editor. When he spoke it was in a tone of unstudied indifference. "I never wrote a poem called 'Bohemia,'" he said, slowly; "at least, if I did, I don't remember it."

The editor had not expected a flat denial, and it irritated him, for he recognized it to be the safest course the man could pursue, if he kept to it. "But you don't mean to say," he protested, smiling, "that you can write so excellent a poem as 'Bohemia' and then forget having done so?"

"I might," said Mr. Aram, unresentfully, and with little interest. "I scribble a good deal."

"Perhaps," suggested the reporter, politely, with the air of one who is trying to cover up a difficulty to the satisfaction of all, "Mr. Aram would remember it if he saw it."

The editor nodded his head in assent, and took the first page of the two on which the poem was written, and held it out to Mr. Aram, who accepted the piece of foolscap and eyed it listlessly.

"Yes, I wrote that," he said. "I copied it out of a book called *Gems from American Poets.*" There was a lazy pause. "But I never sent it to any paper." The editor and the reporter eyed each other with outward calm but with some inward astonishment. They could not see why he had not adhered to his original denial of the thing *in toto.* It seemed to them so foolish to admit having copied the poem and then to deny having forwarded it.

"You see," explained Mr. Aram, still with no apparent interest in the matter, "I am very fond of poetry; I like to recite it, and I often write it out in order to make me remember it. I find it impresses the words on my mind. Well, that's what's happened. I have copied this poem out at the office probably, and one of the clerks there has found it, and has supposed that I wrote it, and he has sent it to your paper as a sort of a joke on me. You see, father being so well known, it would rather amuse the boys if I came out as an author. That's how it was, I guess. Somebody must have found it and sent it to you, because *I* never sent it."

There was a moment of thoughtful consideration. "I see," said the editor. "I used to do that same thing myself when I had to recite pieces at school. I found that writing the verses down helped me to remember them. I remember that I once copied out all of Shakespeare's sonnets. But, Mr. Aram, it never occurred to me, after having copied out one of Shakespeare's sonnets, to sign my own name at the bottom of it."

Mr. Aram's eyes dropped to the page of manuscript in his hand and rested there for some little time. Then he said, without raising his head, "I haven't signed this."

"No," replied the editor; "but you signed the second page, which I still have in my hand."

The editor and his companion expected some expression of indignation from Mr. Aram at this, some question of their right to come into his house and cross-examine him and to accuse him, tentatively at least, of literary fraud, but they were dis-

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appointed. Mr. Aram's manner was still one of absolute impassibility. Whether this manner was habitual to him they could not know, but it made them doubt their own judgment in having so quickly accused him, as it bore the look of undismayed innocence.

It was the reporter who was the first to break the silence. "Perhaps some one has signed Mr. Aram's name—the clerk who sent it, for instance."

Young Mr. Aram looked up at him curiously, and held out his hand for the second page. "Yes," he drawled, "that's how it happened. That's not my signature. I never signed that."

The editor was growing restless. "I have several other poems here from you," he said; "one written from the rooms of the Shakespeare Debating Club, of which I see you are president. Your clerk could not have access there, could he? He did not write that, too?"

"No," said Mr. Aram, doubtfully, "he could not have written that."

The editor handed him the poem. "It's yours, then?"

"Yes, that's mine," Mr. Aram replied.

"And the signature?"

"Yes, and the signature. I wrote that myself," Mr. Aram explained, "and sent it myself. That other one ('Bohemia') I just copied out to remember, but this is original with me."

"And the envelope in which it was enclosed," asked the editor, "did you address that also?"

Mr. Aram examined it uninterestedly. "Yes, that's my handwriting too." He raised his head. His face wore an expression of patient politeness.

"Oh!" exclaimed the editor, suddenly, in some embarrassment. "I handed you the wrong envelope. I beg your pardon. That envelope is the one in which 'Bohemia' came."

The reporter gave a hardly perceptible start; his eyes were fixed on the pattern of the rug at his feet, and the editor continued to examine the papers in his hand. There was absolute silence. From outside came the noise of children playing in the street and the rapid rush of a passing car.

When the two visitors raised their heads Mr. Aram was looking at them strangely, and the fingers folded in his lap were twisting in and out.

"This Shakespeare Debating Club," said the editor, "where are its rooms, Mr. Aram?"

"It has no rooms, now," answered the poet. "It has disbanded. It never had any regular rooms; we just met about and read."

"I see—exactly," said the editor. "And the house on Seventh Avenue from which your third poem was sent—did you reside there then, or have you always lived here?"

"No, yes—I used to live there—I lived there when I wrote that poem."

The editor looked at the reporter and back at Mr. Aram. "It is a vacant lot, Mr. Aram," he said, gravely.

There was a long pause. The poet rocked slowly up and down in his rocking-chair, and looked at his hands, which he rubbed over one another as though they were cold. Then he raised his head and cleared his throat.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "you have made out your case."

"Yes," said the editor, regretfully, "we have made out our case." He could not help but wish that the fellow had stuck to his original denial. It was too easy a victory.

"I don't say, mind you," went on Mr. Aram, "that I ever took anybody's verses and sent them to a paper as my own, but I ask you as one gentleman talking to another, and inquiring for information, what is there wrong in doing it? I say, *if* I had done it, which I don't admit I ever did, where's the harm?"

"Where's the harm?" cried the two visitors in chorus.

"Obtaining money under false pretences," said the editor, "is the harm you do the publishers, and robbing another man of the work of his brain and what credit belongs to him is the harm you do him, and telling a lie is the least harm done. Such a contemptible foolish lie, too, that you might have known would surely find you out in spite of the trouble you took to—"

"I never asked you for any money," interrupted Mr. Aram, quietly.

"But we would have sent it to you, nevertheless," retorted the editor, "if we had not discovered in time that the poems were stolen."

"Where would you have sent it?" asked Mr. Aram. "I never gave you a right address, did I? I ask you, did I?"

The editor paused in some confusion.

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"Well, if you did not want the money, what did you want?" he exclaimed. "I must say I should like to know."

Mr. Aram rocked himself to and fro, and gazed at his two inquisitors with troubled eyes. "I didn't see any harm in it then," he repeated. "I don't see any harm in it now. I didn't ask you for any money. I sort of thought," he said, confusedly, "that I should like to see my name in print. I wanted my friends to see it. I'd have liked to have shown it to—to—well, I'd like my wife to have seen it. She's interested in literature and books and magazines and things like that. That was all I wanted. That's why I did it."

The reporter looked up askance at the editor, as a prompter watches the actor to see if he is ready to take his cue.

"How do I know that?" demanded the editor, sharply. He found it somewhat difficult to be severe with this poet, for the man admitted so much so readily, and would not defend himself. Had he only blustered and grown angry and ordered them out, instead of sitting helplessly there rocking to and fro and picking at the back of his hands, it would have made it so much easier. "How do we know," repeated the editor, "that you did not intend to wait until the poems had appeared, and then send us your real address and ask for the money, saying that you had moved since you had last written us?"

"Oh," protested Mr. Aram, "you know I never thought of that."

"I don't know anything of the sort," said the editor. "I only know that you have forged and lied and tried to obtain money that doesn't belong to you, and that I mean to make an example of you and frighten other men from doing the same thing. No editor has read every poem that was ever written, and there is no protection for him from such fellows as you, and the only thing he can do when he does catch one of you is to make an example of him. That's what I am going to do. I am going to make an example of you. I am going to nail you up as people nail up dead crows to frighten off the live ones. It is my intention to give this to the papers to-night, and you know what they will do with it in the morning."

There was a long and most uncomfortable pause, and it is doubtful if the editor did not feel it as much as did the man opposite him. The editor turned to his friend for a glance of sympathy, or of disapproval even, but that gentleman still sat bending forward with his eyes fixed on the floor, while he tapped with the top of his cane against his teeth.

"You don't mean," said Mr. Aram, in a strangely different voice from which he had last spoken, "that you would do that?"

"Yes, I do," blustered the editor. But even as he spoke he was conscious of a sincere regret that he had not come alone. He could intuitively feel Bronson mapping out the story in his mind and memorizing Aram's every word, and taking mental notes of the framed certificates of high membership in different military and masonic associations which hung upon the walls. It had not been long since the editor was himself a reporter, and he could see that it was as good a story as Bronson could wish it to be. But he reiterated, "Yes, I mean to give it to the papers to-night."

"But think," said Aram—"think, sir, who I am. You don't want to ruin me for the rest of my life just for a matter of fifteen dollars, do you? Fifteen dollars that no one has lost, either. If I'd embezzled a million or so, or if I had robbed the city, well and good! I'd have taken big risks for big money; but you are going to punish me just as hard, because I tried to please my wife, as though I had robbed a mint. No one has really been hurt," he pleaded; "the men who wrote the poems —they've been paid for them; they've got all the credit for them they *can* get. You've not lost a cent. I've gained nothing by it; and yet you gentlemen are going to give this thing to the papers, and, as you say, sir, we know what they will make of it. What with my being my father's son, and all that, my father is going to suffer. My family is going to suffer. It will ruin me—"

The editor put the papers back into his pocket. If Bronson had not been there he might possibly instead have handed them over to Mr. Aram, and this story would never have been written. But he could not do that now. Mr. Aram's affairs had become the property of the New York newspaper.

He turned to his friend doubtfully. "What do you think, Bronson?" he asked.

At this sign of possible leniency Aram ceased in his rocking and sat erect, with

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eyes wide open and fixed on Bronson's face. But the latter trailed his stick over the rug at the bottom of his feet and shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Aram," he said, "might have thought of his family and his father before he went into this business. It is rather late now. But," he added, "I don't think it is a matter we can decide in any event. It should be left to the firm."

"Yes," said the editor, hurriedly, glad of the excuse to temporize, "we must leave it to the house." But he read Bronson's answer to mean that he did not intend to let the plagiarist escape, and he knew that even were Bronson willing to do so, there was still his City Editor to be persuaded.

The two men rose and stood uncomfortably, shifting their hats in their hands —and avoiding each other's eyes. Mr. Aram stood up also, and seeing that his last chance had come, began again to plead desperately.

"What good would fifteen dollars do me?" he said, with a gesture of his hands round the room. "I don't have to look for money as hard as that. I tell you," he reiterated, "it wasn't the money I wanted. I didn't mean any harm. I didn't know it was wrong. I just wanted to please my wife—that was all. My God, man, can't you see that you are punishing me out of all proportion?"

The visitors walked towards the door, and he followed them, talking the faster as they drew near to it. The scene had become an exceedingly painful one, and they were anxious to bring it to a close.

The editor interrupted him. "We will let you know," he said, "what we have decided to do by to-morrow morning."

"You mean," retorted the man, hopelessly and reproachfully, "that I will read it in the Sunday papers."

Before the editor could answer they heard the door leading into the apartment open and close, and some one stepping quickly across the hall to the room in which they stood. The entrance to this room was hung with a portière, and as the three men paused in silence this portière was pushed back, and a young lady stood in the doorway, holding the curtains apart with her two hands. She was smiling, and the smile lighted a face that was inexpressibly bright and honest and true. Aram's face had been lowered, but the eyes of the other two men were staring wide open towards the unexpected figure, which seemed to bring a taste of fresh pure air into the feverish atmosphere of the place. The girl stopped uncertainly when she saw the two strangers, and bowed her head slightly as the mistress of a house might welcome any one whom she found in her drawing-room. She was entirely above and apart from her surroundings. It was not only that she was exceedingly pretty, but that everything about her, from her attitude to her cloth walking-dress, was significant of good taste and high breeding.

She paused uncertainly, still smiling, and with her gloved hands holding back the curtains and looking at Aram with eyes filled with a kind confidence. She was apparently waiting for him to present his friends.

The editor made a sudden but irrevocable resolve. "If she is only a chance visitor," he said to himself, "I will still expose him; but if that woman in the doorway is his wife, I will push Bronson under the elevated train, and the secret will die with me." What Bronson's thoughts were he could not know, but he was conscious that his friend had straightened his broad shoulders and was holding his head erect.

Aram raised his face, but he did not look at the woman in the door. "In a minute, dear," he said; "I am busy with these gentlemen."

The girl gave a little "oh" of apology, smiled at her husband's bent head, inclined her own again slightly to the other men, and let the portière close behind her. It had been as dramatic an entrance and exit as the two visitors had ever seen upon the stage. It was as if Aram had given a signal, and the only person who could help him had come in the nick of time to plead for him. Aram, stupid as he appeared to be, had evidently felt the effect his wife's appearance had made upon his judges. He still kept his eyes fixed upon the floor, but he said, and this time with more confidence in his tone:

"It is not, gentlemen, as though I were an old man. I have so very long to live—so long to try to live this down. Why, I am as young as you are. How would you like to have a thing like this to carry with you till you died?"

The editor still stood staring blankly

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at the curtains through which Mr. Aram's good angel, for whom he had lied and cheated in order to gain credit in her eyes, had disappeared. He pushed them aside with his stick. "We will let you know to-morrow morning," he repeated, and the two men passed out from the poet's presence, and on into the hall. They descended the stairs in an uncomfortable silence, Bronson leading the way, and the editor endeavoring to read his verdict by the back of his head and shoulders.

At the foot of the steps he pulled his friend by the sleeve. "Bronson," he coaxed, "you are not going to use it, are you?"

Bronson turned on him savagely. "For Heaven's sake!" he protested, "what do you think I am; did you *see* her?"

So the New York —— lost a very good story, and Bronson a large sum of money for not writing it, and Mr. Aram was taught a lesson, and his young wife's confidence in him remained unshaken. The editor and reporter dined together that night, and over their cigars decided with sudden terror that Mr. Aram might in his ignorance of their good intentions concerning him blow out his brains, and for nothing. So they despatched a messenger-boy up town in post-haste with a note saying that "the firm" had decided to let the matter drop. Although, perhaps, it would have been better to have given him one sleepless night at least.

That was three years ago, and since then Mr. Aram's father has fallen out with Tammany, and has been retired from public service. Bronson has been sent abroad to represent the United States at a foreign court, and has asked the editor to write the story that he did not write, but with such changes in the names of people and places that no one save Mr. Aram may know who Mr. Aram really was and is.

This the editor has done, reporting what happened as faithfully as he could, and in the hope that it will make an interesting story in spite of the fact, and not on account of the fact, that it is a true one.

SEA BALLADS.

BY ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

MY SAILOR.

I STOOD with my sailor, hand in hand,
Where the waves were foaming free,
While the great ship gloomed against the strand,
Setting her sails for sea.
Never, never can I forget
The mingled sorrow and bliss
When our eyes in that last long love-look met,
Our lips in that last long kiss.

Then the great ship swept from the harbor's mouth
With our sailors over the deep;
Wistful we watched till she sank in the south;
Then homeward we turned to weep.

Tempest within and tempest without,
Storm of the sky and the soul;
A fierce-fought battle in dreadful doubt,
And a sudden message of dole:
"At his last breath, wounded to death,
Winning a hope forlorn;
A nobler name from a field of fame
No Briton has ever borne."

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Hope, hope, most faint and far,
  Yet he vanquished one hope forlorn;
Hope, hope, my brightening star,
  Hope, my beaming morn.
Letters, letters, westward flying
  And eastward over the main;
Letters, letters, golden fetters
  Linking two lives again.

A great ship growing out of the south,
  A great crowd gathered on shore,
A great ship making the harbor's mouth,
  And my sailor, my sailor once more!

GALWAY BAY.

In the golden Autumn gloaming
  Our sweethearts loosed away,
And their hookers brown went foaming
  Full race o'er Galway Bay;
But through all their shouts and singing
  Broke in the breakers' tune,
And the ghostly gulls came winging
  In flocks to the frowning doon,
And angry red was ringing
  The rising harvest-moon.

Then we girls went back to our spinning;
  But soon grew sore distressed
To hear the storm beginning
  Far off in the wailing west,
Till fearful lightning flashes
  Came darting round our reels,
And dreadful thunder crashes
  Made dumb our dancing wheels,
While with lips as white as ashes
  We prayed for our fishing-keels.

With the wild wet dawn we started
  In grief to the groaning shore,
Where so lightly we had parted
  From our boys but the eve before;
Then sure no angel's story
  Ever spake such comfort sweet
As the cry of the coast-guard hoary,
  As he sighted each craft complete:
"Our God has saved—to His glory—
  All hands of the herring fleet!"

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TRILBY.*

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Part Eighth.

"La vie est vaine:
Un peu d'amour,
Un peu de haine. . . .
Et puis—bonjour!

"La vie est brève:
Un peu d'espoir,
Un peu de rêve. . . .
Et puis—bonsoir!"

SVENGALI had died from heart-disease. The cut he had received from Gecko had not apparently (as far as the verdict of a coroner's inquest could be trusted) had any effect in aggravating his malady or hastening his death.

But Gecko was sent for trial at the Old Bailey, and sentenced to hard labor for six months. Taffy saw him again, but with no better result than before. He chose to preserve an obstinate silence on his relations with the Svengalis and their relations with each other.

When he was told how hopelessly ill and insane Madame Svengali was, he shed a few tears, and said: "Ah, pauvrette, pauvrette—ah! monsieur—je l'aimais tant, je l'aimais tant! il n'y en a pas beaucoup comme elle, Dieu de misère! C'est un ange du Paradis!"

And not another word was to be got out of him.

It took some time to settle Svengali's affairs after his death. No will was found. His old mother came over from Germany, and two of his sisters, but no wife. The comic wife and the three children, and the sweet-stuff shop in Elberfeld, had been humorous inventions of his own—a kind of Mrs. Harris!

He left three thousand pounds, every penny of which (and of far larger sums that he had spent) had been earned by "la Svengali"; but nothing came to Trilby of this—nothing but the clothes and jewels he had given her, and in this respect he had been lavish enough; and there were countless costly gifts from emperors, kings, great people of all kinds. Trilby was under the impression that all these belonged to Marta. Marta behaved admirably; she seemed bound hand and foot to Trilby by a kind of slavish adoration, as that of a plain old mother for a brilliant and beautiful but dying child.

"OUT OF THE MYSTERIOUS EAST."

It soon became evident that, whatever her disease might be, Trilby had but a very short time to live.

She was soon too weak even to be taken out in a Bath chair, and remained all day in her large sitting-room with Marta; and there, to her great and only joy, she received her three old friends every afternoon, and gave them coffee, and made them smoke cigarettes of caporal as of old; and their hearts were daily harrowed as they watched her rapid decline.

Day by day she grew more beautiful in their eyes, in spite of her increasing pallor and emaciation—her skin was so pure and white and delicate, and the bones of her face so admirable!

Her eyes recovered all their old humorous brightness when les trois An-

* Begun in January number, 1894.

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gliches were with her, and the expression of her face was so wistful and tender for all her playfulness, so full of eager clinging to existence and to them, that they felt the memory of it would haunt them forever, and be the sweetest and saddest memory of their lives.

Her quick, though feeble gestures, full of reminiscences of the vigorous and lively girl they had known a few years back, sent waves of pity through them and pure brotherly love; and the incomparable tones and changes and modulations of her voice, as she chatted and laughed, bewitched them almost as much as when she had sung the Nussbaum of Schumann in the Salle des Bashibazoucks.

Sometimes Lorrimer came, and Joe Sibley and the Greek. It was like a genial little court of bohemia. And Lorrimer, Sibley, the Laird, and Little Billee made those beautiful chalk and pencil studies of her head which are now so well known —all so singularly like her, and so singularly unlike each other! *Trilby vue à travers quatre tempéraments!*

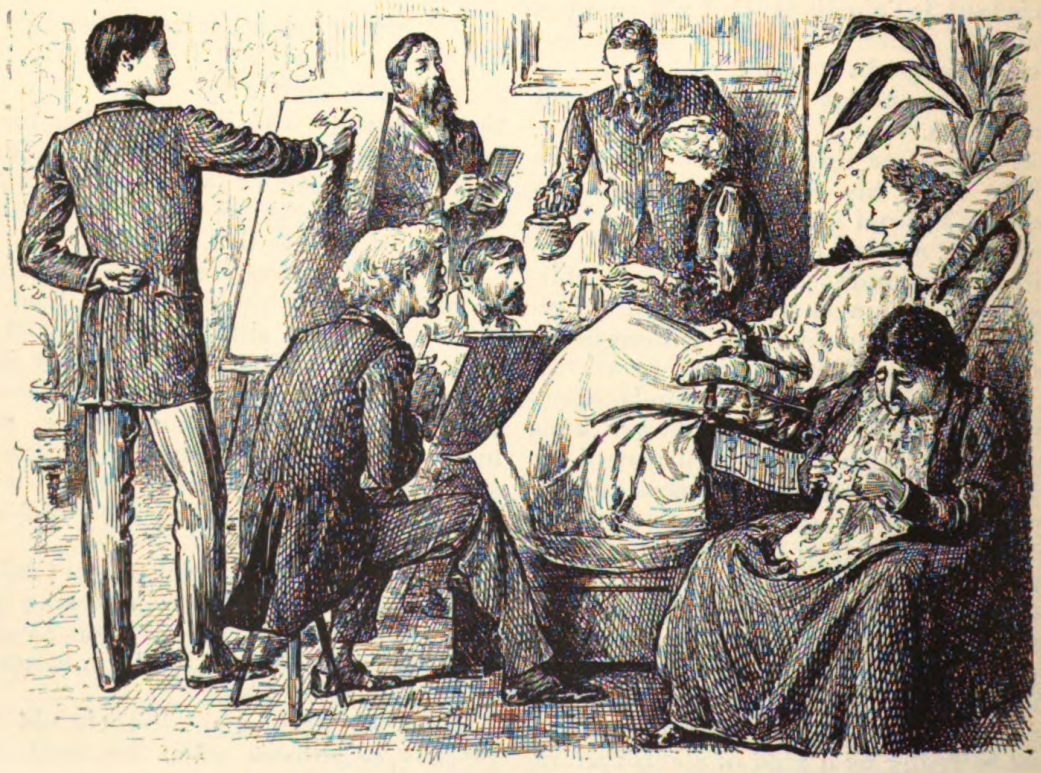
These afternoons were probably the happiest poor Trilby had ever spent in her life;—with these dear people round her, speaking the language she loved, talking of old times and jolly Paris days, she never thought of the morrow.

But later—at night, in the small hours —she would wake up with a start from some dream full of tender and blissful recollection, and suddenly realize her own mischance, and feel the icy hand of that which was to come before many morrows were over; and taste the bitterness of death so keenly that she longed to scream out loud, and get up, and walk up and down, and wring her hands at the dreadful thought of parting forever!

But she lay motionless and mum as a poor little frightened mouse in a trap, for fear of waking up the good old tired Marta, who was snoring at her side.

And in an hour or two the bitterness would pass away, the creeps and the horrors; and the stoical spirit of resignation would steal over her—the balm, the blessed calm! and all her old bravery would come back.

And then she would sink into sleep again, and dream more blissfully than ever, till the good Marta woke her with a motherly kiss and a fragrant cup of coffee; and she would find, feeble as she was, and doomed as she felt herself to be, that joy cometh of a morning; and life was



A THRONE IN BOHEMIA.

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still sweet for her, with yet a whole day to look forward to.

One day she was deeply moved at receiving a visit from Mrs. Bagot, who, at Little Billee's earnest desire, had come all the way from Devonshire to see her.

As the graceful little lady came in, pale and trembling all over, Trilby rose from her chair to receive her, and rather timidly put out her hand, and smiled in a frightened manner. Neither could speak for a second. Mrs. Bagot stood stock-still by the door, gazing (with all her heart in her eyes) at the so terribly altered Trilby—the girl she had once so dreaded.

Trilby, who seemed also bereft of motion, and whose face and lips were ashen, exclaimed, "I'm afraid I haven't quite kept my promise to you, after all! but things have turned out so differently! anyhow you needn't have any fear of me *now*."

"OH, MY POOR GIRL! MY POOR GIRL!"

At the mere sound of that voice, Mrs. Bagot, who was as impulsive, emotional, and unregulated as her son, rushed forward, crying, "Oh, my poor girl, my poor girl!" and caught her in her arms, and kissed and caressed her, and burst into a flood of tears, and forced her back into her chair, hugging her as if she were a long-lost child.

"I love you now as much as I always admired you—pray believe it!"

"Oh, how kind of you to say that!" said Trilby, her own eyes filling. "I'm not at all the dangerous or designing person you thought. I knew quite well I wasn't a proper person to marry your son all the time; and told him so again and again. It was very stupid of me to say yes at last. I was miserable directly after, I assure you. Somehow I couldn't help myself—I was driven."

"Oh, don't talk of that! don't talk of that! You've never been to blame in any way—I've long known it—I've been full of remorse! You've been in my thoughts always, night and day. Forgive a poor jealous mother. As if *any* man could help loving you—or any woman either. Forgive me!"

"Oh, Mrs. Bagot—forgive *you!* What a funny idea! But anyhow you've forgiven *me*, and that's all I care for now. I was very fond of your son—as fond as could be. I am now, but in quite a different sort of way, you know—the sort of way *you* must be, I fancy! There was never another like him that I ever met—anywhere! You *must* be so proud of him: who wouldn't! *Nobody's* good enough for him. I would have been only too glad to be his servant, his humble servant! I used to tell him so—but he wouldn't hear of it—he was much too kind! He always thought of others before himself. And, oh! how rich and famous he's become! I've heard all about it, and it did me good. It does me more good to think of than anything else; far more than if I were to be ever so rich and famous myself, I can tell you!"

This from la Svengali, whose overpowering fame, so utterly forgotten by herself, was still ringing all over Europe; whose lamentable illness and approaching death were being mourned and discussed and commented upon in every capital of the civilized world, as one distressing bulletin appeared after another. She might have been a royal personage!

Mrs. Bagot knew, of course, the strange form her insanity had taken, and made no allusion to the flood of thoughts that rushed through her own brain as she lis-

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tened to this towering goddess of song, this poor mad queen of the nightingales, humbly gloating over her son's success. . . .

Poor Mrs. Bagot had just come from Little Billee's in Fitzroy Square close by. There she had seen Taffy, in a corner of Little Billee's studio, laboriously answering endless letters and telegrams from all parts of Europe—for the good Taffy had constituted himself Trilby's secretary and homme d'affaires—unknown to her, of course. And this was no sinecure (though he liked it): putting aside the numerous people he had to see and be interviewed by, there were kind inquiries and messages of condolence and sympathy from nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, through their chamberlains; applications for help from unsuccessful musical strugglers all over the world to the pre-eminently successful one; beautiful letters from great and famous people, musical or otherwise; disinterested offers of service; interested proposals for engagements when the present trouble should be over; beggings for an interview from famous impresarios, to obtain which no distance would be thought too great, etc., etc., etc. It was endless, in English, French, German, Italian—in languages quite incomprehensible (many letters had to remain unanswered). Taffy took an almost malicious pleasure in explaining all this to Mrs. Bagot.

Then there was a constant rolling of carriages up to the door, and a thundering of Little Billee's knocker: Lord and Lady Palmerston wish to know—the Lord Chief Justice wishes to know—the Dean of Westminster wishes to know—the Marchioness of Westminster wishes to know—everybody wishes to know if there is any better news of Madame Svengali!

These were small things, truly; but Mrs. Bagot was a small person from a small village in Devonshire, and one whose heart and eye had hitherto been filled by no larger image than that of Little Billee; and Little Billee's fame, as she now discovered for the first time, did not quite fill the entire universe.

And she mustn't be too much blamed if all these obvious signs of a world-wide celebrity impressed and even awed her a little.

Madame Svengali! Why, this was the beautiful girl whom she remembered so well, whom she had so grandly discarded with a word, and who had accepted her congé so meekly in a minute; whom, indeed, she had been cursing in her heart for years, because—because what?

Poor Mrs. Bagot felt herself turn hot and red all over, and humbled herself to the very dust, and almost forgot that she had been in the right, after all, and that "la grande Trilby" was certainly no fit match for her son!

So she went quite humbly to see Trilby, and found a poor pathetic mad creature still more humble than herself, who still apologized for—for what?

A poor pathetic mad creature who had clean forgotten that she was the greatest singer in all the world—one of the greatest artists that had ever lived; but who remembered with shame and contrition that she had once taken the liberty of yielding (after endless pressure and repeated disinterested refusals of her own, and out of sheer irresistible affection) to the passionate pleadings of a little obscure art student, a mere boy—no better off than herself—just as penniless and insignificant a nobody; but—the son of Mrs. Bagot.

All due sense of proportion died out of the poor lady as she remembered and realized all this!

And then Trilby's pathetic beauty, so touching, so winning, in its rapid decay; the nameless charm of look and voice and manner that was her special apanage, and which her malady and singular madness had only increased; her childlike simplicity, her transparent forgetfulness of self—all these so fascinated and entranced Mrs. Bagot, whose quick susceptibility to such impressions was just as keen as her son's, that she very soon found herself all but worshipping this fast-fading lily—for so she called her in her own mind—quite forgetting (or affecting to forget) on what very questionable soil the lily had been reared, and through what strange vicissitudes of evil and corruption it had managed to grow so tall and white and fragrant!

Oh, strange compelling power of weakness and grace and prettiness combined, and sweet, sincere, unconscious natural manners! not to speak of world-wide fame!

For Mrs. Bagot was just a shrewd little conventional British country matron of the good upper middle-class type, bristling all over with provincial proprieties and respectabilities, a philistine of the philis-

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tines, in spite of her artistic instincts; one who for years had (rather unjustly) thought of Trilby as a wanton and perilous siren, an unchaste and unprincipled and most dangerous daughter of Heth, and the special enemy of her house.

And here she was—like all the rest of us monads and nomads and bohemians—just sitting at Trilby's feet. . . . "A washerwoman! a figure model! and Heaven knows what besides!" and she had never even heard her sing!

It was truly comical to see and hear!

Mrs. Bagot did not go back to Devonshire. She remained in Fitzroy Square, at her son's, and spent most of her time with Trilby, doing and devising all kinds of things to distract and amuse her, and lead her thoughts gently to heaven, and soften for her the coming end of all.

Trilby had a way of saying, and especially of looking, "Thank you" that made one wish to do as many things for her as one could, if only to make her say and look it again.

And she had retained much of her old, quaint, and amusing manner of telling things, and had much to tell still left of her wandering life, although there were so many strange lapses in her powers of memory—gaps—which, if they could only have been filled up, would have been full of such surpassing interest!

Then she was never tired of talking and hearing of Little Billee; and that was a subject of which Mrs. Bagot could never tire either!

Then there were the recollections of her childhood. One day, in a drawer, Mrs. Bagot came upon a faded daguerreotype of a woman in a Tam o' Shanter, with a face so sweet and beautiful and saintlike that it almost took her breath away. It was Trilby's mother.

"Who and what was your mother, Trilby?"

"Ah, poor mamma!" said Trilby, and she looked at the portrait a long time. "Ah, she was ever so much prettier than that! Mamma was once a demoiselle de comptoir—that's a barmaid, you know—at the Montagnards Écossais, in the Rue du Paradis Poissonnière—a place where men used to drink and smoke without sitting down. That was unfortunate, wasn't it?

"Papa loved her with all his heart, although, of course, she wasn't his equal. They were married at the Embassy, in the Rue du Faubourg St.-Honoré.

"*Her* parents weren't married at all. Her mother was the daughter of a boatman on Loch Ness, near a place called Drumnadrockit; but her father was the Honorable Colonel Desmond. He was related to all sorts of great people in England and Ireland. He behaved very badly to my grandmother and to poor mamma—his own daughter! deserted them both! Not very *honorable* of him, *was* it! And that's all I know about him."

"AH, POOR MAMMA! SHE WAS EVER SO MUCH PRETTIER THAN THAT!"

And then she went on to tell of the home in Paris that might have been so happy but for her father's passion for drink; of her parents' deaths, and little Jeannot, and so forth. And Mrs. Bagot was much moved and interested by these naïve revelations, which accounted in a measure for so much that seemed unaccountable in this extraordinary woman; who thus turned out to be a kind of cousin to no less a person than the famous Duchess of Towers.

With what joy would that ever kind and gracious lady have taken poor Trilby to her bosom had she only known! She had once been all the way from Paris to Vienna merely to hear her sing. But, unfortunately, the Svengalis had just left for St. Petersburg, and she had her long journey for nothing!

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Mrs. Bagot brought her many good books, and read them to her—Dr. Cummings on the approaching end of the world, and other works of a like comforting tendency for those who are just about to leave it; the *Pilgrim's Progress*, sweet little tracts, and what not.

Trilby was so grateful that she listened with much patient attention. Only now and then a faint gleam of amusement would steal over her face, and her lips would almost form themselves to ejaculate, "Oh, maïe, aïe!"

Then Mrs. Bagot, as a reward for such winning docility, would read her *David Copperfield*, and that was heavenly indeed!

But the best of all was for Trilby to look over John Leech's pictures of Life and Character, just out. She had never seen any drawings of Leech before, except now and then in an occasional *Punch* that turned up in the studio in Paris. And they never palled upon her, and taught her more of the aspect of English life (the life she loved) than any book she had ever read. She laughed and laughed; and it was almost as sweet to listen to as if she were vocalizing the quick part in Chopin's Impromptu.

One day she said, her lips trembling: "I can't make out why you're so wonderfully kind to me, Mrs. Bagot. I hope you have not forgotten who and what I am, and what my story is. I hope you haven't forgotten that I'm not a respectable woman?"

"Oh, my dear child—don't ask me . . . I only know that you are you! . . . . and I am I! and that is enough for me . . . . you're my poor gentle patient suffering daughter, whatever else you are—more sinned against than sinning, I feel sure! But there . . . . I've misjudged you so, and been so unjust, that I would give worlds to make you some amends . . . . besides, I should be just as fond of you if you'd committed a murder, I really believe—you're so strange! you're irresistible! Did you ever, in all your life, meet anybody that *was*n't fond of you?"

Trilby's eyes moistened with tender pleasure at such a pretty compliment. Then, after a few minutes' thought, she said, with engaging candor and quite simply: "No, I can't say I ever did, that I can think of just now. But I've forgotten such lots of people!"

One day Mrs. Bagot told Trilby that her brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Bagot, would much like to come and talk to her.

"Was that the gentleman who came with you to the studio in Paris?"

"Yes."

"Why, he's a clergyman, isn't he? What does he want to come and talk to *me* about?"

"Ah! my dear child. . . ." said Mrs. Bagot, her eyes filling.

Trilby was thoughtful for a while, and then said: "I'm going to die, I suppose. Oh yes! oh yes! There's no mistake about that!"

"Dear Trilby, we are all in the hands of an Almighty Merciful God!" And the tears rolled down Mrs. Bagot's cheeks.

After a long pause, during which she gazed out of window, Trilby said, in an abstracted kind of way, as though she were talking to herself: "Après tout, c'est pas déjà si raide, de claquer! J'en ai tant vus, qui ont passé par là! Au bout du fossé la culbute, ma foi!"

"What are you saying to yourself in French, Trilby? Your French is so difficult to understand!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I was thinking it's not so very difficult to die, after all! I've seen such lots of people do it. I've nursed them, you know—papa and mamma and Jeannot, and Angèle Boisse's mother-in-law, and a poor casseur de pierres, Colin Maigret, who lived in the Impasse des Taupes St.-Germain. He'd been run over by an omnibus in the Rue Vaugirard, and had to have both his legs cut off just above the knee. They none of them seemed to mind dying a bit. They weren't a bit afraid! *I*'m not!

"Poor people don't think much of death. Rich people shouldn't either. They should be taught when they're quite young to laugh at it and despise it, like the Chinese. The Chinese die of laughing just as their heads are being cut off, and cheat the executioner! It's all in the day's work, and we're all in the same boat—so who's afraid!"

"Dying is not all, my poor child! Are you prepared to meet your Maker face to face? Have you ever thought about God, and the possible wrath to come if you should die unrepentant?"

"Oh, but I sha'n't! I've been repenting all my life! Besides, there'll be no wrath for any of us—not even the worst! *Il y aura amnistie générale!* Papa told

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"TO SING LIKE THAT IS TO PRAY!"

me so, and he'd been a clergyman, like Mr. Thomas Bagot. I often think about God. I'm very fond of Him. One *must* have something perfect to look up to and be fond of—even if it's only an idea!

"Though some people don't even believe He exists! Le père Martin didn't—but, of course, *he* was only a chiffonnier, and doesn't count.

"One day, though, Durien the sculptor, who's very clever, and a very good fellow indeed, said:

"'Vois tu, Trilby—I'm very much afraid He doesn't really exist, le bon Dieu! most unfortunately for *me*, for I *adore* Him! I never do a piece of work without thinking how nice it would be if I could only please *Him* with it!'

"And I've often thought, myself, how heavenly it must be to be able to paint, or sculpt, or make music, or write beautiful poetry, for that very reason!

"Why, once on a very hot afternoon, we were sitting, a lot of us, in the courtyard outside la mère Martin's shop, drinking coffee with an old Invalide called Bastide Lendormi, one of the Vieille Garde, who'd only got one leg and one arm and one eye, and everybody was very fond of him. Well, a model called Mimi la Salope came out of the Mont-de-piété opposite, and Père Martin called out to her to come and sit down, and gave her a cup of coffee, and asked her to sing.

"She sang a song of Béranger's about Napoleon the Great, in which it says:

'Parlez-nous de lui, grand'mère!
Grand'mère, parlez-nous de lui!'

I suppose she sang it very well, for it made old Bastide Lendormi cry; and when Père Martin blaguéd him about it, he said,

"'C'est égal, voyez vous!--to sing like that is *to pray!*'

"And then I thought how lovely it would be if *I* could only sing like Mimi la Salope, and I've thought so ever since—just to *pray!*"

"*What!* Trilby? if *you* could only *sing* like-- Oh, but never mind, I forgot! Tell me, Trilby—do you ever pray to Him, as other people pray?"

"Pray to Him? Well, no—not often—not in words, and on my knees, and with my hands together, you know! *Thinking's* praying, very often—don't you think so? And so's being sorry and ashamed when one's done a mean thing, and glad when one's resisted a temptation, and grateful when it's a fine day and one's enjoying one's self without hurting any one else! What is it but

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praying when you try and bear up after losing all you cared to live for? And very good praying too! There can be prayers without words just as well as songs, I suppose; and Svengali used to say that songs without words are the best!

"And then it seems mean to be always asking for things. Besides, you don't get them any the faster that way, and that shows!

"La mère Martin used to be always praying. And Père Martin used always to laugh at her; yet he always seemed to get the things *he* wanted oftenest!

"*I* prayed once, very hard indeed! I prayed for Jeannot not to die!"

"Well—but how do you *repent*, Trilby, if you do not humble yourself, and pray for forgiveness on your knees?"

"Oh, well—I don't exactly know! Look here, Mrs. Bagot, I'll tell you the lowest and meanest thing I ever did. . . ."

(Mrs. Bagot felt a little nervous.)

"I'd promised to take Jeannot on Palm-Sunday to St.-Philippe du Roule, to hear l'abbé Bergamot. But Durien (that's the sculptor, you know) asked me to go with him to St.-Germain, where there was a fair, or something, and with Mathieu, who was a student in law, and a certain Victorine Letellier. And I went on Sunday morning to tell Jeannot that I couldn't take him.

"He cried so dreadfully that I thought I'd give up the others and take him to St.-Philippe as I'd promised. But then Durien and Mathieu and Victorine drove up and waited outside, and so I didn't take him and went with them, and I didn't enjoy anything all day, and was miserable.

"They were in an open carriage with two horses; it was Mathieu's treat; and Jeannot might have ridden on the box by the coachman, without being in anybody's way. But I was afraid they didn't want him, as they didn't say anything, and so I didn't dare ask—and Jeannot saw us drive away, and I *couldn't* look back at him! And the worst of it is that when we were half-way to St.-Germain, Durien said, 'What a pity you didn't bring Jeannot!' and they were all sorry I hadn't.

"It was six or seven years ago, and I really believe I've thought of it almost every day, and sometimes in the middle of the night!

"Ah! and when Jeannot was dying! and when he was dead—the remembrance of that Palm-Sunday!

"And if *that's* not repenting, I don't know what is!"

"Oh, Trilby, what nonsense! *that's* nothing; good heavens!—putting off a small child! I'm thinking of far worse things—when you were in the quartier latin, you know—sitting to painters and sculptors. . . . Surely, so attractive as you are. . . ."

"Oh yes. . . . I know what you mean—it was horrid, and I was frightfully ashamed of myself; and it wasn't amusing a bit! *nothing* was, till I met your son and Taffy and dear Sandy McAllister! But then it wasn't deceiving or disappointing anybody, or hurting their feelings—it was only hurting myself!

"Besides, all that sort of thing, in women, is punished severely enough down here, God knows! unless one's a Russian empress like Catherine the Great, or a grande dame like lots of them, or a great genius like Madame Rachel or George Sand!

"Why, if it hadn't been for that, and sitting for the figure, I should have felt myself good enough to marry your son, *although* I was only a blanchisseuse de fin—you've said so yourself!

"And I should have made him a good wife—of that I feel sure. He wanted to live all his life at Barbizon, and paint, you know; and didn't care for society in the least. Anyhow I should have been equal to such a life as that! Lots of their wives are blanchisseuses over there, or people of that sort; and they get on very well indeed, and nobody troubles about it!

"So I think I've been pretty well punished—richly as I've deserved to!"

"Trilby, have you ever been confirmed?"

"I forget. I fancy not!"

"Oh dear, oh dear! And do you know about our blessed Saviour, and the Atonement, and the Incarnation, and the Resurrection . . . ."

"Oh yes—I *used* to, at least. I used to have to learn the Catechism on Sundays—mamma made me. Whatever her faults and mistakes were, poor mamma was always very particular about *that!* It all seemed very complicated. But papa told me not to bother too much about it, but to be good. He said that

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God would make it all right for us somehow, in the end—all of us. And that seems sensible, *doesn't* it?

"He told me to be good, and not to mind what priests and clergymen tell us. He'd been a clergyman himself, and knew all about it, he said.

"I haven't been very good—there's not much doubt about that, I'm afraid! But God knows I've repented often enough and sore enough; I do now! But I'm rather glad to die, I think; and not a bit afraid—not a scrap! I believe in poor papa, though he *was* so unfortunate! He was the cleverest man I ever knew, and the best—except Taffy and the Laird and your dear son!

"There'll be no hell for any of us—he told me so—except what we make for ourselves and each other down here; and that's bad enough for anything. He told me that *he* was responsible for me—he often said so—and that mamma was too, and his parents for *him*, and his grandfathers and grandmothers for *them*, and so on up to Noah and ever so far beyond, and God for us all!

"He told me always to think of other people before myself, as Taffy does, and your son; and never to tell lies or be afraid, and keep away from drink, and I should be all right. But I've sometimes been all wrong, all the same; and it wasn't papa's fault, but poor mamma's and mine; and I've known it, and been miserable at the time, and after! and I'm sure to be forgiven—perfectly certain—and so will everybody else, even the wickedest that ever lived! Why, just give them sense enough in the next world to understand all their wickedness in this, and that 'll punish them enough for anything, I think! That's simple enough, *isn't* it? Besides, there may be *no* next world—that's on the cards too, you know!—and that will be simpler still!

"Not all the clergymen in all the world, not even the Pope of Rome, will ever make me doubt papa, or believe in any punishment after what we've all got to go through here! *Ce serait trop bête!*

"So that if you don't want me to very much, and he won't think it unkind, I'd rather not talk to Mr. Thomas Bagot about it. I'd rather talk to Taffy if I *must*. He's very clever, Taffy, though he doesn't often say such clever things as your son does, or paint nearly so well, and I'm sure he'll think papa was right."

"THE REMEMBRANCE OF THAT PALM-SUNDAY!"

And as a matter of fact the good Taffy, in his opinion on this solemn subject, was found to be at one with the late Reverend Patrick Michael O'Ferrall—and so was the Laird—and so (to his mother's shocked and pained surprise) was Little Billee.

And so were Sir Oliver Calthorpe and Sir Jacob Wilcox and Doctor Thorne, and Sibley and Lorrimer and the Greek!

And so—in after-years, when grief had well pierced and torn and riddled her through and through, and time and age had healed the wounds, and nothing remained but the consciousness of great inward scars of recollection to remind her how deep and jagged and wide the wounds had once been—did Mrs. Bagot herself!

Late on one memorable Saturday afternoon, just as it was getting dusk in Charlotte Street, Trilby, in her pretty blue dressing-gown, lay on the sofa by the fire—her head well propped, her knees drawn up—looking very placid and content.

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She had spent the early part of the day dictating her will to the conscientious Taffy.

It was a simple document, although she was not without many valuable trinkets to leave: quite a fortune! Souvenirs from many men and women she had charmed by her singing, from royalties downwards.

She had been looking them over with the faithful Marta, to whom she had always thought they belonged. It was explained to her that they were gifts of Svengali's, since she did not remember when and where and by whom they were presented to her, except a few that Svengali had given her himself, with many passionate expressions of his love, which seems to have been deep and constant and sincere—none the less so, perhaps, that she could never return it!

She had left the bulk of these to the faithful Marta.

But to each of the trois Angliches she had bequeathed a beautiful ring, which was to be worn by their brides if they ever married, and the brides didn't object.

To Mrs. Bagot she left a pearl necklace; to Miss Bagot her gold coronet of stars; and pretty (and most costly) gifts to each of the three doctors who had attended her and been so assiduous in their care; and who, as she was told, would make no charge for attending on Madame Svengali. And studs and scarf-pins to Sibley, Lorrimer, the Greek, Dodor, and Zouzou; and to Carnegie a little German-silver vinaigrette which had once belonged to Lord Witlow; and pretty souvenirs to the Vinards, Angèle Boisse, and others.

And she left a magnificent gold watch and chain to Gecko, with a most affectionate letter and a hundred pounds.

She had taken great interest in discussing with Taffy the particular kind of trinket which would best suit the idiosyncrasy of each particular legatee, and derived great comfort from the business-like and sympathetic conscientiousness with which the good Taffy entered upon all these minutiæ—he was so solemn and serious about it, and took such pains. She little guessed how his dumb but deeply feeling heart was harrowed!

This document had been duly signed and witnessed, and intrusted to his care; and Trilby lay tranquil and happy, and with a sense that nothing remained for her but to enjoy the fleeting hour, and make the most of each precious moment as it went by.

She was quite without pain of either mind or body, and surrounded by the people she adored—Taffy, the Laird, and Little Billee, and Mrs. Bagot, and Marta, who sat knitting in a corner with her black mittens on, and her brass spectacles.

She listened to the chat and joined in it, laughing as usual; "love in her eyes sat playing" as she looked from one to another, for she loved them all beyond expression. "Love on her lips was straying, and warbling in her breath," whenever she spoke; and her weakened voice was still larger, fuller, softer than any other voice in the room, in the world—of another kind, from another sphere.

A cart drove up, there was a ring at the door, and presently a wooden packing-case was brought into the room.

At Trilby's request it was opened, and found to contain a large photograph, framed and glazed, of Svengali, in the military uniform of his own Hungarian band, and looking straight out of the picture, straight at you. He was standing by his desk, with his left hand turning over a leaf of music, and waving his bâton with his right. It was a splendid photograph, by a Viennese photographer, and a most speaking likeness; and Svengali looked truly fine—all made up of importance and authority, and his big black eyes were full of stern command.

Marta trembled as she looked. It was handed to Trilby, who exclaimed in surprise. She had never seen it. She had no photograph of him, and had never possessed one.

No message of any kind, no letter of explanation, accompanied this unexpected present, which, from the post-marks on the case, seemed to have travelled all over Europe to London, out of some remote province in eastern Russia—out of the mysterious East! The poisonous East—birthplace and home of an ill wind that blows nobody good.

Trilby laid it against her knees, and lay gazing at it with close attention for a long time, making a casual remark now and then, as, "He was very handsome, I think"; or: "That uniform becomes him very well. Why has he got it on, I wonder?"

The others went on talking, and Mrs. Bagot made coffee.

Presently Mrs. Bagot took a cup of cof-

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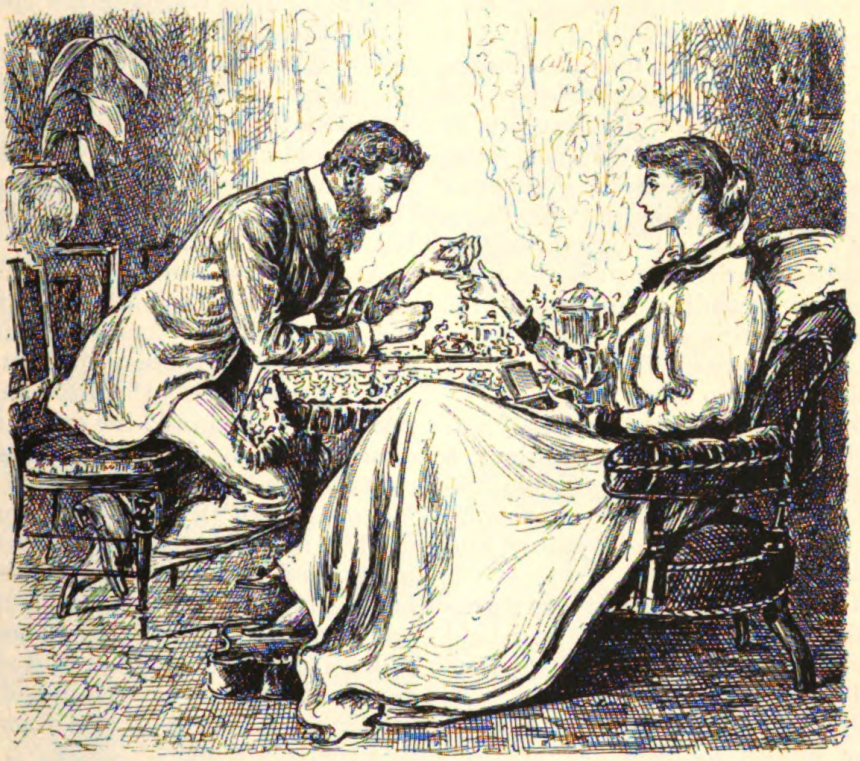
fee to Trilby, and found her still staring intently at the portrait, but with her eyes dilated, and quite a strange light in them.

"Trilby, Trilby, your coffee! What is the matter, Trilby?"

Trilby was smiling, with fixed eyes, and made no answer.

The others got up and gathered round her in some alarm. Marta seemed terror-



FOR GECKO.

stricken, and wished to snatch the photograph away, but was prevented from doing so; one didn't know what the consequences might be.

Taffy rang the bell, and sent a servant for Dr. Thorne, who lived close by, in Fitzroy Square.

Presently Trilby began to speak, quite softly, in French: "Encore une fois? bon! je veux bien! avec la voix blanche alors, n'est-ce pas? et puis foncer au milieu. Et pas trop vite en commençant! Battez bien la mesure, Svengali—que je puisse bien voir—car il fait déjà nuit! c'est ça! Allons, Gecko—donne-moi le ton!"

Then she smiled, and seemed to beat time softly by moving her head a little from side to side, her eyes intent on Svengali's in the portrait, and suddenly she began to sing Chopin's Impromptu in A flat.

She hardly seemed to breathe as the notes came pouring out, without words—mere vocalizing. It was as if breath were unnecessary for so little voice as she was using, though there was enough of it to fill the room—to fill the house—to drown her small audience in holy, heavenly sweetness.

She was a consummate mistress of her art. How that could be seen! And also how splendid had been her training! It all seemed as easy to her as opening and shutting her eyes, and yet how utterly impossible to anybody else!

Between wonder, enchantment, and alarm they were frozen to statues, all except Marta, who ran out of the room, crying: "Gott in Himmel—wieder zurück! wieder zurück!"

She sang it just as she had sung it at the Salle des Bashibazoucks, only it sounded still more ineffably seductive, as she was using less voice—using the essence of

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her voice, in fact—the pure spirit, the very cream of it.

There can be little doubt that these four watchers by that enchanted couch were listening to not only the most divinely beautiful, but also the most astounding feat of musical utterance ever heard out of a human throat.

The usual effect was produced. Tears were streaming down the cheeks of Mrs. Bagot and Little Billee. Tears were in the Laird's eyes; a tear on one of Taffy's whiskers—tears of sheer delight.

When she came back to the quick movement again, after the adagio, her voice grew louder and shriller, and sweet with a sweetness not of this earth; and went on increasing in volume as she quickened the time, nearing the end; and then came the dying away into all but nothing—a mere melodic breath; and then the little soft chromatic ascending rocket, up to E in alt, the last parting caress, which Svengali had introduced as a finale, for it does not exist in the piano score.

When it was over, she said: "Ça y est-il, cette fois, Svengali? Ah! tant mieux, à la fin! c'est pas malheureux! Et maintenant, mon ami, *je suis fatiguée—bon soir!*"

Her head fell back on the pillow, and she lay fast asleep.

Mrs. Bagot took the portrait away gently. Little Billee knelt down and held Trilby's hand in his and felt for her pulse, and could not find it.

He said, "Trilby! Trilby!" and put his ear to her mouth to hear her breathe. Her breath was inaudible.

But soon she folded her hands across her breast, and uttered a little short sigh, and in a weak voice said: "*Svengali. . . . Svengali. . . . Svengali! . .*"

They remained in silence round her for several minutes, terror-stricken.

The doctor came; he put his hand to her heart, his ear to her lips. He turned up one of her eyelids and looked at her eye. And then, his voice quivering with strong emotion, he stood up and said, "Madame Svengali's trials and sufferings are all over!"

"Oh! good God! is she *dead?*" cried Mrs. Bagot.

"Yes, Mrs. Bagot. She has been dead several minutes—perhaps a quarter of an hour."

VINGT ANS APRÈS.

Porthos-Athos, alias Taffy Wynne, is sitting to breakfast (opposite his wife) at a little table in the court-yard of that huge caravansérai on the Boulevard des Italiens, Paris, where he had sat more than twenty years ago with the Laird and Little Billee; where, in fact, he had pulled Svengali's nose.

Little is changed in the aspect of the place: the same cosmopolite company, with more of the American element, perhaps; the same arrivals and departures in railway omnibuses, cabs, hired carriages; and, to welcome the coming and speed the parting guests, just such another colossal and beautiful old man in velvet and knee-breeches and silk stockings as of yore, with probably the very same gold chain. Where do they breed these magnificent old Frenchmen? In Germany, perhaps, "where all the good big waiters come from!"

And also the same fine weather. It is always fine weather in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel. As the Laird would say, they manage these things better there!

Taffy wears a short beard, which is turning gray. His kind blue eye is no longer choleric, but mild and friendly—as frank as ever; and full of humorous patience. He has grown stouter; he is very big indeed, in all three dimensions, but the symmetry and the gainliness of the athlete belong to him still in movement and repose; and his clothes fit him beautifully, though they are not new, and show careful beating and brushing and ironing, and even a touch of fine-drawing here and there.

What a magnificent old man *he* will make some day, should the Grand Hôtel ever run short of them! He looks as if he could be trusted down to the ground—in all things, little or big; as if his word were as good as his bond, and even better; his wink as good as his word, his nod as good as his wink; and, in truth, as he looks, so he is.

The most cynical disbeliever in "the grand old name of gentleman," and its virtues as a noun of definition, would almost be justified in quite dogmatically asserting at sight, and without even being introduced, that, at all events, Taffy is a "gentleman," inside and out, up and down—from the crown of his head (which is getting rather bald) to the sole of his foot (by no means a small one, or a lightly shod—*ex pede Herculem*)!

Indeed, this is always the first thing people say of Taffy—and the last. It

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"SVENGALI!...SVENGALI!...SVENGALI!"

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"TOUT VIENT À POINT, POUR QUI SAIT ATTENDRE!"

She had fallen in love with the stalwart Taffy more than a quarter of a century ago in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts, where he and she and her mother had tended the sick couch of Little Billee—but she had never told her love. *Tout vient à point, pour qui sait attendre!*

That is a capital proverb, and sometimes even a true one. Blanche Bagot had found it to be both!

One terrible night, never to be forgotten, Taffy lay fast asleep in bed, at his rooms in Jermyn Street, for he was very tired; grief tires more than anything, and brings a deeper slumber.

That day he had followed Trilby to her last home in Kensal Green, with Little Billee, Mrs. Bagot, the Laird, Sibley, the Greek, and Durien (who had come over from Paris on purpose) as chief mourners; and very many other people, noble, famous, or otherwise, English and foreign; a splendid and most representative gathering, as was duly chronicled in all the newspapers here and abroad; a fitting ceremony to close the brief but splendid career of the greatest pleasure-giver of our time.

He was awoke by a tremendous ringing at the street-door bell, as if the house were on fire; and then there was a hurried scrambling up in the dark, a tumbling over stairs and kicking against banisters, and Little Billee had burst into his room, calling out: "Oh! Taffy, Taffy! I'm g-going mad—I'm g-going m-mad! I'm d-d-done for...."

"All right, old fellow—just wait till I strike a light!"

"Oh, Taffy—I haven't slept for four nights—not a wink! She d-d-died with Sv—Sv—Sv..... damn it, I can't get it out! that ruffian's name on her lips!.. it is as if he were calling her from the

means, perhaps, that he may be a trifle dull. Well, one can't be everything!

Porthos was a trifle dull—and so was Athos, I think; and likewise his son, the faithful Viscount of Bragelonne—*bon chien chasse de race!* And so was Wilfred of Ivanhoe, the disinherited; and Edgar, the Lord of Ravenswood; and so, for that matter, was Colonel Newcome, of immortal memory!

Yet who does not love them—who would not wish to be like them, for better, for worse?

Taffy's wife is unlike Taffy in many ways; but (fortunately for both) very like him in some. She is a little woman, very well shaped, very dark, with black wavy hair and very small hands and feet; a very graceful, handsome, and vivacious person; by no means dull; full, indeed, of quick perceptions and intuitions, deeply interested in all that is going on about and around her, and with always lots to say about it, but not too much.

She distinctly belongs to the rare, and ever-blessed, and most precious race of charmers.

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t-t-tomb! She recovered her senses the very minute she saw his photograph—she was so f-fond of him she f-forgot everybody else! She's gone straight to him, after all--in some other life!... to slave for him, and sing for him, and help him to make better music than ever! Oh, T—T—oh—oh! Taffy—oh! oh! oh! catch hold! c-c-catch ....." And Little Billee had all but fallen on the floor in a fit.

And all the old miserable business of five years before had begun over again!

There has been too much sickness in this story, so I will tell as little as possible of poor Little Billee's long illness, his slow and only partial recovery, the paralysis of his powers as a painter, his quick decline, his early death, his manly, calm, and most beautiful surrender—the wedding of the moth with the star, of the night with the morrow!

For all but blameless as his short life had been, and so full of splendid promise and performance, nothing ever became him better than the way he left it. It shook the infallibility of a certain vicar down to its very foundations, and made him think more deeply about things than he had ever thought yet. It gave him pause!.....and so wrung his heart that when, at the last, he stooped to kiss his poor young dead friend's pure white forehead, he dropped a bigger tear on it than Little Billee (once so given to the dropping of big tears) had ever dropped in his life.

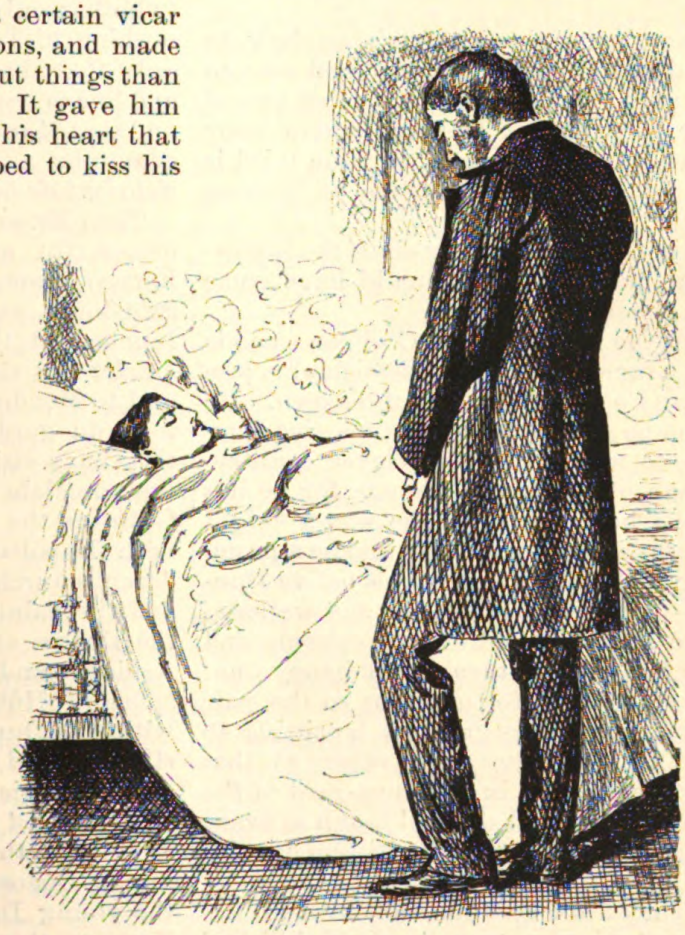
But it is all too sad to write about.

It was by Little Billee's bedside, in Devonshire, that Taffy had grown to love Blanche Bagot, and not very many weeks after it was all over that Taffy had asked her to be his wife; and in a year they were married, and a very happy marriage it turned out—the one thing that poor Mrs. Bagot still looks upon as a compensation for all the griefs and troubles of her life.

During the first year or two Blanche had perhaps been the most ardently loving of this well-assorted pair. That beautiful look of love surprised (which makes all women's eyes look the same) came into hers whenever she looked at Taffy, and filled his heart with tender compunction, and a queer sense of his own unworthiness.

Then a boy was born to them, and that look fell on the boy, and the good Taffy caught it as it passed him by, and felt a helpless, absurd jealousy, that was none the less painful for being so ridiculous! and then that look fell on another boy, and yet another, so that it was through these boys that she looked at their father. Then *his* eyes caught the look, and kept it for their own use; and he grew never to look at his wife without it; and as no daughter came, she retained for life the monopoly of that most sweet and expressive regard.

They are not very rich. He is a far better sportsman than he will ever be a painter; and if he doesn't sell his pictures,



ANIMULA, VAGULA, BLANDULA!
HOSPES COMESQUE CORPORIS....
QUAE NUNC ABIBIS IN LOCA?

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it is not because they are too good for the public taste: indeed, he has no illusions on that score himself, even if his wife has! He is quite the least conceited art-duffer I ever met—and I have met many far worse duffers than Taffy.

Would only that I might kill off his cousin Sir Oscar, and Sir Oscar's five sons (the Wynnes are good at sons), and his seventeen grandsons, and the fourteen cousins (and their numerous male progeny), that stand between Taffy and the baronetcy, and whatever property goes with it, so that he might be Sir Taffy, and dear Blanche Bagot (that was) might be called "my lady"! This Shakespearian holocaust would scarcely cost me a pang!

It is a great temptation, when you have duly slain your first hero, to enrich hero number two beyond the dreams of avarice, and provide him with a title and a castle and park, as well as a handsome wife and a nice family! But truth is inexorable—and besides, they are just as happy as they are.

They are well off enough, anyhow, to spend a week in Paris at last, and even to stop at the Grand Hôtel! now that two of their sons are at Harrow (where their father was before them), and the third is safe at a preparatory school at Elstree, Herts.

It is their first outing since the honey-moon, and the Laird should have come with them.

But the good Laird of Cockpen (who is now a famous Royal Academician) is preparing for a honey-moon of his own. He has gone to Scotland to be married himself—to wed a fair and clever countrywoman of just a suitable age, for he has known her ever since she was a bright little lassie in short frocks, and he a promising A.R.A. (the pride of his native Dundee)—a marriage of reason, and well-seasoned affection, and mutual esteem—and therefore sure to turn out a happy one! and in another fortnight or so the pair of them will very possibly be sitting to breakfast opposite each other at that very corner table in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel! and she will laugh at every thing he says—and they will live happily ever after.

So much for hero number three—D'Artagnan! Here's to you, Sandy McAllister! Canniest, genialest, and most humorous of Scots! most delicate, and dainty, and fanciful of British painters! "I trink your health, mit your family's—may you lif long—and brosper!"

So Taffy and his wife have come for their second honey-moon, their Indian-summer honey-moon, alone; and are well content that it should be so. Two are always company for such a pair—the amusing one and the amusable!—and they are making the most of it!

They have been all over the quartier latin, and revisited the well-remembered spots; and even been allowed to enter the old studio through the kindness of the concierge (who is no longer Madame Vinard). It is tenanted by two American painters, who are coldly civil on being thus disturbed in the middle of their work.

The studio is very spick and span, and most respectable. Trilby's foot and the poem and the sheet of plate-glass have been improved away, and a bookshelf put in their place. The new concierge (who has only been there a year) knows nothing of Trilby; and of the Vinards, only that they are rich and prosperous, and live somewhere in the south of France, and that Monsieur Vinard is mayor of his commune. *Que le bon Dieu les bénisse! c'étaient de bien braves gens.*

Then Mr. and Mrs. Taffy have also been driven (in an open calèche with two horses) through the Bois de Boulogne to St.-Cloud; and to Versailles, where they lunched at the Hôtel des Réservoirs—*parlez-moi de ça!*—and to St.-Germain, and to Meudon (where they lunched at la loge du garde champêtre—a new one); they have visited the Salon, the Louvre, the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, the Gobelins, the Hôtel Cluny, the Invalides, with Napoleon's tomb, and seen half a dozen churches, including Notre Dame and the Sainte-Chapelle; and dined with the Dodors at their charming villa near Asnières, and with the Zouzous at the splendid Hôtel de la Rochemartel, and with the Duriens in the Parc Monceau (Dodor's food was best and Zouzou's worst; and at Durien's the company and talk were so good that one forgot to notice the food—and that was a pity). And the young Dodors are all right—and so are the young Duriens. As for the young Zouzous, there aren't any—and that's a relief.

And they've been to the Variétés and

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"PETITS BONHEURS DE CONTREBANDE."

seen Madame Chaumont, and to the Français and seen Sarah Bernhardt and Coquelin and Delaunay, and to the opera and heard M. Lassalle.

And, to-day being their last day, they are going to laze and flane about the boulevards, and buy things, and lunch anywhere, "sur le pouce," and do the Bois once more and see tout Paris, and dine early at Bignon's (or else the Café des Ambassadeurs), and finish up the well-spent day at the "Mouches d'Espagne"—the new theatre in the Boulevard Poissonnière—to see Madame Cantharidi in *Petits bonheurs de Contrebande*, which they are told is immensely droll and quite proper—funny without being vulgar! Dodor was their informant—he had taken Madame Dodor to see it three or four times.

Madame Cantharidi, as everybody knows, is a very clever but extremely plain old woman with a cracked voice—of spotless reputation, and the irreproachable mother of a grown-up family whom she has brought up in perfection. They have never been allowed to see their mother (and grandmother) act—not even the sons. Their excellent father (who adores both them and her) has drawn the line at that!

In private life she is "quite the lady," but on the stage—well, go and see her, and you will understand how she comes to be the idol of the Parisian public. For she is the true and liberal dispenser to them of that modern "esprit gaulois" which would make the good Rabelais turn uneasily in his grave and blush there like a Benedictine Sister.

And truly she deserves the reverential love and gratitude of her chers Parisiens! She amused them all through the Empire; during the *année terrible* she was their only stay and comfort, and has been their chief delight ever since, and is now.

When they come back from *La Revanche*, may Madame Cantharidi be still at her post, "Les mouches d'Espagne," to welcome the returning heroes, and exult and crow with them in her funny cracked old voice, or, haply, even console them once more, as the case may be!

"Victors or vanquished, they will laugh the same!"

Mrs. Taffy is a poor French scholar. One must know French very well indeed (and many other things besides) to seize the subtle points of Madame Cantharidi's play (and by-play)!

But Madame Cantharidi has so droll a face and voice, and such very droll, odd movements, that Mrs. Taffy goes into fits of laughter as soon as the little old lady comes on the stage. So heartily does she laugh that a good Parisian bourgeois turns round and remarks to his wife: "V'là une jolie p'tite Anglaise qui n'est pas bégueule, au moins! Et l' gros bœuf avec les yeux bleus en boules de loto—c'est son mari, sans doute! il n'a pas l'air trop content par exemple, celui-là!"

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The fact is that the good Taffy (who knows French very well indeed) is quite scandalized, and very angry with Dodor for sending them there; and as soon as the first act is finished he means, without any fuss, to take his wife away.

As he sits patiently, too indignant to laugh at what is really funny in the piece (much of it is vulgar *without* being funny), he finds himself watching a little white-haired man in the orchestra, a fiddler, the shape of whose back seems somehow familiar, as he plays an obbligato accompaniment to a very broadly comic song of Madame Cantharidi's. He plays beautifully—like a master—and the loud applause is as much for him as for the vocalist.

Presently this fiddler turns his head so that his profile can be seen, and Taffy recognizes him.

After five minutes' thought, Taffy takes a leaf out of his pocket-book and writes (in perfectly grammatical French):

"DEAR GECKO,—You have not forgotten Taffy Wynne, I hope; and Litrebili, and Litrebili's sister, who is now Mrs. Taffy Wynne. We leave Paris to-morrow, and would like very much to see you once more. Will you, after the play, come and sup with us at the Café Anglais? If so, look up and make 'yes' with the head, and enchant

Your well devoted
TAFFY WYNNE."

He gives this, folded, to an attendant—for "le premier violon—celui qui a des cheveux blancs."

Presently he sees Gecko receive the note and read it and ponder for a while.

Then Gecko looks round the theatre, and Taffy waves his handkerchief and catches the eye of the premier violon, who "makes 'yes' with the head."

And then, the first act over, Mr. and Mrs. Wynne leave the theatre; Mr. explaining why and Mrs. very ready to go, as she was beginning to feel strangely uncomfortable without quite realizing as yet what was amiss with the lively Madame Cantharidi.

They went to the Café Anglais and bespoke a nice little room on the entresol overlooking the boulevard, and ordered a nice little supper; salmi of something very good, mayonnaise of lobster, and one or two other dishes better still—and chambertin of the best. Taffy was particular about these things on a holiday, and regardless of expense. Porthos was very hospitable, and liked good food and plenty of it; and Athos dearly loved good wine!

And then they went and sat at a little round table outside the western corner café on the boulevard, near the Grand Opéra, where it is always very gay, and studied Paris life, and nursed their appetites till supper-time.

At half past eleven Gecko made his appearance—very meek and humble. He looked old—ten years older than he really was—much bowed down, and as if he had roughed it all his life, and had found living a desperate long hard grind.

He kissed Mrs. Taffy's hand, and seemed half inclined to kiss Taffy's too, and was almost tearful in his pleasure at meeting them again, and his gratitude at being asked to sup with them. He had soft, clinging, caressing manners, like a nice dog's, that made you his friend at once. He was obviously genuine and sincere, and quite pathetically simple, as he always had been.

At first he could scarcely eat for nervous excitement; but Taffy's fine example and Mrs. Taffy's genial, easy-going cordiality (and a couple of glasses of chambertin) soon put him at his ease and woke up his dormant appetite, which was a very large one, poor fellow!

He was told all about Little Billee's death, and deeply moved to hear the cause which had brought it about, and then they talked of Trilby.

He pulled her watch out of his waistcoat pocket and reverently kissed it, exclaiming: "Ah! c'était un ange! un ange du Paradis! when I tell you I lived with them for five years! Oh! her kindness, Dio Maria! It was 'Gecko this!' and 'Gecko that!' and 'Poor Gecko, your toothache, how it worries me!' and 'Gecko, how tired and pale you look—you distress me so, looking like that! Shall I mix you a Maitrank?' And 'Gecko, you love artichokes à la Barigoule—they remind you of Paris; I have heard you say so—well, I have found out where to get artichokes, and I know how to do them à la Barigoule, and you shall have them for dinner to-day and to-morrow and all the week after!' and we did!

"Ach! dear kind one—what did I really care for artichokes à la Barigoule . . . .

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ENTER GECKO.

"And it was always like that—always—and to Svengali and old Marta just the same! and she was never well—never! toujours souffrante!

"And it was she who supported us all—in luxury and splendor sometimes!"

"And what an artist!" said Taffy.

"Ah, yes! but all that was Svengali, you know. Svengali was the greatest artist I ever met! Monsieur, Svengali was a demon, a magician! I used to think him a god! He found me playing in the streets for copper coins, and took me by the hand, and was my only friend, and taught me all I ever knew—and yet he could not play my instrument!

"And now he is dead, I have forgotten how to play it myself! That English jail! it demoralized me, ruined me forever! ach! quel enfer, nom de Dieu (pardon, madame)! I am just good enough to play the obbligato at the Mouches d'Espagne, when the old Cantharidi sings,

'V'là mon mari qui r'garde!
Prends garde! Ne m'chatouille plus!'

"It does not want much of an obbligato, hein, a song so noble and so beautiful as that!

"And that song, monsieur, all Paris is singing it now. And that is the Paris that went mad when Trilby sang the 'Nussbaum' of Schumann at the Salle des Bashibazoucks. You heard her? Well!"

And here poor Gecko tried to laugh a little sardonic laugh in falsetto, like Svengali's, full of scorn and bitterness—and very nearly succeeded.

"But what made you strike him with—with that knife, you know?"

"Ah, monsieur, it had been coming on for a long time. He used to work Trilby too hard; it was killing her—it killed her at last! And then at the end he was unkind to her, and scolded her, and called her names—horrid names—and then one day in London he struck her. He struck her on the fingers with his bâton, and she fell down on her knees and cried. . . .

"Monsieur, I would have defended Trilby against a locomotive going grande

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vitesse! against my own father—against the Emperor of Austria—against the Pope! and I am a good Catholic, monsieur! I would have gone to the scaffold for her, and to the devil after!"

And he piously crossed himself.

"But, Svengali—wasn't *he* very fond of her?"

"Oh yes, monsieur, quant à ça, passionately! But she did not love him as he wished to be loved. She loved Litrebili, monsieur! Litrebili, the brother of Madame. And I suppose that Svengali grew angry and jealous at last. He changed as soon as he came to Paris. Perhaps Paris reminded him of Litrebili—and reminded Trilby too!"

"But how on earth did Svengali ever manage to teach her how to sing like that? She had no ear for music whatever when *we* knew her!"

Gecko was silent for a while, and Taffy filled his glass, and gave him a cigar, and lit one himself.

"Monsieur, no—that is true. She had not much ear. But she had such a voice as had never been heard. Svengali knew that. He had found it out long ago. Litolff had found it out too. One day Svengali heard Litolff tell Meyerbeer that the most beautiful female voice in Europe belonged to an English grisette who sat as a model to sculptors in the quartier latin, but that unfortunately she was quite tone-deaf, and couldn't sing one single note in tune. Imagine how Svengali chuckled! I see it from here!

"Well, we both taught her together—for three years—morning, noon, and night—six—eight hours a day. It used to split me the heart to see her worked like that! We took her voice note by note—there was no end to her notes, each more beautiful than the other—velvet and gold, beautiful flowers, pearls, diamonds, rubies—drops of dew and honey; peaches, oranges, and lemons! en veux-tu en voilà!—all the perfumes and spices of the Garden of Eden! Svengali with his little flexible flageolet, I with my violin—that is how we taught her to make the sounds—and then how to use them. She was a phénomène, monsieur! She could keep on one note and make it go through all the colors in the rainbow—according to the way Svengali looked at her. It would make you laugh—it would make you cry—but cry or laugh, it was the sweetest, the most touching, the most beautiful note you ever heard—except all her others! and each had as many overtones as the bells in the carillon de Notre Dame. She could run up and down the scales, chromatic scales, quicker and better and smoother than Svengali on the piano, and more in tune than any piano! and her shake—ach! twin stars, monsieur! She was the greatest contralto, the greatest soprano, the world has ever known! the like of her has never been! the like of her will never be again! and yet she only sang in public for two years!

"Ach! those breaks and runs and sudden leaps from darkness into light and back again—from earth to heaven!... those slurs and swoops and slides

"WE TOOK HER VOICE NOTE BY NOTE."

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A NIGHTINGALE'S FIRST NIGHT.

à la Paganini from one note to another, like a swallow flying! . . . or a gull! Do you remember them? how they drove you mad? Let any other singer in the world try to imitate them—they would make you sick! That was Svengali . . . he was a magician!

"And how she looked, singing! do you remember? her hands behind her—her dear, sweet, slender foot on a little stool—her thick hair lying down all along her back! And that good smile like the Madonna's, so soft and bright and kind! *Ach! Bel ucel di Dio!* it was to make you weep for love, merely to see her (*c'était à vous faire pleurer d'amour, rien que de la voir*)! That was Trilby! Nightingale and bird-of-paradise in one!

"Enfin she could do anything—utter any sound she liked, when once Svengali had shown her how—and he was the greatest master that ever existed! and when once she knew a thing, she knew it. *Et voilà!*"

"How strange," said Taffy, "that she should have suddenly gone out of her senses that night at Drury Lane, and so completely forgotten it all! I suppose she saw Svengali die in the box opposite, and that drove her mad!"

And then Taffy told the little fiddler about Trilby's death-song, like a swan's, and Svengali's photograph. But Gecko had heard it all from Marta, who was now dead.

Gecko sat and smoked and pondered for a while, and looked from one to the other. Then he pulled himself together with an effort, so to speak, and said, "Monsieur, she never went mad—not for one moment!"

"What? Do you mean to say she *deceived* us all?"

"Non, monsieur! She could never deceive anybody, and never would. She had *forgotten—voilà tout!*"

"But hang it all, my friend, one doesn't *forget* such a—"

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"Monsieur, listen! She is dead. And Svengali is dead—and Marta also. And I have a good little malady that will kill me soon, *Gott sei dank*—and without much pain.

"I will tell you a secret.

"*There were two Trilbys.* There was the Trilby you knew, who could not sing one single note in tune. She was an angel of paradise. She is now! But she had no more idea of singing than I have of winning a steeple-chase at the croix de Berny. She could no more sing than a fiddle can play itself! She could never tell one tune from another—one note from the next. Do you remember how she tried to sing 'Ben Bolt' that day when she first came to the studio in the Place St.-Anatole des Arts? It was droll, *hein? à se boucher les oreilles!* Well, that was Trilby, your Trilby! that was my Trilby too—and I loved her as one loves an only love, an only sister, an only child—a gentle martyr on earth, a blessed saint in heaven! And that Trilby was enough for *me!*

"And that was the Trilby that loved your brother, madame—oh! but with all the love that was in her! He did not know what he had lost, your brother! Her love, it was immense, like her voice, and just as full of celestial sweetness and sympathy! She told me everything! *ce pauvre Litrebili, ce qu'il a perdu!*

"But all at once—pr-r-r-out! presto! augenblick!.... with one wave of his hand over her—with one look of his eye—with a word—Svengali could turn her into the other Trilby, *his* Trilby—and make her do whatever he liked.... you might have run a red-hot needle into her and she would not have felt it....

"He had but to say 'Dors!' and she suddenly became an unconscious Trilby of marble, who could produce wonderful sounds—just the sounds he wanted, and nothing else—and think his thoughts and wish his wishes—and love him at his bidding with a strange unreal factitious love..... just his own love for himself turned inside out—*à l'envers*—and reflected back on him, as from a mirror ..... *un écho, un simulacre, quoi! pas autre chose!*... It was not worth having! I was not even jealous!

"Well, that was the Trilby he taught how to sing—and—and I helped him, God of heaven forgive me! She was just a singing-machine—an organ to play upon—an instrument of music—a Stradivarius—a flexible flageolet of flesh and blood—a voice, and nothing more—just the unconscious voice that Svengali sang with—for it takes two to sing like la Svengali, monsieur—the one who has got the voice, and the one who knows what to do with it..... So that when you heard her sing the 'Nussbaum,' the 'Impromptu,' you heard Svengali singing with her voice, just as you hear Joachim play a chaconne of Bach with his fiddle! .... Herr Joachim's fiddle... what does it know of Sebastian Bach? and as for chaconnes.... *il s'en moque pas mal, ce fameux violon!*...

"And *our* Trilby... what did she know of Schumann, Chopin? Nothing at all! She mocked herself not badly of nussbaums and impromptus.... they would make her yawn to demantibulate her jaws!.... When Svengali's Trilby was being taught to sing.... when Svengali's Trilby was singing—or seemed to *you* as if she were singing—*our* Trilby had ceased to exist.... *our* Trilby was fast asleep.... in fact, *our* Trilby was *dead*.....

"Ah, monsieur... that Trilby of Svengali's! I have heard her sing to kings and queens in royal palaces!... as no woman has ever sung before or since.... I have seen emperors and grand-dukes kiss her hand, monsieur—and their wives and daughters kiss her lips, and weep....

"I have seen the horses taken out of her sledge and the pick of the nobility drag her home to the hotel... with torch-lights and choruses and shoutings of glory and long life to her!... and serenades all night, under her window!.... *She* never knew! she heard nothing—felt nothing—saw nothing! and she bowed to them, right and left, like a queen!

"I have played the fiddle for her while she sang in the streets, at fairs and festas and Kermessen.... and seen the people go mad to hear her.... and once, Svengali fell down in a fit from sheer excitement! and then, suddenly, *our* Trilby woke up and wondered what it was all about.... and we took him home and put him to bed and left him with Marta—and Trilby and I went together arm in arm all over the town to fetch a doctor and buy things for supper—and that was the happiest hour in all my life!

"Ach! what an existence! what travels! what triumphs! what adventures!

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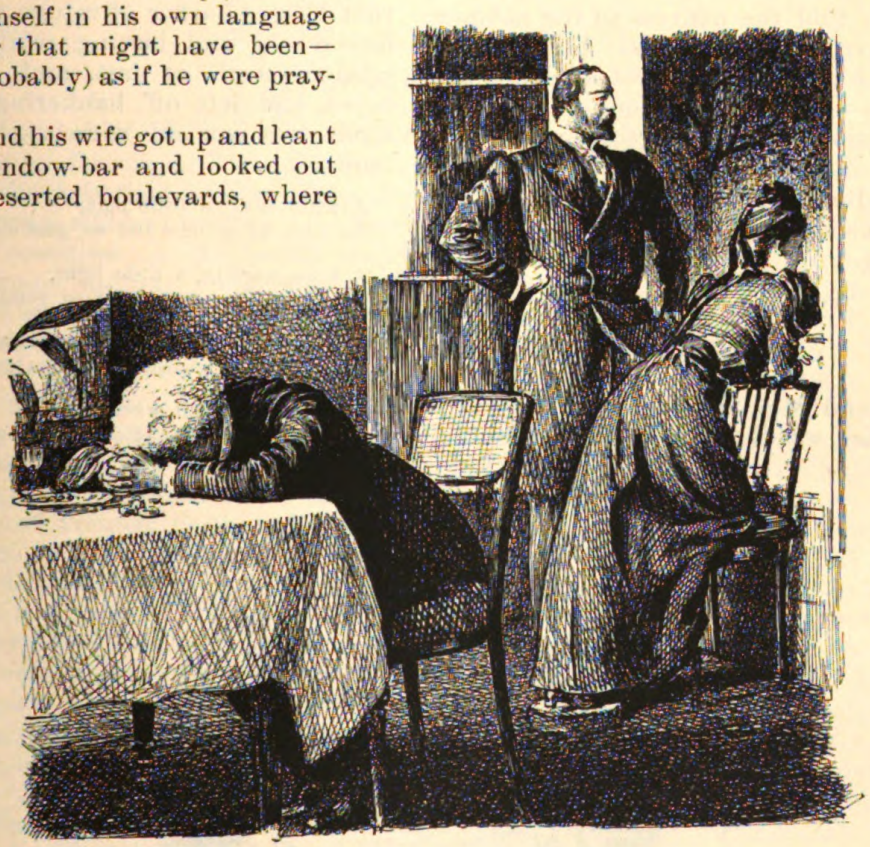
Things to fill a book—a dozen books.... Those five happy years—with those two Trilbys! what recollections!.... I think of nothing else, night or day.... even as I play the fiddle for old Cantharidi. Ach! to think how often I have played the fiddle for la Svengali.... to have done that is to have lived.... and then to come home to Trilby.... *our* Trilby.... the *real* Trilby!... Gott sei dank! Ich habe *geliebt und gelebet! geliebt und gelebet! geliebt und gelebet!*... Cristo di Dio.... Sweet sister in heaven.... Ô Dieu de Misère, ayez pitié de nous...."

His eyes were red, and his voice was high and shrill and full of tears; these remembrances were too much for him; and perhaps also the chambertin! He put his elbows on the table and hid his face in his hands and wept, muttering to himself in his own language (whatever that might have been—Polish, probably) as if he were praying.

Taffy and his wife got up and leant on the window-bar and looked out on the deserted boulevards, where



"ICH HABE GELIEBT UND GELEBET!"

an army of scavengers, noiseless and taciturn, was cleansing the asphalt roadway. The night above was dark, but "star-dials hinted of morn," and a fresh breeze had sprung up, making the leaves dance and rustle on the sycamore-trees along the boulevard—a nice little breeze; just the sort of little breeze to do Paris good. A four-wheel cab came by at a footpace, the driver humming a tune; Taffy hailed him; he said, "V'là, m'sieur!" and drew up.

Taffy rang the bell, and asked for the bill, and paid it. Gecko had apparently fallen asleep. Taffy gently woke him up, and told him how late it was. The poor little man seemed dazed and rather tipsy, and looked older than ever—sixty, seventy—any age you like. Taffy helped him on with his great-coat, and taking him by the arm, led him down stairs, giving him his card, and telling him how glad he was to have seen him, and that he would write to him from England—a promise which was kept, one may be sure.

Gecko uncovered his fuzzy white head, and took Mrs. Taffy's hand and kissed it, and thanked her warmly for her "si bon et sympathique accueil."

Then Taffy all but lifted him into the cab, the jolly cabman saying:

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"Ah! bon — connais bien, celui-là; vous savez—c'est lui qui joue du violon aux Mouches d'Espagne! Il a soupé, l'bourgeois; n'est ce pas, m'sieur? 'petits bonheurs de contrebande,' hein? . . Ayez pas peur! on vous aura soin de lui! Il joue joliment bien, m'sieur; n'est ce pas?"

Taffy shook Gecko's hand, and asked,

"Où restez-vous, Gecko?"

"Quarante-huit, Rue des Pousse-Cailloux, au cinquième."

"How strange!" said Taffy to his wife—"how touching! why, that's where Trilby used to live—the very number! the very floor!"

"Oui, oui," said Gecko, waking up: "c'est l'ancienne mansarde à Trilby—j'y suis depuis douze ans—j'y suis, j'y reste . . . . ."

And he laughed feebly at his mild little joke.

Taffy told the address to the cabman, and gave him five francs.

"Merci, m'sieur! C'est de l'aut' côté de l'eau—près de la Sorbonne, s'pas? On vous aura soin du bourgeois; soyez tranquille—ayez pas peur!—quarante-huit; on y va! Bonsoir, monsieur et dame!" And he clacked his whip and rattled away, singing:

"V'là mon mari qui r'garde!
Prends garde!
Ne m'chatouill' plus!"

Mr. and Mrs. Wynne walked back to the hotel, which was not far. She hung on to his big arm and crept close to him, and shivered a little. It was quite chilly. Their footsteps were very audible in the stillness—"pit-pat, flopety-clop"—otherwise they were both silent. They were tired, yawny, sleepy, and very sad; and each was thinking (and knew the other was thinking) that a week in Paris was just enough—and how nice it would be, in just a few hours more, to hear the rooks cawing round their own quiet little English country home—where three jolly boys would soon be coming for the holidays.

And there we will leave them to their useful, humdrum, happy domestic existence—than which there is no better that I know of, at their time of life—and no better time of life than theirs!

"*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*"

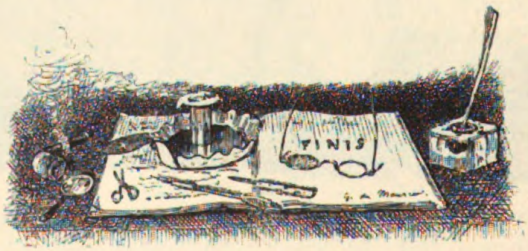
that blessed harbor of refuge well within our reach; and having really cut our wisdom-teeth at last, and learnt the ropes, and left off hankering after the moon, we can do with so little down here. . . . .

A little work, a little play,
To keep us going—and so, good-day!

A little warmth, a little light,
Of love's bestowing—and so, good-night!

A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good-morrow!

A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so—good-by!



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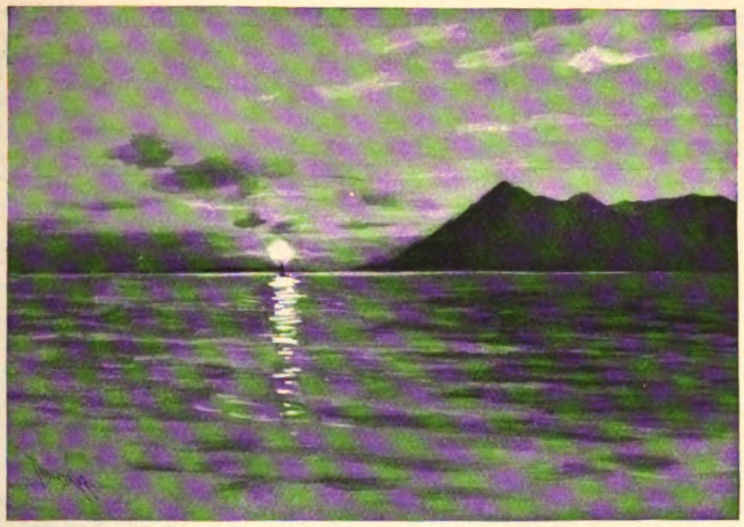

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

UP THE NORWAY COAST.

BY GEORGE CARD PEASE.

IN no country of Europe, with the exception of Russia, is it so difficult to plan for the first time a satisfactory trip as in Norway, and at the same time there are few countries in the world which have so many natural wonders to tempt the traveller. It requires some knowledge of the country to lay out a choice route, in default of which it is well to seek the advice of somebody who has been "up the coast." A study of the guide-books only results in confusion, and even the vast resources of the London office of Thomas Cook and Son are unsatisfactory. There are several reasons for this, but probably the main one is because the country, attractive as it is, has not yet become what might be called popular for a summer journey. Of all the foreigners who visit Norway, English sportsmen, who go there to enjoy the salmon-fishing, are the only ones who really know it. The Germans, following the lead of Emperor William, and perhaps attracted also by the weird Norwegian legends, are gradually becoming familiar with the country, but thus far Americans know little about it. Yet there is no reason why a trip up the coast of Norway should not be regarded in America as one of the most delightful outings within easy access of summer travellers.

I say "within easy access" advisedly. Notwithstanding the confusion of the guide-books, it is as easy to map out a Norway tour occupying from four to six weeks as to plan a cruise up Long Island Sound. The trouble almost invariably is the aversion to joining tourist parties, and the chosen route is confined to the regular mail-steamers that ply between the various points of interest. The prejudice against tourist-steamers is quite natural, judging from some of the tourist parties one sees on the Continent, wherein the members are rounded up and shipped from one place to another like so many Western steers; but overcome this prejudice, and Norway, with all her rugged grandeur, is at your service, with no inconveniences or drawbacks worth mentioning. While it is, of course, possible to make an enjoyable trip in the mail-ships, the service is unsatisfactory. Aboard these steamers everything is subservient to the mails. This means that they go into many places where the ordinary traveller does not care to go, and do not stop long enough at points of real interest. If you leave one of these steamers at a place you are anxious to visit, you may have to wait two or even four days for another first-class steamer to pick you up, and thus be obliged to put up with inconveniences that might as well be avoided. The captains of the mail-steamers are obliging and courteous, as are all Norwegian sailors,

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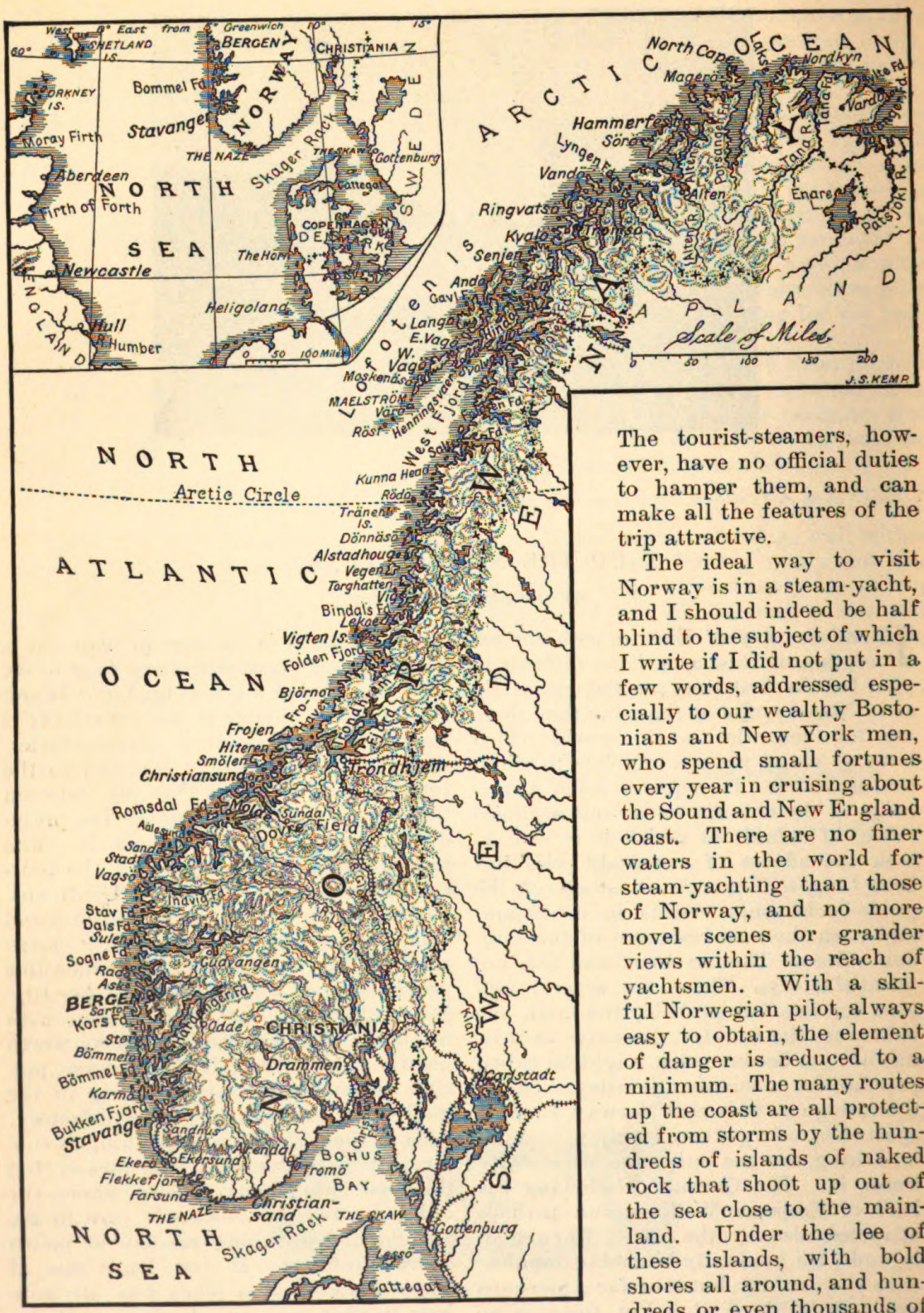

but as they themselves enforce rigid discipline upon their inferiors aboard ship, so do they obey strictly the sailing schedule of their respective vessels. These schedules are bound to be unsatisfactory. The tourist-steamers, however, have no official duties to hamper them, and can make all the features of the trip attractive.

The ideal way to visit Norway is in a steam-yacht, and I should indeed be half blind to the subject of which I write if I did not put in a few words, addressed especially to our wealthy Bostonians and New York men, who spend small fortunes every year in cruising about the Sound and New England coast. There are no finer waters in the world for steam-yachting than those of Norway, and no more novel scenes or grander views within the reach of yachtsmen. With a skilful Norwegian pilot, always easy to obtain, the element of danger is reduced to a minimum. The many routes up the coast are all protected from storms by the hundreds of islands of naked rock that shoot up out of the sea close to the mainland. Under the lee of these islands, with bold shores all around, and hundreds or even thousands of feet of water underneath, with clear, cold, bracing air to stir the blood and whet the appetite, and a novelty of surroundings enough in itself to awaken a fresh interest in life, it would indeed be a poor yachtsman who would

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A FISHERMAN'S FARM.

not find keen enjoyment in those waters. There is no fear of running on the rocks. There is no night, all of the channels are plainly marked, and there are harbors everywhere. In fact, the whole coast-line of over a thousand miles, not counting the irregularities, is one great chain of perfect harbors, with not enough sea on to disturb a racing-shell. English steam-yachts are frequently seen along the coast, some of them being not over eighty feet long on the water-line—as small as will insure comfort in crossing the North Sea.

Unfortunately, however, most of us neither own nor can afford to charter a steam-yacht, so the question of method of travel resolves itself into a choice between mail and tourist steamer. Of course the only Norway trip is up the coast. Nobody, unless he were bent on exploration and its attending hardships, would think of travelling inland. The greater part of the country is a barren waste of mountains of primary rock, glaciers, and snow, almost impossible of access. It is a country of paradoxes. Notwithstanding its extreme northern latitude, the temperature at Stavanger, for instance, on the western coast, varies only about twenty degrees Fahrenheit between winter and summer. In January the mean temperature is 34.7 degrees, and in July, 55.4 degrees. Inland and on the eastern coast the variation is greater. In the winter, at Hammerfest and Tromsö, there are three months of twilight, when everything is done by lamp-light, while in the summer, for the same length of time, the constant light of a revolving sun forces out a meagre and short-lived vegetation. The men are of large frame, muscular, fair-haired, and hardy; the brute creation stubbed, stocky, undersized, and tough. The horses have short stout legs, short bodies, thick necks, big heads, shaggy manes and tails, and comical expressions in their faces; while the cattle are meek little shrivelled-up things that invoke your pity. There is only one thing that mars the hospitality and civility of everybody

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and everything in Norway. This is the miserable mongrel dog that is about the first thing you see at every typical Norwegian cottage in the fishing-towns.

In mapping out a route of travel two things are important. First, take a tourist-steamer for the North Cape from England; and second, make sure that the steamer will go to the Lofoten Islands. The advice of everybody who knows the coast is, "Don't miss the Lofoten scenery." Some of the steamers are inclined to cut short the Lofoten Islands in their haste to get to the North Cape, only giving their passengers an idea of what the islands are like, and thus missing some of the grandest views of all. Most of them, however, take in Lofoten, and if your ship does this you will lose none of the main features. I advise starting from England, because it is more convenient to take a steamer there than on the Continent, and in addition to this, if you are going to Paris, you can handily stop at Christiania, Copenhagen, and Cologne without interfering with the Norway journey. If you were to go to Christiania and Copenhagen first, you would either have to miss Bergen, and a grand sail from Bergen to Trondhjem, or make the unnecessary trip from Christiania around the southern end of Norway. By sailing from Hull or Newcastle, in England, you go directly to Stavanger or Bergen, then on to the North Cape by way of Molde, Trondhjem, and Lofoten. On the return trip you can leave the steamer at Trondhjem and take the only railroad across the country to Christiania, thus covering the principal points of interest, or you can return to England, as suits your plans.

A NATIVE TURNOUT.

The tourist and mail steamers do not differ materially in size or service. To avoid seasickness it is a wise precaution to secure a state-room as near amidships as possible. It takes two nights and one day to go from Newcastle to Bergen, and the North Sea is more choppy than the English Channel. There are no severe storms in summer, but a stiff breeze kicks up a nasty sea in a few hours, and the little steamers pitch and roll in lively fashion. The steamers are much larger, heavier, and steadier than the shallow side-wheelers of the English Channel, but the North Sea is more trying, and it is thirty-six hours against one on the Channel. The steamers leave England in the afternoon, arriving at Bergen early in the morning on the second day out. The first glimpse of the Norway coast comes with the bustle of the sailor-men on deck. It is something like the first view of the coast of Ireland, only more so. The islands of rock rise boldly out of the water, and before you realize anything the steamer seems to be headed straight for the rocks. Then an opening appears. The man in the pilot-house, acting in obedience to motions of the pilot's arm, steers between the rocks and turns quickly to avoid another, when you experience your first real appreciation of the skill of a Norwegian pilot in manœuvring his ship. In and out among the rocks you go, until finally you pass between two mountain islands, and the city of Bergen, resting at the water's edge among mountains of bold rock from one thousand to two thousand feet high, is before you. When I arrived at Bergen it was only two o'clock in the morning in July, and yet day was breaking in on the city, and it had not been dark all night. Here was a city of 53,000 inhabitants actually cut off from the world, appearing to have put its back up against its mother-country and defied the rest of the world to disturb its peace. The atmosphere of all of the Norway fish-

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STREET SCENE IN BERGEN.

ing-towns is one of peace and liberty. Bergen is the centre of the fishing industry of the country, and thrives mainly on this industry. She is the queen of all fishing-stations, and the mother of the type of fisherman that is gradually being developed in all lands—muscular body, blue eyes, high cheek-bones, powerful jaw, shaggy beard, thickly matted hair, sou'wester, big boots, sleeves rolled up, knife and marline-spike in his belt, rough trousers and red shirt, and

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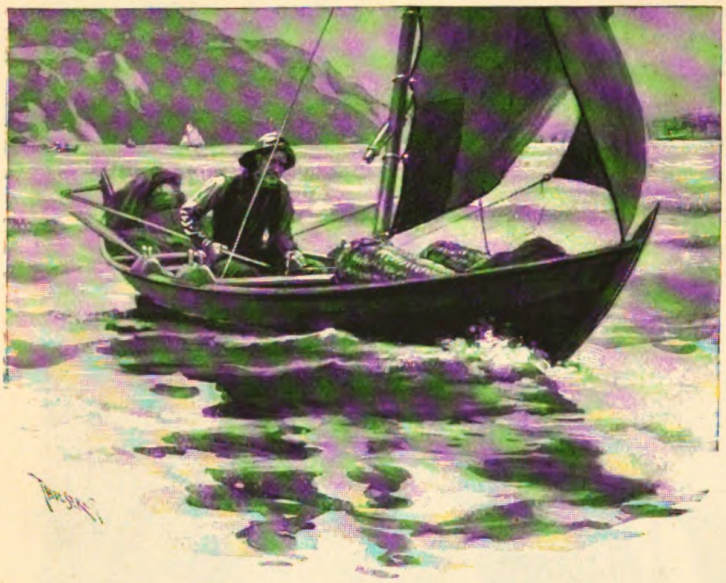

A NORWEGIAN FISHERMAN.

always ready to haul in his nets, let the wind blow high or blow low. The Norway fish and Norwegian fishermen and sailor-men are Norway's greatest gifts of to-day. Her fishermen are a type by themselves, her sailors are fearless, faithful, and sailors every inch of them, and her fish are the best of the kind in the world. The cod-fishing industry alone yielded about $7,000,000 last year from a catch of 63,000,000 fish. In Bergen everything is fish. Fish are traded for boots and jack-knives. An article is worth "two cod" or "four herring," and if a trade cannot be made any other way, a few salmon are "thrown in." There is a school there where the science of fishing is taught. Everything possible is done to keep alive the fishing interest, and no stone is left unturned to increase the catch each season. The season for cod-fishing opens in January, and lasts about three months. The fish come from the extreme North to the fjords to spawn, and the bulk of the catch is made in the open water off the Lofoten Islands on the side toward the main coast. The fishing is controlled by the government, regularly appointed officials being present at the various fishing-stations to settle all disputes between the fishermen, and to give advice upon the best methods of preparing the fish. All parts of the fish are utilized. The livers are melted away into the world-famed Norway cod-liver oil.

After the fishing season is ended the fishermen return in their boats to their homes, scattered all over the coast, and proceed to cultivate the little patches of soil that have accumulated with ages in the hollows of the rocks. It is as a farmer that the summer traveller sees the fisherman. There are always a few who are after salmon and anything else that will take bait, but the great majority are raising their wheat, rye, barley, and potatoes for the next winter's use. In the southern part of Norway is quite fertile soil and worthy the name of farm land, but north of Bergen the coast presents a solid front of primary rock, with only here and there a spot that looks as though it could grow more than a scant supply of moss. Notwithstanding the obstacles, however, the fisherman puts up his little wooden house and a shelter for his horse and cow, and plants his potatoes wherever he can find dirt enough to cover them. He cannot choose his location; he has to take what he can get. Often the soil on which depends so much to him is in the shadow of an immense mountain in the middle of the day, and can only get the rays of the sun as they come at night from over the polar regions.

There is not very much to see in the towns of Norway. The only cities which require time and have hotel accommodations that warrant a visit of several days are Bergen, Molde, Trondhjem, Svolvaer, and Christiania. The rest of the time is spent aboard ship, except for the landings that are made occasionally at some of the more picturesque places. Two or three days at Bergen is quite enough, and then your steamer starts on up the coast. The scenery between Bergen and Molde is superb, and not the least attractive feature of this part of the trip is the experience of steering in and out among the mass of rocks, the vessel frequently going within a stone's-throw of them. Sometimes it seems as though the steamer were hemmed in on all sides by mountains, but

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an opening always appears at just the right moment to let her through to new wonders further north. Arriving at Molde another stop is made, so that the passengers may explore the Romsdal, and become acquainted with the formation of the famous fjords.

The fjords correspond to our bays or inlets. They are long, narrow, winding arms of the sea, with bold shores and deep waters, the surface of which is as smooth and mirrorlike as a pond. If you can imagine the Palisades of the Hudson River more massive and bold, and the water a dark blue color and deep, you will have something of an idea of the formation of the fjords. I do not know how the thought will strike an art critic, but to me one of the most fascinating things about a number of Frederic Remington's types of Western horses, which appeared in recent numbers of this Magazine, is the lack of life in the eye. This seems to me to bring out with greater force the action of the pictures, and to give them a touch of genius, which every man who has travelled in the West appreciates by contrast. It not only brings out more forcibly the action of every muscle, but also gives to the whole picture a suggestion of wildness that is irresistible. It is the same with those wonderful Norway fjords. The rugged shores, rising abruptly hundreds and thousands of feet, sometimes only about a quarter of a mile apart; the quiet, dark, deep water, with its glassy surface reflecting the picture of snow-covered rock and dull gray cloud—and all without a sign of life anywhere. The only noise, except the swish of your own steamer, is that made by small cataracts tumbling down the sides of the mountains into the fjords. The absence of life always has its effect. The solitude of the forest and the prairie, of stream and sea, stirs the same emotions in the breasts of all true lovers of nature.

Molde is a great summer resort, having only about sixteen hundred inhabitants. It commands a fine view of the Molde Fjord and the scraggy, snow-flecked peaks around it. After four or five

LOFOTEN.

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FISHING-STATION IN LOFOTEN.

days in and about Molde the tourist proceeds to Trondhjem, a city of twenty-five thousand persons, located at 63° north latitude, or the same latitude as the south coast of Iceland. The city is at the end of the Trondhjem Fjord, and in a very fertile spot in comparison with the coast in general. A day or two in Trondhjem is enough. Then you start in earnest for the North Cape and midnight sun.

Northern Norway, or the Nordland, comprises the vast extent of country north of Trondhjem. The tourist-steamers make the trip from Trondhjem to the North Cape and return in nine days. The mail-ships occupy nearly twice as much time. It is on this journey north from Trondhjem that the traveller sees and learns to appreciate the impressive grandeur of Norway scenery. As you go north the mountains become more angular, scraggy, and weird, snow and ice are more frequent and abundant, an immense glacier looms up into view, sending a chill through your bones as you pass on, until old Europe finally terminates with a bold mountain of rock, clothed only by myriads of birds and crowned with the crowning glories of the midnight sun. Beyond the North Cape stretch the Arctic Ocean and the mysteries of the North Pole.

You first begin to look for the midnight sun when you are approaching the Arctic Circle. It was just within the circle that I first saw this thrilling sight. The air had been clear for several nights, and so light that I could read a novel on deck at any hour without tiring my eyes

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in the least, but the sun was hidden from sight by rocky islands that rose to a height of several thousand feet. On the night of July 8th I happened to go up on deck just at midnight. As I did so our steamer pulled out from behind an island, and there hung the sun about six degrees above the horizon. The sky was ablaze with many shades of red. Right in line with the sun was a fishing-sloop, the only sign of life anywhere except aboard our own steamer. From many sharp mountain-peaks about us was reflected the sun's light, and the whole heavens were in gorgeous array. It was an inspiring spectacle, there being something almost supernatural in its influence.

The next impressive scenes are in the Lofoten Islands, where are to be found the most unique fishing-towns up the coast. At the southern entrance to the Raft Sund, or Sound, is a mountain two thousand feet high, up which the German Emperor makes it a point to climb every time he goes to Norway. It takes him several hours to reach the top, but once there he becomes enthusiastic with the magnificent view afforded. After the Emperor's last climb a Norwegian built a shanty on top of the mountain and stocked it with refreshments. When I was there the sailors told me he was still waiting for his first customer.

After the Raft Sound come Hennings-vaer and Svolvaer, and then the steamer goes on to the North Cape, by way of Tromsö and Hammerfest. At the cape the sailors fire a big cannon to frighten the birds from the rocks, and thus transform the sky into a cloud of flapping wings. Giving a parting salute with her whistle, the steamer turns back for Trondhjem, where you can take a train in the afternoon that will land you in Christiania the next morning at eleven o'clock.

The fare aboard the Norway steamers is not elaborate, but wholesome. Fish is the mainstay of the table. The salmon are the most delicious in the world. The tales one hears aboard ship, mostly told by Englishmen who have rented rivers for the salmon-fishing, make an American sportsman green with envy. Englishmen control all the desirable rivers, and have a monopoly of the sport, which they will undoubtedly hold many years.

THE SERENADE AT SISKIYOU.

BY OWEN WISTER.

UNSKILLED at murder and without training in running away, one of the two Healy boys had been caught with ease soon after their crime. What they had done may be best learned in the following extract from a certain official report:

"The stage was within five miles of its destination when it was confronted by the usual apparition of a masked man levelling a double-barrelled shot-gun at the driver, and the order to 'Pull up, and throw out the express box.' The driver promptly complied. Meanwhile the guard, Buck Montgomery, who occupied a seat inside, from which he caught a glimpse of what was going on, opened fire at the robber, who dropped to his knees at the first shot, but a moment later discharged both barrels of his gun at the stage. The driver dropped from his seat to the foot-board with five buckshot in his right leg near the knee, and two in his left leg; a passenger by his side also dropped with three or four buckshot in his legs. Before the guard could reload, two shots came from behind the bushes back of the exposed robber, and Buck fell to the bottom of the stage mortally wounded, shot through the back. The whole murderous sally occupied but a few seconds, and the order came to 'Drive on.' Officers and citizens quickly started in pursuit, and the next day one of the robbers, a well-known young man of that vicinity, son of a respectable farmer in Fresno County, was overtaken and arrested."

Feeling had run high in the streets of Siskiyou when the prisoner was brought into town, and the wretch's life had come near a violent end at the hands of the mob, for Buck Montgomery had many friends. But the steadier citizens preserved the peace, and the murderer was in the prison awaiting his trial by formal law. It was now some weeks since the tragedy, and Judge Campbell sat at breakfast reading his paper.

"Why, that is excellent!" he suddenly exclaimed.

"May I ask what is excellent, judge?" inquired his wife. She had a big nose.

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"They've caught the other one, Amanda. Got him last evening in a restaurant at Woodland." The judge read the paragraph to Mrs. Campbell, who listened severely. "And so," he concluded, "when to-night's train gets up, we'll have them both safe in jail."

Mrs. Campbell dallied over her eggs, shaking her head. Presently she sighed. But as Amanda often did this, her husband finished his own eggs and took some more. "Poor boy!" said the lady, pensively. "Only twenty-three last 12th of October. What a cruel fate!"

Now the judge supposed she referred to the murdered man. "Yes," he said. "Vile. You've got him romantically young, my dear. I understood he was thirty-five."

"I know his age perfectly, Judge Campbell. I made it my business to find out. And to think his brother might actually have been lynched!"

"I never knew that either. You seem to have found out all about the family, Amanda. What were they going to lynch the brother for?"

The ample lady folded her fat middle-aged hands on the edge of the table and eyed her husband with bland displeasure. "Judge Campbell!" she uttered, and her lips shut wide and firm. She would restrain herself, if possible.

"Well, my dear?"

"You ask me that. You pretend ignorance of that disgraceful scene. Who was it said to me right in the street that he disapproved of lynching? I ask you, judge, who was it right there at the jail—"

"Oh!" said the enlightened judge.

"—Right at the left-hand side of the door of the jail in this town of Siskiyou, who was it got that trembling boy safe inside from those yelling fiends and talked to the crowd on a barrel of number ten nails, and made those wicked men stop and go home?"

"Amanda, I believe I recognize myself."

"I should think you did, Judge Campbell. And now they've caught the other one, and he'll be up with the sheriff on to-night's train, and I suppose they'll lynch *him* now!"

"There's not the slightest danger," said the judge. "The town wants them to have a fair trial. It was natural that immediately after such an atrocious act—"

"Those poor boys had never murdered anybody before in their lives," interrupted Amanda.

"But they did murder Montgomery, you will admit."

"Oh yes!" said Mrs. Campbell, with impatience. "I saw the hole in his back. You needn't tell me all that again. If he'd thrown out the express box quicker they wouldn't have hurt a hair of his head. Wells and Fargo's messengers know that perfectly. It was his own fault. Those boys had no employment, and they only wanted money. They did not seek human blood, and you needn't tell me they did."

"They shed it, however, Amanda. Quite a lot of it. Stage-driver and a passenger too."

"Yes, you keep going back to that as if they'd all been murdered instead of only one, and you don't care about those two poor boys locked in a dungeon, and their gray-haired father down in Fresno County who never did anything wrong at all, and he sixty-one in December."

"The county isn't thinking of hanging the old gentleman," said the judge.

"That will do, Judge Campbell," said his lady, rising. "I shall say no more. Total silence for the present is best for you and best for me. Much best. I will leave you to think of your speech, which was by no means silver. Not even life with you for twenty-five years this coming 10th of July has inured me to insult. I am capable of understanding whom they think of hanging, and your speaking to me as if I did not does you little credit; for it was a mere refuge from a woman's just accusation of heartlessness which you felt, and like a man would not acknowledge; and therefore it is that I say no more but leave you to go down the street to the Ladies' Lyceum where I shall find companions with some spark of humanity in their bosoms and milk of human kindness for those whose hasty youth has plunged them in misery and delivered them to the hands of those who treat them as if they were stones and sticks full of nothing but monstrosity instead of breathing men like themselves to be shielded by brotherhood and hope and not dashed down by cruelty and despair."

It had begun stately as a dome, with symmetry and punctuation, but the climax was untrammelled by a single com-

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ma. The orator swept from the room, put on her bonnet and shawl, and the judge, still sitting with his eggs, heard the front door close behind her. She was president of the Ladies' Reform and Literary Lyceum, and she now trod thitherward through Siskiyou.

"I think Amanda will find companions there," mused the judge. "But her notions of sympathy beat me." The judge had a small wise blue eye, and he liked his wife more than well. She was sincerely good, and had been very courageous in their young days of poverty. She loved their son, and she loved him. Only, when she took to talking, he turned up a mental coat collar and waited. But if the male sex did not appreciate her powers of eloquence her sister citizens did; and Mrs. Campbell, besides presiding at the Ladies' Reform and Literary Lyceum in Siskiyou, often addressed female meetings in Ashland, Yreka, and even as far away as Tehama and Redding. She found companions this morning.

"To think of it!" they exclaimed, at her news of the capture, for none had read the paper. They had been too busy talking of the next debate, which was upon the question, "Ought we to pray for rain?" But now they instantly forgot the wide spiritual issues raised by this inquiry, and plunged into the fascinations of crime, reciting once more to each other the details of the recent tragedy. The room hired for the Lyceum was in a second story above the apothecary and book shop—a combined enterprise in Siskiyou—and was furnished with fourteen rocking-chairs. Pictures of Mount Shasta and Lucretia Mott ornamented the wall, with a photograph from an old master representing Leda and the Swan. This typified the Lyceum's approval of Art, and had been presented by one of the husbands upon returning from a three days' business trip to San Francisco.

"Dear! dear!" said Mrs. Parsons, after they had all shuddered anew over the shooting and the blood. "With so much suffering in the world how fulsome seems that gay music!" She referred to the Siskiyou brass band, which was rehearsing the march from *Fatinitza* in an adjacent room in the building. Mrs. Parsons had large mournful eyes, a poetic vocabulary, and wanted to be president of the Lyceum herself.

"Melody has its sphere, Gertrude," said Mrs. Campbell, in a wholesome voice. "We must not be morbid. But this I say to you, one and all: Since the men of Siskiyou refuse, it is for the women to vindicate the town's humanity, and show some sympathy for the captive who arrives to-night."

They all thought so too.

"I do not criticise," continued their president, magnanimously, "nor do I complain of any one. Each in this world has his or her mission, and the most sacred is Woman's own—to console!"

"True, true!" murmured Mrs. Slocum.

"We must do something for the prisoner to show him we do not desert him in his hour of need," Mrs. Campbell continued.

"We'll go and meet the train!" Mrs. Slocum exclaimed, eagerly. "I've never seen a real murderer."

"A bunch of flowers for him," said Mrs. Parsons, closing her mournful eyes. "Roses." And she smiled faintly.

"Oh, lilies!" cried little Mrs. Day, with rapture. "Lilies would look *real* nice."

"Don't you think," said Miss Sissons, who had not spoken before, and sat a little apart from the close-drawn clump of talkers, "that we might send the widow some flowers too, some time?" Miss Sissons was a pretty girl, with neat hair. She was engaged to the captain of Siskiyou's baseball nine.

"The widow?" Mrs. Campbell looked vague.

"Mrs. Montgomery, I mean. The murdered man's wife. I—I went to see if I could do anything, for she has some children; but she wouldn't see me," said Miss Sissons. "She said she couldn't talk to anybody."

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Campbell. "I dare say it was a dreadful shock to her. Yes, dear, we'll attend to her after a while. We'll have her with us right along, you know, whereas these unhappy boys may—may be—may soon meet a cruel death on the scaffold." Mrs. Campbell evaded the phrase "may be hanged" rather skilfully. To her trained oratorical sense it had seemed to lack dignity.

"So young!" said Mrs. Day.

"And both so full of promise, to be cut off!" said Mrs. Parsons.

"Why, they can't hang them both, I should think," said Miss Sissons. "I thought only one killed Mr. Montgomery."

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"My dear Louise," said Mrs. Campbell, "they can do anything they want, and they will. Shall I ever forget those ruffians who wanted to lynch the first one? They'll be on the jury!"

The clump returned to their discussion of the flowers, and Miss Sissons presently mentioned she had some errands to do, and departed.

"Would that that girl had more soul!" said Mrs. Parsons.

"She has plenty of soul," replied Mrs. Campbell, "but she's under the influence of a man. Well, as I was saying, roses and lilies are too big."

"Oh, *why?*" said Mrs. Day. "They would *please* him so."

"He couldn't carry them, Mrs. Day. I've thought it all out. He'll be walked to the jail between strong men. We must have some small bokay to pin on his coat, for his hands will be shackled."

"You don't say!" cried Mrs. Slocum. "How awful! I must get to that train. I've never seen a man in shackles in my life."

So violets were selected; Mrs. Campbell brought some in the afternoon from her own greenhouse, and Mrs. Parsons furnished a large pin. She claimed also the right to affix the decoration upon the prisoner's breast because she had suggested the idea of flowers; but the other ladies protested, and the president seemed to think that all should draw lots. It fell to Mrs. Day.

"Now I declare!" twittered the little matron. "I do believe I'll never dare."

"You must say something to him," said Amanda; "something fitting and choice."

"Oh dear no, Mrs. Campbell. Why, I never—my gracious! Why, if I'd known I was expected— Really, I couldn't think— I'll let *you* do it!"

"We can't hash up the ceremony that way, Mrs. Day," said Amanda, severely. And as they all fell arguing, the whistle blew.

"There!" said Mrs. Slocum. "Now you've made me late, and I'll miss the shackles and everything."

She flew down stairs, and immediately the town of Siskiyou saw twelve members of the Ladies' Reform and Literary Lyceum follow her in a hasty phalanx across the square to the station. The train approached slowly up the grade, and by the time the wide smoke-stack of the locomotive was puffing its wood smoke in clouds along the platform, Amanda had marshalled her company there.

"Where's the gals all goin', Bill?" inquired a large citizen in boots of the ticket agent.

"Nowheres, I guess, Abe," the agent replied. "Leastways they 'ain't bought any tickets off me."

"Maybe they're for stealin' a ride," said Abe.

The mail and baggage cars had passed, and the women watched the smoking-car that drew up opposite them. Mrs. Campbell had informed her friends that the sheriff always went in the smoker; but on this occasion, for some reason, he had brought his prisoner in the Pullman sleeper at the rear, some way down the track, and Amanda's vigilant eye suddenly caught the group, already descended and walking away. The platoon of sympathy set off, and rapidly came up with the sheriff, while Bill, Abe, the train conductor, the Pullman conductor, the engineer, and the fireman abandoned their duty, and stared, in company with the brakemen and many passengers. There was perfect silence but for the pumping of the air-brake on the engine. The sheriff, not understanding what was coming, had half drawn his pistol; but now, surrounded by universal petticoats, he pulled off his hat and grinned doubtfully. The friend with him also stood bareheaded and grinning. He was young Jim Hornbrook, the muscular betrothed of Miss Sissons. The prisoner could not remove his hat or he would have done so. Miss Sissons, who had come to the train to meet her lover, was laughing extremely in the middle of the road.

"Take these violets," faltered Mrs. Day, and held out the bunch, backing away slightly at the same time.

"Nonsense," said Amanda, stepping forward and grasping the flowers. "The women of Siskiyou are with you," she said, "as we are with all the afflicted." Then she pinned the violets firmly to the prisoner's flannel shirt. His face, at first amazed as the sheriff's and Hornbrook's, smoothed into cunning and vanity, while Hornbrook's turned an angry red, and the sheriff stopped grinning.

"Them flowers would look better on Buck Montgomery's grave, madam," said the officer. "Maybe you'll let us pass now." They went on to the jail.

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"Waal," said Abe, on the platform, "that's the most disgustin' fool thing I ever did see."

"All aboard!" said the conductor, and the long train continued its way to Portland.

The platoon, well content, dispersed homeward to supper, and Jim Hornbrook walked home with his girl.

"For Lord's sake, Louise," he said, "who started that move?"

She told him the history of the morning.

"Well," he said, "you tell Mrs. Campbell, with my respects, that she's just playing with fire. A good woman like her ought to have more sense. Those men are going to have a fair trial."

"She wouldn't listen to me, Jim, not a bit. And, do you know, she really didn't seem to feel sorry—except just for a minute—about that poor woman."

"Louise, why don't you quit her outfit?"

"Resign from the Lyceum? That's so silly of you, Jim. We're not all crazy there; and that," said Miss Sissons, demurely, "is what makes a girl like me so valuable!"

"Well, I'm not stuck on having you travel with that lot."

"They speak better English than you do, Jim dear. Don't! in the street!"

"Sho! It's dark now," said Jim. "And it's been three whole days since—" But Miss Sissons escaped inside her gate and rang the bell. "Now see here, Louise," he called after her, "when I say they're playing with fire I mean it. That woman will make trouble in this town."

"She's not afraid," said Miss Sissons. "Don't you know enough about us yet to know we can't be threatened?"

"You!" said the young man. "I wasn't thinking of you." And so they separated.

Mrs. Campbell sat opposite the judge at supper, and he saw at once from her complacent reticence that she had achieved some triumph against his principles. She chatted about topics of the day in terms that were ingeniously trite. Then a letter came from their son in Denver, and she forgot her rôle somewhat, and read the letter aloud to the judge, and wondered wistfully who in Denver attended to the boy's buttons and socks; but she made no reference whatever to Siskiyou jail or those inside it. Next morning, however, it was the judge's turn to be angry.

"Amanda," he said, over the paper again, "you had better stick to socks and leave criminals alone."

Amanda gazed at space with a calm smile.

"And I'll tell you one thing, my dear," her husband said, more incisively, "it don't look well that I should represent the law while my wife figures" (he shook the morning paper) "as a public nuisance. And one thing more: *Look out!* For if I know this community, and I think I do, you may raise something you don't bargain for."

"I can take care of myself, judge," said Amanda, always smiling. These two never were angry both at once, and today it was the judge that sailed out of the house. Amanda pounced instantly upon the paper. The article was headed "Sweet Violets." But the editorial satire only spurred the lady to higher efforts. She proceeded to the Lyceum, and found that "Sweet Violets" had been there before her. Every woman held a copy, and the fourteen rocking-chairs were swooping up and down like things in a factory. In the presence of this blizzard, Mount Shasta, Lucretia Mott, and even Leda and the Swan looked singularly serene on their wall, although on the other side of the wall the *Fatinitza* march was booming brilliantly. But Amanda quieted the storm. It was her gift to be calm when others were not, and soon the rocking-chairs were merely rippling.

"The way my boys scolded me—" began Mrs. Day.

"For men I care not," said Mrs. Parsons. "But when my own sister upbraids me in a public place—" The lady's voice ceased, and she raised her mournful eyes. It seemed she had encountered her unnatural relative at the post-office. Everybody had a tale similar. Siskiyou had denounced their humane act.

"Let them act ugly," said Mrs. Slocum. "We will not swerve."

"I sent roses this morning," said Mrs. Parsons.

"*Did* you, dear?" said Mrs. Day. "My lilies shall go this afternoon."

"Here is a letter from the prisoner," said Amanda, producing the treasure; and they huddled to hear it. It mentioned the violets blooming beside the hard couch, and spoke of prayer.

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"He had lovely hair," said Mrs. Slocum.

"*So* brown!" said Mrs. Day.

"Black, my dear, and curly."

"Light brown. I was a good deal closer, Susan—"

"Never mind about his hair," said Amanda. "We are here not to flinch. We must act. Our course is chosen, and well chosen. The prison fare is a sin, and a beefsteak goes to them both at noon from my house."

"Oh, why didn't we ever think of that before?" cried the ladies, in an ecstasy, and fell to planning a series of lunches in spite of what Siskiyou might say or do. Siskiyou did not say very much; but it looked; and the ladies waxed more enthusiastic, luxuriating in a sense of martyrdom because now the prisoners were stopped writing any more letters to them. This was doubtless a high-handed step, and it set certain pulpits preaching about love. The day set for the trial was approaching; Amanda and her flock were going. Prayer-meetings were held, food and flowers for the two in jail increased in volume, and every day saw some of the Lyceum waiting below the prisoners' barred windows till the men inside would thrust a hand through and wave to them; then they would shake a handkerchief in reply, and go away thrilled to talk it over at the Lyceum. And Siskiyou looked on all the while, darker and darker.

Then finally Amanda had a great thought. Listening to *Fatinitza* one morning, she suddenly arose and visited Herr Schwartz, the band-master. Herr Schwartz was a wise and well-educated German. They had a lengthy conference.

"I don't pelief dot vill be very goot," said the band-master.

But at that Amanda talked a good deal; and the worthy Teuton was soon bewildered, and at last gave a dubious consent, "since it would blease de ladies."

The president of the Lyceum arranged the coming event after her own heart. The voice of Woman should speak in Siskiyou. The helpless victims of male prejudice and the law of the land were to be flanked with consolation and encouragement upon the eve of their ordeal in court. In their lonely cell they were to feel that there were those outside whose hearts beat with theirs. The floral tribute was to be sumptuous, and Amanda had sent to San Francisco for pound-cake. The special quality she desired could not be achieved by the Siskiyou confectioner.

Miss Sissons was not a party to this enterprise, and she told its various details to Jim Hornbrook, half in anger, half in derision. He listened without comment, and his face frightened her a little.

"Jim, what's the matter?" said she.

"Are you going to be at that circus?" he inquired.

"I thought I might just look on, you know," said Miss Sissons. "Mrs. Campbell and a brass band—"

"You'll stay in the house that night, Louise."

"Why, the ring isn't on my finger yet," laughed the girl, "the fatal promise of obedience—" But she stopped, perceiving her joke was not a good one. "Of course, Jim, if you feel that way," she finished. "Only I'm grown up, and I like reasons."

"Well—that's all right too."

"Ho, ho! All right! Thank you, sir. Dear me!"

"Why, it ain't to please me, Louise; indeed it ain't. I can't swear everything won't be nice and all right and what a woman could be mixed up in, but—well, how should you know what men are anyway when they've been a good long time getting mad and are mad all through? That's what this town is to-day, Louise."

"I don't know," said Miss Sissons, "and I'm sure I'd rather not know." And so she gave her promise. "But I shouldn't suppose," she added, "that the men of Siskiyou, mad or not, would forget that women are women."

Jim laughed. "Oh no," he said, "they ain't going to forget that."

The appointed day came; and the train came, several hours late, bearing the box of confectionery, addressed to the Ladies' Reform and Literary Lyceum. Bill, the ticket agent, held his lantern over it on the platform.

"That's the cake," said he.

"What cake?" Abe inquired.

Bill told him the rumor.

"Cake?" repeated Abe. "Fer them?" and he tilted his head toward the jail. "Will you say that again, friend? I ain't clear about it. *Cake*, did ye say?"

"Pound-cake," said Bill. "Ordered special from San Francisco."

Now pound-cake for adults is consid-

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ered harmless. But it is curious how unwholesome a harmless thing can be if administered at the wrong time. The gaunt, savage-looking Californian went up to the box slowly. Then he kicked it lightly with his big boot, seeming to listen to its reverberation. Then he read the address. Then he sat down on the box to take a think. After a time he began speaking aloud. "They hold up a stage," he said, slowly. "They lay up a passenger fer a month. And they lame Bob Griffiths fer life. And then they do up Buck. Shoot a hole through his spine. And I helped bury him; fer I liked Buck." The speaker paused, and looked at the box. Then he got up. "I hain't attended their prayer-meetin's," said he, "and I hain't smelt their flowers. Such perfume's liable to make me throw up. But I guess I'll hev a look at their cake."

He went to the baggage-room and brought an axe. The axe descended, and a splintered slat flew across the platform. "There's a lot of cake," said Abe. The top of the packing-case crashed on the railroad track, and three new men gathered to look on. "It's fresh cake too," remarked the destroyer. The box now fell to pieces, and the tattered paper wrapping was ripped away. "Step up, boys," said Abe, for a little crowd was there now. "Soft, ain't it?" They slung the cake about and tramped it in the grime and oil, and the boards of the box were torn apart and whirled away. There was a singular and growing impulse about all this. No one said anything; they were very quiet; yet the crowd grew quickly, as if called together by something in the air. One voice said, "Don't forgit we're all relyin' on yer serenade, Mark," and this raised a strange united laugh that broke brief and loud, and stopped, leaving the silence deeper than before. Mark and three more left and walked toward the Lyceum. They were members of the Siskiyou band, and as they went, one said that the town would see an interesting trial in the morning. Soon after they had gone the crowd moved from the station, compact and swift.

Meanwhile the Lyceum had been having disappointments. When the train was known to be late, Amanda had abandoned bestowing the cake until morning. But now a horrid thing had happened: the Siskiyou band refused its services! The rocking-chairs were plying strenuously; but Amanda strode up and down in front of Mount Shasta and Lucretia Mott.

Herr Schwartz entered. "It's all right, madam," said he. "My trombone haf come back, und—"

"You'll play?" demanded the president.

"We blay for de ladies."

The rocking-chairs were abandoned; the Lyceum put on its bonnet and shawl and marshalled down stairs with the band.

"Ready," said Amanda.

"Ready," said Herr Schwartz to his musicians. "Go a leedle easy mit der Allegro, or we bust *Fatinitza*."

The spirited strains were lifted in Siskiyou, and the procession was soon at the jail in excellent order. They came round the corner with the trombone going as well as possible. Two jerking bodies dangled at the end of ropes, above the flare of torches. Amanda and her flock were shrieking.

"So!" exclaimed Herr Schwartz. "Dot was dose Healy boys we haf come to gif serenade." He signed to stop the music.

"No you don't," said two of the masked crowd, closing in with pistols. "You'll play fer them fellers till you're told to quit."

"Cerdainly," said the philosophical Teuton. "Only dey gif brobably very leedle attention to our Allegro."

So *Fatinitza* trumpeted on while the two on the ropes twisted, and grew still by-and-by. Then the masked men let the band go home. The Lyceum had scattered and fled long since, and many days passed before it revived again to civic usefulness, nor did its members find comfort from their men. Herr Schwartz gave a parting look at the bodies of the lynched murderers. "My!" said he, "das Ewigweibliche haf draw them apove sure enough."

Miss Sissons next day was walking and talking off her shock and excitement with her lover. "And oh, Jim," she concluded, after they had said a good many things, "you hadn't anything to do with it, had you?" The young man did not reply, and catching a certain expression on his face, she hastily exclaimed: "Never mind! I don't want to know—ever!"

So James Hornbrook kissed his sweetheart for saying that, and they continued their walk among the pleasant hills.

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A FEW EDIBLE TOADSTOOLS AND MUSHROOMS.

BY W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

WHAT a plenteous, spontaneous harvest of delicious feasting annually goes begging in our woods and fields!

In France, Germany, Russia, and Italy the woods are scoured for the perennial crop of edible fungi, and through centuries of familiarity and tradition the knowledge of its economic value has become the possession of the people, a most important possession to the poor peasant, who, perhaps for weeks together, will taste no other animal food. I say "animal food" advisedly, for, gastronomically and chemically considered, the flesh of the mushroom has been proved to be almost identical with meat, and possesses the same nourishing properties.

It is idle to attempt an adjudication of the vexed "toadstool" and "mushroom" question here.

The so-called distinction is a purely arbitrary popular prejudice which differentiates the toadstool as poisonous, the mushroom being harmless. But even the rustic authorities are rather mixed on the subject, as may be well illustrated by a recent incident in my own experience.

Walking in the woods, recently, with a country friend, we were discussing this "toadstool" topic, when we came upon a cluster of fungi at the base of a tree trunk, their broad expanded tops apparently upholstered in fawn-colored, undressed kid, their under surfaces being stuffed and tufted in pale greenish hue.

"What would you call these?" I inquired.

"Those are toadstools, unmistakably," was his reply.

"Well, toadstools or not, you see there about five pounds of delicious vegetable meat, for it is the common species of edible Boletus—*Boletus edulis*."

A few moments later we paused before a beautiful specimen, lifting its parasol of pure white above the black leaf mould.

"And what is this?" I inquired.

"I would certainly call *that* a mushroom," was his instant reply.

This mushroom proved to be a fine, tempting specimen of the *Agaricus Amanita bulbosa*, the deadliest of all the mushrooms, and one of the most violent and fatal of all known vegetable poisons, whose attractive graces and insidious wiles are doubtless continually responsible for those numerous fatalities usually dismissed with the epitaph, "Died from eating toadstools in mistake for mushrooms."

Nor are the other popular traditions and tests by which the primary selection of the "mushroom" is "proved" for safety worthy of any more consideration; tests, for instance, such as the following: "Pleasant taste and odor; boiling with a silver spoon, the staining of the silver indicating danger; peeling of the cap; change of color in fracture," etc. I once knew an aged dame who was a village oracle on this as well as other topics, and who ate and dispensed toadstools on the above rules. Strange to say, she lived to a good old age, and no increased mortality chanced as a result of her generosity.

How are these popular notions sustained by the facts?

Many, indeed a majority, of the most delicious species will not "peel" at all; others change color, turning blue or green or tawny almost instantly on being broken, while the most deadly Amanita peels with a certain degree of accommodation which would at once seem to settle its claim as a "mushroom," has, moreover, to many, an inviting odor and a pleasant taste when raw, and when cooked giving no token of its fatal resources until from six to eight hours after being eaten, when its unfortunate victim is usually past hope—absolutely so, in the absence of the proper medical treatment, in the administration of atropine in hypodermic injection in $\frac{1}{60}$-grain doses, this deadly drug having been only recently discovered to be an effective antidote to the amanitine, the poisonous principle of the Amanita fungus.

The deadly Amanita need no longer impose upon the fastidious feaster in the guise of the dainty "legume" of his *menu*, or as a fatal contaminating ingredient in the otherwise wholesome *ragoût*.

In Fig. 1 I have presented the reprobate *Amanita vernus* in its protean progressive aspects from infancy to maturity. This is especially desirable not only because the fungus is equally dangerous as an infant, but because the development of its growth specially emphasizes *botanically* the one important structural character by which the species or genus may

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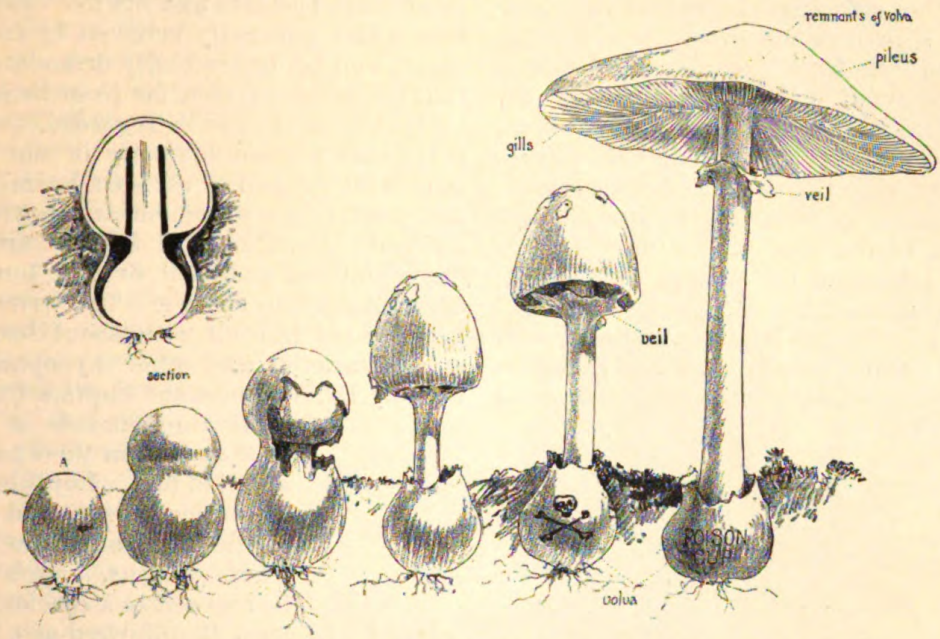

FIG. 1.—THE DEADLY AMANITA IN VARIOUS STAGES.

be easily distinguished. Let us then consider the specimen as a type of the tribe Agaricus (gilled mushroom), genus Amanita.

Year after year we are sure of finding this species, especially in spring and summer, its favorite haunt being the woods. Its spores, like those of other mushrooms, are shed upon the ground from beneath the white gills, and eventually vegetate in the form of webby white mould—mycelium—which threads through the dead leaves and earth. This running growth is botanically considered as the *true* fungus, the final mushroom being the *fruit*, whose function is the dissemination of the spores. After a rain, or when the conditions are otherwise suitable, a certain point or points among this webby tangle beneath the ground become suddenly quickened into astonishing cell-making energy, and a small rounded nodule begins to form, which continues to develop with great rapidity. In a few hours more it has pushed its head above ground, and now appears like an egg, as at A, Fig. 1. The successive stages in its development are clearly indicated in the drawing; each represents an interval of an hour or two, or more, the most suggestive and important feature being the *outer envelope*, which encloses the actual mushroom—at first completely, then in a ruptured condition, until in the mature growth the only vestiges which appear aboveground are the few shreds generally, though not always, to be seen on the top of the cap. The *most important* character of this deadly Amanita is, therefore, with almost artful maliciousness, often *concealed* from our view in the mature specimen, the only remnant of the original outer sac being the *cup* or *socket* about the base of the stem, which is generally hidden underground, and usually there remains as we pluck the specimen.

This "poison-cup" may be taken as the cautionary symbol of the genus Amanita, common to all the species. *Any mushroom or toadstool, therefore, whose stem is thus set in a socket, or which has any suggestion of such a socket, should be labelled "poison";* for though some of the species having this cup are edible, from the popular point of view it is wiser and certainly safer to condemn the entire group. But the cup must be *sought* for. We shall thus at least avoid the possible danger of a fatal termination to our amateur experiments in gustatory mycology; for while various other mushrooms might induce even serious illness through digestive disturbance, and secondary possibly fatal complications, the Amanita group are now conceded to be the only fungi which contain a positive, active, poisonous principle whose certain logical consequence is death.

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Another structural feature of the Amanita is shown in the illustration, but has been omitted from the above consideration to avoid confusion. This is the "veil" which, in the young mushroom, originally connected the edge of the cap, or pileus, with the stem, and whose gradual rupture necessarily follows the expansion of the cap, until a mere frill or ring is left about the stem at the original point of contact.

But this feature is a frequent character in many edible mushrooms, and therefore of no dangerous significance *per se*—a membrane which protects the growing gills.

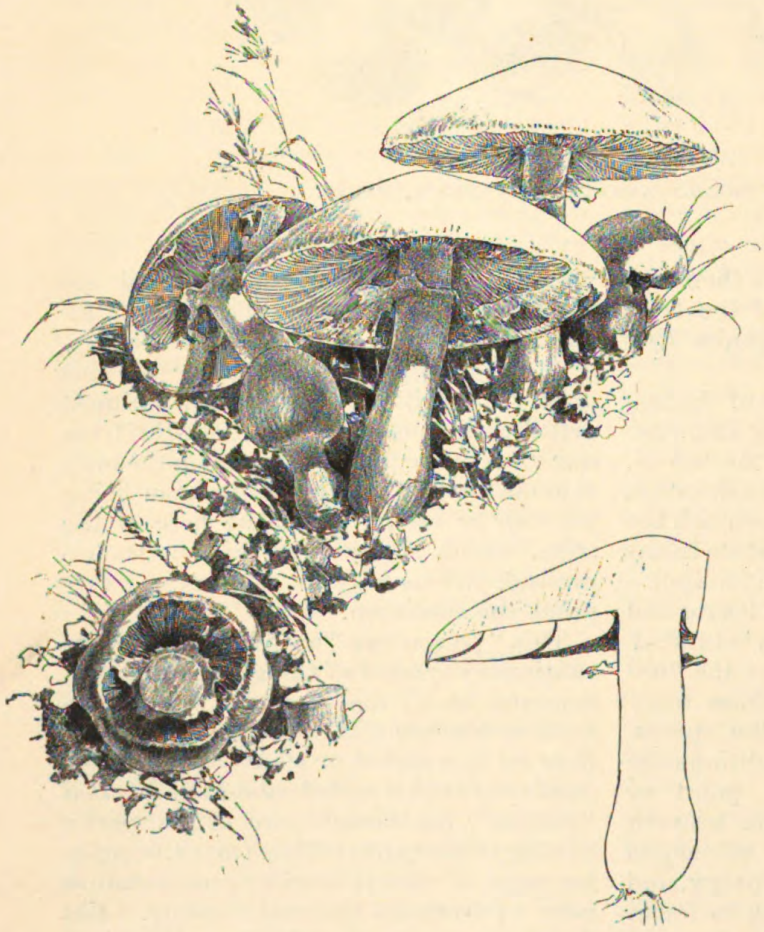

FIG. 2.—AGARICUS CAMPESTRIS—MEADOW-MUSHROOM.

By fixing these simple facts in mind we may now consider ourselves armed against our greatest foe, and may with some assurance make our selection among this lavish larder of wild provender continually going to waste by the ton in our woods and pastures and lawns. For it is now a fact generally believed by fungologists, and being gradually demonstrated, that the edible species, far from being the exception, as formerly regarded, are the rule; that a great majority of our common wild fungi are at least harmless, if not positively wholesome and nutritious as food. Dr. Curtis, of South Carolina, has published a list of over a hundred edible American species. The writer has familiarized himself with about forty esculent varieties, and other mycophagists, notably Dr. Harkness and Captain Charles McIlvaine, include a hundred species in their habitual bill of fare. But there can be no general rule laid down for the discrimination of *an edible fungus*. Each must be *learned* as a species, or at least familiarized as a kind, even as we learn to recognize a flower, a tree, or a bird.

Nor is it necessary to master the whole science of mycology to enable us to become full-blown mycophagists for several months in the year, and it is the object of the present article not only to give effectual warning as to the poisonous mushrooms, but to bring within the reach of my readers a few common and easily identified edible species, and thus redeem to *esculent* utility a few thousand pounds of this neglected savory harvest.

Of the thirty odd species which the writer habitually enjoys at his table, he is satisfied that he can select at least a baker's dozen which possess such distinct and strongly marked characters as to enable them, by careful portraiture and brief description, to be instantly recognized, even by a tyro.

A few other general rules may well be remembered. The gatherer of food mushrooms should avoid all fungi which have an unpleasant odor, an acrid or otherwise unpleasant taste. Those of tough consistency, in a state of decomposition, or infested with worms would of course naturally be avoided.

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Perhaps the one species which enjoys the widest range of popular confidence as the "mushroom" in the lay mind, as distinguished from "toadstool," is the *Agaricus campestris* (Fig. 2), known as the "meadow-mushroom." It is the species most generally in cultivation and commonly exposed for sale in our markets, and the mycelium, a so-called "spawn," is a staple commodity of commerce. The illustration shows a cluster of the mushrooms in their various stages of development, the detached specimen below representing the semi-opened condition in which the fungus is usually gathered for market. It will be observed that the base of the stem is entirely free from any suggestion of a volva or a cup. As its popular name implies, this species in its wild state is one of the voluntary tributes of our autumn meadows and pastures, though it may occasionally frequent lawns and shrubberies. In size it varies from two to three and a half inches across the pileus or cap, which is either smooth or slightly scaly, and creamy white or tawny in color, according to age or variety. The most important distinguishing feature of this species, which varies considerably in different individuals, is in the color of the gills. If we break away the "veil" in the unopened specimen, we find them to be of a pallid flesh tint. In the more advanced state they become decidedly pinkish, with age and expansion gradually deepening to purplish, purple-brown, and finally brownish-black. The gills are of unequal lengths, as shown in the section. The stem is creamy white and of solid substance, and always shows the remains of the veil in a persistent frill or ring, just beneath the cap.

FIG. 3.—AGARICUS PROCERUS—PASTURE-MUSHROOM.

Another and larger edible mushroom, which might easily be confounded with this, may frequently be found growing in company with it, and so closely do the two species merge in specimens of equal size that it is often a puzzle to separate the species. Indeed, by some mycologists the larger form is considered merely as a variety of the campestris. The accompanying illustration may well serve as a portrait of this species also, which is commonly known in England as the "horse-mushroom" (*Agaricus arvensis*). It frequents the same localities as the former, and is occasionally seen crowded in clusters of crescent shape, or in scattered rings, while its size is generally conspicuous, the solid cream-colored or white cap often expanding to the diameter of seven inches. Its substance discolors to yellowish-brown on being bruised. The stem is less solid than in campestris, often with a pithlike or even hollow heart. The gills are of unequal length, as in the former species, though of much the same tints of pink and brown and black, though more dingy in the lighter shades. The veil is often

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FIG. 4.—MARASMIUS OREADES—FAIRY-RING CHAMPIGNON.

more conspicuous, and occasionally appears to be double, the outer or lower more or less ragged or split into a fringe at the edge. The species can hardly be mistaken for any poisonous variety, and once recognized, its generous size, frequent profusion, and savory qualities make it a tempting quest to the epicure, being considered by many as superior in flavor to its rival, the campestris.

But this question of gastronomic prestige will perhaps never be finally settled. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* Species considered here by many as the *ne plus ultra* of delicacies, like the campestris, are discriminated against in other countries, and in Rome are thrown into the Tiber by inspectors and guardians of the public safety. There are those connoisseurs in delicate feasting who consider no other species comparable to this. These fastidious gourmands are in turn viewed with pity by other superior epicurean feeders with finer sensuous discrimination, who know perfectly well that our woods afford a number of common species which easily consign the campestris to the fourth or fifth choice as a competitor at the feast.

While the campestris is generally considered as "the" mushroom, there is another species which almost equally shares the honors in popular favor.

I have alluded to the habit of the horse-mushroom as "growing in crescents or rings." This singular tendency is, however, much more fully exemplified in another fungus, which has thus won the popular patronymic of the "fairy-ring" champignon, *Marasmius oreades.*

I remember, as a boy, summer after summer observing upon a certain spot upon our lawn this dense, and at length scattering, ring of tiny yellowish mushrooms. And the aroma as they simmered on the kitchen stove is an appetizing memory. This species is very common, and inasmuch as it is likely to be confounded with two noxious varieties, it will be well to bring in prominent contrast the characters of the true and the false.

True Fairy-ring Champignon (*Marasmius oreades*, Fig. 4). — Pileus, buff or cream-colored, leathery and shrivelled when dry, but when moist, after rain or dew, becoming brownish, soft, and pliable, the conditions perhaps alternating for several days; the skin refuses to be peeled, and in the older, fully opened specimens the centre of the cap is raised in a distinct tiny mound; gills, widely separated, about ten or twelve to the inch at circumference in average specimens, same color as cap, or paler, unequal in length; stem, equal diameter, tough, fibrous, and tenacious, paler than gills, smooth to the base (no spines nor down); cup, none; spores, white; taste, nutty, somewhat aromatic, appetizing; habitat, usually on lawns.

False or Poison Champignon (*Marasmius urens*).—Pileus, pale buff, convex, central mound absent; *gills*, yellowish-brown, narrow, and *crowded*, twenty-five or more to the inch at circumference in good specimen; stem, solid, clothed with whitish down; cup, none; *taste*, *acrid.*

Marasmius Urens. Marasmius Peronatus.

FIG. 5.—SOME POISONOUS MUSHROOMS.

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This alone should distinguish the species, which, moreover, usually grows in *woods*.

Marasmius peronatus, poisonous, Fig. 5, the other false species, still more closely simulates the fairy-ring, but may be identified by the growth of *spines* at the base of the stalk. Like the other spurious species, it is found in *woods*.

The true fairy-ring champignon is common on lawns and close-cropped pastures, where it is usually seen growing in rings more or less broken, and often several feet in diameter, or in disconnected arcs, the vegetation of its spores extending outward year by year, receding from the previously exhausted soil at the centre. This mushroom is in unusual esteem, and frequently grows in such profusion that bushels may be gathered in a small area.

One of the most readily recognized of our wild mushrooms is the pasture or parasol agaric, *Agaricus procerus*, a cluster of which in various stages of development is shown in Fig. 3. It is frequently abundant in pasture-lands, and is occasionally found in woods. Its conspicuous cap sometimes measures six inches or more in diameter, the centre being raised in a mound. It is at first egg-shaped. The color of the full specimen is pale brown, or buff, more or less spotted with darker brown shaggy patches. The skin of the cap is thick and somewhat tough, especially on drying. The gills are pure white, or slightly creamy, unequal in length. Stem, often six or eight inches high, proportionately slender, and of equal diameter, bulbous at base, but without a cup, hollow, fibrous, finely speckled or streaked with brown, and deeply inserted in the cap when it is distinctly free from contact with the gills. The remnants of the veil are in the form of a more or less detachable ring encircling the stem. The spores are white. odorous, aromatic, distinctly nutty. Flavor, when raw, sweet and palatable; when dry, slightly pungent.

This species is a great favorite, by many considered as the choicest of all mushrooms. It is indeed a delicious morsel when quickly broiled over coals, seasoned to taste with salt and pepper and butter melted in the gills, and served hot on buttered toast. The scurfy spots and stems should be removed before cooking.

Another common and easily identified species is the *Agaricus Russula virescens*. The division Russula contains a number of equally common species, most of which are deliciously esculent, but the scope of the present article will permit of mention of but one, the most unmistakably marked. It is to be found throughout the summer in hard-wood groves, and is apt to frequent the same immediate locality from year to year. I know one such veritable mushroom bed in the woods near by, where I am almost certain of my mess of Russulas almost any day in their season. This species is shown in its various development and also in section in Fig. 6. Its substance is *firm* and solid *creamy white*. The pileus, at first almost hemispherical, at length becomes convex, with a hollow at the centre. Its color is sage-green, or mouldy green, usually quite unbroken in tint at centre, but more or less disconnected into spots toward the circumference by the gradual expansion of the cap, the creamy undertint appearing like a net-work be-

FIG. 6.—GREEN RUSSULA IN VARIOUS STAGES.

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FIG. 7.—COPRINUS ATRAMENTARIUS.

tween them. The substance of the cap becomes gradually thinned toward the circumference, where the mere cuticle connects the gills, the position of these gills being observable from above in a faint fluting of the edge. The cuticle peels readily for some distance, but usually adheres toward the centre of cap. The gills are *all of the same length*, white or creamy in color, firm and thick, but *very brittle*, easily broken into fragments by a rude touch. Spores, white. The stem is short, stout, and solid, and usually tapers toward base. There is no vestige of a cup or veil at *any* stage of growth.

A good specimen of the green Russula should measure five inches in diameter when fully open, but three inches is probably the average size.

When once acquainted with the above as a type of the Russula group, noting the straight, equal gills, firm substance, brittle texture of gills, sweet nutty flavor common to all the edible species, these become readily identified, the *noxious* Russulas, as in the brilliant pink or scarlet *R. emetica*, being *acrid* and *peppery* to the taste.

In preparing the Russula for the table, the specimens should be carefully scrutinized for a class of fungus epicures which we have not taken into account, and which have probably anticipated us. The Russulæ seem especially subject to the attack of minute grubs—the larvæ of certain flies and beetles, which sometimes swarm their substance. I have gathered a hundred specimens in one walk, perhaps not a quarter of which, upon careful scrutiny, though fair of exterior, would be fit for the table. The mushroom is proverbial for its rapid development, but nature has not allowed it thus to escape the usual penalties of lush vegetation, as witness this swarming, squirming host, which occasionally honeycombs the entire substance of the mushroom ere it has reached its prime.

It is well, therefore, with all mushrooms, Russula or otherwise, to take the precaution of making a vertical section through stem and cap, excluding such specimens as are conspicuously monopolized, and not being *too* critical of the rest, for the over-fastidious gourmet will often thus have little to show for his morning walk. The fungus-hunter *par excellence* has usually been there before us and left his mark—a fine brown streak, perhaps, winding through the pulp, where his minute fungoid identity is even yet secreted. But we bigger fungus-eaters gradually learn to accept him—if not too outrageously promiscuous—as a natural part and parcel of our *hachis aux champignons*, or our simple mushrooms on toast, even as we wink at the similar lively accessories which sophisticate our delectable raisins, prunes, and figs, to say nothing of prime old Roquefort!

Various methods prevail in the culinary preparation of the Russula, but broiling is

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perhaps the most satisfactory. Having thoroughly cleaned the top, or, if desired, peeled the cuticle, place the mushrooms on a gridiron over a hot fire, gills downward, for a few moments, sufficient to allow them to be heated through without scorching. Then reverse them and repeat the process, melting a small piece of butter in the gills and salting and peppering to taste; serve hot on toast, or in the platter with roast beef or fowl. They may also be deliciously fried in the ordinary way, either with or without butter.

Upon a certain spot on the lawn of one of my neighbors, year after year, without fail, there springs up a most singular crop. For the first two years of its appearance it was looked upon with curious awe by the proprietors of the premises, and usually ignominiously spurned with the foot by the indiscriminating and destructive small boy. One day I observed about five pounds of this Delmonico delicacy thus scattered piecemeal about the grass, and my protest has since spared the annual crop for my sole benefit. It usually makes its appearance in late September, and continues in intermittent crops until November. A casual observer of this cluster of edible toadstools might imagine that he beheld a convention of goose eggs standing on end in the grass, their summits more or less spotted with brown. If one of them is examined, it is seen to be a curious short-stemmed mushroom which never expands, perhaps five inches in height, and whose surface is curiously decorated with shaggy patches. In its early stages it is white and singularly egglike, but later becomes brownish, and its shaggy points almost black. The concealed gills are crowded and of equal length, at first creamy white, but gradually changing through a whole gamut of pinks, sepias, and browns until they become jet-black, at which time the whole substance of the cap melts or deliquesces into an unsightly inky paste, which besmears the grass and ultimately leaves only the bare white stalk standing in its midst. This is the "shaggy-mane" mushroom, *Coprinus comatus* (Fig. 8). Even a brief description is unnecessary, with its portrait before us. It is a savory morsel, and it cannot be confounded with any other fungus. It should be gathered in the white or pink stage, and may be prepared for the table in various ways, either broiled or fried, as described for previous species, or stewed with milk.

In frequent company with this will be found another allied species, *Coprinus atramentarius* (Fig. 7), with the same inky propensities, which is scarcely less delicious as an article of food. In this species the shaggy feature is absent, the surface of the pileus being smooth and of a Quaker-drab color, slightly viscid on rubbing, while the mature specimen expands considerably before deliquescence. Its texture when young is firm, and the thick gray cuticle peels readily, leaving an appetizing, nutty-flavored morsel, delicious even when raw. It is frequent about barn-yards, gardens, and old stumps in woods, and usually grows in such crowded masses that the

FIG. 8.—SHAGGY-MANE MUSHROOM.

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individuals are compressed into hexagonal shape.

Like the previous variety, it should be collected in the white or pink stage.

In a recent stroll down the main street of Litchfield, Connecticut, I observed over the fence in a front door-yard of a summer resident a dense cluster of the shaggy Coprinus, the proprietor of the premises, an appreciative habitué of Delmonico's, complacently reading his morning paper on his piazza, little dreaming of the twenty pounds of dainty diet, fit for a king, so easily available.

Of other fungi which give unmistakable characters for their identity, we should not omit the Lactarius, or milky mushroom, another genus of the agarics or gilled fungi, from which we will select for our present example the *Lactarius deliciosus* (Fig. 9), or orange-milked agaric. The careful drawing will itself almost serve to identify it in its advanced open stage, missing only the color. But having found a specimen resembling our illustration in form, its general upper surface dull reddish-orange in color, more or less plainly banded with darker red, it is safe to predict that, when its surface or gills are broken, an exudation of milky juice will follow. If this exudation is orange or deep yellow in hue, gradually turning greenish on exposure, the identification is complete, and we have the orange-milked mushroom, *Lactarius deliciosus*, of which an authority says, "It really deserves its name, being the most delicious mushroom known."

FIG. 9.—LACTARIUS DELICIOSUS—ORANGE-MILKED MUSHROOM.

The taste of this species when raw is slightly acrid, but this quality disappears in the cooking. It is not very common in my immediate neighborhood, though others of the Lactarius group, especially *L. volernus*, with *white* milk, are occasional, as well as another species whose acrid milk blisters the lips.

We will now pass to the consideration of a mushroom which, perhaps, enjoys a wider reputation as "the toadstool" than any other species (Fig. 10). Who has not seen it singly or in clusters in the woods, but whoever saw a toad upon it? In all the previous examples the under, spore-bearing surface of the cap has been covered by laminæ, or gills. In the specimen now before us we are introduced to a new order of the mushrooms, in which the gills are replaced by *pores* or tubes, *Polyporus* (many pores) being the name of the order, the genus Boletus. There are a number of species for which our illustration, in the absence of color, might serve as a portrait, and nearly all are edible, there being five particularly esculent varieties, others that are accounted as suspicious or positively poisonous. For the present I must confine myself to the one typical species of Boletus, "in vain calling himself '*edulis*' where there were none to believe him," whose portrait I have given, and to which we need only supply the color. The cushion-like cap is more or less convex, according to age, of a soft brownish color somewhat resembling kid, and with velvety softness to the touch. The under surface is thickly beset, honeycombed with minute

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vertical pores, which will leave a pretty account of themselves upon a piece of white paper laid beneath them and protected from the least draught—a process by which we may always obtain a deposit of the spores.

This under surface is at first in young specimens white, then yellow, and finally becomes bright olive-green; flesh, white or creamy, unchangeable on fracture. Stem, thick, swollen at base, often malformed, especially when from a cluster. The taste of this species is sweet, and in the very young specimen quite suggestive of raw chestnut. Any Boletus answering this description may be eaten without fear.

FIG. 10.—BOLETUS EDULIS.

All mushrooms of this genus, however, *having any shade of red* on the pore surface beneath should be shunned. There is considerable difference of opinion as to the esculent properties of these fungi, as well as to the most appetizing method of cooking. After trying various culinary methods, the experimenter usually comes back to the simple method of slicing and frying in butter or oil, either with or without other treatment of batter or crumbs. Boiled or baked and served on toast or with roast meat, it is certainly an agreeable accessory to a meal. I have alluded to *slicing*, this being occasionally a necessity, owing to the size of the species, which may vary from three inches to the huge proportions of eight inches in diameter, a single mushroom affording a meal for a small family. But here again beware of the hungry swarm which are so apt to fill its interior. The younger specimens are the safest.

Dr. Badham's opinions on this fungus are worthy of consideration: "Its tender and juicy flesh and its delicate flavor render it equally acceptable to the plain and to the accomplished cook. It imparts a relish alike to the homely hash and the dainty ragoût, and may be truly said to improve every dish of which it is a constituent."

Another Boletus not especially famous

FIG. 11.—BOLETUS STROBELACEOUS.

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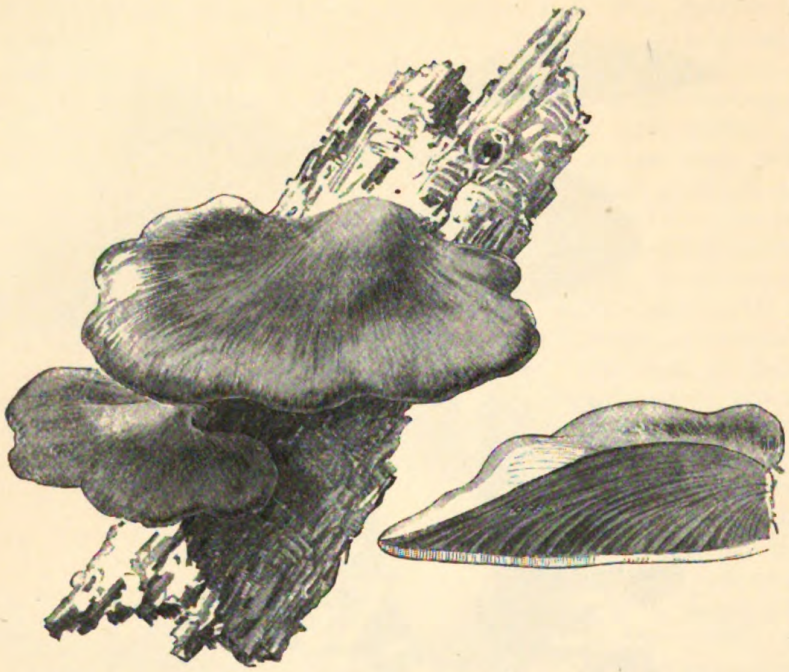

FIG. 12.—A NEGLECTED BEEFSTEAK—FISTULINA HEPATICA.

for its esculent qualities, but which is, nevertheless, not to be despised, is here introduced on account of its especially pronounced character (Fig. 11), the conelike Boletus, *B. strobelaceous*. It is of a gray color, its shaggy surface more or less studded with black points, each at the centre of a scalelike segment. The substance turns red when broken or cut, and the whitish *pore surface* is usually covered by the veil.

A third member of the Polyporus order is a most unique member of the fungus tribe, and cannot be mistaken for any other species. A specimen of this species is shown at Fig. 12. The *beefsteak*-mushroom, *Fistulina hepatica*, the specimen from which my drawing was made, was found growing at the foot of a chestnut-tree, and was about seven inches across by about two in diameter. Its upper surface is dark meaty red or liver-colored, somewhat wet, or viscid and clammy, and its taste is slightly acid. The under tube surface was yellowish-white, and, as the section will show, was proportionately thin — about one-eighth of an inch. The solid red substance above much resembled meat, and was streaked in the direction indicated with darker lines of red. Though not a common variety hereabouts, I nevertheless succeed in obtaining a few specimens during the season. It varies greatly in size and shape. M. C. Cooke, in his admirable "plain and easy" account of British fungi, says of it: "When old it affords an excellent gravy, and when young, if sliced and grilled, would pass for a good beefsteak. Specimens are now and then met with that

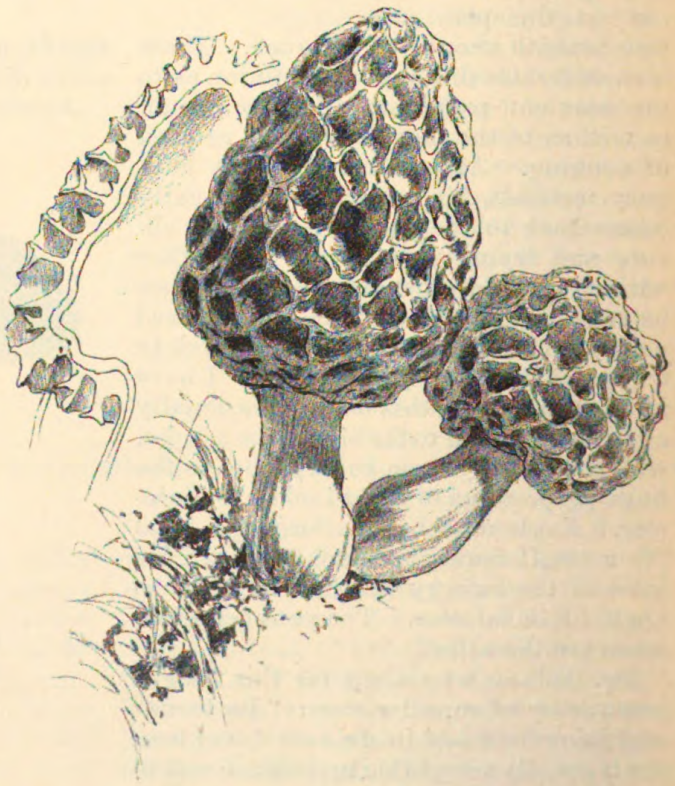

FIG. 13.—MORCHELLA ESCULENTA.

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would furnish four or five men with a good dinner, and they have been collected weighing as much as thirty pounds. The liver-color and streaky interior are sufficient guides whereby to recognize this species under all its protean forms."

In decided contrast to any of the foregoing, and of unmistakable aspect, is the famous Morel, *Morchella esculenta*, Fig. 13. Description is hardly necessary, with its portrait before us. No other fungus at all resembles it except those of the same genus, and inasmuch as they are *all edible*, we may safely add any fungus which resembles our illustration to our bill of fare. The Morel has long been considered as one of the rarest of delicacies, always at a fancy premium in the markets, a *bonne bouche* for the rich, a prize for the peasant. I could fill all my allotted space with the delicate schemes of the *chefs* in its preparation for the table.

Dr. Badham's recommendation is worth a trial for the sake of novelty, if nothing more. The hollow shape of our Morel thus suggests a variation on the conventional methods of cooking. "Choose the freshest and whitest Morels, open the stalk at the bottom, wash and wipe them well, fill with veal stuffing, anchovy, or any rich *farce* you please, securing the ends, and dressing between thin slices of bacon."

The color of the Morel in its prime is grayish-green, lightest in the hollow. It is most commonly found in orchards, and is said to favor spots where charcoal or cinders have been thrown.

There is a certain class of toadstools which, while bearing a general resemblance to a typical agaric, are found on inspection to be quite distinct. In place of the familiar gills or laminæ we find the under surface in these beset with drooping spines, as shown in Fig. 16. We have here a type of the genus Hydnum, or spine-bearing mushroom, *H. repandus* —"hedgehog fungus"—a species quite frequent in the woods, often attaining a large size, and which cannot possibly be mistaken for any other fungus, poisonous or otherwise.

Its general color is pale buff, spines about the same. Flesh firm and white or creamy, turning brownish when bruised. Its sweet but slightly pungent taste when raw disappears in cooking.

FIG. 14.—HYDNUM CAPUT MEDUSÆ.
"FIVE POUNDS OF SOLID MEAT."

There are a number of esculent species in the Hydnum group, and none is recorded as poisonous. But one other variety can here be mentioned, in truth the most important and savory of the group, *H. caput medusæ* (Fig. 14).

While driving through the White Mountain Notch, many years ago, I chanced upon a mass of cream-colored, fringy fungus growing upon a fallen beech log by the side of the road. The fungus was then entirely new to me, and I lost no time in making a sketch of it, with notes. The growth covered a space possibly eighteen inches wide by eight thick, and I estimated it would weigh fully five pounds. In general character it resembled the species illustrated at Fig. 16, its most marked feature being the dense growth of drooping spines. In my limit-

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FIG. 15.—CLAVARIA—THE CORAL-FUNGUS.

ed knowledge of edible fungi at the time, I left the specimen in the woods, afterwards to learn from Dr. Harkness, the mycologist, that I threw away "five pounds of the most delicious fungus meat known to the epicure." I have since found minor specimens many times, and can readily understand the enthusiastic encomiums of my connoisseur friend as to its esculent qualities.

This species cannot be confounded with any other; it is of a dark creamy color, and usually grows sideways upon dead beech-wood, sometimes in great profusion, and especially in the summer.

What frequenter of the summer and autumn woods has failed to observe that occasional dense cluster of creamy-colored, coral-like growth such as I have indicated at Fig. 15; and who has thought to gather up its fragile, succulent mass with designs on the cook? I have seen clusters of this fungus so dense and ample as to strikingly suggest a huge cauliflower, and representing many pounds in weight. But in the absence of popular appreciation it must needs decay by "whole hundredweights" in the woods.

This is the Clavaria, or coral-fungus, a representative of a genus containing many edible species.

The one illustrated grows from four to six inches in height, is deep creamy yellow or pale buff in color, slightly reddish at tips of branches. It has a sweet taste, and a fragile, brittle consistency. Laid upon a dark surface, it soon sheds its *white* spores. It is delicious fried in butter and served on toast. Any of the other species of Clavaria which have *white* spores are edible, though some are of such tough consistency as to make them unfit for food.

It will surprise many to know that the plebeian puff-ball of our pastures is good for something besides old-fashioned styptic, smoke, and the kick of the small boy.

There are a number of species of the puff-ball, which I have indicated in an arbitrary group in my illustration, varying in shape and size from the small white

FIG. 16.—HYDNUM REPANDUS.

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globular variety of an inch in diameter, and the pear-shaped, to the giant pasture species which may attain the dimensions of a football. All are edible, if gathered at the white stage, those of yellow or darker fracture being excluded. Of the esculent qualities of the larger species, *Lycoperdon giganteum*, we may judge from the statement of a connoisseur. "Sliced and seasoned in butter and salt, and fried in the pan, no French omelet is half as good in richness and delicacy of flavor." M. C. Cooke, the British authority, says of it, "In its young and pulpy condition it is excellent eating, and indeed has but few competitors for the place of honor at the table."

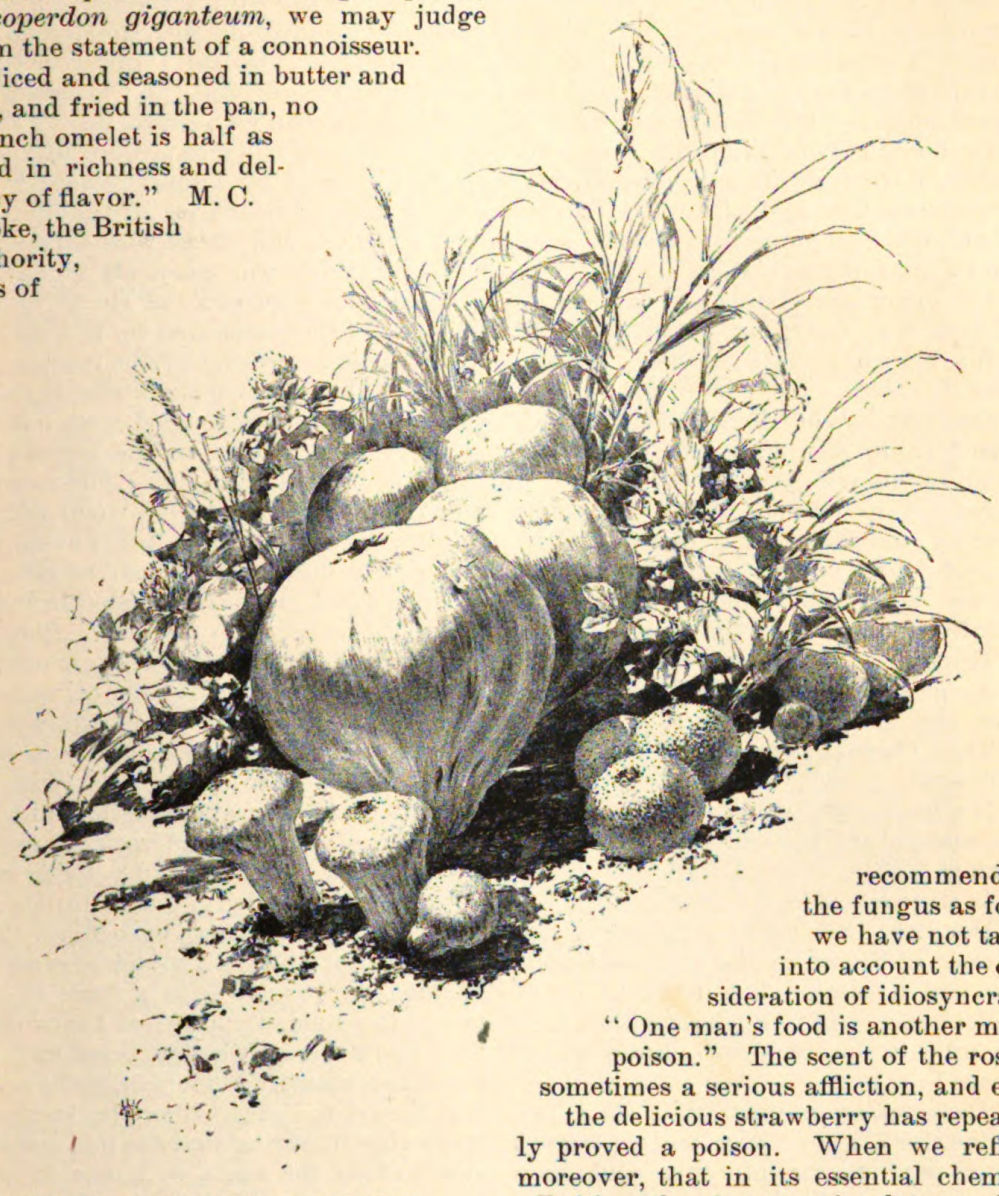

FIG. 17.—A GROUP OF PUFF-BALLS.

There are a number of other esculent species of fungus, as easily available and recognizable as the foregoing, but our present space limits our selection.

Even though the element of danger is practically eliminated, so far as the identification of the above species is concerned, it is still wise for the amateur to proceed with caution until he has absolutely *learned* the individual species, in their various forms of development. In recommending the fungus as food, we have not taken into account the consideration of idiosyncrasy. "One man's food is another man's poison." The scent of the rose is sometimes a serious affliction, and even the delicious strawberry has repeatedly proved a poison. When we reflect, moreover, that in its essential chemical affinities the fungus simulates animal flesh, and many of the larger and more solid varieties are similarly subject to speedy decomposition, it is obviously important that all fungi procured for the table should be collected in their prime, prepared and served as quickly as possible. More than one case of supposed mushroom poisoning could be directly traced to carelessness in this regard, when the species themselves, in their proper condition, were perfectly wholesome.

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THE GOLDEN HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHAPTER V.

IT was the first time they had dined with the Hendersons. It was Jack's doing. "Certainly, if you wish it," Edith had said when the invitation came. The unmentioned fact was that Jack had taken a little flier in Oshkosh, and a hint from Henderson one evening at the Union, when the venture looked squally, had let him out of a heavy loss into a small profit, and Jack felt grateful.

"I wonder how Henderson came to do it?" Jack was querying, as he and old Fairfax sipped their five-o'clock "Manhattan."

"Oh, Henderson likes to do a good-natured thing still, now and then. Do you know his wife?"

"No. Who was she?"

"Why, old Eschelle's daughter, Carmen; of course you wouldn't know; that was ten years ago. There was a good deal of talk about it at the time."

"How?"

"Some said they'd been good friends before Mrs. Henderson's death."

"Then Carmen, as you call her, wasn't the first?"

"No, but she was an easy second. She's a social climber; bound to get there from the start."

"Is she pretty?"

"Devilish. She's a little thing. I saw her once at Homburg, on the promenade with her mother. The kind of sweet blonde, I said to myself, that would mix a man up in a duel before he knew where he was."

"She must be interesting."

"She was always clever, and she knows enough to play a straight game and when to propitiate. I'll bet a five she tells Henderson whom to be good to when the chance offers."

"Then her influence on him is good?"

"My dear sir, she gets what she wants, and Henderson is going to the .... well, look at the lines in his face. I've known Henderson since he came fresh into the Street. He'd rarely knife a friend when his first wife was living. Now, when you see the old frank smile on his face, it's put on."

It was half past eight when Mr. Henderson with Mrs. Delancy on his arm led the way to the dining-room. The procession was closed by Mrs. Henderson and Mr. Delancy. The Van Dams were there, and Mrs. Chesney and the Chesney girls, and Miss Tavish, who sat on Jack's right, but the rest of the guests were unknown to Jack, except by name. There was a strong dash of the Street in the mixture, and although the Street was tabooed in the talk, there was such an emanation of aggressive prosperity at the table that Jack said afterwards that he felt as if he had been at a meeting of the board.

If Jack had known the house ten years ago, he would have noticed certain subtle changes in it, rather in the atmosphere than in many alterations. The newness and the glitter of cost had worn off. It might still be called a palace, but the city had now a dozen handsomer houses, and Carmen's idea, as she expressed it, was to make this more like a home. She had made it like herself. There were pictures on the walls that would not have hung there in the late Mrs. Henderson's time; and the prevailing air was that of refined sensuousness. Life, she said, was her idea, life in its utmost expression, untrammelled, and, yes, a little Greek. Freedom was perhaps the word, and yet her latest notion was simplicity. The dinner was simple. Her dress was exceedingly simple, save that it had in it somewhere a touch of audacity, revealing in a flash of invitation the hidden nature of the woman. She knew herself better than any one knew her, except Henderson, and even he was forced to laugh when she travestied Browning in saying that she had one soul-side to face the world with, one to show the man she loved, and she declared he was downright coarse when on going out of the door he muttered, "But it needn't be the seamy side." The reported remark of some one who had seen her at church, that she looked like a nun, made her smile, but she broke into a silvery laugh when she heard Van Dam's comment on it, "Yes, a devil of a nun."

The library was as cozy as ever, but did not appear to be used much as a library. Henderson, indeed, had no time to add to

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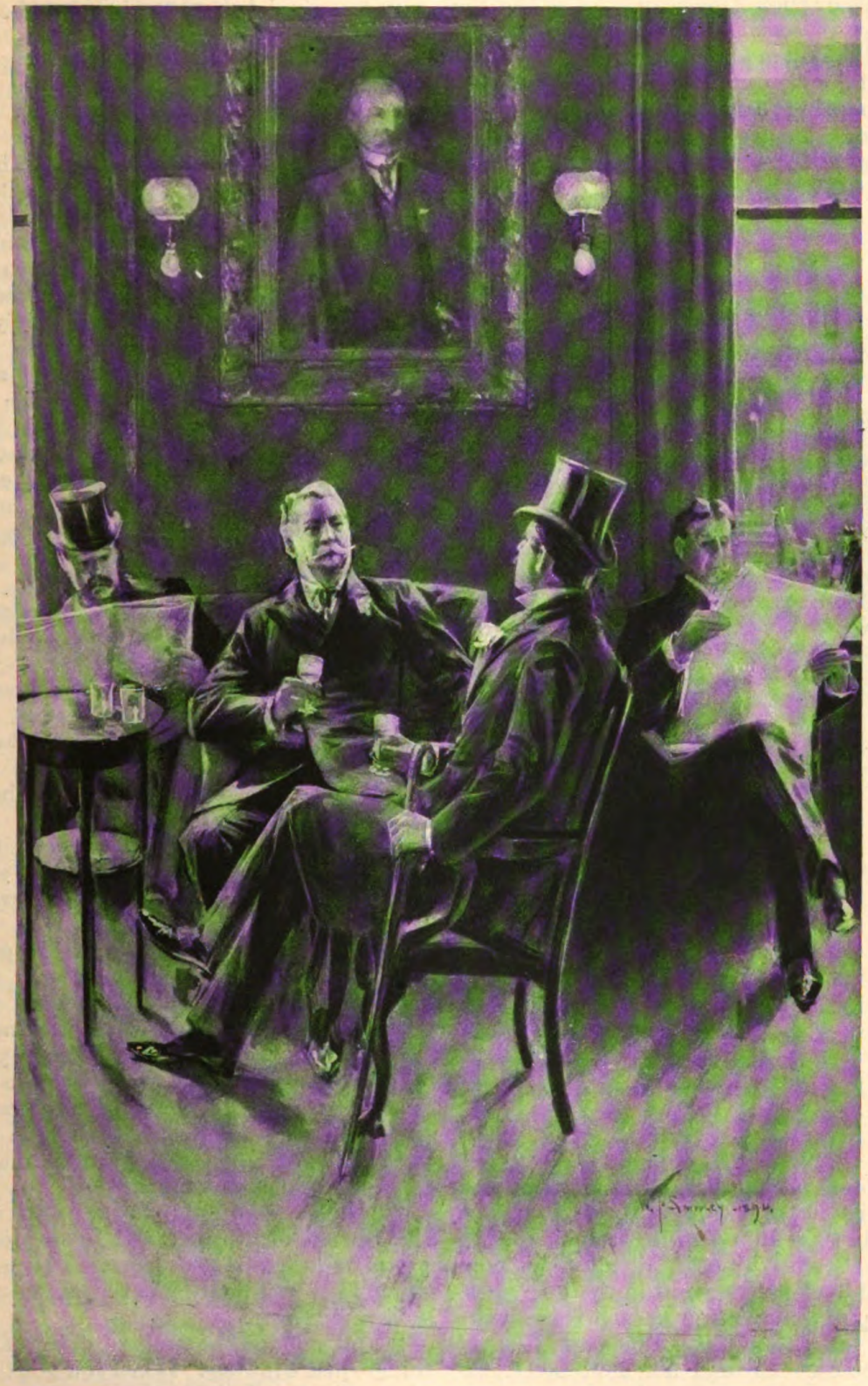

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his collection or enjoy it. Most of the books strewn on the tables were French novels or such American tales as had the *cachet* of social riskiness. But Carmen liked the room above all others. She enjoyed her cigarette there, and had a fancy for pouring her five-o'clock tea in its shelter. Books which had all sorts of things in them gave somehow an unconventional atmosphere to the place, and one could say things there that one couldn't say in a drawing-room.

Henderson himself, it must be confessed, had grown stout in the ten years, and puffy under the eyes. There were lines of irritation in his face and lines of weariness. He had not kept the freshness of youth so well as Carmen, perhaps because of his New England conscience. To his guest he was courteous, seemed to be making an effort to be so, and listened with well-assumed interest to the story of her day's pilgrimage. At length he said, with a smile, "Life seems to interest you, Mrs. Delancy."

"Yes, indeed," said Edith, looking up brightly; "doesn't it you?"

"Why, yes....not life exactly, but things, doing things—conflict."

"Yes. I can understand that. There is so much to be done for everybody."

Henderson looked amused. "You know in the city the gospel is that everybody is to be done."

"Well," said Edith, not to be diverted, "but, Mr. Henderson, what is it all for—this conflict? Perhaps, however, you are fighting the devil?"

"Yes, that's it; the devil is usually the other fellow. But, Mrs. Delancy," added Henderson, with an accent of seriousness, "I don't know what it's all for. I doubt if there is much in it."

"And yet the world credits you with finding a great deal in it."

"The world is generally wrong. Do you understand poker, Mrs. Delancy? No! Of course you do not. But the interest of the game isn't so much in the cards as in the men."

"I thought it was the stakes."

"Perhaps so. But you want to win for the sake of winning. If I gambled it would be a question of nerve. I suppose that which we all enjoy is the exercise of skill in winning."

"And not for the sake of doing anything—just winning? Don't you get tired of that?" asked Edith, quite simply.

There was something in Edith's sincerity, in her fresh enthusiasm about life, that appeared to strike a reminiscent note

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in Henderson. Perhaps he remembered another face as sweet as hers, and ideals, faint and long ago, that were once mixed with his ideas of success. At any rate, it was with an accent of increased deference, and with a look she had not seen in his face before, that he said:

"People get tired of everything. I'm not sure but it would interest me to see for a minute how the world looks through your eyes." And then he added, in a different tone, "As to your East Side, Mrs. Henderson tried that some years ago."

"Wasn't she interested?"

"Oh, very much. For a time. But she said there was too much of it." And Edith could detect no tone of sarcasm in the remark.

Down at the other end of the table matters were going very smoothly. Jack was charmed with his hostess. That clever woman had felt her way along from the heresy trial, through Tuxedo and the Independent Theatre and the Horse Show, until they were launched in a perfectly free conversation, and Carmen knew that she hadn't to look out for thin ice.

"Were you thinking of going on to the Conventional Club to-night, Mr. Delancy?" she was saying.

"I don't belong," said Jack. "Mrs. Delancy said she didn't care for it."

"Oh, I don't care for it, for myself," replied Carmen.

"I do," struck in Miss Tavish. "It's awfully nice."

"Yes, it does seem to fill a want. Why, what do you do with your evenings, Mr. Delancy?"

"Well, here's one of them."

"Yes, I know, but I mean between twelve o'clock and bedtime."

"Oh," said Jack, laughing out loud, "I go to bed—sometimes."

"Yes, there's always that. But you want some place to go to after the theatres and the dinners; after the other places are shut up you want to go somewhere and be amused."

"Yes," said Jack, falling in, "it is a fact that there are not many places of amusement for the rich; I understand. After the theatres you want to be amused. This Conventional Club is—"

"I tell you what it is. It's a sort of Midnight Mission for the rich. They never have had anything of the kind in the city."

"And it's very nice," said Miss Tavish, demurely. "The performers are selected. You can see things there that you want to see at other places to which you can't go. And everybody you know is there."

"Oh, I see," said Jack. "It's what the Independent Theatre is trying to do, and what all the theatrical people say needs to be done, to elevate the character of the audiences, and then the managers can give better plays."

"That's just it. We want to elevate the stage," Carmen explained.

"But," continued Jack, "it seems to me that now the audience is select and elevated, it wants to see the same sort of things it liked to see before it was elevated."

"You may laugh, Mr. Delancy," replied Carmen, throwing an earnest simplicity into her eyes, "but why shouldn't women know what is going on as well as men?"

"And why," Miss Tavish asked, "will the serpentine dances and the London topical songs do any more harm to women than to men?"

"And besides, Mr. Delancy," Carmen said, chiming in, "isn't it just as proper that women should see women dance and throw somersaults on the stage as that men should see them? And then, you know, women are such a restraining influence."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Jack. "I thought the Conventional was for the benefit of the audience, not for the salvation of the performers."

"It's both. It's life. Don't you think women ought to know life? How are they to take their place in the world unless they know life as men know it?"

"I'm sure I don't know whose place they are to take, the serpentine dancer's or mine," said Jack, as if he were studying a problem. "How does your experiment get on, Miss Tavish?"

Carmen looked up quickly. "Oh, I haven't any experiment," said Miss Tavish, shaking her head. "It's just Mr. Delancy's nonsense."

"I wish I had an experiment. There is so little for women to do. I wish I knew what was right." And Carmen looked mournfully demure, as if life after all were a serious thing with her.

"Whatever Mrs. Henderson does is sure to be right," said Jack, gallantly.

Carmen shot at him a quick sympa-

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thetic glance, tempered by a grateful smile. "There are so many points of view."

Jack felt the force of the remark as he did the revealing glance. And he had a swift vision of Miss Tavish leading him a serpentine dance, and of Carmen sweetly beckoning him to a pleasant point of view. After all, it doesn't much matter. Everything is in the point of view.

After dinner and cigars and cigarettes in the library, the talk dragged a little in duets. The dinner had been charming, the house was lovely, the company was most agreeable. All said that. It had been so somewhere else the night before that, and would be the next night. And the ennui of it all! No one expressed it, but Henderson could not help looking it, and Carmen saw it. That charming hostess had been devoting herself to Edith since dinner. She was so full of sympathy with the East-Side work, asked a hundred questions about it, and declared that she must take it up again. She would order a cage of canaries from that poor German, for her kitchen. It was such a beautiful idea. But Edith did not believe in her one bit. She told Jack afterwards that "Mrs. Henderson cares no more for the poor of New York than she does for—"

"Henderson?" suggested Jack.

"Oh, I don't know anything about that. Henderson has only one idea—to get the better of everybody, and be the money king of New York. But I should not wonder if he had once a soft spot in his heart. He is better than she is."

It was still early, lacked half an hour of midnight, and the night was before them. Some one proposed the Conventional. "Yes," said Carmen; "all come to our box." The Van Dams would go, Miss Tavish, the Chesneys; the suggestion was a relief to everybody. Only Mr. Henderson pleaded important papers that must have his attention that night. Edith said that she was too tired, but that her desertion must not break up the party.

"Then you will excuse me also," said Jack, a little shade of disappointment in his face.

"No, no," said Edith, quickly; "you can drop me on the way. Go, by all means, Jack."

"Do you really want me to go, dear?" said Jack, aside.

"Why of course; I want you to be happy."

And Jack recalled the loving look that accompanied these words, later on, as he sat in the Henderson box at the Conventional, between Carmen and Miss Tavish, and saw, through the slight haze of smoke, beyond the orchestra, the praiseworthy efforts of the Montana Kicker, who had just returned with the imprimatur of Paris, to relieve the ennui of the modern world.

The complex affair we call the world requires a great variety of people to keep it going. At one o'clock in the morning Carmen and our friend Mr. Delancy and Miss Tavish were doing their part. Edith lay awake listening for Jack's return. And in an alley off Rivington Street a young girl, pretty once, unknown to fortune but not to fame, was about to render the last service she could to the world by leaving it.

The impartial historian scarcely knows how to distribute his pathos. By the electric light (and that is the modern light) gayety is almost as pathetic as suffering. Before the Montana girl hit upon the happy device that gave her notoriety, her feet, whose every twinkle now was worth a gold eagle, had trod a thorny path. There was a fortune now in the whirl of her illusory robes, but any day—such are the whims of fashion—she might be wandering again, sick at heart, about the great city, knocking at the side doors of variety shows for any engagement that would give her a pittance of a few dollars a week. How long had Carmen waited on the social outskirts, and now she had come into her kingdom, was she anything but a tinsel queen? Even Henderson, the great Henderson, did the friends of his youth respect him; had he public esteem? Carmen used to cut out the newspaper paragraphs that extolled Henderson's domestic virtue and his generosity to his family, and show them to her lord, with a queer smile on her face. Miss Tavish, in the nervous consciousness of fleeting years, was she not still waiting, dashing here and there like a bird in a net for the sort of freedom, audacious as she was, that seemed denied her? She was still beautiful, everybody said, and she was sought and flattered, because she was always merry and good-natured. Why should Van Dam, speaking of women, say that there were horses that had been set up, and checked up, and trained, that held their heads in an aristocratic fashion, moved elegantly, and showed style, long after the spirit had

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gone out of them? And Jack himself, happily married, with a comfortable income, why was life getting flat to him? What sort of career was it that needed the aid of Carmen and the serpentine dancer? And why not, since it is absolutely necessary that the world should be amused?

We are in no other world when we enter the mean tenement in the alley off Rivington Street. Here also is the life of the town. The room is small, but it contains a cook-stove, a chest of drawers, a small table, a couple of chairs, and two narrow beds. On the top of the chest are a looking-glass, some toilet articles, and bottles of medicine. The cracked walls are bare and not clean. In one of the beds are two children, sleeping soundly, and on the foot of it is a middle-aged woman, in a soiled woollen gown with a thin figured shawl drawn about her shoulders, a dirty cap half concealing her frowzy hair; she looks tired and worn and sleepy. On the other bed lies a girl of twenty years, a woman in experience. The kerosene lamp on the stand at the head of the bed casts a spectral light on her flushed face, and the thin arms that are restlessly thrown outside the cover. By the bedside sits the doctor, patient, silent, and watchful. The doctor puts her hand caressingly on that of the girl. It is hot and dry. The girl opens her eyes with a startled look, and says, feebly,

"Do you think he will come?"

"Yes, dear, presently. He never fails."

The girl closed her eyes again, and there was silence. The dim rays of the lamp, falling upon the doctor, revealed the figure of a woman of less than medium size, perhaps of the age of thirty or more, a plain little body, you would have said, who paid the slightest possible attention to her dress, and when she went about the city was not to be distinguished from a working-woman. Her friends, indeed, said that she had not the least care for her personal appearance, and unless she was watched, she was sure to go out in her shabbiest gown and most battered hat. She wore to-night a brown ulster and a nondescript black bonnet drawn close down on her head and tied with black strings. In her lap lay her leathern bag, which she usually carried under her arm, that contained medicines, lint, bandages, smelling-salts, a vial of ammonia, and so on; to her patients it was a sort of conjurer's bag, out of which she could produce anything that an emergency called for.

Dr. Leigh was not in the least nervous or excited. Indeed, an artist would not have painted her as a rapt angelic visitant to this abode of poverty. This contact with poverty and coming death was quite in her ordinary experience. It would never have occurred to her that she was doing anything unusual, any more than it would have occurred to the objects of her ministrations to overwhelm her with thanks. They trusted her, that was all. They met her always with a pleasant recognition. She belonged perhaps to their world. Perhaps they would have said that "Dr. Leigh don't handsome much," but their idea was that her face was good. That was what anybody would have said who saw her to-night, "She has such a good face"; the face of a woman who knew the world, and perhaps was not very sanguine about it, had few illusions and few antipathies, but accepted it, and tried in her humble way to alleviate its hardships, without any consciousness of having a mission or making a sacrifice.

Dr. Leigh — Miss Ruth Leigh — was Edith's friend. She had not come from the country with an exalted notion of being a worker among the poor about whom so much was written; she had not even descended from some high circle in the city into this world, moved by a restless enthusiasm for humanity. She was a woman of the people, to adopt a popular phrase. From her childhood she had known them, their wants, their sympathies, their discouragements, and in her heart—though you would not discover this till you had known her long and well — there was a burning sympathy with them, a sympathy born in her, and not assumed for the sake of having a career. It was this that had impelled her to get a medical education, which she obtained by hard labor and self-denial. To her this was not a means of livelihood, but simply that she might be of service to those all about her who needed help more than she did. She didn't believe in charity, this stout-hearted, clear-headed little woman; she meant to make everybody pay for her medical services who could pay; but somehow her practice was not lucrative, and the little salary she got as a dispensary doctor melted away with scarcely any per-

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ceptible improvement in her own wardrobe. Why, she needed nothing, going about as she did.

She sat now waiting for the end, and the good face, so full of sympathy for the living, had no hope in it. Just another human being had come to the end of her path—the end literally. It was so every day. Somebody came to the end, and there was nothing beyond. Only it was the end, and that was peace. One o'clock—half past one. The door opened softly. The old woman rose from the foot of the bed with a start and a low "Herr! grüss Gott." It was Father Damon. The girl opened her eyes with a frightened look at first, and then an eager appeal. Dr. Leigh rose to make room for him at the bedside. They bowed as he came forward, and their eyes met. She shook her head. In her eyes was no expectation, no hope. In his was the glow of faith. But the eyes of the girl rested upon his face with a rapt expression. It was as if an angel had entered the room.

Father Damon was a young man, not yet past thirty, slender, erect. He had removed as he came in his broad-brimmed soft hat. The hair was close-cut, but not tonsured. He wore a brown cassock, falling in straight lines, and confined at the waist with a white cord. From his neck depended from a gold chain a large gold cross. His face was smooth-shaven, thin, intellectual, or rather spiritual, the nose long, the mouth straight, the eyes deep gray, sometimes dreamy and puzzling, again glowing with an inner fervor. A face of long vigils and the schooled calmness of repressed energy. You would say a fanatic of God, with a dash of self-consciousness. Dr. Leigh knew him well. They met often on their diverse errands, and she liked, when she could, to go to vespers in the little mission chapel of St. Anselm, where he ministered. It was not the confessional that attracted her, that was sure; perhaps not altogether the service, though that was soothing in certain moods, but it was the noble personality of Father Damon. He was devoted to the people as she was, he understood them, and for the moment their passion of humanity assumed the same aspect, though she knew that what he saw, or thought he saw, lay beyond her agnostic vision.

Father Damon was an Englishman, a member of a London Anglican order, who had taken the three vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, who had been for some years in New York, and had finally come to live on the East Side, where his work was. In a way he had identified himself with the people; he attended their clubs; he was a Christian socialist; he spoke on the inequalities of taxation; the strikers were pretty sure of his sympathy; he argued the injustice of the present ownership of land. Some said that he had joined a lodge of the Knights of Labor. Perhaps it was these things, quite as much as his singleness of purpose and his spiritual fervor, that drew Dr. Leigh to him with a feeling that verged on devotion. The ladies uptown, at whose tables Father Damon was an infrequent guest, were as fully in sympathy with this handsome and aristocratic young priest, and thought it beautiful that he should devote himself to the poor and the sinful, but they did not see why he should adopt their views.

It was at the mission that Father Damon had first seen the girl. She had ventured in not long ago at twilight, with her cough and her pale face, in a silk gown and flower-garden of a hat, and crept into one of the confessional boxes, and told him her story.

"Do you think, father," said the girl, looking up wistfully, "that I can—can be forgiven?"

Father Damon looked down sadly, pitifully. "Yes, my daughter, if you repent. It is all with our Father. He never refuses."

He knelt down, with his cross in his hand, and in a low voice repeated the prayer for the dying. As the sweet, thrilling voice went on in supplication the girl's eyes closed again, and a sweet smile played about her mouth—it was the innocent smile of the little girl long ago, when she might have awakened in the morning and heard the singing of birds at her window.

When Father Damon arose she seemed to be sleeping. They all stood in silence for a moment.

"You will remain?" he asked the doctor.

"Yes," she said, with the faintest wan smile on her face. "It is I, you know, who have care of the body."

At the door he turned and said, quite low, "Peace be to this house!"

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CHAPTER VI.

FATHER DAMON came dangerously near to being popular. The austerity of his life and his known self-chastening vigils contributed to this effect. His severely formal, simple ecclesiastical dress, coarse in material but perfect in its saintly lines, separated him from the world in which he moved so unostentatiously and humbly, and marked him as one who went about doing good. His life was that of self-absorption and hardship, mortification of the body, denial of the solicitation of the senses, struggling of the spirit for more holiness of purpose—a life of supplication for the perishing souls about him. And yet he was so informed with the modern spirit that he was not content, as a zealot formerly might have been, to snatch souls out of the evil that is in the world, but he strove to lessen the evil. He was a reformer. It was probably this feature of his activity, and not his spiritual mission, that attracted to him the little group of positivists on the East Side, the demagogues of the labor lodges, the practical workers of the working-girls' clubs, and the humanitarian agnostics like Dr. Leigh, who were literally giving their lives without the least expectation of reward. Even the refined ethical culture groups had no sneer for Father Damon.

The little chapel of St. Anselm was well known. It was always open. It was plain, but its plainness was not the barrenness of a non-conformist chapel. There were two confessionals; a great bronze lamp attached to one of the pillars scarcely dispelled the obscurity, but cast an unnatural light upon the gigantic crucifix that hung from a beam in front of the chancel. There were half a dozen rows of backless benches in the centre of the chapel. The bronze lamp, and the candles always burning upon the altar, rather accented than dissipated the heavy shadows in the vaulted roof. At no hour was it empty, but at morning prayer and at vespers the benches were apt to be filled, and groups of penitents or spectators were kneeling or standing on the floor. At vespers there were sure to be carriages in front of the door, and among the kneeling figures were ladies who brought into these simple services for the poor something of the refinement of grace as it is in the higher circles. Indeed, at the hour set apart for confession, there were in the boxes saints from uptown as well as sinners from the slums. Sometimes the sinners were from uptown and the saints from the slums.

When the organ sounded and through a low door in the chancel the priest entered, preceded by a couple of acolytes, and advanced swiftly to the reading-desk, there was an awed hush in the congregation. One would not dare to say that there was a sentimental feeling for the pale face and rapt expression of the devotee. It was more than that. He had just come from some scene of suffering, from the bed of one dying; he was weary with watching. He was faint with lonely vigils; he was visibly carrying the load of the poor and the despised. Even Ruth Leigh, who had dropped in for half an hour in one of her daily rounds, even Ruth Leigh, who had in her stanch, practical mind a contempt for forms and rituals, and no faith in anything that she could not touch, and who at times was indignant at the efforts wasted over the future of souls concerning which no one knew anything, when there were so many bodies, which had inherited disease and poverty and shame, going to worldly wreck before so-called Christian eyes, even she could scarcely keep herself from adoring this self-sacrificing spirit. The woes of humanity grieved him as they grieved her, and she used to say she did not care what he believed so long as he gave his life for the needy.

It was when he advanced to the altar rail to speak that the man best appeared. His voice, which was usually low and full of melody, could be something terrible when it rose in denunciation of sin. Those who had travelled said that he had the manner of a preaching friar—the simple language, so refined and yet so homely and direct, the real, the inspired word, the occasional hastening torrent of words. When he had occasion to address one of the societies of ladies for the promotion of something among the poor, his style and manner were simplicity itself. One might have said there was a shade of contempt in his familiar and not seldom slightly humorous remarks upon society and its aims and aspirations, about which he spoke plainly and vigorously. And this was what the ladies liked. Especially when he referred to the pitifulness

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of class distinctions, in the light of the example of our Lord, in our short pilgrimage in this world. This unveiling and denunciation made them somehow feel nearer to their work, and, indeed, while they sat there, coworkers with this apostle of righteousness.

Perhaps there was something in the priestly dress that affected not only the congregation in the chapel, but all the neighborhood in which Father Damon lived. There was in the long robe, with its feminine lines, an assurance to the women that he was set apart and not as others were; and, on the other hand, the semi-feminine suggestion of the straight-falling garment may have had for the men a sort of appeal for defence and even protection. It is certain, at any rate, that Father Damon had the confidence of high and low, rich and poor. The forsaken sought him out, the hungry went to him, the dying sent for him, the criminal knocked at the door of his little room, even the rich reprobate would have opened his bad heart to him sooner than to any one else. It is evident, therefore, that Father Damon was dangerously near to being popular.

Human vanity will feed on anything within its reach, and there has been discovered yet no situation that will not minister to its growth. Suffering perhaps it prefers, and contumely and persecution. Are not opposition, despiteful anger, slander even, rejection of men, stripes even, if such there could be in these days, manna to the devout soul consciously set apart for a mission? But success, obsequiousness, applause, the love of women, the concurrent good opinion of all humanitarians, are these not almost as dangerous as persecution? Father Damon, though exalted in his calling, and filled with a burning zeal, was a sincere man, and even his eccentricities of saintly conduct expressed to his mind only the high purpose of self-sacrifice. Yet he saw, he could not but see, the spiritual danger in this rising tide of adulation. He fought against its influence, he prayed against it, he tried to humiliate himself, and his very humiliations increased the adulation. He was perplexed, almost ashamed, and examined himself to see how it was that he himself seemed to be thwarting his own work. Sometimes he withdrew from it for a week together, and buried himself in a retreat in the upper part of the island. Alas! did ever a man escape himself in a retreat? It made him calm for the moment. But why was it, he asked himself, that he had so many followers, his religion so few? Why was it, he said, that all the humanitarians, the reformers, the guilds, the ethical groups, the agnostics, the male and female knights, sustained him, and only a few of the poor and friendless knocked, by his solicitation, at the supernatural door of life? How was it that a woman whom he encountered so often, a very angel of mercy, could do the things he was doing, tramping about in the misery and squalor of the great city day and night, her path unilluminated by a ray from the future life?

Perhaps he had been remiss in his duty. Perhaps he was letting a vague philanthropy take the place of a personal solicitude for individual souls. The elevation of the race! What had the land question to do with the salvation of man? Suppose everybody on the East Side should become as industrious, as self-denying, as unselfish as Ruth Leigh, and yet without belief, without hope! He had accepted the humanitarian situation with her, and never had spoken to her of the eternal life. What unfaithfulness to his mission and to her! It should be so no longer.

It was after one of his weeks of retreat, at the close of vesper service, that Dr. Leigh came to him. He had been saying in his little talk that poverty is no excuse for irreligion, and that all aid in the hardship of this world was vain and worthless unless the sinner laid hold on eternal life. Dr. Leigh, who was laboring with a serious practical problem, heard this coldly, and with a certain contempt for what seemed to her a vague sort of consolation.

"Well," he said, when she came to him in the vestry, with a drop from the rather austere manner in which he had spoken, "what can I do for you?"

"For me, nothing, Father Damon. I thought perhaps you would go round with me to see a pretty bad case. It is in your parish."

"Ah, did they send for me? Do they want spiritual help?"

"First the natural, then the spiritual," she replied, with a slight tone of sarcasm in her voice. "That's just like a priest," she was thinking. "I do not know what to do, and something must be done."

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"Did you report to the Associated Charities?"

"Yes. But there's a hitch somewhere. The machine doesn't take hold. The man says he doesn't want any charity, any association, treating him like a pauper. He's off peddling, but trade is bad, and he's been away a week. I'm afraid he drinks a little."

"Well?"

"The mother is sick in bed. I found her trying to do some fine stitching, but she was too weak to hold up the muslin. There are five young children. The family never has had help before."

Father Damon put on his hat, and they went out together, and for some time picked their way along the muddy streets in silence.

At length he asked, in a softened voice, "Is the mother a Christian?"

"I didn't ask," she replied, shortly. "I found her crying because the children were hungry."

Father Damon, still under the impression of his neglect of duty, did not heed her warning tone, but persisted, "You have so many opportunities, Dr. Leigh, in your visits of speaking a word."

"About what?" she asked, refusing to understand, and hardened at the slightest sign of what she called cant.

"About the necessity of repentance and preparation for another life," he answered, softly but firmly. "You surely do not think human beings are created just for this miserable little experience here?"

"I don't know. I have too much to do with the want and suffering I see to raise anxieties about a world of which no one can possibly know anything."

"Pardon me," he persisted, "have you no sense of incompleteness in this life, in your own life, no inward consciousness of an undying personality?"

The doctor was angry for a moment at this intrusion. It had seemed natural enough for Father Damon to address his exhortations to the poor and sinful of his mission. She admired his spirit; she had a certain sympathy with him, for who could say that ministering to minds diseased might not have a physical influence to lift these people into a more decent and prosperous way of living? She had thought of herself as working with him to a common end. But for him now to turn upon her, absolutely ignoring the solid, rational, and scientific ground on which he knew, or should know, she stood, and to speak to her as one of the "lost," startled her, and filled her with indignation. She had on her lips a sarcastic reply to the effect that, even if she had a soul, she had not taken up her work in the city as a means of saving it; but she was not given to sarcasm, and before she spoke she looked at her companion, and saw in the eyes a look of such genuine humble feeling, contradicting the otherwise austere expression of his face, that her momentary bitterness passed away.

"I think, Father Damon," she said, gently, "we had better not talk of that. I don't have much time for theorizing, you know, nor much inclination," she added.

The priest saw that for the present he could make no progress, and after a little silence the conversation went back to the family they were about to visit.

They found the woman better, at least more cheerful. Father Damon noticed that there were medicines upon the stand, and that there were the remains of a meal which the children had been eating. He turned to the doctor. "I see that you have been providing for them."

"Oh, the eldest boy had already been out and begged a piece of bread when I came. Of course they had to have something more at once. But it is very little that I can do."

He sat down by the bed, and talked with the mother, getting her story, while the doctor tidied up the room a bit, and then, taking the youngest child in her lap and drawing the others about her, began to tell a story in a low voice. Presently she was aware that the priest was on his knees and saying a prayer. She stopped in her story, and looked out through the dirty window into the chill and dark area.

"What is he doing?" whispered one of the children.

"I don't know," she said, and a sort of chill came over her heart. It all seemed a mockery, in these surroundings.

When he rose he said to the woman, "We will see that you do not want till your husband comes back."

"And I will look in to-morrow," said the doctor.

When they were in the street, Father Damon thanked her for calling his attention to the case, thanked her a little for-

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mally, and said that he would make inquiries and have it properly attended to. And then he asked: "Is your work ended for the day? You must be tired."

"Oh no; I have several visits to make. I'm not tired. I rather think it is good for me, being out-of-doors so much." She thanked him, and said good-by.

For a moment he stood and watched the plain resolute little woman threading her way through the crowded and unclean street, and then slowly walked away to his apartment, filled with sadness and perplexity.

The apartment which he occupied was not far from the mission chapel, and it was the one clean spot among the ill-kept tenements, but as to comfort it was not much better than the cell of an anchorite. Of this, however, he was not thinking as he stretched himself out on his pallet to rest a little from the exhausting labors of the day. Probably it did not occur to him that his self-imposed privations lessened his strength for his work.

He was thinking of Ruth Leigh. What a rare soul! And yet apparently she did not think or care whether she had a soul. What could be the spring of her incessant devotion? If ever woman went about doing good in an unselfish spirit it was she. Yet she confessed her work hopeless. She had no faith, no belief in immortality, no expectation of any reward, nothing to offer to anybody beyond this poor life. Was this the enthusiasm of humanity, of which he heard so much? But she did not seem to have any illusions, or to be burned up by enthusiasm. She just kept on. Ah, he thought, what a woman she would be if she were touched by the fire of faith!

Meantime, Ruth Leigh went on her round. One day was like another, except that every day the kaleidoscope of misery showed new combinations, new phases of suffering and incompetence, and there was always a fresh interest in that. For years now this had been her life, in the chill of winter and the heat of summer, without rest or vacation. The amusements, the social duties, the allurements of dress and society, that so much occupied the thoughts of other women, did not seem to come into her life. For books she had little time, except the books of her specialty. The most exciting novels were pale compared with her daily experiences of real life. Almost her only recreation was a meeting of the working-girls, a session of her labor lodge, or an assembly at the Cooper Union, where some fiery orator, perhaps a priest, or a clever agitator, a working-man glib of speech, who had a mass of statistics at the end of his tongue, who read and discussed, in some private club of zealots of humanity, metaphysics, psychology, and was familiar with the whole literature of labor and socialism, awoke the enthusiasm of the discontented or the unemployed, and where men and women, in clear but homely speech, told their individual experiences of wrong and injustice. There was evidence in all these demonstrations and organizations that the world was moving, and that the old order must change.

Years and years the little woman had gone on with her work, and she frankly confessed to Edith, one day when they were together going her rounds, that she could see no result from it all. The problem of poverty and helplessness and incapacity seemed to her more hopeless than when she began. There might be a little enlightenment here and there, but there was certainly not less misery. The state of things was worse than she thought at first, but one thing cheered her, the people were better than she thought. They might be dull and suspicious in the mass, but she found so much patience, unselfishness, so many people of good hearts and warm affections.

"They are the people," she said, "I should choose for friends. They are natural, unsophisticated. And do you know," she went on, "that what most surprises me is the number of reading, thoughtful people among those who do manual labor. I doubt if on your side of town the best books, the real fundamental and abstruse books, are so read and discussed, or the philosophy of life is so seriously considered, as in certain little circles of what you call the working-classes."

"Isn't it all very revolutionary?" asked Edith.

"Perhaps," replied the doctor, dryly. "But they have no more fads than other people. Their theories seem to them not only practical, but they try to apply them to actual legislation; at any rate, they discriminate in vagaries. You would have been amused the other night in a small circle at the lamentations over a member—he was a car-driver—who was the authoritative expositor of Schopen-

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hauer, because he had gone off into Theosophy. It showed such weakness."

"I have heard that the members of that circle were Nihilists."

"The club has not that name, but probably the members would not care to repudiate the title, or deny that they were Nihilists theoretically — that is, if Nihilism means an absolute social and political overturning in order that something better may be built up. And, indeed, if you see what a hopeless tangle our present situation is, where else can the mind logically go?"

"It is pitiful enough," Edith admitted. "But all this movement you speak of seems to me a vague agitation."

"I don't think," the doctor said, after a moment, "that you appreciate the intellectual force that is in it all, or allow for the fermenting power in the great discontented mass of these radical theories on the problem of life."

This was a specimen of the sort of talk that Edith and the doctor often drifted into in their mission work. As Ruth Leigh tramped along late this afternoon in the slush of the streets, from one house

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of sickness and poverty to another, a sense of her puny efforts in this great mass of suffering and injustice came over her anew. Her indignation rose against the state of things. And Father Damon, who was trying to save souls, was he accomplishing anything more than she? Why had he been so curt with her when she went to him for help this afternoon? Was he just a narrow-minded, bigoted priest? A few nights before she had heard him speak on the single tax at a labor meeting. She recalled his eloquence, his profound sympathy with the cause of the people, the thrilling, pathetic voice, the illumination of his countenance, the authority, the consecration in his attitude and dress; and he was transfigured to her then, as he was now in her thought, into an apostle of humanity. Alas! she thought, what a leader he would be if he would break loose from his superstitious traditions!

CHAPTER VII.

THE acquaintance between the house of Henderson and the house of Delancy was not permitted to languish. Jack had his reasons for it, which may have been financial, and Carmen had her reasons, which were probably purely social. What was the good of money if it did not bring social position? and what, on the other hand, was the good of social position if you could not use it to get money?

In his recent association with the newly rich, Jack's twenty thousand a year began to seem small. In fact, in the lowering of the rate of interest and the shrinking of securities, it was no longer twenty thousand a year. This would have been a matter of little consequence in the old order. His lot was not cast among the poor; most of his relations had solid fortunes, and many of them were millionaires, or what was equivalent to that, before the term was invented. But they made little display; none at all merely for the purpose of exhibition, or to gain or keep social place. In this atmosphere in which he was born Jack floated along without effort, with no demand upon him to keep up with a rising standard of living. Even impecuniosity, though inconvenient, would not have made him lose caste.

All this was changing now. Since the introduction of a new element even the conservative old millions had begun to feel the stir of uneasiness, and to launch out into extravagance in rivalry with the new millions. Even with his relations Jack began to feel that he was poor. It did not spur him to do anything, to follow the example, for instance, of the young fellows from the country, who were throwing themselves into Wall Street with the single purpose of becoming suddenly rich, but it made him uneasy. And when he was with the Hendersons, or Miss Tavish, whose father, though not newly rich, was one of the most aggressive of speculators, and saw how easily every luxurious desire glided into fulfilment, he felt for the first time in his life the motion of envy. It seemed then that only unlimited money could make the world attractive. Why, even to keep up with the unthinking whims of Miss Tavish would bankrupt him in six months. That little spread at Wherry's for the theatre party the other night, though he made light of it to Edith, was almost the price he couldn't afford to pay for Storm. He had a grim thought that midwinter flowers made dining as expensive as dying. Carmen, whom nothing escaped, complimented him on his taste, quite aware that he couldn't afford it, and, apropos, told him of a lady in Chicago who, hearing that the fashion had changed, wrote on her dinner cards, "No flowers." It was only a matter of course for these people to build a new country house in any spot that fashion for the moment indicated, to equip their yachts for a Mediterranean voyage or for loitering down the Southern coast, to give a ball that was the talk of the town, to make up a special train of luxurious private cars for Mexico or California. Even at the clubs the talk was about these things and the opportunities for getting them.

There was a rumor about town that Henderson was a good deal extended. It alarmed a hundred people, not on Henderson's account, but their own. When one of them consulted Uncle Jerry, that veteran smiled.

"Oh, I guess Henderson's all right. But I wouldn't wonder if it meant a squeeze. Of course if he's extended, it's an excuse for settling up, and the shorts will squeal. I've seen Henderson extended a good many times," and the old man laughed. "Don't you worry about him."

This opinion, when reported, did not seem to quiet Jack's fears, who saw his

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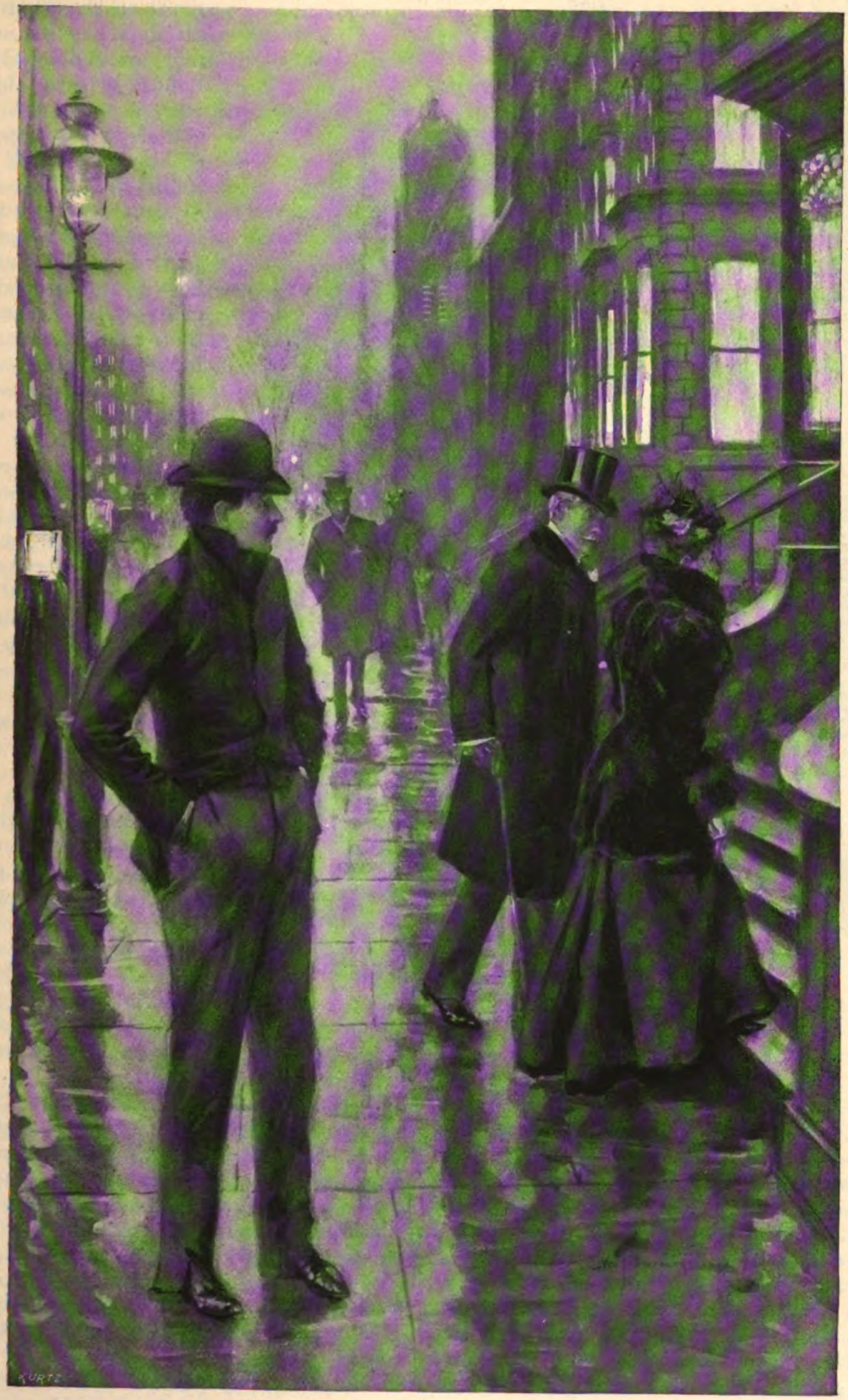

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own little venture at the mercy of a sweeping Street game. It occurred to him that he possibly might get a little light on the matter by dropping in that afternoon and taking a quiet cup of tea with Mrs. Henderson.

He found her in the library. Out-doors winter was slouching into spring with a cold drizzle, with a coating of ice on the pavements — animating weather for the medical profession. Within, there was the glow of warmth and color that Carmen liked to create for herself. In an entrancing tea gown, she sat by a hickory fire, with a fresh magazine in one hand and a big paper-cutter in the other. She rose at Jack's entrance, and extending her hand, greeted him with a most cordial smile. It was so good of him! She was so lonesome! He could himself see that the lonesomeness was dissipated, as she seated him in a comfortable chair by the fire, and then stood a moment looking at him, as if studying his comfort. She was such a domestic woman!

"You look tired, monsieur," she said, as she passed behind his chair and rested the tip of her forefinger for a second on his head. "I shall make you a cup of tea at once."

"Not tired, but bothered," said Jack, stretching out his legs.

"I know," she replied; "it's a bothering world." She was still behind him, and spoke low, but with sympathy. "I remember, it's only one lump." He could feel her presence, so womanly and friendly. "I don't care what people say," he was thinking, "she's a good-hearted little thing, and understands men. He felt that he could tell her anything, almost anything that he could tell a man. She was sympathetic and not squeamish.

"There," she said, handing him the tea and looking down on him.

The cup was dainty, the fragrance of the tea delicious, the woman exquisite.

"I'm better already," said Jack, with a laugh.

She made a cup for herself, handed him the cigarettes, lit one for herself, and sat on a low stool not far from him.

"Now what is it?"

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"Oh, nothing—a little business worry. Have you heard any Street rumor?"

"Rumor?" she repeated, with a little start. And then, leaning forward, "Do you mean that about Mr. Henderson in the morning papers?"

"Yes."

Carmen, relieved, gave a liquid little laugh, and then said, with a change to earnestness: "I'm going to trust you, my friend. Henderson put it in himself! He told me so this morning when I asked him about it. This is just between ourselves."

Jack said "Of course," but he did not look relieved. The clever creature divined the situation without another word, for there was no turn in the Street that she was not familiar with. But there was no apparent recognition of it, except in her sympathetic tone, when she said: "Well, the world is full of annoyances. I'm bothered myself—and such a little thing."

"What is it?"

"Oh nothing, not even a rumor. You cannot do anything about it. I don't know why I should tell you. But I will." And she paused a moment, looking down in an innocent perplexity. "It's just this: I am on the Foundlings' Board with Mrs. Schuyler Blunt, and I don't know her, and you can't think how awkward it is having to meet her every week in that stiff kind of way." She did not go on to confide to Jack how she had intrigued to get on the board, and how Mrs. Schuyler Blunt, in the most well-bred manner, had practically ignored her.

"She's an old friend of mine."

"Indeed! She's a charming woman."

"Yes. We were great cronies when she was Sadie Mack. She isn't a genius, but she is good-hearted. I suppose she is on all the charity boards in the city. She patronizes everything," Jack continued, with a smile.

"I'm sure she is," said Carmen, thinking that however good-hearted she might be she was very "snubby." "And it makes it all the more awkward, for I am interested in so many things myself."

"I can arrange all that," Jack said, in an off-hand way. Carmen's look of gratitude could hardly be distinguished from affection. "That's easy enough. We are just as good friends as ever, though I fancy she doesn't altogether approve of me lately. It's rather nice for a fellow, Mrs. Henderson, to have a lot of women keeping him straight, isn't it?" asked Jack, in the tone of a bad boy.

"Yes. Between us all we will make a model of you. I am so glad now that I told you."

Jack protested that it was nothing. Why shouldn't friends help each other? Why not, indeed, said Carmen, and the talk went on a good deal about friendship, and the possibility of it between a man and a woman. This sort of talk is considered serious and even deep, not to say philosophic. Carmen was a great philosopher in it. She didn't know, but she believed, it seemed natural, that every woman should have one man friend. Jack rose to go.

"So soon?" And it did seem pathetically soon. She gave him her hand, and then by an impulse she put her left hand over his, and looked up to him in quite a business way.

"Mr. Delancy, don't you be troubled about that rumor we were speaking of. It will be all right. Trust me."

He understood perfectly, and expressed both his understanding and his gratitude by bending over and kissing the little hand that lay in his.

When he had gone, Carmen sat a long time by the fire reflecting. It would be sweet to humiliate the Delancy and Schuyler Blunt set, as Henderson could. But what would she gain by that? It would be sweeter still to put them under obligations, and profit by that. She had endured a good many social rebuffs in her day, this tolerant little woman, and the sting of their memory could only be removed when the people who had ignored her had to seek social favors she could give. If Henderson only cared as much for such things as she did! But he was at times actually brutal about it. He seemed to have only one passion. She herself liked money, but only for what it would bring. Henderson was like an old Pharaoh, who was bound to build the biggest pyramid ever built to his memory; he hated to waste a block. But what was the good of that when one had passed beyond the reach of envy?

Revolving these deep things in her mind, she went to her dressing-room and made an elaborate toilet for dinner. Yet it was elaborately simple. That sort needed more study than the other. She would like to be the Carmen of ten years ago in Henderson's eyes.

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Her lord came home late, and did not dress for dinner. It was often so, and the omission was usually not allowed to pass by Carmen without notice, to which Henderson was sure to growl that he didn't care to be always on dress parade. To-night Carmen was all graciousness and warmth. Henderson did not seem to notice it. He ate his dinner abstractedly, and responded only in monosyllables to her sweet attempts at conversation. The fact was that the day had been a perplexing one; he was engaged in one of his big fights, a scheme that aroused all his pugnacity and taxed all his resources. He would win—of course; he would smash everybody, but he would win. When he was in this mood Carmen felt that she was like a daisy in the path of a cyclone. In the first year of their marriage he used to consult her about all his schemes, and value her keen understanding. She wondered why he did not now. Did he distrust even her, as he did everybody else? To-night she asked no questions. She was unruffled by his short responses to her conversational attempts; by her subtle, wifely manner she simply put herself on his side, whatever the side was.

In the library she brought him his cigar, and lighted it. She saw that his coffee was just as he liked it. As she moved about, making things homelike, Henderson noticed that she was more Carmenish than he had seen her in a long time. The sweet ways and the simple toilet must be by intention. And he knew her so well. He began to be amused and softened. At length he said, in his ordinary tone, "Well, what is it?"

"What is what, dear?"

"What do you want?"

Carmen looked perplexed and sweetly surprised. There is nothing so pitiful about habitual hypocrisy as that it never deceives anybody. It was not the less painful now that Carmen knew that Henderson knew her to the least fibre of her self-seeking soul, and that she felt that there were currents in his life that she could not calculate. A man is so much more difficult to understand than a woman, she reflected. And yet he is so susceptible that he can be managed even when he knows he is being managed. Carmen was not disconcerted for a moment. She replied, with her old candor:

"What an idea! You give me everything I want before I know what it is."

"And before I know it either," he responded, with a grim smile. "Well, what is the news to-day?"

"Just the same old round. The Foundlings' Board, for one thing."

"Are you interested in foundlings?"

"Not much," said Carmen, frankly. "I'm interested in those that find them. I told you how hateful that Mrs. Schuyler Blunt is."

"Why don't you cut her? Why don't you make it uncomfortable for her?"

"I can't find out," she said, with a laugh, dropping into the language of the Street, "anything she is short in, or I would."

"And you want me to get a twist on old Blunt?" and Henderson roared with laughter at the idea.

"No, indeed. Dear, you are just a goose, socially. It is nothing to you, but you don't understand what we women have to go through. You don't know how hard it is—that woman!"

"What has she done?"

"Nothing. That's just it. What do you say in the Street—freeze? Well, she's trying to freeze me out."

Henderson laughed again. "Oh, I'll back you against the field."

"I don't want to be backed," said Carmen; "I want some sympathy."

"Well, what is your idea?"

"I was going to tell you. Mr. Delancy dropped in this afternoon for a cup of tea—"

"Oh!"

"Yes, and he knows Mrs. Schuyler Blunt well, they are old friends, and he is going to arrange it."

"Arrange what?"

"Why, smooth everything out, don't you know. But, Rodney, I do want you to do something for me; not for me exactly, but about this. Won't you look out for Mr. Delancy in this deal?"

"Seems to me you are a good deal interested in Jack Delancy," said Henderson, in a sneering tone. The remark was a mistake, for it gave Carmen the advantage, and he did not believe it was just. He knew that Carmen was as passionless as a diamond, whatever even she might pretend for a purpose.

"Aren't you ashamed!" she cried, with indignation, and her eyes flared for an instant and then filled with tears. "And I try so hard."

"But I can't look out for all the lame ducks."

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"He isn't a duck," said Carmen, using her handkerchief; "I'd hate him for a duck. It's just to help me, when you know, when you know — and it is so hard," and the tears came again.

Did Henderson believe? After all, what did it matter? Perhaps, after all, the woman had a right to her game, as he had to his.

"Oh, well," he said, "don't take on about it. I'll fix it. I'll make a memorandum this minute. Only don't you bother me in the future with too many private kites."

Carmen dried her eyes. She did not look triumphant, she just looked sweet and grateful, like a person who had been helped. She went over and kissed her lord on the forehead, and sat on the arm of his chair, not too long, and then patted him on the shoulder, and said he was a good fellow, and she was a little bother, and so went away like a dutiful little wife.

And Henderson sat looking into the fire and musing, with the feeling that he had been at the theatre, and that the comedy had been beautifully played.

His part of the play was carried out next day in good faith. One of the secrets of Henderson's success was that he always did what he said he would do. This attracted men to him personally, and besides he found, as Bismarck did, that it was more serviceable to him than lying, for the crafty world usually banks upon insincerity and indirectness. But while he kept his word he also kept his schemes to himself, and executed them with a single regard to his own interest and a Napoleonic selfishness. He did not lie to enemy or friend, but he did not spare either when either was in his way. He knew how to appeal to the self-interest of his fellows, and in time those who had most to do with him trusted him least when he seemed most generous in his offers.

When, the next day, his secretary reported to him briefly that Delancy was greatly elated with the turn things had taken for him, and was going in again, Henderson smiled sardonically, and said, "It was the worst thing I could have done for him."

Jack, who did not understand the irony of his temporary rescue, and had little experience of commercial integrity, so called, was intent on fulfilling his part of the understanding with Carmen. This could best be effected by a return dinner to the Hendersons. The subject was broached at breakfast in an off-hand manner to Edith.

It was not an agreeable subject to Edith, that was evident; but it was not easy for her to raise objections to the dinner. She had gone to the Hendersons to please Jack, in her policy of yielding in order to influence him; but having accepted the hospitality she could not object to returning it. The trouble was in making the list.

"I do not know," said Edith, "who are the Hendersons' friends."

"Oh, that doesn't matter. Ask our friends. If we are going to do a thing to please them, no use in doing it half-way, so as to offend them, by drawing social lines against them."

"Well, suggest."

"There's Mavick, he'll be over from Washington next week."

"That's good; and, oh, I'll ask Father Damon."

"Yes; he'll give a kind of flavor to it. I shouldn't wonder if he would like to meet such a man as Henderson."

"And then the Van Dams and Miss Tavish; they were at Henderson's, and would help to make it easy."

"Yes; well, let's see. The Schuyler Blunts?"

"Oh, they wouldn't do at all. They wouldn't come. She wouldn't think of going to the Hendersons."

"But she would come to us. I don't think she would mind once in a way."

"But why do you want them?"

"I don't want them particularly; but it would no doubt please the Hendersons more than any other thing we could do— and, well, I don't want to offend Henderson just now. It's a little thing, anyway. What's the use of all this social nonsense? We are not responsible for either the Hendersons or the Blunts being in the world. No harm done if they don't come. You invite them, and I'll take the responsibility."

So it was settled, against Edith's instinct of propriety, and the dinner was made up by the addition of the elder Miss Chesney. And Jack did persuade Mrs. Blunt to accept. In fact, she had a little curiosity to see the man whose name was in the newspapers more prominently than that of the President.

It was a bright thought to secure Mr.

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Mavick. Mr. Thomas Mavick was socially one of the most desirable young men of the day. Matrimonially he was not a prize, for he was without fortune and without powerful connections. He had a position in the State Department. Originally he came from somewhere in the West, it was said, but he had early obtained one or two minor diplomatic places; he had lived a good deal abroad; he had travelled a little—a good deal, it would seem, from his occasional Oriental allusions. He threw over his past a slight mystery, not too much; and he always took himself seriously. His salary was sufficient to set up a bachelor very comfortably who always dined out; he dressed in the severity of the fashion; he belonged only to the best clubs, where he unbent more than anywhere else; he was credited with knowing a good deal more than he would tell. It was believed, in fact, that he had a great deal of influence. The President had been known to send for him on delicate personal business with regard to appointments, and there were certain ticklish diplomatic transactions that he was known to have managed most cleverly. His friends could see his hand in state papers. This he disclaimed, but he never denied that he knew the inside of whatever was going on in Washington. Even those who thought him a snob said he was clever. He had perfectly the diplomatic manner, and the reserve of one charged with grave secrets. Whatever he disclosed was always in confidence, so that he had the reputation of being as discreet as he was knowing. With women he was of course a favorite, for he knew how to be confidential without disclosing anything, and the hints he dropped about persons in power simply showed that he was secretly manœuvring important affairs, and could make the most interesting revelations if he chose. His smile and the shake of his head at the club when talk was personal conveyed a world of meaning. Tom Mavick was, in short, a most accomplished fellow. It was evident that he carried on the State Department, and the wonder to many was that he was not in a position to do it openly. His social prestige was as mysterious as his diplomatic, but it was now unquestioned, and he might be considered as one of the first of a class who are to reconcile social and political life in this country.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HEIMWEH.

BY ELSIE S. NORDHOFF.

HUNTINGFORD unsaddled his horse and led him to the little wooden trough near the house for water before turning him out to graze for the night. He watched with languid interest as the animal drew in long draughts with a sipping sound, wondering idly about horses in general. His eyes felt heavy and his back ached, so that he was glad when the horse slipped away quietly to browse on any dry grass it could find, and he could sit down on the steps of his two-roomed shanty and rest.

The sun was setting ahead of him in a glory of crimson and orange. On every side, as far as his eyes could see, stretched prairies—dull, brown, lifeless prairies—

"Waste endless and boundless and flowerless,"

for though it was April, the time when there is green if ever there will be, it had been a dry year, and everything was dead. To be sure there were patches of orange prairie flowers all about, which struck one as a fever with which the land had broken out; but there was no green.

For those who like prairies, prairies are what they would like; but their monotony drives people who do not like them mad.

Huntingford sat gazing about him with a blank, miserable look. He had been two days riding the fifty miles out from Azure to his rancho, through arid parched land, always the same rolling country for miles on every side, passing herds of lean, half-starved cattle, who gazed at him listlessly with their large pathetic eyes, too weak from want of food and water to be wild, and past many a dead animal, which had perished from thirst and starvation. "The fever" was in his blood, although he was unconscious of it, and this, added to the original throes of homesickness, which he had fought for the past year, and the sight of the poor starved cattle, had used him up. He sat on his door-step facing the sunset, his three hens and a lordly rooster clucking

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contentedly at his feet as they grubbed for their evening meal. He heard the bark of a coyote, and saw it, a brown speck in the distance, as it ran across country and was outlined against the red in the sky.

His thoughts travelled in a circle, from the lean emaciated cattle and brown prairies to the rich spring landscape of his father's park in the south of England, then back to the cattle and prairies again. This was April. At home the frogs would be trilling and cachunking themselves hoarse. He could see them as they plunged sidewise into the ponds—fat green creatures, making great silver wakes in the still water, only to come up on the other side to shine in the sun. He could almost smell the spongy turf, and all the young green things pushing up through the soft earth, and the pink-green tips to the hawthorn and oaks. He drew in a long breath of pleasure, started with a jerk, and looked behind him. His hound, standing on the step above him, had stuck his cold wet nose against his cheek. Huntingford put his arm round the dog's neck, while his heavy eyes wandered off again to the brown, the monotonous brown roll of the prairies; not a tree, not a hill, to break the view of the horizon; only the burnt land everywhere; and the cattle! wherever he looked he saw their pitiful eyes; and he, too, was starving for a sight of water and something green. As he thought, his yellow head went down on the hound's back, and he choked back a great sob that rose in his throat.

The fever was getting a firmer hold on him. After a moment he raised his head again. The glow in the west was subsiding into silvery robin's-egg blue, and just where the last reflection of pink lingered, the evening star shone out with almost a bold vigor. There was not a cloud in the sky. Everlasting blue above—and miles and miles of brown below!

As Huntingford gazed blankly ahead of him the land seemed suddenly to rise towards him—he swayed, lost his balance, and fell, face downwards, on the ground by his door-step, frightening the hens, who broke the silence by loud hysterical squawks of terror as they fled.

His hound watched him fall, then rose, stretched his tired legs, and moved down by his master, whom he sniffed over very carefully, and at last, finding an ear, licked it lovingly. When there was no response given he sat down upon his haunches, and raising his pointed nose to the sky, gave one long, mournful howl.

At noon the following day Cow-puncher Dick hove in sight. He was whistling right merrily, and made a fine appearance in his loose gray trousers, high boots, and large sombrero—a scarlet tie finishing the effect.

"The boys" had called after him as he rode away, "Goin' to pay attention somewhars? You look so slick."

"Naw," Dick had drawled back with a good-natured chuckle; "I'm just off to see that blue-eyed Britisher, and cheer him up a bit. I seen him yesterday in Azure, looking a bit down in the mouth. Guess he's homesick again; and, somehow, when I seen him, I thought of the fever, and I 'ain't felt comfortable sence. So I'm ridin' down to his place jest to ease my mind."

"The boys" looked half solemn when Dick mentioned "the fever." They knew it, and stood in awe of it. "Guess you're scared," one of them said, encouragingly. "Hope the parson's all right, though."

Huntingford had been twelve months on his shanty on the prairies. His youth, clear blue eyes, and a certain open-heartedness had won their way among the cowboys. They admired his grit in trying to live down his homesickness, and not giving way. At first they had poohpoohed his notion of "Sarvice reg'lar on Sunday," which had been propounded modestly to Dick, always his stanchest admirer. Dick had gone the first Sunday, taking back to the others glowing accounts. He loved music, and was considered quite an expert in camp, where he sang lovelorn ballads in a bass voice like a young bull's, and he found Huntingford sang like an angel. "The sarvice" had consisted of morning prayer, and as many hymns as they chose, after which there had been dinner for Dick and himself and the two hounds. Such was the fame Huntingford won through Dick that the following Sunday eight horsemen appeared to hear "the parson" sing. They looked rather like sheepish bandits when, after dismounting and tying their horses in the shade, Dick marshalled them up to shake hands with his friend. "Guess I 'ain't shook hands for the Lord knows how long," one of them mumbled. There were only two chairs in the shanty, but by pulling a trunk and a kerosene-box

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into the front room every one was provided with a seat. "The boys" fidgeted, they felt self-conscious and out of place, and broke into nervous giggles when Dick presented them with two hymnals, and told them to be "d—— quick and find the number." But Huntingford's easy unconsciousness made them feel less shy presently. He was doing as well as possible what he had done every Sunday of his life at home. As he sang, one by one of the men stopped gazing about the shanty and pinned their eyes on him. Dick was "doing himself proud," roaring out the hymn at the top of his powerful voice, but above it, beyond it, leading it by the force of clear sweetness, rose Huntingford's, and "soared away to realms unknown," but with so much magnetism in it that he drew his listeners with him until they forgot that they were sitting on wooden boxes in a prairie shanty.

At the end of the first verse Dick was requested *sotto voce* "to shut up, and let's hear the little parson alone"—the "little parson" being six feet one. He "shut up" willingly. Huntingford was his "claim," and he wanted to prove it a good one. So "the parson" began the second verse alone, and sang half-way through it; then he stopped, looked at Dick amiably but firmly, and said, "You aren't singing. You'd better all sing," he added; "it's good for your lungs." He began the verse over again, and one by one the men joined in, shyly at first, but towards the end with a volume of sound bewildering to any one more conscious than "the parson."

So "sarvice at the parson's" became a regular institution, and the boys learnt hymns in plenty, and to roar out the "tug of war" till it rolled away over the prairies, amazing the rabbits and coyotes. Once a clergyman, hearing of Huntingford's "meetings," had spent Sunday with him, but "the boys" heard of it, and fought shy, only Dick turning up at the appointed time, in rather a surly frame of mind, to the amusement of both "the parson" and his guest, who counted the visit a holiday in his hard-worked life. The Sunday following they all came again, rather sheepish, when Huntingford chaffed them on their non-attendance.

Dick rode up to the back of the shanty, where the shed was, hallooed, but got no response. His heart sank a little, but he dismounted, tied his horse out of the blinding sun, patted "the parson's" hound, who met him with friendly wags of his tail, and went around to the door, followed by the dog, who watched him curiously as he bent over his master, and, picking him up, carried him into the shanty and put him to bed. Where Huntingford had dropped the night before he had lain ever since, for nothing rouses a man the first day of "the fever." Dick knew from much experience with fever patients that the exposure was the worst thing that could have happened. "Guess it ain't much use, but I'll try fur it," he said to himself, as he hunted up Huntingford's brandy, and poured it raw down the boy's throat. It was of no use, and he lay unconscious until evening, when the fever set in. He opened his eyes and began to talk in a high unnatural voice, and to toss about restlessly, his cheeks flaming and his eyes brilliant. Of course he did not recognize the cow-puncher.

Dick had once seen a physician rub alcohol on a patient's temples and wrists when ill with "the fever"; and although he had not fathomed the reason for it, he hunted up the bottle he knew "the parson" kept, and bathed his head with it until it was all used up. The fever was horrible. Huntingford's rambling excited talk worse. It was sometimes about a meadow with a pond near it, when he begged invisible people to be quiet a moment and let him listen to the frogs, saying, with a break in his voice: "It is *so* long since I have heard them. If you could be quiet just one moment." Then he would break in with a moan, and "Oh! if the cattle would only not look at me so! To think that it was I who kept the rain away! O Lord, I did not mean to." He had caught the idea that the drought was a punishment for him, and that the cattle knew and reproached him silently with it.

Dick nursed him as carefully as he knew how during the next two days. It was impossible to leave him long enough to go the fifty miles into Azure for a physician.

The third day the sun rose clear and hot again; no sign of rain in the sky, or of the fever abating. But towards afternoon Huntingford fell into a doze and woke to recognize Dick, whose heart rose a degree, though he hardly dared to hope. One never does with "the fever." The

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first question he asked was, "Has it rained?" and when Dick shook his head, burst into a fit of weeping, far too weak to control himself. "It's those poor cattle, Dick. I rode through a herd the other day, too weak for want of food and water to be afraid of me, and their eyes—oh God! their eyes! If you would only make it rain," he added, half to himself, as he turned his face to the wall.

Dick turned with a jerk to look out of the window; the lump in his throat was growing too large to be swallowed, but he intended to master it.

Through the window he saw the prairies, all brown but for the patches of gaudy orange, which looked thirstier than the brown, and had a greedy look as well. The sun was so hot that the atmosphere was reeling, and swayed to and fro with such a rhythmical motion that it seemed to the cowboy's tired fancy to be dancing a devils' dance. When he looked towards the south he saw a pool of blue water, and cattle in it knee-deep.

He knew it was only a mirage.

He turned at a little sound from the cot. Huntingford was sitting up, leaning on one elbow, and listening.

Dick saw that the fever had returned, and gave up the fight.

As he looked at him "the parson" turned to him with a radiant smile. "That's rain, old fellow. Hear it?" he said. "And the frogs, too, trilling until they are hoarse. The wetter the better, the wetter the better—that's what they say." His cheeks were flaming, and his eyes bright. He sat listening for a few moments, breathing heavily in the hot, dry atmosphere. Dick turned to the window again. He could not stand the sight of Huntingford; even the devils' dance of the atmosphere was better. Presently Huntingford began in a low voice: "There it is, just the same old gray church, as though I hadn't been away a day. Come along, old Dick, they are at the processional, and as sure as I'm alive they're singing my hymn." His voice rose with excitement. "For all the saints who from their labor rest" was one of the first hymns he had taught "the boys."

"Come on, let's help them," he cried, and broke in on the fifth verse:

"And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong,
Alleluia! Alleluia!"

His voice rose high and clear, stronger than Dick had ever heard it before. He turned to look at him, then walked over to a group of amateurish water-colors tacked to the wall, and looked at one of an old church covered with ivy. Huntingford paused in his singing, then went on with the sixth verse.

The devils in the atmosphere were diminishing, and red and purple beginning to show in the west. A little breeze had sprung up, and came in the shanty windows refreshingly. Max whined at the door, attracted by his master's voice, and was let in, when he sat down by the bed and watched Huntingford with a great desire to understand in his faithful dog eyes.

When "the parson's" voice rang out in the last

"Alleluia! Alleluia!"

Max howled in sympathy, but was comforted when his master put his hand on his head and said, "Poor old dog," smiling at him.

The silence of the room grew intense. Dick felt it, and turned towards the bed wearily, prepared for what he saw.

Huntingford had dropped back on his pillow, and was dead.

"The fever" takes its patients that way.

The next day Dick rode back to camp. It was sundown when he got there, and "the boys" were gathered around a big wood fire watching the cook get supper, their figures silhouetted against the flames. They shouted to him to know if it was he, and got but a grûff response. Some one asked, "How's the parson?" and they waited patiently for an answer, while Dick dropped off his horse, unsaddled her, and as he strode off towards his tent said, savagely, "Dead, of that thar fever!"

There was absolute silence for a few moments, and no one moved.

Then one of the men rose and went for a pail of water for Dick's horse, whistling as he went in a reminiscing way the All-Saints' day hymn, which the night wind carried back to the men in the fire-light, and on towards the fading red in the west.

The cook's great stirring-spoon, suspended over the kettle for the past few moments, dropped into it, and the broth within was sent spinning round and round. Then the life of the camp went on.

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CHAPTERS IN JOURNALISM.

BY GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

I.

AS this paper concerns itself with journalism, and will, I presume, be more likely to interest journalists than the general public, I hope it may be understood as addressed mainly to my colleagues in that profession, and that they will be indulgent if I am obliged to refer to myself and to my own share in the episodes I have to narrate. Besides, most of it relates to a rather distant past. I must go back to November, 1861, and shall not come down much later than 1870. The two dates will sufficiently indicate that my story relates to the journalistic history of two wars: the early part of the civil war in America, and the beginnings of the great war between France and Germany. I avoid entering into military details or fighting old battles over again. What I shall attempt is to give some brief notion of what a war correspondent's life was like, and how he collected and transmitted his news.

Mr. Charles A. Dana was in 1861 managing editor of the *Tribune*, with Mr. Sydney Howard Gay as his first lieutenant. Mr. Horace Greeley was, of course, editor-in-chief, but with him the younger men on the paper came little into contact. If you were outside the office, in the field, you were not absolutely obliged to know of his existence. Any reminder of it was apt to come in the shape of a criticism, always useful to the beginner. Mr. Dana had the reputation of a masterful manager. I can only say that I found him, so long as he remained on the paper, considerate, helpful, just, and even friendly, though he knew that the door by which I entered the office had been opened by Wendell Phillips, for whom he had none too much liking. New as I was to journalism, Mr. Dana gave me a free hand. There is nothing which is more likely to bring out of a man the best there is in him. He understood journalism and he understood human nature, and I always thought it, and still think it, a happy circumstance that I learned my first lessons in journalism under a chief who, being himself at the head of his profession, found time to show much kindness to a subordinate whose foot was on the lowest round of the ladder.

In one sense it may almost be said that the history of war correspondence, as it is now understood, begins with the rebellion; by which I mean that modern methods were then first applied, and that the transmission of war news was undertaken for the first time *in extenso* by telegraph. The truth of this will come out the more plainly when it is seen what was done in Europe in 1870, and how it was done. My experiences in journalism began with the war, or, rather, began in November, 1861, with a trip to South Carolina, of which the main object was to look into the negro question a little. The gallant Admiral Dupont had taken Port Royal, troops had been landed there, a military post established, and the blacks were pouring in. General Butler had announced in Maryland the doctrine of contraband, which so impressed itself on the public mind that, for the next year or so, the blacks went by the name of contrabands. The war was of course still a war for the Union and not for freedom, but the pressure of the negro question grew daily heavier. I staid in Port Royal, or in that part of the country, until the spring of 1862; returned to New York, and was sent to join General Fremont in Virginia, and made the Shenandoah Valley campaign with him. Then I saw part of the ill-fated enterprise of General Pope on the Rappahannock, ending in the second defeat at Centreville and a second peril to Washington. Finally I rode out of Washington one afternoon to have a look at the army of which General McClellan had again taken command, in August, 1862. Expecting to be away overnight, I took with me as luggage a tooth-brush and a mackintosh. I was gone six weeks, and saw the campaign which ended, after a fashion, at Antietam. The presence of correspondents with the army had been forbidden by Secretary Stanton and General Halleck, but of course there never was a time when they were really excluded, or never a very long time. General Pope sent for me one evening to his headquarters—by that time in a tent, and no longer, as he

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too rashly announced at the beginning, in the saddle—and told me in his friendly way that he had received a peremptory order from the War Office to allow no correspondents to remain in his camp. I said I would leave at once, to which he replied, "I don't see that you need go till you get the order," adding that he had not made up his mind whether or when to issue it. But he did issue it, and we were all supposed to obey.

At Washington, when it was known that McClellan was once more in command, some of us thought it discreet, considering his known dislike to the publication of any war news except such as he himself or his staff supplied, to drop the journalist and join some friendly headquarters as volunteer aides-de-camp. General Sedgwick, the good soldier who was killed at Spottsylvania, offered me an appointment, or rather an opportunity, which I gladly accepted. He advised me to put on some sort of uniform, which might prevent inconvenient questions being asked. The army moved forward sooner than was expected, and having once joined General Sedgwick, I had no time to turn back nor any wish to. We all knew that the position was such as must before long compel McClellan, the most unready of commanders, to measure himself again with Lee. And so it was that on a sunny September afternoon, the 15th, I found myself looking across the valley through which flowed the Antietam Brook, to the heights of Sharpsburg, crowned with the Confederate forces. Nobody called them Confederates in those days. Rebels, or, for short, Rebs, was all that a Northern soldier's lips could shape themselves to utter. General McClellan, in his usual accommodating spirit, waited all next day to allow the enemy to collect his forces.

On the afternoon of the 16th I heard that General Hooker, "Fighting Joe," had been ordered across the creek to turn the enemy's left. I did not know General Hooker nor anybody on his staff, but I thought I might as well go along, and I went. Nobody seemed to mind. I rode with the staff, and was asked no questions. General Hooker, never lacking in resolution, pushed a regiment or two of cavalry straight forward as far as they could go, and went with them. That was his idea of a reconnoissance. Following with the staff, we all had the pleasure of learning, a few minutes later, what a cavalry stampede to the rear was like, and of taking part in it. But Hooker was in great glee. He had found out what he wanted to know, and had ascertained pretty well where the enemy were. The night was drawing in. He took his own position, which was as close as it could well be to the opposite lines, found a barn to serve as headquarters for the night, and turned in. Most of us slept outside. I had no servant with me, and slept with my horse's bridle round one arm. By five next morning the battle of Antietam began. By nine, Hooker had been driven back, and sent for more troops. Mansfield came, and Sumner came, and Hooker himself, with what was left of his divisions, again went forward. It was his way to keep well to the front, too far forward, no doubt, and one result of these tactics was that most of his staff were presently killed or wounded. There came a moment when not one was near him, not even an orderly. They were down or away on duty. He looked rather sharply at me, and asked me who I was. I told him. "Will you take an order for me?" and without waiting for an answer, sent me off to find a certain brigade and order them forward. Then he stopped me. "Order every regiment you can find to advance. It is time to end this business." I went off on this errand, and when I rejoined Hooker he was in the thick of what looked a pretty hot fight. Almost immediately a bullet struck him in the foot. He had to be helped from his horse, taken to the rear on an extemporized ambulance, and finally to quit the battlefield altogether. With his departure the attack on the Confederate left died suddenly away, and was never renewed to much purpose.

During this lull in the battle, which nobody could believe to be the end of it, occurred an incident which even at this distance of time I narrate with some hesitation. But it throws light on General McClellan's character, on the opinion held of him by his own staff, on the state of discipline in the Northern army at this time, and on the extreme looseness of a military organization in which such an incident could occur, and so I give it. I shall neither mention any name nor in-

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dicate in any way the identity of the officer chiefly concerned.

When it became evident that the attack on the Rebel left had been repulsed, and that the fighting in that part of the field was over for the time, I rode back across the creek in the direction of General McClellan's headquarters. It was expected he would order forward his reserves under General Fitz John Porter, but he did not. Precious minutes and priceless hours ebbed away and nothing was done. I was looking about for a remount, as my horse had a couple of bullets in him and could not be depended on, when an officer on General McClellan's staff whom I knew detached himself from the group at a little distance and came over to me. He said:

"I hear you were with Hooker when he was wounded?"

"Yes."

"Do you know whether he is disabled?"

I said that he had been hit hard, could not sit his horse, and had been carried off on an ambulance; since then I had not seen him.

"Do you know where he is?"

"Yes; at a red farm-house in an open field on the right, this side of the creek."

"Will you take a message to him?"

By this time I began to think the interrogatory both curious and serious, and I answered,

"That depends on what the message is."

My friend and I were by ourselves, well out of ear-shot of the staff, but within view, and I saw that the staff or some of them were watching what went on. He came a little closer, lowered his voice, and said:

"Most of us think that this battle is only half fought and half won. There is still time to finish it. But McClellan will do no more. What I want you to do is to see Hooker, find out whether he can mount his horse, and if he can, ask him whether he will take command of this army and drive Lee into the Potomac or force him to surrender."

It was perhaps the most astounding request ever made by a soldier to a civilian. What he suggested was nothing less than an act of mutiny in the face of the enemy, and I told him so.

"I know that as well as you do," was the answer. "We all know it, but we know also that it is the only way to crush Lee and end the rebellion and save the country."

I pointed out that if Hooker were to be approached on such a subject, it ought to be by him or by one of his comrades in the plot—for it was a plot—and that, if they meant business, they ought to be ready to take the risk. I added that I thought it more than likely that General Hooker's answer to such a proposal would be to order the man who made it, whoever he was, under arrest.

"It need not be a proposal," he replied. "All we want you to do is to sound Hooker and let us know what his views are. The rest we will do ourselves." I asked him if he meant to give me a written message.

"Certainly not. Such things are not put into writing."

"But why should Hooker believe me, or compromise himself in a conversation with a man he never saw till this morning?"

He said it was known I had acted as Hooker's aide, and urged sundry other reasons. I still declined, but he still pressed it. Hooker, he declared, had won the confidence of the army, and McClellan had lost it. It was no time to stand on trifles. He regarded what he proposed to me as a patriotic duty, and so on. Finally, as I persisted in refusing to be the bearer of any such message, he asked if I would see Hooker, and bring them word whether he could, in any circumstances, take the field again that day. To this I saw no objection, and rode off. I found General Hooker in bed, and in great pain. He asked eagerly for news of the battle. When I told him that the attack on both wings had failed, that no movement had been made for the last two hours, and that General McClellan seemed to have no intention of making any, he became angry and excited, and used language of extreme plainness. I had noticed in the morning that he had a very copious vocabulary. It was directed, for the most part, against the enemy, whose sharpshooters followed him all over the field, in which his tall figure in full uniform, and his white horse, were by far the most conspicuous targets. Once his staff got the benefit of this flow of energetic speech, when two or three of them joined in the suggestion that the proper place for a corps commander was not in the skirmish line, and that he could not prudently re-

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main under so hot a fire. Now it was turned upon McClellan, with whose excessive caution and systematic inertness in the crisis of a great battle he had no patience. This outburst gave me an opportunity of putting the question I wanted to, and I asked him whether his wound would permit him to mount his horse again that day. He pointed to his swollen and bandaged foot.

"No; it is impossible."

"Or to take command of your corps again in any way—in a carriage, if one could be found?"

"No, no; I cannot move. I am perfectly helpless."

All at once, whether from the way in which I had put my question, or from my manner, it seemed to flash upon him that there was something behind. He broke out:

"Why do you ask? What do you mean? Who sent you here?"

He was in such torment from his wound and the fever it had brought on that I thought it best not to fence with his questions and his suspicions. I told him it was true that some friends of his who knew how well he had done his work in the morning were anxious to learn whether, in an emergency, he could resume his duties; that the position was critical; that his troops would fight under him as they would under nobody else; in short, I admitted that I came to find out what his real condition was, and that I thought a good deal depended on his answer. He groaned and swore and half raised himself on his bed. The effort was too much; the agony brought a cry to his lips: "You see what a wreck I am; it is impossible, impossible." Even to his courage there were things which were impossible. Again he asked from whom I came, but I answered that my errand was done, that it was only too plain that his wound crippled him, that the whole army knew what a misfortune it was, and that I must return to my friends and report the facts. The paroxysm of pain had passed, but left him exhausted. He said good-by faintly, asked me to come again next day, which I knew I could not, and I took my leave. The account I had to give of General Hooker's condition of course put an end to all schemes at headquarters, and the sun went down upon an indecisive day. General McClellan's irresolution on that memorable afternoon was to cost the country treasure and blood that might have been spared; but it was decreed that the fight should be fought out once for all, and Destiny chooses her own ways and instruments. There is a sequel, almost a counterpart, to this story, but it comes later.

After General Burnside's failure on the left and General Franklin's check on the right there was no more serious fighting that day. It was supposed that General McClellan must renew the attack next morning. After what I had heard I did not believe he would, and I determined to try at once to get an account of the battle through to New York. To send one by a messenger involved, first, a delay while it was being written, and secondly, the difficulty of finding a messenger who could be trusted. I had a colleague with me, but there were reasons why he could not be sent. Then, and ever after, I found it sound policy to start either for the office or for the nearest telegraph office as soon as an important battle was over. Some men had to be seen first and some arrangements made in the event of further fighting; and there was the question of dinner, not unimportant to a man who had been mostly in the saddle since five that morning, with no time to think of food. It was nine o'clock in the evening when I got away. Frederick was the nearest town where one might reasonably hope to get a long despatch on the wires, and Frederick was thirty miles distant, and the horse I had borrowed was anything but fresh. There was a good road, and a good chance of encountering some of those parties of stragglers and marauders who are always hanging on the rear of an army; not, I think, much real danger, and nothing happened. I rode into Frederick by early daylight of the 18th, and found my way to the telegraph office. The clerk on duty said he would take a short despatch, but that the wires, like everything else, were in the hands of the military authorities, and he would not undertake to say when the despatch would reach New York, or that it would ever get there at all. They were times when you had to take all chances. I sat in the office and wrote a despatch of rather more than a column, handing it in to the clerk in sections. The length made it, to his mind, still more doubtful whether it would be forwarded, but he was good-natured and promised to do his best. I heard af-

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terward that it had been wired straight to the War Office in Washington, and was the first narrative of the battle which reached the Secretary of War, except a brief despatch from General McClellan announcing his victory. Mr. Secretary Stanton took it to President Lincoln, who, with his cabinet, had the reading of it. They behaved handsomely, however, and allowed it to go on to the office in New York, and it appeared in the *Tribune* on Saturday morning. The battle had been fought on Thursday.

Meantime, having much more to say and no chance of saying it by telegraph from Frederick, I was trying to get a special train to Baltimore. The railroad, like the telegraph, had become a military possession, and there was no one who could, or would, take the responsibility of sending off a train. Money was no temptation, as it would have been to the railroad people. The best I could do was to get a military permit to go by the first military train. I went to the station to make sure of not missing it, and sat on a log and wrote. About two the train started. I thought I should have time between Frederick and Baltimore to finish my story of the battle, but once in the train I went to sleep. It was nearly thirty-six hours since I had closed an eye, and excitement is apt to be fatiguing. It is doubtful whether I should have fared better at the telegraph office in Baltimore than in Frederick if I had had a despatch ready. As it was not ready, I stepped into the New York express, which we just caught. The New York express in those days was lighted by a small oil lamp at each end of the car. Sitting, it was impossible to see. I stood under the lamp and wrote most of the night, finishing, I think, about midway between Philadelphia and New York. The editor had been notified that an account might be expected too late for the regular morning edition. When I walked into the office it was near five o'clock Saturday morning. Antietam was perhaps the greatest battle which had then been fought, and the first great victory which the North had won; not a complete victory, but a victory, inasmuch as Lee withdrew across the Potomac into Virginia. There was, naturally, a great interest in the event. The office, usually deserted at that hour, was alive; the composing-room crowded; the presses manned and waiting. Not long after six a second edition appeared, with a letter on Antietam about six columns long. It was, I imagine, one of the worst pieces of manuscript which had ever puzzled the intelligent type-setter and proof-reader; the whole of it in pencil, and most of it written in the train. Mr. Gay, the kindly and cultured man of letters who had become managing editor in the spring in succession to Mr. Dana, asked me if I should be ready to return by the afternoon train. I said yes, and went; but my return visit to the army proved to be a short one, as within a few weeks Mr. Gay proposed to me to enter the office as an editorial writer, and this I did.

II.

Four years later, in 1866, I went to Europe to see the Austro-Prussian war. That journey shows the difference between pre-cable days and the present. The news of the outbreak of the war reached New York on Tuesday. I took the Wednesday steamship from Boston—then the only American port of the Cunard line—and on reaching Queenstown heard the news of the battle of Sadowa, which practically ended the war. There was no more fighting, and no occasion for war correspondence. My instructions, however, went beyond the war. Mr. John Russell Young had by this time become managing editor of the *Tribune;* a journalist of genius. Mr. Young thought that much remained to be done in the European field. He was not satisfied with the existing supply of European news, even in peace time. He wanted better news and more correspondence. Another experiment toward an Atlantic telegraph cable was then making, and he wished to be in a position to avail himself of it, should it succeed, during the next European crisis. Under his instructions I arranged for both. The *Tribune* bureau was set up in London, which grew out of the notion that the collection and transmission of European news must be done in Europe and not in New York; that London is the natural news centre of Europe, and that an office for the handling of news ought to be established there. This theory is now universally accepted and acted on. Many of the foremost American papers have their London offices. A great many more have correspondents in London who have been sent thither for the purpose, and are maintained there by the journals

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they represent. But in 1866 this theory was very far from being generally accepted. It was generally scouted. It was ridiculed as a waste of money and useless to the journal. It put a considerable responsibility on the correspondent in charge of the London bureau. He was, of course, subject to New York, and took his orders from the New York office; but it was seen that no such service could be performed efficiently unless the power intrusted to the representative abroad were commensurate with his responsibility. He must have, and did have, a certain degree of independence. The details, the organization, had to be left in his hands. He was there for that purpose. It was for New York to say how much news and what kind of news was wanted, and how much money was to be spent. It was for London to act on these general instructions, to select correspondents, to regulate the collection and transmission of news, to be ready to arrange a special service at a moment's notice. The London delegate was to put himself in a position analogous to that of the manager of a London newspaper; to make contracts and conditional engagements long in advance; to know all that could be known about European telegraphs and steamships and railways and news agencies, and much else. He was so to order the affairs of the London office that the receipt of an instruction from New York should set in motion all these pent-up energies, just as the receipt of the "Krieg Mobil" from Berlin by a local commander set the German legions rolling towards the French frontier.

These are now the commonplaces of journalism, and the great news-collecting agencies of America have long acted on them, with modifications suited to their own purposes. But from 1866 to 1870 the truths now so obvious remained a sealed book. No other journal during that period followed the example of the *Tribune*. No other bureau was founded. In 1866 I had visited other European capitals to make such arrangements as were then thought necessary, had returned to London, chosen a man to take charge of the bureau there, set up and started the new machinery, and then returned to New York. I had been to Berlin to see the Berlin and Potsdam garrisons come home in triumph from the Austrian war, had seen Count Bismarck, as he then was, heard from him his story of the events that led to the war in which he had been the mainspring, and written a very incomplete account of that ever-memorable visit, which may some day be completed. Meantime the cable had been successfully laid, and I had sent, I believe, the first news message which went to New York by cable, relating to that check in the negotiations for peace which had for a moment stayed the homeward march of the Prussian armies, and threatened a renewal of hostilities. It was November when I went home and re-entered the office. In the spring of 1867 I again came abroad, this time to take charge of the London office for three years. Down to July, 1870, the existence of the office furnished frequent material to the American press for disparaging comment. Such work as it did was done very quietly, and the visible result was not, to the minds of most American journalists, sufficient to justify its existence. It had to wait for its chance, and the chance came in July, 1870.

Nobody has forgotten how sudden was the outbreak of the Franco-German war. Lord Hammond had declared a fortnight before that there was not a cloud in the European sky, and Lord Hammond was the permanent chief of the English Foreign Office. Journalism was as far astray as diplomacy. Mr. Delane, who then reigned and ruled in Printing House Square, was convinced that the peace of Europe would not be broken that year. If all stories be true, that belief cost him dear. There was nothing to show that New York saw any farther than London into the near future. The declaration of war took the world by surprise, Paris and Berlin perhaps excepted. Everywhere else the unreadiness was complete, and nowhere more so than in the great newspaper offices of Europe and America. The *Tribune*, which had by that time established itself comfortably in Pall Mall, was, so far as I can remember, no better informed of what was coming than any other journal. The difference between our position and others was simply that, when the war cloud broke, we were ready and others were not. After waiting a day or two to hear from New York and getting no message, I cabled Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who had succeeded Mr. Young as managing editor, for instructions. The answer

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came quickly enough, and contained an assurance that war news would be welcome. But where to get it? Mobilization had begun, and troops were in motion on both sides, but whither? It was not the custom, least of all in Berlin, to take the press into the confidence of the headquarters' staff. It became plain at once that even to obtain passes for correspondents would be no easy matter. The first application brought a peremptory refusal. It was thought that British officers might have a better chance of getting into relations with the German staff than civilians. The same idea occurred naturally to the English papers, but when the *Times* asked that leave should be granted a certain well-known officer, the War Office said no. He then came to us with an offer of his services if leave could be obtained. Mr. Cardwell was Secretary of State for War, and to him I went, armed with what I thought, and what was in fact, a very strong letter from an eminent personage who, both by his position and by his personal relations with Mr. Cardwell, was entitled to be heard, to say the least. Mr. Cardwell was good enough to see me and to listen to what I had to say. "But," he answered, "do you not know that we have already refused the *Times*, on the ground that an officer on leave would still be an officer, and that we should be responsible for him, and that we do not choose to be responsible for what may appear in an English newspaper?" I said yes, but suggested that the objection might have less force with reference to an American newspaper; that we were so far off, and news would be so long in coming back, that no harm was likely to be done, and that, in any case, nobody would think of a connection between the War Office and a New York newspaper. "It cannot be done," was the brief answer. I saw I was expected to accept it as final, but, as a last card, I mentioned the name of the writer of my letter of introduction, adding that I knew he was anxious the request should be granted. The great man looked at me with what I thought an equivocal expression on his official face, half vexed at my pertinacity, and half amused. "I should be only too happy," he said, "to oblige Mr. Motley, but does he think, or do you think, that we should concede to a New York journal what we have denied to the *Times* itself? Where should we be then?" And he wished me good-morning with a military manner. That is a good enough sample of the sort of difficulties which meet the journalist in Europe at every turn, and which in America are scarcely known. We had to do without our British officer, to his regret and to ours. Time pressed, and it was not possible to carry on long negotiations. The men who were waiting for German and French permits to join the armies were sent to the front with good letters, and with orders to go on till they were stopped, to put themselves into communication with the staffs, and to be governed by circumstances. A good man makes his way somehow in the confusion of an opening campaign, and two of them soon found their way to the leading columns, and others a little later. No journalist, however, was quick enough to see the battle of Worth. No newspaper, European or American, had an account of Marshal MacMahon's great defeat, save such as the military authorities chose to furnish, or as was picked up from outside gossip.

I come now to a part of my story which has always seemed to me full of interest, but by no means easy to tell with fulness. Even after so long an interval discretion is desirable. The matter was more or less public at the time, and gave rise to much comment, and more conjecture, generally rather wild. The true account has never been made known. I am aware of no reason why it should not be, nor of any interest of either of the two journals concerned which can now be affected unfavorably. Other journals have since followed the precedent then set. There is no longer anything to be gained by secrecy, and there is perhaps something to be gained by telling exactly what happened, and how the so-called alliance between the *Tribune* and the *Daily News* was brought about, and what the effect of it was. Not only to journalists did it seem important. It was thought worthy of mention by the great historian of the Crimean War. Mr. Kinglake says, "The success of that partnership for the purpose of war news which had been formed between one of our London newspapers and the New York *Tribune* was an era in the journalism of Europe."

It had become evident almost from the first day that any single American paper, no matter how well served in the field by its own correspondents, would be heavily handicapped by its want of access to the

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general news services which every great London journal had at its disposal. We could read it all next morning, but it was then of little use. Every journalist feels and knows that between to-day and to-morrow there are sometimes a thousand years. A piece of news may be worth anything to-day, and nothing to-morrow. We, moreover, had to act, and to act very often on conjecture, inference, and calculation, when, if we had been in connection with a good service, we might have acted on a certainty. Beside which, we wanted to know what news the agencies had, and what they had not; what would go to New York independently, and what we ourselves had exclusively; and many other things. Only a journalist knows the gulf that lies between the inside and the outside of a great newspaper office. Reflecting much on these matters, I finally went to Mr. Robinson, the manager of the *Daily News*, and laid my views before him. I told him frankly what we needed—that we asked nothing less than that he should put his office at our disposal, conceding to us the privilege of seeing news, proofs, and everything else, at all hours, whether relating to the war or otherwise. In return we offered him the results of our special service. I told him what we proposed, whom we were sending into the field, what our plans were, what we expected and hoped to accomplish. I pointed out to him that we had behind us the four years' experience of our own war, during which news had been collected on a scale and by methods before unknown, and I said we meant to apply the same or similar methods here, and to adapt our American practices to European fields. I said we were prepared to spend a good deal of money, and to use the telegraph far more freely than was the custom here, and in a different way. I explained that we did not propose the arrangement for the sake of economy, nor with any wish that either paper should reduce its expenses in reliance on the other. What I meant was that he, on his side, should organize his correspondence exactly as if we did not exist, that we, on our side, should do the same with ours, and that each journal should have the full benefit of the double service. All our telegrams and letters were to be supplied to him in duplicate on their way to New York, and his and ours were to be printed simultaneously in New York and London.

Mr. Robinson listened attentively to this statement, which seemed to make little impression on him, asked a few questions as if for civility's sake, and ended by rejecting my proposal altogether. He saw no advantage in it, he said, and could not perceive that the *Daily News* would gain anything of consequence by accepting it. I asked him if he would talk it over with the editor. He answered that it concerned him, and not the editor; it was within the manager's, not the editor's province. But I knew Mr. Frank Hill, the editor of this paper, and I asked Mr. Robinson if he had any objection to my talking the matter over myself with Mr. Hill. He said he had none, and to Mr. Hill I went, and put my proposal before him as I had before the manager. Mr. Frank Hill was an Englishman of a singularly open mind, with a flexibility and readiness of apprehension rare then and rare now. It was outside his editorial duties, but he grasped the points as they were stated, put a number of searching questions, the answers to which satisfied him, and said without hesitation that he would see Mr. Robinson and urge him to accept. He knew his way to Mr. Robinson's mind much better than I did, and the result of his intervention was that Mr. Robinson reconsidered the matter, and accepted what he had at first rejected.

Mr. Hill's sagacity was vindicated almost at once. Mr. Holt White, a *Tribune* correspondent, had pushed forward rapidly enough to see the first, or almost the first, engagement on the northeastern frontier of France, and, in pursuance of his instructions, telegraphed his account of that action direct to London—about a column altogether. That despatch marks the parting of the ways between the old and the new journalism of England—between the days when the telegraph was used only for short summaries of news and the days when despatches became letters, and everything of any real consequence, and much that was of none, was sent by wire. I am aware that this remark may not have a friendly reception in England, and may be thought, from one point of view, open to criticism. But it is strictly and literally true. The despatch reached me, in a somewhat mangled state, early in the evening. I wrote out a fair copy, with some conjectural emendations which foreign telegraph operators made necessary, and went with it to the *Daily News* office.

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Mr. Robinson had gone home and Mr. Hill had not come in. I asked to see the editor in charge, and I handed him the despatch. He knew but very imperfectly the agreement we had come to, and he did not know at all what to make of the despatch. He asked more than once if I meant to say that it had come by telegraph. I assured him it had. "The whole of it?" "Yes, the whole of it." He was incredulous. He remarked that it was not written on telegraphic forms. I told him I had myself copied it from the forms. He was perfectly polite, but he evidently wanted to see the forms; and as, anticipating some such question, I had brought them with me, I produced them. He looked at them as if I had produced a transcript from an Assyrian tablet. Finally he said he thought he might go so far as to have the despatch put in type, and Mr. Hill would determine what should be done with it. I had done my part, and I left. I confess I opened the *Daily News* next morning with curiosity. There was the despatch, and there was, moreover, a leading editorial, rather longer, I believe, than the despatch, commenting on it, and inviting the attention of the reader to this novel, and indeed entirely unprecedented, piece of enterprise in European war news.

From that time on there was no further question in Mr. Robinson's mind as to the value of the alliance with the *Tribune*. Despatches poured in. We were admirably served by the men we had with the French and German armies, and during that memorable six weeks which ended with the battle of Sedan the *Tribune* in New York and the *Daily News* in London were far ahead of all other journals. So much was admitted. From the beginning the alliance was useful to us for the reasons given above, but for a considerable time it was, if I may say so, still more useful to our partner. With the exception of the account of the battle of Gravelotte, the larger part of the war news was ours, and the system was ours. Mr. Robinson was a very capable man, but it took time to get his forces into working order. The time which other London managers required was still longer. In the end we profited largely by the service which Mr. Robinson created. We, at any rate, were well satisfied with the results of the alliance as a whole. It came to an end before the war was over, but for reasons which had nothing to do with its efficiency, and we parted on friendly terms. I do not think it will be denied that during those few months the position of the *Daily News* had greatly improved. Its circulation had increased. Its reputation had increased. The public is quick to discover which paper has the earliest and best intelligence. Its rivals are quicker still, and were forced to follow the example set them.

There is a great deal more to be said, but to-day I will describe only two events, both of which created no little sensation in their time. The first has to do with Sedan. The battle which was followed by the surrender of Sedan took place on Thursday, September 1st. It was not known in London till about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, when, or a little later, the London papers issued extra editions to announce it. At five o'clock that afternoon Mr. Holt White, who had witnessed the battle from the Prussian headquarters, arrived in London. He had instructions, in case of a great battle, not to wait to write out his account, but to make at once for the nearest telegraph office, telegraph if he could, and if not, come to London direct. He had left the Prussian headquarters when the battle was over, slept at Chevange, ridden next morning through the lines or outposts of three armies—Prussian, French, and Belgian—and reached Brussels, whence he expected to wire on his despatch, still unwritten. Going to the head telegraph office in Brussels, he was met by a point-blank refusal to accept the first brief message he handed in, announcing the total defeat of the French. It was not known in Brussels, it was not believed by the Belgian officials, and Mr. White was threatened with arrest as an impostor or spy. Escaping this peril, he took the first train to Calais, crossed the strait by special steamer, and came by special train to London, arriving more dead than alive, with his account still to be written. He began almost at once, and wrote till long past midnight. As his handwriting was not easily legible and time was precious, I copied sheet by sheet as he wrote, and my manuscript, with which the cable operators were familiar, was sent off in batches to the chief cable office in the city. The whole account, six columns long, was lodged in time for transmission to New York for next morning's paper. But

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there happened to be a break on the New Brunswick land lines. The result was that the *Tribune* received and printed next morning (Sunday) about one-third of the whole, as much more on Monday, and the remainder on Tuesday, when it published the whole. It was not till Tuesday that any London morning paper had any account from any special correspondent. Mr. White had outstripped his competitors by three days. He supplemented his story of the battle by an account of a conversation with Prince Bismarck four days before the battle, setting forth the Iron Chancellor's views as to the conditions of peace.

Meantime our correspondent with the French army inside Sedan, a French officer, M. Méjanel, arrived. He had been a prisoner of war, had escaped, and reached London Tuesday afternoon — a brilliant performance. His account of the battle from the French side, four columns long, went by cable that evening to New York, and was printed in the *Tribune* Wednesday morning, one day later than Mr. White's from the Prussian point of view. That is, I imagine, without precedent in the history of journalism. The battles in which a great empire went down had been fought 3000 miles away from New York, and within five days from the surrender of Napoleon, full and vivid narratives of the whole had appeared in the *Tribune*, filling ten columns of that paper. Nor was that all. On the same day had been published four or five columns from the *Tribune* correspondents in Paris, describing the fall of the Empire, the proclamation of the Republic, and the formation of the Provisional Government. The *Tribunes* of Tuesday and Wednesday were, as Mr. Greeley said, "mighty interesting reading." Altogether, our special cable despatches printed from Sunday to Wednesday, inclusive, exceeded sixteen columns, and as cable rates were then much higher than now, there was a very pretty bill to pay.

The other event relates to the surrender of Metz, which took place October 27th. A young German-American, Mr. Gustav Müller, had come to me some time before with a letter from Wendell Phillips, and I had sent him to the Prussians outside Metz. Upon the surrender, he made his way into the city and out of it, and came to London with the first, and for a long time the only, account of the capitulation, and of the state of things in the city and within the French lines, all extremely well done. It was cabled to New York, and published the same morning in the *Tribune* and in the *Daily News* in London. Next morning the *Times* copied it in full, saying—I quote from memory—"We are indebted to the *Daily News* for the following excellent account of the surrender of Metz, and we congratulate our contemporary on the enterprise and ability of its correspondent." That also was without precedent, and such a tribute from the *Times* made no little stir in the world of journalism. It is to be understood, of course, that both the *Tribune* and the *Daily News* regarded all these despatches and letters as common property, and neither credited them or any of them to the other. Very soon there grew up a legend about this Metz narrative. It was attributed to Mr. Archibald Forbes. No higher compliment could be paid to it or to its author. Mr. Forbes's renown was then in its early growth, but he was already widely known alike for the solidity and brilliancy and military value of his writing, and for his almost matchless energy in the field. He had nothing whatever to do with this Metz despatch, but it is no wonder that outsiders credited him with a particularly good and difficult piece of work. *On ne prête qu'aux riches.*

The sequel is an unravelled and probably impenetrable mystery. Mr. Gustav Müller was naturally elated with his success, and willing, I made no doubt, to repeat it. I asked him to return to his post at once; gave him, as was usual, a large sum of money; we said good-by, and he walked out of the office in Pall Mall. From that day to this I have never heard of nor from him. He vanished utterly into space. As he had every inducement to continue his career, I always supposed, and still suppose, that he was either shot in some skirmish, or murdered by some of the plundering bands always hanging on the rear of an army. The inquiries made at the time came to nothing, and it is too late to expect the secret to disclose itself, but I should still be much obliged to anybody who could give me a clue to the fate of Gustav Müller.

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STEP-BROTHERS TO DIVES.

A MORAL WITHOUT A STORY.

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS.

I.

"THERE must be a limit to charity." Henry Benedict's long white fingers smoothed his little pointed beard reflectively as he said it. "And the limit, in this case, is set by the collection-box."

Self-satisfaction is God's best gift to man, and Henry Benedict's plentiful endowment in this direction showed itself perhaps too plainly in his face. A lawyer of thirty-two, with a select though slender clientage, backed by an agreeable certainty in the shape of an inherited income, ten years more would place him in the list of "representative citizens." Also, he was a bachelor, which is God's best gift to woman. To insure him still more of divine and human favor, he was a man both religious and charitable, a warden of St. Emily's Church, with an interest in his poorer brethren only curbed by a judicious determination that his poorer brethren should not impose on him. This unusual combination of the qualities of a kind heart and a hard head had made him the unanimous choice when St. Emily's wanted a treasurer for its newly formed Indigent Relief Society. To-day an unfulfilled threat of rain had kept from the weekly meeting all but the reverend president, the secretary, the treasurer, and one other member, to whom he emphatically repeated, "There is a limit to charity."

"But this is such a needy case," said Pattie Lejeune, pleadingly.

Reflectiveness left Mr. Benedict's fingers for his face as he narrowed his gaze to hers. "Did you say a deserving case?" he asked.

"No," said Miss Lejeune, crisply, "I didn't. I said needy, which is our chief concern."

There was really only one thing to be said for Pattie Lejeune, Henry Benedict had long ago decided, and that was that she was pretty. For her name, it was some such atrocity as Patricia or Cleopatra, on which even the namby-pamby "Pattie" was an improvement; for her estate, she was poor, and had a cheerfully frank way of alluding to the subject, which seemed almost indelicate, and certainly painful, to a person who could do nothing to help it; for her character, he had heard it whispered in the Society—had even seen it proved in her own actions—that she was "injudicious" and indiscriminate in giving. Not all the dimples and devotion in the world could palliate this one sin, not all the inexperience and enthusiasm could excuse it, in Henry Benedict's eyes; and, the prejudice extending even to her protegees, he tried hard not to feel a sneaking sense of satisfaction at the rector's regretful words:

"We can't do anything this week, Miss Lejeune, I'm afraid. You just heard Mr. Benedict say that the past week's coal and provision bills have swallowed up all the ready cash, and we've cases ahead to swallow up all we are likely to get for a month to come."

"But a special appeal?" Miss Lejeune insinuated. "You remember that case last month—the church raised fifty dollars, and the family was not nearly so badly off as mine, and the husband drank, whereas mine"—she stopped in some confusion, while the effort to hide a smile went round, then continued, courageously—"hasn't touched a drop in ten years."

Undoubtedly Pattie Lejeune was very young. After it had been explained to her that two purses of fifty dollars each are not wrung out of the same church within a month's space, and Mrs. Montgomery, the secretary, had turned the empty treasury-box upside down in expressive answer to her hesitating "But haven't we actually—" the meeting broke up.

We may know a thing for a lifetime and not realize it till some sudden luminous moment. This is pre-eminently true of a man's realization of a woman's beauty. Henry Benedict, returning through the dusk for a forgotten account-book, had been aware for a year or more that Pattie Lejeune carried about with her a tumbled mass of shining hair, a pair of dark gray eyes like mountain lakes, and a complexion in which a faint suggestion of rose deepened or departed entirely in captivating dependency upon what was said to her. But his first distinct realization of it, together with his first sincere regret that she should not be more dis-

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criminating in her charity, came when he saw her standing in discouraged irresolution on the steps of the parish building.

"What did you say was the name of your case?" he asked, unwillingly.

"Nawson—No. 119 Penn Street, back garret. They've no food, no fire, and everything in pawn except the children. If you could see for yourself, Mr. Benedict—" She broke off rather lamely: "I never saw a needier case."

"Don't you think, though, that they could get along with less than fifty dollars?" He was struggling valiantly with his prejudice against the insatiable Nawsons.

"They're doing that now"—with a gleam of humor. "Of course it wouldn't take fifty dollars to help them out of their present troubles; it *would* take that much to *keep* them out, as we did with that other poor family—to give them a little freedom from the racking uncertainty as to where to-morrow's bread will come from—have any of us ever felt that, Mr. Benedict?—and the unaccustomed luxury of having enough. That's the difference between living somehow and living. But we seldom see it so; less than enough is as good as a feast—for our step-brother Lazarus."

Then it was that Henry Benedict and Pattie Lejeune were both surprised at some words which seemed to utter themselves, choosing the treasurer of the Indigent Relief Society as their mouth-piece: "While Dives fares sumptuously every day—true enough. Maybe I'll look up your Nawsons; then we shall see what we shall see."

With which dark prophecy he turned with some words of good-night greeting, for which he was wholly responsible this time, and purposely waited in the darkness to take the car which did *not* swallow up the shabby, stylish little hat and mackintosh which enveloped all that was earthly and heavenly of Miss Pattie Lejeune.

II.

"Our step-brother Lazarus!"

Pattie Lejeune's witty words (he was beginning to think her witty, which is the first position for— But that has nothing to do with the subject) haunted Benedict with unpleasant pertinacity as he toiled down three flights of sunken, splintered stairs, which the wavering streaks of light from a forlorn candle end on the window-sill showed fairly polished with the accumulated grease and grime of years. The ménage Nawson, at the top of flight three, had given him a sense of mental and moral nausea as unaccustomed as unwelcome. He was wont to permit himself no profitless sentimentalities in his charitable visits; either the case was undeserving and to be ignored, or it was deserving, and then something could be done about it. To-day his soul sickened in him at a new and horrifying realization that nothing, in the wider sense, *could* be done; that the undeservingness of the case, so far from dismissing the problem, but pressed it harder; that when he had given the coal-ticket or basket of provisions or settled the month's rent for even the deserving one, the next month brought the same need of the same charity to the same person; and that if he bestowed all his goods on the poor and gave his body to be burned, it was nothing, for there would still be unhelped, unreached, unknown thousands to carry out this same ghastly mockery of existence.

Mrs. Nawson, consumptive, sad-eyed, but cleaner than might have been expected, with the latest baby (there always was a latest) sucking, with a face of wan contentment, at the empty bottle given him "to quiet his worriting"; Mary Nawson, sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued, dingily pretty, whom her mother bemoaned as having "no chance to come to any good"; the children, six of them, squalid, scrawny, hungry-faced; and Tim Nawson himself, "the indirect cause of all this misery," thought Benedict, grimly—really he was getting as caustic as Miss Lejeune—bowed and stolid, doomed at forty-two, by a slow gray film creeping over his eyes, which meant that his seeing and working days were numbered—were none of them more pitiful "cases" (a sudden loathing for the word arose in him) than dozens of others that he had encountered. This very fact, however, only made matters worse. It was monstrous, it was infamous, that human beings should live in this repellent destitution and dreariness and vice; in the moment's poignant distress it did not comfort him to think that he was not one of the human beings. Suppose it were his blood-brother, or Pattie Lejeune—or, of course, any other girl—would he suffer it? He a church-warden—warden of what, if not these

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sheep which "fainted, and were scattered abroad, as having no shepherd"?

In the same breath with these thoughts it was no surprise to meet Miss Lejeune in the doorway. Scarce giving her time for a bewildered explanation of her presence—"I brought some things for them from home"—and vouchsafing none for his, he blurted out, taking great gulps of the cold air as it blew fresh across the threshold: "See here, Miss Lejeune. I'll give you that fifty dollars—check or cash, whichever you say."

The gladness which he guessed at but could not see in her face crept into her voice in a delighted little quiver: "Oh, Mr. Benedict, I felt you would!"

"More than I felt," thought Benedict to himself, with a smile, as he waited in the vestibule for her descent, having found fresh proof of her injudiciousness in the fact that she had not only come there alone in the dark, but expected to return unattended also. Speculations—idle, of course, perfectly idle—came up in his mind as to whether such injudiciousness did not require some man, of unformulated identity, to look after it. "Certainly he would see her home;" and would most inconsistently have forgiven her lack of judgment in inviting him inside, which she did not do. All the way thither they talked Nawson, Benedict characteristically insisting that Miss Lejeune dispense only half the money to her protégés, reserving the other twenty-five until after that was gone.

"So large a sum might dazzle them, you know."

"I know it would dazzle *me*," interpolated Pattie; whereat Benedict winced, and continued:

"There would be every temptation to thriftlessness."

Just why Miss Lejeune smiled to herself so suddenly in answer to this was so interesting a problem to Benedict that when, with head down-bent, he stumbled into a crowd of gazers before a newspaper bulletin-board, he would not have looked up but for the casual remark of one man:

"Great, that about the Traders' National, isn't it?"

A cold fear, of a kind he had never felt before, palsied Benedict's tongue. In the widely known and trusted Traders' National Bank of the neighboring country town wherein he had been born and bred lay the snug little income that he owed to a father's thrift. Fear pricked his imagination to outrun his eyes, and in the second before the staring letters on the board formed themselves into intelligible words, he had seen himself plucked bare by fortune of all but the paltry stipend his incidental clients brought him; pinched, debt-ridden, worn threadbare in soul and body in the effort to keep them together. "A step-brother to Dives indeed," he thought, with a dull sickness at his heart, as a swift startled glance upward confirmed his fears.

The Traders' National had failed.

III.

"DEAR MISS LEJEUNE,—I am sure you will understand my position and my regret when I tell you that I am obliged to recall the promise which I made you of a check—"

This and a number of interesting variations on it lay strewn on Henry Benedict's office table the next morning. As with all the others, a frown and a disdainful flick of the finger cut it short at this stage of completion.

"Mustn't use up paper at this rate, now I'm a pauper," muttered Benedict, who did not look as if he and Morpheus were on very good terms. "Here goes positively the last attempt:

"MY DEAR MISS LEJEUNE,—A sudden change in my financial affairs, necessitating ready money—

"Pshaw! I can't do it, and have her think me mean. Besides, they need fifty dollars more than I do. You needn't call yourself a pauper, Henry Benedict, or anything near so foolish; you've enough to live on, by strict economy and giving up nearly everything you care for (wonder if that's how Pattie Lejeune does?) and your step-brothers haven't. 'For with such sacrifices God is well pleased;' yes, that fifty will do them too much good and me too little for me to back out now."

The result was that two ten-dollar bills and a five were sent that morning in a registered letter to Miss Lejeune's address, and the church-warden of St. Emily's then set himself to the forlorn and unaccustomed task of retrenchment. For two or three days he kept unwontedly strict hours at his snug little office, and realized as never before how few and far between were the profitable visitors therein; for two or three days he realized as never before the difficulty of drawing a hard and fast line be-

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tween luxuries and necessities. It would be a dismal joke, he reflected, if Miss Le— if the members of the Indigent Relief Society could know the reluctance with which car rides, restaurant dinners, boutonnières, magazines, theatres, and so forth, were relegated to the former class by the prudent and judicious Henry Benedict. After half a week spent in industrious study of the sweet uses of adversity, an idea struck him. He would treat himself to a luxury which cost nothing—go down to the Nawsons of Penn Street, and see how they were getting along, now that their miseries had been alleviated by the gift which he had never regretted after it once had left his hand. And possibly Pattie Lejeune— But nonsense; she didn't live there.

The same crooked, evil-smelling halls, the same treacherous staircases, the same dispirited thumb's-end of candle to light them; but the thought of one "good deed in a naughty world," of which he was the author, put buoyancy into Benedict's step. By the enforced self-denial of the past few days he could dimly guess at the slow consuming bitterness of an existence thus leaden-weighted by poverty.

"Fifty dollars well spent," he murmured—then stopped, surprised, before the door of the Nawson domicile. Through the crack came jerky sounds from some sort of instrument of torture which drowned his polite rap. He pushed open the door and walked in unheard. The room's only occupant was a small sharp-faced Nawson, who, seated in front of a dilapidated harmonium, clawed out of the dingy keys something sufficiently approximating music to make her throw back her head in an open-mouthed ecstasy which completed an already pronounced resemblance to a young bird.

"St. Cecilia," thought Benedict, with a twist of the mouth. Travelling round the room, his quick eye noted no improvement on the dirt and squalor and disorder save a few gaudy fans tricked out in tinsel and ribbons, which brightened the smeary walls. But—

"What are these?"

He asked it out loud in his astonishment. From the shelf of the one broken-down bureau the whole Nawson family grinned impudently at his discomfiture from a row of imperial-sized photographs—Nawson in a glory of apparel which he was some moments in discovering to be shed by gorgeous hats of lace and velvet which nodded over the heads of the feminine representation of the family, who smirked in self-satisfaction which apparently took no cognizance of the sharp contrast between this sleazy finery and the forlorn habiliments of the rest of their persons.

The spiderlike figure darted off the piano-stool to his side. "Phuttergraphs," she explained, happily. "Ain't they grand? We all got 'em the day we got our new hats and—"

The glib tongue stopped as a vision of pink and white and blue grace appeared in the doorway—Pattie Lejeune in a gown of fur-trimmed blue. A swift forward motion of surprise when she saw him, a backward step as swift and surprised when she caught sight of the gallery of grinning faces, and she gasped out his own question—

"Why, what are these?"

"These are phuttergraphs," said he, grimly. He hated himself for the mean little feeling of triumph which flared up, to die forever, as Pattie Lejeune, her quick woman's eye taking in the situation, did a thing which he had always dimly felt she did on critical occasions—put her hands up to her face and burst into tears.

Benedict called himself a fool, prefacing it with a most unchurchwardenly adjective, and then proceeded to prove it by kneeling on the dirty floor—yes, actually kneeling, and to Miss Lejeune—and completing his self-analysis by telling her that he was a brute and she mustn't cry. Her distressed sobs did not cease, however, until the sound of steps at the door made him hastily resume the normal attitude of the human biped. The rest of the Nawsons trooped jubilantly in, Nawson *père* at their head, a pitcher in his hand, whose contents, all too evident to the experienced nostrils of the two members of the Indigent Relief Society, suggested that his ten years' abstinence had been broken.

"Where's your wife?" asked Pattie Lejeune, sharply. She seemed suddenly to have become mistress of ceremonies.

"Here, Miss Lejeune," said a guilty voice under a befeathered bonnet.

"What does this mean—the harmonium, and—and everything? Is your rent paid? How much have you spent?"

She poured out the questions in an indignant volley, her great gray eyes compelling something like shame into her

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protégée's tones as she answered, deprecatingly:

"'Twas such a bargain, Miss Lejeune, dear, and Katie crazy to learn to play. Only two dollars and a half. Then after we'd paid an instalment on the rent—three-fifty we give Mr. Casey, and he was very obliging, and said it would do for a week or two—you could see for yourself, Miss Lejeune, we needed some clothes."

"But not such clothes," said Pattie.

"Seems to me you've got fur on yourself, miss," said Tim Nawson, roughly.

This was too much. Ingratitude and thriftlessness were always to be expected of the poor, but when it came to impudence it was time to assert one's self, and Henry Benedict asserted himself in a brief speech whose clemency surprised even himself. He reminded them that some one had worked, and saved, and perhaps denied himself for the money they were throwing away with criminal thoughtlessness, and asked them what they expected to do for food and coal and clothing during the coming month or two, when the exercise of thrift would have left them well provided. And all through his speech he himself was listening to a counter-sermon which spoke eloquently from the beady eyes of Mary Nawson, the sullen, resentful ones of her half-tipsy father, and from the limpid eyes of Pattie Lejeune alike.

"By what right," asked the tormenting voice, choosing its phrases out of the current cant of socialism, whose logic was abhorrent to him as a lawyer and whose ethics as a pietist—"do you reserve for yourself the human longing for purple and fine linen and sumptuous fare, and find fault with your brothers, cast in the same mould, for gratifying the same longing when the lifetime's chance comes for them to do it? 'Thrift?' Where should they learn it, and why? Other people's money is all they get, and when this is gone they will either get more, or else will be no worse off in hunger and wretchedness than before, and the better for this brief snatch at the good things of life, which Lazarus never learns to leave sacred to Dives."

"They mighter all died, like my little Janey did, and me have no picture to remember 'em by," said Mrs. Nawson, in self-palliation at this juncture. "And you see for yourself, sir, what an air the melodgeon gives the room."

Pattie Lejeune looked penitence for a sudden irrepressible smile, and Benedict saw himself more clearly than ever a callous, unsympathetic wretch without imagination—"By Jove! not so much as these poor creatures have"—and Miss Lejeune—yes, positively she was an angel.

The pathos of the whole thing, and the hopelessness of the problem involved, smote him, together with a dim sense of some humor lurking in the situation, and when on the way home that unhappy young philanthropist informed him with tragic emphasis that the Nawsons had held a party the night before, and enjoyed for once the pleasures of having hospitality to dispense, he actually smiled before quietly remarking,

"They will never forget this week, I suppose."

"I sha'n't, I'm sure," said the angel, with downcast eyes, which sought the ground still more diligently when Benedict observed, with something like fervor, that he didn't want to forget it, and then left her, to go home to a lonely meal in a cheap eating-house.

The next day Pattie Lejeune, sitting in subdued and red-eyed meditation on her extreme injudiciousness, received a twenty-five-dollar check enclosed in a note signed "H. B.," which informed her with businesslike brevity that here was the balance of the fund held in trust for the Nawsons, and added, with a mildness which brought a twinkle into the still tearful eyes, "I think, however, it would be best for you to buy the supplies and attend to the other expenditure of the amount." Whereupon Miss Lejeune's remarks, if reported, would indicate that she was not the only angel in the world.

Then, after the Traders' National had, with a delightfully unexpected promptness, recommenced making payments, and the members of the Indigent Relief Society had become accustomed to the shock of seeing their treasurer hurry through his notes and accounts that he might walk home with Miss Lejeune, Henry Benedict conducted her to her door on one of these occasions, and instead of ringing the bell said, "Miss Lejeune!" and finding no objection raised to that remark, went on, with unwonted nervousness:

"I want you to become a step-sister—"

"To Dives? That's just what I am."

"No, to Lazarus—by marriage."

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MY FIRST VISIT TO NEW ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Fourth Part.

XIII.

I MUST have lingered in Boston for the introduction to Hawthorne which Lowell had offered me, for when it came, with a little note of kindness and counsel for myself such as only Lowell had the gift of writing, it was already so near Sunday that I staid over till Monday before I started. I do not recall what I did with the time, except keep myself from making it a burden to the people I knew, and wandering about the city alone. Nothing of it remains to me except the fortune that favored me that Sunday night with a view of the old Granary Burying-ground on Tremont Street. I found the gates open, and I explored every path in the place, wreaking myself in such meagre emotion as I could get from the tomb of the Franklin family, and rejoicing with the whole soul of my Western modernity in the evidence of a remote antiquity which so many of the dim inscriptions afforded. I do not think that I have ever known anything practically older than these monuments, though I have since supped so full of classic and mediæval ruin. I am sure that I was more deeply touched by the epitaph of a poor little Puritan maiden who died at sixteen in the early sixteen-thirties than by the tomb of Cæcilia Metella, and that the heartache which I tried to put into verse when I got back to my room in the hotel was none the less genuine because it would not lend itself to my literary purpose, and remains nothing but pathos to this day.

I am not able to say how I reached the town of Lowell, where I went before going to Concord, that I might ease the unhappy conscience I had about those factories which I hated so much to see, and have it clean for the pleasure of meeting the fabricator of visions whom I was authorized to molest in any air-castle where I might find him. I only know that I went to Lowell, and visited one of the great mills, which with their whirring spools, the ceaseless flight of their shuttles, and the bewildering sight and sound of all their mechanism have since seemed to me the death of the joy that ought to come from work, if not the captivity of those who tended them. But then I thought it right and well for me to be standing by,

> "With sick and scornful looks averse,"

while these others toiled; I did not see the tragedy in it, and I got my pitiful literary antipathy away as soon as I could, no wiser for the sight of the ingenious contrivances I inspected, and I am sorry to say no sadder. In the cool of the evening I sat at the door of my hotel, and watched the long files of the work-worn factory-girls stream by, with no concern for them but to see which was pretty and which was plain, and with no dream of a truer order than that which gave them ten hours' work a day in those hideous mills and lodged them in the barracks where they rested from their toil.

XIV.

I wonder if there is a stage that still runs between Lowell and Concord, past meadow walls, and under the caressing boughs of way-side elms, and through the bird-haunted gloom of woodland roads, in the freshness of the summer morning? By a blessed chance I found that there was such a stage in 1860, and I took it from my hotel, instead of going back to Boston and up to Concord as I must have had to do by train. The journey gave me the intimacy of the New England country as I could have had it in no other fashion, and for the first time I saw it in all the summer sweetness which I have often steeped my soul in since. The meadows were newly mown, and the air was fragrant with the grass, stretching in long winrows among the brown bowlders, or capped with canvas in the little hay-cocks it had been gathered into the day before. I was fresh from the affluent farms of the Western Reserve, and this care of the grass touched me with a rude pity, which I also bestowed on the meagre fields of corn and wheat; but still the land was lovelier than any I had ever seen, with its old farm-houses, and brambled gray stone walls, its stony hillsides, its staggering orchards, its wooded

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tops, and its thick-brackened valleys. From West to East the difference was as great as I afterwards found it from America to Europe, and my impression of something quaint and strange was no keener when I saw Old England the next year than when I saw New England now. I had imagined the landscape bare of trees, and I was astonished to find it almost as full of them as at home, though they all looked very little, as they well might to eyes used to the primeval forests of Ohio. The road ran through them from time to time, and took their coolness on its smooth hard reaches, and then issued again in the glisten of the open fields.

I made phrases to myself about the scenery as we drove along; and yes, I suppose I made phrases about the young girl who was one of the inside passengers, and who, when the common strangeness had somewhat worn off, began to sing, and sang most of the way to Concord. Perhaps she was not very sage, and I am sure she was not of the caste of Vere de Vere, but she was pretty enough, and she had a voice of a birdlike tunableness, so that I would not have her out of the memory of that pleasant journey if I could. She was long ago an elderly woman, if she lived, and I suppose she would not now point out her fellow-passenger if he strolled in the evening by the house where she had dismounted, upon her arrival in Concord, and laugh and pull another girl away from the window, in the high excitement of the prodigious adventure.

XV.

Her fellow-passenger was in far other excitement; he was to see Hawthorne, and in a manner to meet Priscilla and Zenobia, and Hester Prynne and little Pearl, and Miriam and Hilda, and Hollingsworth and Coverdale, and Chillingworth and Dimmesdale, and Donatello and Kenyon; and he had no heart for any such poor little reality as that, who could not have been got into any story that one could respect, and must have been difficult even in a Heinesque poem.

I wasted that whole evening and the next morning in fond delaying, and it was not until after the indifferent dinner I got at the tavern where I stopped, that I found courage to go and present Lowell's letter to Hawthorne. I would almost have foregone meeting the weird genius only to have kept that letter, for it said certain infinitely precious things of me with such a sweetness, such a grace as Lowell alone could give his praise. Years afterwards, when Hawthorne was dead, I met Mrs. Hawthorne, and told her of the pang I had in parting with it, and she sent it me, doubly enriched by Hawthorne's keeping. But now if I were to see him at all I must give up my letter, and I carried it in my hand to the door of the cottage he called The Wayside. It was never otherwise than a very modest place, but the modesty was greater then than to-day, and there was already some preliminary carpentry at one end of the cottage, which I saw was to result in an addition to it. I recall pleasant fields across the road before it; behind rose a hill wooded with low pines, such as is made in Septimius Felton the scene of the involuntary duel between Septimius and the young British officer. I have a sense of the woods coming quite down to the house, but if this was so I do not know what to do with a grassy slope which seems to have stretched part way up the hill. As I approached, I looked for the tower which the author was fabled to climb into at sight of the coming guest, and pull the ladder up after him; and I wondered whether he would fly before me in that sort, or imagine some easier means of escaping me.

The door was opened to my ring by a tall handsome boy whom I suppose to have been Mr. Julian Hawthorne; and the next moment I found myself in the presence of the romancer, who entered from some room beyond. He advanced carrying his head with a heavy forward droop, and with a pace for which I decided that the word would be *pondering*. It was the pace of a bulky man of fifty, and his head was that beautiful head we all know from the many pictures of it. But Hawthorne's *look* was different from that of any picture of him that I have seen. It was sombre and brooding, as the look of such a poet should have been; it was the look of a man who had dealt faithfully and therefore sorrowfully with that problem of evil which forever attracted, forever evaded Hawthorne. It was by no means troubled; it was full of a dark repose. Others who knew him better and saw him oftener were familiar with other aspects, and I remember that one night at Longfellow's table, when one

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THE GRANARY BURYING-GROUND, BOSTON.

of the guests happened to speak of the photograph of Hawthorne which hung in a corner of the room, Lowell said, after a glance at it, "Yes, it's good; but it hasn't his fine *accipitral* look."

In the face that confronted me, however, there was nothing of keen alertness; but only a sort of quiet, patient intelligence, for which I seek the right word in vain. It was a very regular face, with beautiful eyes; the mustache, still entirely dark, was dense over the fine mouth. Hawthorne was dressed in black, and he had a certain effect which I remember, of seeming to have on a black cravat with no visible collar. He was such a man that if I had ignorantly met him anywhere I should have instantly felt him to be a personage.

I must have given him the letter myself, for I have no recollection of parting with it before, but I only remember his offering me his hand, and making me shyly and tentatively welcome. After a few moments of the demoralization which followed his hospitable attempts in me, he asked if I would not like to go up on his hill with him and sit there, where he smoked in the afternoon. He offered me a cigar, and when I said that I did not smoke, he lighted it for himself, and we climbed the hill together. At the top, where there was an outlook in the pines over the Concord meadows, we found a log, and he invited me to a place on it beside him, and at intervals of a minute or so he talked while he smoked. Heaven preserved me from the folly of trying to tell him how much his books had been to me, and though we got on rapidly at no time, I think we got on better for this interposition. He asked me about Lowell, I dare say, for I told him of my joy in meeting him and Dr. Holmes, and this seemed greatly to interest him. Perhaps because he was so lately from Europe, where our great men are always seen through the wrong end of the tel-

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escope, he appeared surprised at my devotion, and asked me whether I cared as much for meeting them as I should care for meeting the famous English authors. I professed that I cared much more, though whether this was true, I now have my doubts, and I think Hawthorne doubted it at the time. But he said nothing in comment, and went on to speak generally of Europe and America. He was curious as to the West, which he seemed to fancy much more purely American, and said he would like to see some part of the country on which the shadow, or, if I must be precise, the damned shadow, of Europe had not fallen. I told him I thought the West must finally be characterized by the Germans, whom we had in great numbers, and, purely from my zeal for German poetry, I tried to allege some proofs of their present influence, though I could think of none outside of politics, which I thought they affected wholesomely. I knew Hawthorne was a Democrat, and I felt it well to touch politics lightly, but he had no more to say about the fateful election then pending than Holmes or Lowell had.

With the abrupt transition of his talk throughout, he began somehow to speak of women, and said he had never seen a woman whom he thought quite beautiful. In the same way he spoke of the New England temperament, and suggested that the apparent coldness in it was also real, and that the suppression of emotion for generations would extinguish it at last. Then he questioned me as to my knowledge of Concord, and whether I had seen any of the notable people. I answered that I had met no one but himself, as yet, but I very much wished to see Emerson and Thoreau. I did not think it needful to say that I wished to see Thoreau quite as much because he had suffered in the cause of John Brown as because he had written the books which had taken me; and when he said that Thoreau prided himself on coming nearer the heart of a pine-tree than any other human being, I could say honestly enough that I would rather come near the heart of a man. This visibly pleased him, and I saw that it did not displease him, when he asked whether I was not going to see his next neighbor Mr. Alcott, and I confessed that I had never heard of him. That surprised as well as pleased him; he remarked, with whatever intention, that there was nothing like recognition to make a man modest; and he entered into some account of the philosopher, whom I suppose I need not be much ashamed of not knowing then, since his influence was of the immediate sort that makes a man important to his townsmen while he is still strange to his countrymen.

HAWTHORNE.

Hawthorne descanted a little upon the landscape, and said certain of the pleasant fields below us belonged to him; but he preferred his hill-top, and if he could have his way those arable fields should be grown up to pines too. He smoked fitfully, and

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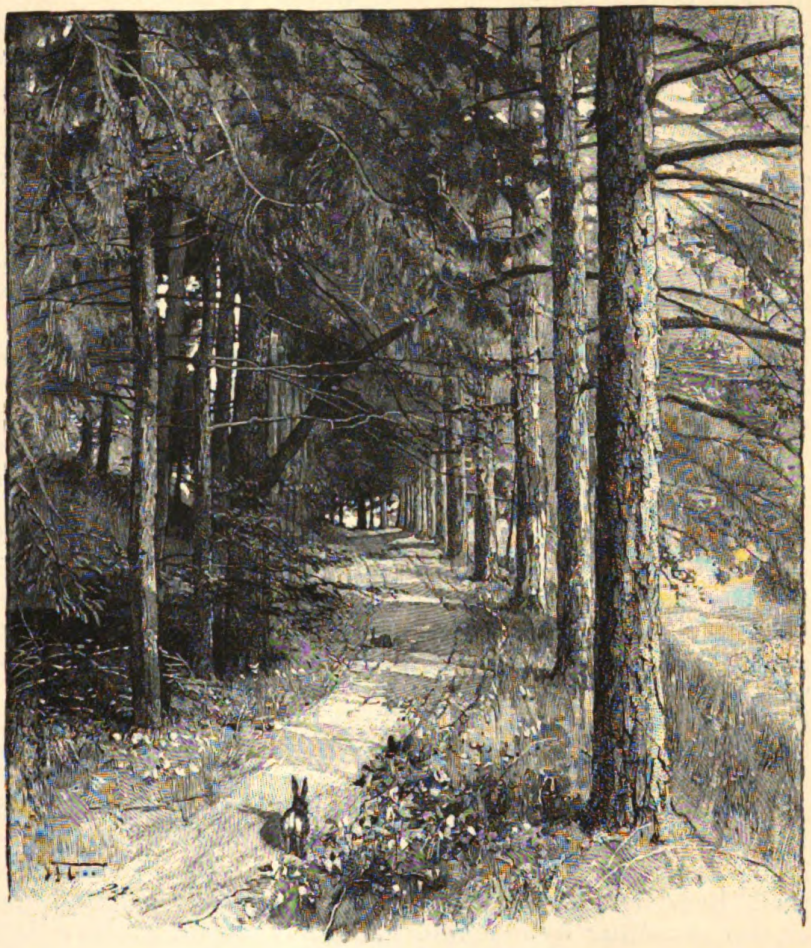
slowly, and in the hour that we spent together, his whiffs were of the desultory and unfinal character of his words. When we went down, he asked me into his house again, and would have me stay to tea, for which we found the table laid. But there was a great deal of silence in it all, and at times, in spite of his shadowy kindness, I felt my spirits sink. After tea, he showed me a bookcase, where there were a few books toppling about on the half-filled shelves, and said, coldly, "This is my library." I knew that men were his books, and though I myself cared for books so much, I found it fit and fine that he should care so little, or seem to care so little. Some of his own romances were among the volumes on these shelves, and when I put my finger on the Blithedale Romance and said that I preferred that to the others, his face lighted up, and he said that he believed the Germans liked that best too.



LARCH WALK, WAYSIDE.
Trees planted by Hawthorne between Alcott's House and Wayside.

Upon the whole we parted such good friends that when I offered to take leave he asked me how long I was to be in Concord, and not only bade me come to see him again, but said he would give me a card to Emerson, if I liked. I answered, of course, that I should like it beyond all things; and he wrote on the back of his card something which I found, when I got away, to be, "I find this young man worthy." The quaintness, the little stiffness of it, if one pleases to call it so, was amusing to one who was not without his sense of humor, but the kindness filled him to the throat with joy. In fact, I entirely liked Hawthorne. He had been as cordial as so shy a man could show himself; and I perceived, with the repose that nothing else can give, the entire sincerity of his soul.

Nothing could have been farther from the behavior of this very great man than any sort of posing, apparently, or a wish to affect me with a sense of his greatness. I saw that he was as much abashed by our encounter as I was; he was visibly shy to the point of discomfort, but in no ignoble sense was he conscious, and as nearly as he could with one so much his younger he made an absolute equality between us. My memory of him is without alloy one of the finest pleasures of my life. In my heart I paid him the same glad homage that I paid Lowell and Holmes, and he did nothing to make me think that I had overpaid him. This seems perhaps very little to say in his praise, but to my mind it is saying everything, for I have known but few great men, especially of those I met in early life, when I wished

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to lavish my admiration upon them, whom I have not the impression of having left in my debt. Then, a defect of the Puritan quality, which I have found in many New-Englanders, is that, wittingly or unwittingly, they propose themselves to you as an example, or if not quite this, that they surround themselves with a subtle ether of potential disapprobation, in which, at the first sign of unworthiness in you, they helplessly suffer you to gasp and perish; they have good hearts, and they would probably come to your succor out of humanity, if they knew how, but they do not know how. Hawthorne had nothing of this about him; he was no more tacitly than he was explicitly didactic. I thought him as thoroughly in keeping with his romances as Dr. Holmes had seemed with his essays and poems, and I met him as I had met the Autocrat in the supreme hour of his fame. He had just given the world the last of those incomparable works which it was to have finished from his hand; the Marble Faun had worthily followed, at a somewhat longer interval than usual, the Blithedale Romance, and the House of Seven Gables, and the Scarlet Letter, and had perhaps carried his name higher than all the rest, and certainly farther. Everybody was reading it, and more or less bewailing its indefinite close, but yielding him that full honor and praise which a writer can hope for but once in his life. Nobody dreamed that thereafter only precious fragments, sketches more or less faltering, though all with the divine touch in them, were further to enrich a legacy which in its kind is the finest the race has received from any mind. We are always finding new Hawthornes, but the illusion soon wears away, and then we perceive that they were not Hawthornes at all; that he had some peculiar difference from them, which, by-and-by, we shall no doubt consent must be his difference from all men evermore.

I am painfully aware that I have not summoned before the reader the image of the man as it has always stood in my memory, and I feel a sort of shame for my failure. He was so altogether simple that it seems as if it would be easy to do so; but perhaps a spirit from the other world would be simple too, and yet would no more stand at parle, or consent to be sketched, than Hawthorne. In fact, he was always more or less merging into the shadow, which was in a few years wholly to close over him; there was nothing uncanny in his presence, there was nothing even unwilling, but he had that apparitional quality of some great minds which kept Shakespeare largely unknown to those who thought themselves his intimates, and has at last left him a sort of doubt. There was nothing teasing or wilfully elusive in Hawthorne's impalpability, such as I afterward felt in Thoreau; if he was not there to your touch, it was no fault of his; it was because your touch was dull, and wanted the use of contact with such natures. The hand passes through the veridical phantom without a sense of its presence, but the phantom is none the less veridical for all that.

XVI.

I kept the evening of the day I met Hawthorne wholly for the thoughts of him, or rather for that reverberation which continues in the young senses and sensibilities after some important encounter. It must have been the next morning that I went to find Thoreau, and I am dimly aware of making one or two failures to find him, if I ever really found him at all.

He is an author who has fallen into that abeyance, awaiting all authors, great or small, at some time or another; but I think that with him, at least in regard to his most important book, it can be only transitory. I have not read the story of his hermitage beside Walden Pond since the year 1858, but I have a fancy that if I should take it up now, I should think it a wiser and truer conception of the world than I thought it then. It was no solution of the problem; men are not going to answer the riddle of the painful earth by building themselves shanties and living upon beans and watching ant-fights; but I do not believe Tolstoy himself has more clearly shown the hollowness, the hopelessness, the unworthiness of the life of the world than Thoreau did in that book. If it were newly written it could not fail of a far vaster acceptance than it had then, when to those who thought and felt seriously it seemed that if slavery could only be controlled, all things else would come right of themselves with us. Slavery has not only been controlled, but it has been destroyed, and yet things have not begun to come right with us; but it was in the order of Providence that chattel slavery should cease before industrial

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slavery, and the infinitely crueler and stupider vanity and luxury bred of it, should be attacked. If there was then any prevision of the struggle now at hand, the seers averted their eyes, and strove only to cope with the less evil. Thoreau himself, who had so clear a vision of the falsity and folly of society as we still have it, threw himself into the tide that was already, in Kansas and Virginia, reddened with war; he aided and abetted the John Brown raid, I do not recall how much or in what sort; and he had suffered in prison for his opinions and actions. It was this inevitable heroism of his that, more than his literature even, made me wish to see him and revere him; and I do not believe that I should have found the veneration difficult, when at last I met him in his insufficient person, if he had otherwise been present to my glowing expectation. He came into the room a quaint, stump figure of a man, whose effect of long trunk and short limbs was heightened by his fashionless trousers being let down too low. He had a noble face, with tossed hair, a distraught eye, and a fine aquilinity of profile, which made me think at once of Don Quixote and of Cervantes; but his nose failed to add that foot to his stature which Lamb says a nose of that shape will always give a man. He tried to place me geographically after he had given me a chair not quite so far off as Ohio, though still across the whole room, for he sat against one wall, and I against the other; but apparently he failed to pull himself out of his revery by the effort, for he remained in a dreamy muse, which all my attempts to say something fit about John Brown and Walden Pond seemed only to deepen upon him. I have not the least doubt that I was needless and valueless about both, and that what I said could not well have prompted an important response; but I did my poor best, and I was terribly disappointed in the result. The truth is that in those days I was a helplessly concrete young person, and all forms of the abstract, the air-drawn, afflicted me like physical discomforts. I do not remember that Thoreau spoke of his books or of himself at all, and when he began to speak of John Brown, it was not the warm, palpable, loving, fearful old man of my conception, but a sort of John Brown type, a John Brown ideal, a

A NEW ENGLAND LANDSCAPE.

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THOREAU.

John Brown principle, which we were somehow (with long pauses between the vague, orphic phrases) to cherish, and to nourish ourselves upon.

It was not merely a defeat of my hopes, it was a rout, and I felt myself so scattered over the field of thought that I could hardly bring my forces together for retreat. I must have made some effort, vain and foolish enough, to rematerialize my old demigod, but when I came away it was with the feeling that there was very little more left of John Brown than there was of me. His body was not mouldering in the grave, neither was his soul marching on; his ideal, his type, his principle alone existed, and I did not know what to do with it. I am not blaming Thoreau; his words were addressed to a far other understanding than mine, and it was my misfortune if I could not profit by them. I think, or I venture to hope, that I could profit better by them now; but in this record I am trying honestly to report their effect with the sort of youth I was then.

XVII.

Such as I was, I rather wonder that I had the courage, after this experiment of Thoreau, to present the card Hawthorne had given me to Emerson. I must have gone to him at once, however, for I cannot make out any interval of time between my visit to the disciple and my visit to the master. I think it was Emerson himself who opened his door to me, for I have a vision of the fine old man standing tall on his threshold, with the card in his hand, and looking from it to me with a vague serenity, while I waited a moment on the door-step below him. He would then have been about sixty, but I remember nothing of age in his aspect, though I have called him an old man. His hair, I am sure, was still entirely dark, and his face had a kind of marble youthfulness, chiselled to a delicate intelligence by the highest and noblest thinking that any man has done. There was a strange charm in Emerson's eyes, which I felt then and always, something like that I saw in Lincoln's, but shyer, but sweeter and less sad. His smile was the very sweetest I have ever beheld, and the contour of the mask and the line of the profile were in keeping with this incomparable sweetness of the mouth, at once grave and quaint, though quaint is not quite the word for it either, but subtly, not unkindly arch, which again is not the word.

It was his great fortune to have been mostly misunderstood, and to have reached the dense intelligence of his fellow-men after a whole lifetime of perfectly simple and lucid appeal, and his countenance expressed the patience and forbearance of a wise man content to bide his time. It would be hard to persuade people now that Emerson once represented to the popular mind all that was most hopelessly impossible, and that in a certain sort he was a national joke, the type of the incomprehensible, the byword of the poor paragrapher. He had perhaps disabused the community somewhat by presenting himself here and there as a lecturer, and talking face to face with men in terms which they could not refuse to find as clear as they were wise; he was more and more read, by certain persons, here and there; but we are still so far behind him in the reach of his far-thinking that it need not be matter of wonder that twenty years before his death he was the most misunderstood man in America. Yet in that twilight where he dwelt he loomed large upon the imagination; the minds that could not conceive him were still aware of his greatness. I myself had not read much of him, but I knew the

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essays he was printing in the Atlantic, and I knew certain of his poems, though by no means many; yet I had this sense of him, that he was somehow, beyond and above my ken, a presence of force and beauty and wisdom, uncompanioned in our literature. He had lately stooped from his ethereal heights to take part in the battle of humanity, and I suppose that if the truth were told he was more to my young fervor because he had said that John Brown had made the gallows glorious like the cross, than because he had uttered all those truer and wiser things which will still a hundred years hence be leading the thought of the world.

I do not know in just what sort he made me welcome, but I am aware of sitting with him in his study or library, and of his presently speaking of Hawthorne, whom I probably celebrated as I best could, and whom he praised for his personal excellence, and for his fine qualities as a neighbor. "But his last book," he added, reflectively, "is a mere mush," and I perceived that this great man was no better equipped to judge an artistic fiction than the groundlings who were then crying out upon the indefinite close of the Marble Faun. Apparently he had read it, as they had, for the story, but it seems to me now, if it did not seem to me then, that as far as the problem of evil was involved, the book must leave it where it found it. That is forever insoluble, and it was rather with that than with his more or less shadowy people that the romancer was concerned. Emerson had, in fact, a defective sense as to specific pieces of literature; he praised extravagantly, and in the wrong place, especially among the new things, and he failed to see the worth of much that was fine and precious beside the line of his fancy.

He began to ask me about the West, and about some unknown man in Michigan, who had been sending him poems, and whom he seemed to think very promising, though he has not apparently kept his word to do great things. I did not find what Emerson had to say of my section very accurate or important, though it was kindly enough, and just enough as to what the West ought to do in literature. He thought it a pity that a literary periodical which had lately been started in Cincinnati should be appealing to the East for contributions, instead of relying upon the writers nearer home; and he listened with what patience he could to my modest opinion that we had not the writers nearer home. I never was of those Westerners who believed that the West was kept out of literature by the jealousy of the East, and I tried to explain why we had not the men to write that magazine full in Ohio. He alleged the man in Michigan as one who alone could do much to fill it worthily, and again I had to say that I had never heard of him.

I felt rather guilty in my ignorance, and I had a notion that it did not commend me, but happily at this moment Mr. Emerson was called to dinner, and he asked me to come with him. After dinner we walked about in his "pleached garden" a little, and then we came again into his library, where I meant to linger only till I could fitly get away. He questioned me about what I had seen of Concord, and

EMERSON.

whom besides Hawthorne I had met, and when I told him only Thoreau, he asked me if I knew the poems of Mr. William Henry Channing. I have known them since, and felt their quality, which I have gladly owned a genuine and original poetry; but I answered then truly that I knew them only from Poe's criticisms:

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cruel and spiteful things which I should be ashamed of enjoying as I once did.

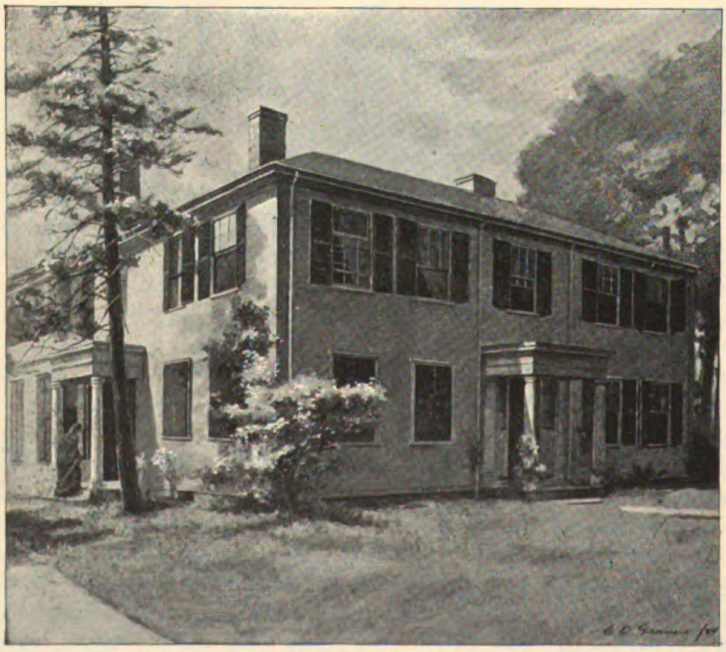
"Whose criticisms?" asked Emerson.

"Poe's," I said again.

"Oh," he cried out, after a moment, as if he had returned from a far search for my meaning, "*you mean the jingle-man!*"

I do not know why this should have put me to such confusion, but if I had written the criticisms myself I do not think I could have been more abashed. Perhaps I felt an edge of reproof, of admonition, in a characterization of Poe which the world will hardly agree with; though I do not agree with the world about him, myself, in its admiration. At any rate, it made an end of me for the time, and I remained as if already absent, while Emerson questioned me as to what I had written in the Atlantic Monthly. He had evidently read none of my contributions, for he looked at them, in the bound volume of the magazine which he got down, with the effect of being wholly strange to them, and then gravely affixed my initials to each. He followed me to the door, still speaking of poetry, and as he took a kindly enough leave of me, he said one might very well give a pleasant hour to it now and then.

A pleasant hour to poetry! I was meaning to give all time and all eternity to poetry, and I should by no means have wished to find pleasure in it; I should have thought that a proof of inferior quality in the work; I should have preferred anxiety, anguish even, to pleasure. But if Emerson thought from the glance he gave my verses that I had better not lavish myself upon that kind of thing, unless there was a great deal more of me than I could have made apparent in our meeting, no doubt he was right. I was only too painfully aware of my shortcoming, but I felt that it was shortercoming than it need have been. I had somehow not prospered in my visit to Emerson as I had with Hawthorne, and I came away wondering in what sort I had gone wrong. I was not a forth-putting youth, and I could not blame myself for anything that merited withholding in my approaches; indeed, I made no approaches; but as I must needs blame myself for something, I fell upon the fact that in my confused retreat from Emerson's presence I had failed in a certain slight point of ceremony, and I magnified this into an offence of capital importance. I went home to my hotel, and passed the afternoon in pure misery. I had moments of wild question when I debated whether it would be better to go back and own my error, or whether it would be better to write him a note, and try to set myself right in that way. But in the end I did neither, and I have since survived my mortal shame some thirty-four years or more. But at the time it did not seem possible that I should live through the day with it, and I thought that I ought at least to go and confess it to Hawthorne, and let him disown the wretch who had so poorly repaid the kindness of his introduction by such misbehavior. I did indeed walk down by the Wayside, in the cool of the evening, and there I saw Hawthorne for the last time. He was sitting on one of the timbers beside his cottage, and smoking with an air of friendly calm. I had got on very well with



EMERSON'S HOUSE AT CONCORD.

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HAWTHORNE'S COTTAGE—WAYSIDE.

him, and I longed to go in, and tell him how ill I had got on with Emerson; I believed that though he cast me off, he would understand me, and would perhaps see some hope for me in another world, though there could be none in this.

But I had not the courage to speak of the affair to any one but Fields, to whom I unpacked my heart when I got back to Boston, and he asked me about my adventures in Concord. By this time I could see it in a humorous light, and I did not much mind his lying back in his chair and laughing and laughing, till I thought he would roll out of it. He perfectly conceived the situation, and got an amusement from it that I could get only through sympathy with him. But I thought it a favorable moment to propose myself as the assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly, which I had the belief I could very well become, with advantage to myself if not to the magazine. He seemed to think so too; he said that if the place had not just been filled, I should certainly have had it; and it was to his recollection of this prompt ambition of mine that I suppose I may have owed my succession to a like vacancy some four years later. He was charmingly kind; he entered with the sweetest interest into the story of my economic life, which had been full of changes and chances already. But when I said very seriously that now I was tired of these fortuities, and would like to be settled in something, he asked, with dancing eyes,

"Why, how old are you?"

"I am twenty-three," I answered, and then the laughing fit took him again.

"Well," he said, "you begin young, out there!"

In my heart I did not think that twenty-three was so very young, but perhaps it was; and if any one were to say that I had been portraying here a youth whose aims were certainly beyond his achievements, who was morbidly sensitive, and if not conceited was intolerably conscious, who had met with incredible kindness, and had suffered no more than was good for him, though he might not have merited his pain any more than his joy, I do not know that I should gainsay him, for I am not at all sure that I was not just that kind of youth when I paid my first visit to New England.

THE END.

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STUBBLE AND SLOUGH IN DAKOTA.

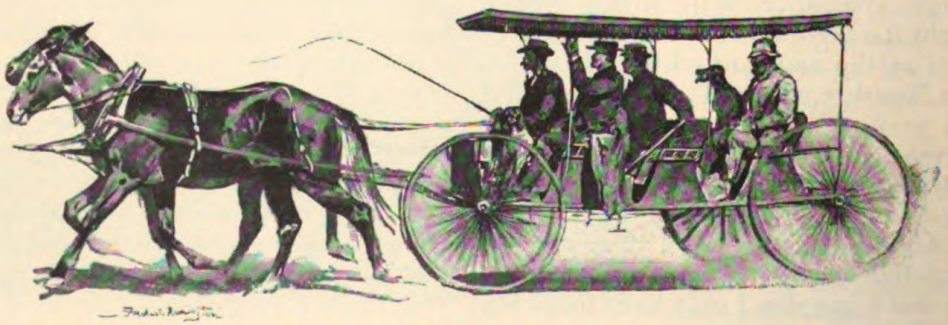
BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

NOW I am conscious that all my life I have seen men who owned shot-guns and setter-dogs, and that these persons were wont at intervals to disappear from their usual haunts with this paraphernalia. Without thinking, I felt that they went to slay little birds, and for them I entertained a good-natured contempt. It came about in this wise that I acquired familiarity with "mark," and "hie-on," and "No. 6 vis No. 4's": By telegram I was invited to make one of a party in Chicago, bound West on a hunting expedition. It being one of my periods of unrest, I promptly packed up my Winchester, boots, saddle, and blankets, wired "All right—next train," and crawled into the "Limited" at Forty-second Street.

"West" is to me a generic term for that country in the United States which lies beyond the high plains, and this will account for my surprise when I walked into the private car at the St. Paul depot in Chicago and met my friends contesting the rights of occupancy with numerous setter-dogs, while all about were shot-gun cases and boxes labelled "Ammunition." After greetings I stepped to the station platform and mingled with the crowd—disgusted, and disposed to desert.

A genial young soldier who appreciated the curves in my character followed me out, and explained, in the full flush of his joyous anticipation, that we were going to North Dakota to shoot ducks and prairie-chicken, and that it would be the jolliest sort of a time; besides, it was a party of good friends. I hesitated, yielded, and enlisted for the enterprise. Feeling now that I was this far it would be good to go on and learn what there was in the form of sport which charmed so many men whose taste I respected in other matters, and once embarked I summoned my enthusiasm, and tried to "step high, wide, and handsome," as the horsemen say.

The happiness of a hunting party is like that of a wedding, so important is it that true love shall rule. The *pièce de résistance* of our car was two old generals, who called each other by an abbreviation of their first names, and interrupted conversations by recalling to each other's memory where some acres of men were slain. "A little more of the roast beef, please—yes, that was where I was shot in this side;" and at night, when quiet reigned and we sought sleep, there would be a waving of the curtains, and a voice, "Oh, say, Blank, do you remember that time my horse was hit with the twelve-



A DAKOTA CHICKEN-WAGON.

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pounder?" and it banished dreams. There was a phlebotomist from Pittsburg who had shot all over the earth. He was a thorough sportsman, with a code of rules as complicated as the common law, and he "made up tough" in his canvas shooting-clothes. There was a young and distinguished officer of the regular army who had hunted men, which excused him in the paltry undertaking before him; and, finally, three young men who were adding the accumulated knowledge of Harvard to their natural endowments. For myself, I did not see how jack-boots, spurs, and a Winchester would lend themselves to the stubble and slough of Dakota, but a collection was taken, and by the time we arrived in Valley City, Dakota, I was armed, if not accoutred, in the style affected by double-barrel men. All I now needed was an education, and between the Doctor, who explained, expostulated, and swore, and a great many "clean misses," I wore on to the high-school stage. Like the obliging person who was asked if he played on the violin, I said to myself, "I don't know, but I'll try."

ON THE EDGE OF A SLOUGH.

In the early morning three teams drove up where our car was side-tracked, and we embarked in them. The shot-gun man affects buck-colored canvas clothes, with many pockets, and carries his cartridges in his shirt fronts, like a Circassian Cossack. He also takes the shells out of his gun before he climbs into a wagon, or he immediately becomes an object of derision and dread, or, what's worse, suddenly friendless and alone. He also refrains from pointing his gun at any fellow-sportsman, and if he inadvertently does it, he receives a fusillade such as an Irish drill-sergeant throws into a recruit when he does amiss. This day was cool and with a wind blowing, and the poor dogs leaped in delirious joy when let out from their boxes, in which they had travelled all the way from Chicago. After running the wire edge off their nerves they were gotten to range inside a township site, and we jogged along. The first thing which interested me was to hear the Doctor indicate to the driver that he did not care to participate in the driver's knowledge of hunting, and that in order to save mental wear he only had to drive the team, and stand fast when we got out, in order that from the one motionless spot on the prairie sea we could "mark down" the birds.

The immensity of the wheat-fields in Dakota is astonishing to a stranger. They begin on the edge of town, and we drive all day and are never out of them, and on either side they stretch away as far as one's eye can travel. The wheat had been cut and "shocked," which left a stubble some eight inches high. The farm-houses are far apart, and, indeed, not often in sight, but as the threshing was in progress, we saw many groups of men and horses, and the great steam-threshers blowing clouds of black smoke, and the flying straw as it was belched from the bowels of the monsters.

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During the heat of the day the chickens lie in the cover of the grass at the sides of the fields, or in the rank growth of some slough-hole, but at early morning and evening they feed in the wheat stubble. As we ride along, the dogs range out in front, now leaping gracefully along, now stopping and carrying their noses in the air to detect some scent, and finally—"There's a point! Stop, driver!" and we pile out, breaking our guns and shoving in the cartridges.

"No hurry—no hurry," says the Doctor; "the dog will stay there a month." But, fired with the anticipations, we move briskly up. "You take the right and I'll take the left. Don't fire over the dog," adds the portly sportsman, with an admonishing frown. We go more slowly, and suddenly, with a "whir," up get two chickens and go sailing off. Bang! bang! The Doctor bags his and I miss mine. We load and advance, when up comes the remainder of the covey, and the bewildering plenty of the flying objects rattles me. The Doctor shoots well, and indeed prairie-chickens are not difficult, but I am discouraged. As the great sportsman Mr. Soapy Sponge used to say, "I'm a good shooter, but a bad hitter." It was in this distressful time that I remembered the words of the old hunter who had charge of my early education in .45 calibres, which ran, "Take yer time, sonny, and always see your hind sight," and by dint of doing this I soon improved to a satisfactory extent. The walking over the stubble is good exercise, and it becomes fascinating to watch the well-trained Lewellen setters "make game," or stand pointing with their tails wagging violently in the nervous thrill of their excitement, then the shooting, and the marking down of the birds who escape the fire, that we may go to them for another "flush." With care and patience one can bag at last the whole covey.

A CONFERENCE IN THE MUD.

At noon we met the other wagons in a green swale, and had lunch, and seated in a row under the shadow side of a straw stack, we plucked chickens, while the phlebotomist did the necessary surgery to prepare them for the cook. At three o'clock the soldier, a couple of residents, and myself started together for the evening shooting. We banged away at 1000-yards range at some teal on a big marsh, but later gave it up, and confined ourselves to chicken. In the midst of a covey and a lot of banging I heard the Captain uttering distressful cries. His gun was leaning on a wheat "shock," and he was clawing himself wildly. "Come, help me—I am being eaten alive." Sure enough he was, for in Dakota there is a little insect which is like a winged ant, and they go in swarms, and their bite is sharp and painful. I attempted his rescue, and was attacked in turn, so that we ended by a precipitous retreat, leaving the covey of chickens and their protectors, the ants, on the field.

We next pushed a covey of grouse into some standing oats, and were tempted to go in a short way, but some farmers who were thrashing on the neighboring hill blew the engine whistle and made a "sortie," whereat we bolted. At a slough which we were tramping through

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"DON'T SHOOT!"

to kick up some birds "marked down," one suddenly got up under our feet and flew directly over the Captain, who yelled "Don't shoot!" as he dropped to the ground. It was a well-considered thing to do, since a flying bird looks bigger than a man to an excited and enthusiastic sportsman. We walked along through the stubble until the red sunset no longer gave sufficient light, and then got into our wagon to do the fourteen miles to our car and supper. Late at night we reached our car, and from it could hear "the sound of revelry." The cook did big Chicago beefsteaks by the half-dozen, for an all day's tramp is a sauce which tells.

After some days at this place we were hauled up to Devil's Lake, on the Great Northern road, which locality is without doubt the best for duck-shooting in Dakota. We were driven some sixteen miles to a spur of the lake, where we found a settler. There were hundreds of teal in the water back of his cabin, and as we took position well up the wind and fired, they got up in clouds, and we had five minutes of shooting which was gluttony. We gave the "bag" to the old settler, and the Doctor admonished him to "fry them," which I have no doubt he did.

It was six miles to a pond said to be the best evening shooting about there, and we drove over. There we met our other two teams and another party of sportsmen. The shallow water was long and deeply fringed with rank marsh grass. Having no wading-boots can make no difference to a sportsman whose soul is great, so I floundered in and got comfortably wet. After shooting two or three mud-hens, under the impression that they were ducks, the Doctor came along, and with a pained expression he carefully explained what became of people who did not know a teal from a mud-hen, and said further that he would let it pass this time. As the sun sank, the flight of ducks began, and from the far corners of the marsh I saw puffs of smoke and heard the dull slump of a report.

"Mark—left," came a voice from where

"MARK—LEFT."

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TROOPING HOMEWARD IN THE AFTER-GLOW.

the young Harvard man with the peach complexion and the cream hair had ensconced himself in the grass, and, sure enough, a flight was coming toward my lair. I waited until it was nearly over, when I rose up and missed two fine shots, while the Harvard man scored. The birds fell well out in the pond, and he waded out to retrieve them.

As I stood there the soft ooze of the marsh gradually swallowed me, and when in answer to the warning "mark" of my fellows I squatted down in the black water to my middle, and only held my gun and cartridges up, I began to realize that when a teal-duck is coming down wind you have got to aim somewhere into the space ahead of it, hoping to make a connection between your load of shot and the bird. This I did, and after a time got my first birds. The air was now full of flying birds — mallards, spoon-bills, pintails, red-heads, butter-balls, gad walls, widgeon, and canvas-backs—and the shooting was fast and furious. It was a perfect revelry of slaughter. "Mark—mark." Bang—bang. "What's the matter of that shot?" The sun has set, and no longer bathes the landscape in its golden light, and yet I sit in the water and mud and indulge this pleasurable taste for gore, wondering why it is so ecstatic, or if my companions will not give over shooting presently. There is little prob-

"MARK!"

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ability of that, however. Only darkness can end the miseries of the poor little teal coming home to their marsh, and yet with all my sentimental emotions of sympathy I deplore a miss. If slough-shooting has a drawback, it is its lack of action—it is a calm, deliberate shedding of blood, and a wounding of many birds, who die in the marshes, or become easy prey for the hawks, and it's as cold-blooded as sitting in water can make it.

We give over at last, and the fortunates change their wet clothes, while those who have no change sit on the seat knee-deep in dead birds and shiver while we rattle homeward. Our driver gets himself lost, and we bring up against a wire fence. Very late at night we struck the railroad, and counted telegraph poles and travelled east until the lights of the town twinkled through the gloom. Once in the car, we find the creature comfort which reconciles one to life, and we vote the day a red-letter one. The goose-shooting came later than our visit, but the people tell marvellous tales of their numbers. They employ special guns in their pursuit, which are No. 4 gauge, single-barrelled, and very long. They throw buckshot point-blank two hundred yards, and are, indeed, curious-looking arms. The chicken-shooting is not laborious, since one rides in a wagon, and a one-lunged, wooden-legged man is as good as a four-mile athlete at it. He must know setter-dogs, who are nearly as complicated as women in their temper and ways; he must have a nose for cover, and he can be taught to shoot; he can keep statistics if he desires, but his first few experiences behind the dogs will not tempt him to do that unless his modesty is highly developed. If he become a shot-gun enthusiast he will discover a most surprising number of fellows — doctors, lawyers, butchers, farmers, and Indians not taxed—all willing to go with him or to be interested in his tales.

The car was to be attached to an express train bound west that night, to my intense satisfaction, and I crawled into the upper berth to dream of bad-lands elk, soldiers, cowboys, and only in the haze of fleeting consciousness could I distinguish a voice—

"Remington, I hope you are not going to fall out of that upper berth again tonight."

A VISTA IN CENTRAL PARK.

IT was the last Sunday in September, and the blue sky arched above the Park clear, cloudless, unfathomable. The afternoon sun was hot and high overhead. Now and then a wandering breeze came without warning, and lingered only for a moment, fluttering the broad leaves of the aquatic plants in the fountain below the Terrace. At the Casino, on the hill above the Mall, men and women were eating and drinking, some of them inside the dingy and sprawling building, and some of them out-doors, at little tables set in curving lines under the gayly colored awnings which covered the broad walk bending away from the door of the restaurant. From the band-stand in the thick of the throng below came the brassy staccato of a cornet rendering "The Last Rose of Summer." Even the Ramble was full of people, and the young couples seeking sequestered nooks under the russet trees were often forced to share their benches with strangers. Beneath the reddening maples lonely men lounged on the grass by themselves, or sat solitary and silent in the midst of chattering family groups.

The crowd was cosmopolitan and unhurried. For the most part it was good-natured and well-to-do. There was not a beggar to be seen; there was no appealing poverty. Fathers of families there were in abundance, well fed and well clad, with their wives and with their sons'

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wives and with their sons' children. Maids in black dresses and white aprons pushed baby-carriages. Young girls in groups of three and four giggled and gossiped. Young men in couples leaned over the bridge of the Lake, smoking and exchanging opinions. There was a general air of prosperity gladly displaying itself in the sunshine; the misery and the want and the despair of the great city were left behind and thrust out of mind.

Two or three yards after a portly German with a little boy holding each of his hands, while a third son still younger rode ahead astride of the father's solid cane, there came two slim Japanese gentlemen, small and sallow, in their neatly cut coats and trousers. A knot of laughing mulatto girls followed, arm in arm; they, too, seemed ill dressed in the accepted costume of civilization, especially when contrasted with half a dozen Italians who passed slowly, looking about them with curious glances, the men in worn olive velveteens and with gold rings in their ears, the women with bright colors in their skirts and with embroidery on their neckerchiefs. Where the foot-path touched the carriage-drive there stood a plain but comfortably plump Irish woman, perhaps thirty years of age; she had a baby in her arms, and a little girl of scant three held fast to her patched calico dress; with her left hand she was proffering a basket containing apples, bananas, and grapes; two other children, both under six, played about her skirts; and two more, a boy and a girl, kept within sight of her—the girl, about ten years old, having a basket of her own filled with thin round brown cakes; and the boy, certainly not yet thirteen, holding out a wooden box packed with rolls of lozenges put up in red and yellow and green papers. Now and again the mo-

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"TWO SLIM JAPANESE GENTLEMEN."

ther or one of the children made a sale to a pedestrian on his way to the music. The younger children watched, with noisy glee, the light leaps of a gray squirrel bounding along over the grass behind the path, and balancing himself with his horizontal tail.

The broad carriage-drive was as crowded as any of the foot-paths. Bicyclists in white sweaters and black stockings toiled along in groups of three and four, bent forward over the bars of their machines. Politicians with cigars in the corners of their mouths held in impatient trotters.

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Park omnibuses heavily laden with women and children drew up for an instant before the Terrace, and then went on again to skirt the Lake. Old-fashioned and shabby landaus lumbered along with strangers from the hotels. Now and then there came in sight a hansom-cab with a young couple framed in the front of it, or a jolting dog-cart, on the high seat of which a British-looking young man was driving tandem. Here and there were other private carriages, coupés and phaetons for the most part, with once and again a four-in-hand coach rumbling heavily on the firmly packed road.

A stylish victoria sped along, spick and span, with its glistening harness and its jingling steel chains, with its stalwart pair of iron-gray steppers, and with two men on the box, correct and impassive. Suddenly, as it passed close to the walk at the end of the Terrace, the coachman drew up sharply, pulling his horses back on their haunches, and swearing inaudibly at the plump Irish woman, who had dropped her basket of fruit just in time to rescue one of her children from being run over.

"It's more careful ye ought to be!" cried the mother, as she stood again on the walk with her daughter clasped to her waist.

"We are very sorry indeed," said the lady in the victoria, leaning forward. "It was an accident—"

"An accident, was it?" returned the Irish woman. "An' it's an accident, then, ye wouldn't like if it was yer own children ye were runnin' over like that."

The childless couple in the carriage looked at each other for a moment only; and then the husband said, swiftly, "Drive on, John!"

He was a man of fifty, spare in frame, and round-shouldered; he had a keen glance, and a weary smile came and went on his thin lips, not hidden by his sparse gray mustache. His wife was a woman of perhaps thirty, tall, dark, with passionate eyes and a full figure.

She was still leaning forward, clinching the side of the carriage as the victoria turned northward and rolled along by the side of the Lake. Her voice showed that her excitement had not subsided as she faced her husband again and said: "John is getting very careless. That is the third time this week he has nearly run over a child!"

"He has not quite run over one yet. It will be time enough to discharge him when he does," her husband answered, calmly. "That little girl there is none the worse for her fright. She seemed a pretty little thing, and she has been saved to grow up in a tenement-house and to go to the devil ten years from now. So her mother has cause to be thankful."

His wife looked at him indignantly. "I suppose," she said, "you mean that it is a pity that John didn't run over the child and kill her."

"I didn't mean that exactly," he responded. "But perhaps it is true enough. Death is not the worst thing in the world, you know."

"You are always talking of dying," returned his young wife, impatiently. "I wonder you don't commit suicide."

"I have thought of it," he answered, looking at her with a tolerant smile. "But life amuses me still—I have so much curiosity, you know. But I might do it, if I were sure I could have the privilege of coming back to see what you will be up to when I'm gone."

She looked straight before her and made no answer, keeping her lips firmly compressed.

There was a touch of tenderness in his tone as he went on—a curious cynical tenderness, quite characteristic of him. "Don't let some rascal marry you for my money. That would annoy me, I confess. And yet I don't know why I should suggest the possibility of such a thing, for you will be a most fascinating widow."

She gazed ahead steadily, and said nothing, but she had joined her hands together, and her fingers kept moving.

"Still," he continued, "I'm afraid I'm good for ten years more. We're a hardy stock, you know. My father lived to be eighty, and he was fifty when I was born. Besides, you take such good care of me always."

He held out his hand to her, and she took it and clasped it tight in both of hers, while the tears brimmed her eyes.

"But perhaps you are letting me stay out too long this afternoon," he said. "It is balmy, I know, but I'm getting tired already."

"John," she cried, hastily, "you may turn now and go home."

"I don't want you to lose this lovely September afternoon," her husband de-

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clared. "Take me home, and come back to the Park here for an hour, while I have a nap, if I can."

Just then there was a break in the stream of vehicles, and the coachman took advantage of it and turned the horses' heads southward. In five minutes the victoria swerved to the westward, leaving the Lake behind, and making for the Riverside Drive.

The Lake was gay with boats. Black gondolas with white canopies and brilliant American flags were propelled adroitly by their standing boatmen. Light canoes were paddled briskly in and out of the bays and channels, where the ducks and swans swam lazily about. Young fellows in their shirt sleeves tugged inexpertly at the oars of row-boats laden down with young women. By regular and easy strokes the Park watermen rowed the capacious barges, with their striped awnings, in the prescribed course around the Lake. The oars flashed in the flickering sunlight, and the sunshine gilded the prows of the distant canoes as they shot across the vista. The yellow leaves of the maples high on the bank over the opposite shore fluttered loosely away on the doubtful breeze, and at last fell languidly into the water. To the west a towering apartment-house lifted itself aloft over the edge of the Park, and seemed to shorten the space between. To the east the gilded dome of the new synagogue rose over the tree-tops. Above all was the blue concave of the calm and illimitable sky.

When the victoria, with its two men on the box and with its pair of high-stepping horses, returned to the Park and skirted the Lake again, and approached the Terrace, the lady sat in it alone. As she came in sight of the Mall she bent forward, eagerly looking for the little girl whom they had almost run over half an hour earlier.

Near the Terrace she saw the pleasant-faced Irish woman, with her basket of fruit in one hand and the baby in the other arm; the three little children were playing about their mother's feet, while the elder boy and girl were only a few yards away.

The lonely woman in the victoria bade the coachman draw up.

Seeing the carriage stop at the side of the road, the Irish woman came forward, proffering her fruit. Then she recognized the lady, and checked her approach, hesitating.

The handsome woman in the carriage smiled, and said, "Which is the little girl we almost ran over?"

"That's the one," answered the mother, indicating the slip of a child who was now clasping the edge of the fruit-basket, while staring at the strange lady with wide-open eyes.

"What a pretty child she is!" said the lady. "I hope she is none the worse for her fright?"

"Ye didn't break any bones, if that's what ye mean," the mother responded.

"And how old is she?" was the next question.

"She'll be three years old come Christmas," was the answer.

The lady in the carriage felt in her pocket, and brought out her purse and looked through it.

"Here," she said at last, as she took out a five-dollar gold piece—"here is something I wish you would give her on Christmas morning as a present from me. Will you?"

"I will that," the mother replied, taking the money, "and gladly, too. It's richer than her sisters she'll be now."

"How many children have you?" the lady inquired.

"Six; thank ye, ma'am, for askin'," was the response; "an' all well and hearty."

"Six?" echoed the woman in the victoria, with a hungry gleam in her eyes. "You have six children?"

"It's six I have," the mother answered; "and it's a fine lot they are altogether, though I say it that shouldn't."

The lady put her hand in her purse again.

"Buy something with this for the others," she said, placing a bank-note in the Irish woman's hands. Then she raised her voice and added, "You may drive on, John!"

As the victoria rolled away to the westward the fruit-vender courtesied, and the children all looked after the carriage with interest.

"That lady must be very rich," said the eldest boy—the one who had lozenges for sale. "I shouldn't wonder if she had two millions of dollars!"

"She must be very happy," the eldest girl added. "I suppose she can have ice-cream every day, and go to the Sea-

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"A KNOT OF LAUGHING MULATTO GIRLS, ARM IN ARM."

side Home for two weeks whenever she wants."

"It's a kind heart she has, anyway, for all her money," was the mother's comment, as she unfolded the bank-note and saw the X in the corner of it.

Meanwhile the lady in the victoria was eaten with bitter thoughts as the carriage rattled along in the brilliant sunshine beneath the unclouded sky.

"Six children!" she was saying to herself. "That Irish woman has six children! Why is it that some women have so much luck?"

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NORTH AND SOUTH FROM THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

BY MARRION WILCOX.

A POISONOUS forest of houses far as the eye can see,
And in their shade
All crime is made.
Now God love you and me!
I think He made even that shade in the cities by the sea—
In the poisonous forest of houses like a forest of upas-trees.
Look! from the south—
From the harbor's mouth—
Crisp curling comes the breeze!
From the freed stream's mouth, from the glad, glad south, from the cool breast of God's seas.

THE INN OF SAN JACINTO.

BY ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

YOU ask me if I believe in ghosts. Of course I do. I believe in them because I have felt one. It was in a ruin, too, the correct place for ghosts; but not exactly in the right kind of ruin, for there was nothing imposing or weird about it; it was a dusty, tumble-down adobe shanty in New Mexico.

Do you remember Harry Felters—what great promise he gave as a young artist, and how he never came to anything? He and I were great chums at the Art School, and afterwards we fell into the way of going on sketching tours together. He was a nice fellow, quick-tempered, but very good-natured too, and it would have been hard to find a jollier companion. I was delighted one autumn when he proposed we should make a little Western excursion together; he wanted to get some of the atmospheric effects on the high plains. We started in September, bought ourselves a couple of broncos when we reached the country we wanted, and started off on the trail which ran near the railroad. We had splendid weather, took all the time we wanted, and got a lot of first-rate things; but Felters was looking forward all the time to stopping at a little Mexican village—San Jacinto, the name was—which lay some distance off the main trail, but which he had heard was the rarest place. A friend of his had been there a couple of years before, but had only been able to stay a day or so. He reported a tolerable inn, and we planned to stop for several weeks, making excursions into the surrounding country, and getting what we were particularly anxious for—some character sketches of the natives. We had the pleasantest anticipations of our time there.

The day before we expected to reach San Jacinto we struck off on to a side trail across the hills. We learned afterwards that there was more danger in undertaking this lonely journey than we had any idea of at the time, but we came to no harm. We slept out that night, and late the next afternoon we came in sight of the village, perched half-way up a long sloping mesa. We reached it as the sun was setting. There was but a single street running between low adobe huts, but, to our surprise, this street was thronged with Mexicans and Indians in holiday costume—fierce, agile-looking fellows in thumping hats, and slim girls with mantillas over their heads.

We mustered our slender stock of Spanish, and inquired of the first group we met the reason of the crowd. We found some local fair was in progress, and it was not only the inhabitants of San Jacinto we beheld, but of all the settlements for fifty miles around. Harry, in the seventh heaven of delight, was gaping at all the wrinkled old men and dark-eyed girls, in their picturesque array, but I was hungry, and not willing to waste time on the picturesque just then, so I hauled him along, protesting and turning round all the time, towards what had been pointed out to us as the inn we were in search of. It stood quite at the other end of the street, and looked bigger and more imposing than the rest of the houses, being newly painted a fine brick-color.

"Here we are at last, and a good thing

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too," said I, as the owner of the house came bustling out to receive us. He hurried us into a long, crowded room, and set a couple of cooling drinks before us in enormous glasses before we had time to speak, chattering all the time with great civility. But as soon as we began to talk of rooms he sang a different tune.

"Ah, señors," he cried, in a despairing tone, "that is an impossibility, quite an impossibility. Every inch of room in the house is taken—is crowded, I may say. As soon as they are done drinking and singing we put mattresses down on the floor of the eating-room here, and I will try my best to find a corner for a mattress for the two noble gentlemen. Mattresses in plenty I have, but no space to spread them, unfortunately."

"Well, well," broke in Harry, "it isn't mattresses we want. It's a room to ourselves to sleep in. Surely we can find something at some of the neighbors'. We won't grumble if it's a little one."

But the landlord shook his head. "No, no," he reiterated; "there isn't an empty space anywhere in the village big enough to hold a canary-bird. Every house is full."

"But you must have some little corner or cupboard you could put us in. Your own room, for instance. If we pay you well, couldn't you move out of that for a night or two, just till this fair is over?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't slept in my own room for three nights. Seven women have it," he said. "I take one of the benches down here."

"Very well," cried Harry, who was getting out of temper; "then we will simply go on without stopping. We meant to spend several weeks here, but of course if you haven't accommodations—" And he turned and picked up his saddle-bags from the bench where he had flung them.

"Oh, come, now, Harry," said I, "we don't want to leave the moment we get here. For a few nights we can certainly stand it, and then it will quiet down again."

"Yes, yes," cried the landlord, evidently much impressed to hear of the long stay we had intended, and anxious to detain us if promises would do it; "oh, yes, yes! By the end of the week the fair is over, and then you can have splendid rooms—as many rooms as you like."

But, you know, Harry was always a pig-headed fellow. He buckled his bags tight.

"No," said he; "I'm not going to sleep in any such mess as this. If we can't have rooms to ourselves, we go on to-night. That's all about it."

The landlord wrung his hands. "Ah," he cried, "what a shame! what a shame! To have the gentlemen leave my house!" Then I saw a sly gleam come into his eye. "Ah," he cried, "I have it! I have it! If the gentlemen would only be satisfied. Do you mind, perhaps, if you sleep in a very old room? Oh, very, very old!"

"No, no!" we interposed, in a breath.

"But it is very old," he went on, looking at us narrowly, "and there is but the one room for the two."

"That is nothing," we cried. "We won't mind that in the least, as long as we don't have to sleep on the floor with strangers."

"And even there," he went on, "I fear you would have to occupy the same bed; there is but one bedstead in the room. To be sure," he said, reflectively, "one of you might have a mattress on the floor even there, but it would be very cold, I fear. The floor is of stone, and the dampness—"

"Oh, never mind," we interrupted; "for three or four nights it won't matter, as long as we can have the room to ourselves."

"Certainly, certainly," he reiterated, "to yourselves. I should not think of putting any one else in the room of the two noble gentlemen. Sit down, sit down, and make yourselves easy. I will send my niece to make ready for you. You must not expect too much, gentlemen. It is in the old part of the house that has gone to ruin a good deal; that is why I never thought of it before. But this one room is strongly built. It is safe enough; you need have no fear of roof or walls. But it is dusty; I must have it swept." And so talking on, half to himself and half to us, he filled our glasses again, and got himself out of the room. Presently we heard his voice outside calling, "Julita! Julita!" and then a long and rather vehement whispered conversation was carried on not far from the window.

It was an hour or more, and we had finished our supper, before he returned to show us to our apartment. We found it was in a deserted building whose presence we had not even suspected from the front

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of the house. It lay far to the back and one side, and was, our host told us, the old original inn, which had been built by his great-uncle several times removed, and had fallen too much out of repair to use. But the room to which he led us was still in tolerable preservation, a queer old place, with walls and floor of rough stone, and lighted by a small grated window high up at one side. They had set in a few odd pieces of furniture for us, and a big four-post bedstead, which looked as old as the room, was piled high with an enormous feather bed. For the bedstead our host apologized profusely. Not to be able to furnish us at least with separate sleeping accommodations weighed heavily on his spirits. But what could he do? It was to be regarded as good fortune that the old bedstead had not long since been brought into the house and given to earlier comers. Its age and weight were the sole reasons it was still at our disposal. For the feather bed he did not think it necessary to apologize, though that was certainly what seemed most formidable to us. However, we were pleased enough to get anything to ourselves, and told him so.

We went back to the big hall, and sat there awhile smoking and watching the queer collection of humanity it held, but we were both tired with our ride, and presently asked the landlord for our candles. He brought them, one for each, and each with a little box of Swedish matches beside it on the candlestick. But he was a long time lighting them, snuffed them out once or twice, and finally said, with a curious air of gravity for so slight a speech:

"The gentlemen see that our candles are not easy to light. Might I beg of them to leave the night-light burning in their chamber?"

"Night-light?" cried Harry, brusquely. "Oh no, we don't want a night-light. There is nothing the matter with those candles. It's only the clumsy way you snuffed them." And with the word he drew a match from his pocket, lit it quickly, and in a moment had the candle burning clearly.

The landlord looked perturbed. "See! see!" he cried. "Once the candle may light quickly, and another time it may not. The little light will not disturb you. I *beg* the gentlemen will leave it burning. There will be no extra charge—none whatever." And he looked at us anxiously.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Harry, turning away with his candle.

But the landlord must have thought I was of a more accommodating disposition, for now he caught me by the coat sleeve. "I beg, I beg," he repeated; and, tired of his persistence, I answered, carelessly, "Oh, all right; I won't put it out," and left before he had time to say anything more.

But we were not yet free from importunities about our lights, for as we passed the kitchen his fat old wife, who superintended the cooking for her husband's guests, waddled towards us.

"Candles! candles!" she panted. "Oh, they're no good. You'll blow them out before you think twice. But look out not to disturb the little night-light Julita set up in the niche. That 'll give you light enough to see by all night."

"Good Lord! what do we want to see for? The night's made for sleeping," cried Harry, roughly, and dragged me through the kitchen like a whirlwind, while behind us we still heard the wheezing voice of the old woman discoursing on the insufficiency of candles and the superior advantages of Julita's oil-taper.

We had not done with the advocates of the night-light even yet. As we made our way through the dusty passage, stumbling over the broken slabs of stone which formed its floor, we encountered Julita herself, pale and trembling, and regarding with anxious fear the lantern which she held in her hand. She jumped aside with a scream when she caught sight of us, then laid her hand on her heart with a look of relief.

"Oh, blessed saints, it is the gentlemen!" she exclaimed. "I have just been to look after the light in your room myself." She spoke as one conscious of having bestowed an inestimable favor. "It is burning brightly. The little oil-lamp is high up in the niche of the wall; nothing can overturn it. The oil is of the best. It will burn all night—"

"Oh, come!" cried Harry, who by this time had entirely lost his temper. "Who wants your infernal lamp? For Heaven's sake, let us have a little peace and darkness."

"Ah, no, no!" cried the girl, recoiling as if he had struck her—"not darkness! The gracious gentleman did not think of

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what he was saying. Oh, sir," laying her hand on my arm as Harry pushed angrily past her, "you surely would not put out the light? You will surely let it burn all night?" and she looked at me as desperately as if she were imploring me not to cut my throat. Her eyes were full of tears. I felt sorry for such distress, even while I was annoyed by these continuous appeals from a singularly light-loving populace, and answered, hastily,

"Oh, certainly, certainly, my good girl." Slipping past her, I contrived to get into the room and shut the door before she could speak again.

Harry came up and locked it.

"Confound them!" he said; "what is the matter with them all? We have matches, I hope. Why should they take such a particularly fervent interest in our lamp?" and he laid his match-box on the chair at the head of the ponderous bedstead, beside the candle which he had just extinguished.

Then he reached up and blew out the little flame in the niche above our heads.

"There!" said he; "I hope that's done with for to-night, anyway."

"Oh, Harry," I remonstrated, "I told the girl I wouldn't put it out."

"Well, you haven't, have you?" he rejoined, roughly. "Now you'd better not talk any more of that intolerable nonsense, or I shall get into a temper. Put out your own light when you're ready to go to sleep, and that's the end of it. I'm tired to death."

It wasn't five minutes before he had tumbled into the wide bed, nor five more before he was asleep. I felt wakeful, and made my preparations in a more leisurely way, but presently I too stretched out my weary limbs on the soft feathers. The little window with its iron bars stood diagonally across from the foot of the bed, and as I blew out my candle and sank back on the pillow my eyes fell on the dim gray square. I seemed to see some vague black form pass between me and it. My heart gave a sudden throb, and I started to raise myself; but before I had done so I felt in the darkness something fly at my throat. My hands went up instinctively, and grasped the thick cold fingers which were clutching me so tightly that it was impossible to breathe. The terror of death fell upon me, and with all my strength I tore at the invisible hands which were squeezing my life out, but I could no more move them than I could have moved the solid rock. I was powerless to make a sound. I set my head and shoulders against the bulk which pressed upon me and tried to push it back, but vainly, though in my agony I writhed and twisted like a snake. I felt that I was growing faint, my head rang, and my senses were faltering, when in my convulsive movements my foot touched Harry's warm and sleeping body. I gathered myself together, and struck out with all the strength I had left. I felt him roll over, and then that he was sitting up in bed. It was like heaven to know that he was beside me and roused, but even then I thought to myself there was little chance of his coming to my rescue in time.

Harry called to me once or twice, and then I felt his hand laid on my heaving shoulder. The next moment I heard him jump out of bed, and it seemed not a second before the flare of a candle lit up the room. The pressure was gone from my throat. I drew in the air again and yet again, but was still too exhausted and bewildered to know anything but that the struggle was over, and I was once more drawing the blessed breath of life.

"Good gracious! What's the matter with you?" I heard Harry say; but I only moaned.

"Here, wake up!" he cried, and shook me by the shoulder. I lifted myself on one elbow, and looked around with a shudder. There was nothing in sight but Harry, who was looking at me sharply. I put my hand to my throat; it was bruised and sore to the touch.

"Oh, Harry," I panted, "something awful has happened!"

"Something awful!" he repeated. "You've had an awful nightmare, that's what's the matter—and you aren't awake yet, either. Shake yourself together, man, can't you? You look as if you'd seen a ghost. I declare your eyes are all bloodshot. Oh, nonsense!" as I slipped back on the pillow, with a sigh. "Come, brace up, and have a little style about you."

"Oh, Harry," I reiterated, "there has been something awful. It's no nightmare. I wasn't asleep. The minute the light was out some one—something—came at my throat. In another moment I should have been strangled, if you hadn't waked."

"Why, I didn't do anything, except

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jump out of bed when you kicked me. You needn't thank me for anything more than waking you up—and that isn't half done yet."

"Oh, I'm awake enough!" I cried.

"Well, then," said he, "that's all there is to be said about it. We'll blow out the light and try our hand at sleeping again," and as he spoke he bent over the candle to extinguish it; but I caught him and pulled him away quickly.

"No, no!" I shouted, filled with uncontrollable terror; "let it burn. Light the little night-lamp, won't you? I've had such a scare I'm afraid to be left in the dark."

"All right," he answered, with a laugh; "we'll keep the promise to Julita the rest of the night, anyway. I suppose it was your uneasy conscience wouldn't let you rest."

In a few moments more he was again sound asleep beside me, but my fears were not so easily quieted. A hundred imaginary noises made me start up to peer into the distant corners of the room, or look up at the black square of the window; and at every little quiver of the tiny flame burning in the niche my heart jumped. I lay awake till the dawn came in at the grated casement, and then fell asleep, utterly worn out.

Harry was moving about the room, humming a song, when I woke. The bright sun was shining through the bars of the window. I felt ashamed of myself, and when he caught my eye he broke into a roar of laughter.

"Well, I say," he shouted, "I hope you've managed to pluck up a little spirit this morning. I never saw a man scared so blue in my life. For Heaven's sake, tell us what you were dreaming about. A whole menagerie, I should say. How's your neck this morning?" And he went off into a fresh peal of laughter.

"Well, laugh if you like," said I; "it was awful. I can't imagine how I came to get into such a state. Good heavens! I can't bear to think of it even now." I paused a moment, for as the memory of the night's grisly phantom came back clearly, an intolerable shiver of fear went through me. "Besides," I went on, "my neck is all sore still. I believe you can see the bruises."

"By Jove!" he said, coming up and looking at me closely. "By Jove!" he repeated, touching my throat gingerly with the tips of his fingers. "That's the most curious thing I ever saw! You're all black and blue! How *did* you do it?"

"That's more than I know," said I, "unless the thing that came at me last night did it." And then I told him every detail of my curious experience of the night. As I told it my own faith in its reality grew, and I could see that he was impressed with the same feeling; but when I came to the end he shook himself, seemed to gather his routed forces, and gave an incredulous laugh again.

"Well," he said, looking down at me from his great height—"well, that certainly is a queer story. And you think all that could go on with me asleep right beside you and me not know it? Eh? Oh, nonsense! You had a nightmare, of course, and that's what made you kick out so. My shins are as black and blue as your neck."

"Yes, and what made my neck black and blue?" I broke in. "Do you suppose you had the nightmare too, and were trying to twist it?"

"No, no! Of course not," said he. "You must have twisted your own fingers around it in your sleep somehow. That isn't so unlikely as that a phantom tried to throttle you." And he gave anew a boisterous laugh.

There was no use in arguing with him; and besides, I had no tenable ground for argument. I could not bring myself to believe in his explanation; but still less could I, in the full light of reason and glare of day, believe in the unseen foe who had made the darkness of night so horrible. With an effort I succeeded in dismissing the whole thing from my mind, and dressed to join Harry in the sketching excursion which we had planned the day before. Julita was in the passage as we went through to breakfast. She did not seem busy about anything, and by her attitude I judged she had been watching our door. At any rate, as we opened it her face was pale and troubled, but a moment later broke into smiles as she saw us both emerge from the room. The landlord, too, greeted us with fervor, and served us an excellent breakfast, which his fat wife came in to watch us eat. Indeed, every one about the inn seemed to take an interest in us, and gathered in the doorways to look at us. This we attributed to the fact that we were, in a way, foreigners; and they were all so good-

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natured about it, breaking out into smiles and expressions of satisfaction whenever we looked their way, that we did not mind.

We had a successful day of it, gathering in a collection of queer and picturesque figures, and didn't get back till dark. I had felt strangely tired all day, and was glad to yield to Harry's suggestion that we should go early to bed. He stuck his sketches all around, and gloated over them in the dim illumination of the candles; but I was overcome with sleep, and tumbled into bed as quickly as I could.

"I'll get on the other side, Harry," I said, "if you aren't ready to come yet."

"All right, old man," said he, walking back and forth before his pictures. "I'm not ready yet. I hope this light won't keep you awake."

"On the contrary," said I, "I much prefer it. I can't forget my bad dreams so quickly. Do leave the little night-light burning, Harry, like a good fellow."

"All right," he answered; and in a moment I was asleep.

I don't know how long afterwards it was that I was wakened abruptly by being pushed almost out of bed. I was so sound asleep that I could not collect my thoughts all at once, and lay for a moment trying to rouse myself, when the blow was violently repeated, and then I became aware that Harry was writhing and beating his arms about at my side. In a sudden spasm of terror I sprang out of bed, ran round to the other side where the matches were, and struck the whole bunch as I gathered them in my hand. They flared up, and shivering with fright, I moved to the bedside. There lay Harry, his eyes staring wide with horror, and drawing occasionally a long moaning breath. I knew well enough what it was, and wasted no time on questions, but hurried to light the candle before the matches should go out. Then, for safety, I also reached up and kindled the little taper, which Harry had evidently extinguished, as the oil in the glass was scarcely consumed. Afterwards I turned back to Harry, drew the covers away to give him air, carried the light to the foot of the bed, where his eyes could rest upon it, and draw from it the reassurance that I knew nothing else could give, and softly chafed his nerveless hands. Presently I had the satisfaction of seeing the wild and wandering look die out of his face and a certain composure return to it. He was evidently getting possession of his faculties.

"Well, Harry," I said, when I saw this, "I suppose you have had the nightmare?"

A sickly smile drew up the corners of his mouth.

"Confound you," he murmured, "I was just thinking that was the first thing you would say, and now you've said it! Good heavens!" he cried, in a louder tone, raising himself in bed and peering around the room, "I can't believe the hideous thing is gone. Are you sure it isn't in one of the corners yet? I tell you I had a narrow squeak for my life. I wouldn't care to come so near death again in a hurry. If that last kick hadn't routed you out I knew I should never have strength enough for another. Oh, what terror!" The wild look came back as he talked; he raised his hand and felt of his throat, which, from where I stood, I could see was red and swollen.

"It is hideous," said I. "You surely must know now it was no nightmare." He nodded, and gave again a quick, frightened look about. I went on:

"It—it is something that only comes in the dark. It cannot be a real thing, for it is gone with the first ray of light. It is real enough to strangle a man, though. Heavens, Harry, suppose either of us had slept here alone!" We both shuddered.

After a little while Harry quieted down, but there was very little sleep for either of us that night. We lighted everything within reach. I had a travelling lamp with me, and Harry hauled out of his bag one of those little pocket-lanterns that his sister had packed in just as he was leaving home. He said he laughed at her when she did it, but we were glad enough to see it now. We dozed and woke at intervals, always reassured to see our improvised illumination when we unclosed our eyes. Everything was still as the grave, and except for our excited nerves we might have rested in peace the whole night through. When daylight came we both gave a sigh of relief, and turning over, fell into a sleep so heavy that we never stirred until we were wakened by a tremendous thumping at the door.

"For the love of God," we heard the

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landlord's voice shouting outside, "answer me, gentlemen! Answer me! Are you well? Are you safe? Speak, gentlemen! Answer me!"

Between his rough tones we heard sighs and ejaculations, the low talking of men, and the rustling of petticoats.

"Why, we're all right," I called back, and then came a chorus of congratulations and thanksgiving to all the saints from behind the door. Evidently there had been a little crowd in the hall, for we could hear them dispersing.

We talked the matter over as we were dressing. To tell the truth, I was thoroughly frightened, and felt sick of the whole business. I couldn't understand it, and the more I thought of it the more I disliked it. I didn't attempt to conceal my feelings, either. I said outright that I was scared and wanted to get away, and proposed to Harry that as soon as we had had our breakfast we should saddle our horses and ride off on the trail. From the stories we had heard since we reached the village I understood better than I had done what risk there was in such a lonely ride, but I would a great deal rather be killed by a red man in the daylight than by a monster in the dark, and I said so. But Harry took quite a different view of the matter. The effect of choking on his disposition seemed to be the reverse of depressing, and he talked in a vindictive way of our invisible assailant.

"No, you don't!" he said, when I tried to persuade him to leave. "Not much I go till I know what is the matter here. You couldn't drag me away with wild horses till I've had another wrestle with that thing."

"Mercy, Harry!" said I; "I don't see why you want another; one would have finished you quite if I hadn't been there to help you. Look at your throat now; it's purple and red; you'll have to tie a handkerchief or something round it to make yourself presentable. Whatever that awful thing was, it was stronger than you or I. What can you want to meet it again for? Prudence is the better part of valor, and I propose to quit this horrible spot before I am an hour older."

"You'll quit it alone, then," he said, sulkily, "for I'm not going with you. I'm going to stay and see it out."

I reasoned and expostulated with him, but all to no purpose. He was as obstinate as a mule. I could not face the possible Indians by myself, and still less could I leave him to confront alone the dangers which I believed threatened him if he remained. I told him that if he staid, I did, and then we laid our plans. Harry had no theory at all to account for our strange experience; he simply said he would not go away until he had fathomed it. Whatever the risks might be, he wished, while wide-awake and in full possession of his faculties, to put out the light, and encounter the attack of our midnight enemy.

Through the previous day we had scarcely spoken of my adventure of the first night, having by tacit agreement alluded to it as a nightmare. Now, after what Harry had gone through, this explanation was no longer tenable. Still, we decided it would be better to say nothing of it to any one outside. When we issued from our room we found ourselves again the centre of interest for all the frequenters of the inn. Those who did not come forward to speak to us peeked at us from behind corners. A continuous procession passed through the room where we took breakfast, all on the alert for our every movement. The landlord apologized by saying we were strangers, and every one was naturally struck by our elegant appearance, and also that, owing to our habit of late rising, the simple people of the town had become somewhat anxious lest it might be an illness or other untoward occurrence which had kept us in our room so long. I imagined that he either knew something of our adventure or suspected it, from the sharpness with which he looked at us. But we gave him no satisfaction, simply assured him that we were in the habit of sleeping late, that we were charmed to inspire interest in the bosoms of the appreciative inhabitants of San Jacinto, and should always endeavor to live up to the reputation for elegance which he so kindly imputed to us.

We sketched all day. When night came and we retreated to our room, it was with the intention of thoroughly investigating the mystery. We had already taken occasion to inspect the outside of the building in the daytime. The room in which we slept was part of an old adobe structure, so far gone to ruin that this was the only portion in good preservation. The walls of this one room, however, were perfectly solid. Nowhere was there a flaw in them. There could be no

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possible entrance from the outside except by the door and small grated window in the hall.

When we locked our door for the night we placed some percussion-caps in such a way that they must explode if it were opened even a crack. Then we turned our attention to the inside of the chamber. We peered into every crack and cranny of the wall, which offered plenty of opportunity for such investigation. But in spite of its rough and irregular surface it was absolutely sound; the stones were heavy and well joined; there was not an aperture anywhere big enough for a man to get his fingers through, much less his whole body. The roof was perfectly tight. Then we turned our attention to the window, and examined that with special care; for I found that with Harry, as with me, the first premonition of approaching danger had been the passing of some indistinct dark body across its misty square. But here as elsewhere it was evidently impossible that any substantial form should have found entrance. The sides of the aperture were thick and strong, and the whole opening crossed by three iron bars as big as my thumb, let into the solid stone, and clamped down so securely that there could be no chance of their ever having moved since they were put in. The intervals between them were scarcely two inches across.

We went all over the floor. It was made of rough stones set in the firm earth. Nowhere did it give a hollow sound, and its condition showed the surface could not have been disturbed for untold years. We took everything off the bed, and looked beneath it. We moved the two or three small pieces of furniture which had been set into the room since our arrival. Finally, absolutely satisfied that there was no avenue by which any human being could enter the apartment, we made our preparations for the night. Each set a chair at the head of the bed just within reach of his own hand, and on it a candle and a plentiful supply of matches. Our revolvers we laid, Harry under his pillow, and I on the chair beside me. As we calculated, the enemy could attack but one of us at a time, and as the other would be on the watch, it should be easy to overpower him from behind.

We lay down, fully dressed, on either side of the bed, and I blew out my candle.

"Are you all ready?" said Harry.

I cast a quick glance about the room, and said,

"Yes, ready."

He extinguished the remaining light. For a moment there was perfect silence. Then across the window we both saw, or rather felt than saw, through the darkness, a vague shape pass. Harry touched me with his elbow; the next second I felt my throat clutched in a grasp so fierce that all hope of freeing myself from it died within me. My one thought was that as the creature had attacked me, Harry would be able to rescue me, and as the clutch tightened I was filled with a blind fury at his delay. It was just then that a frantic plunge at my side made me aware that Harry, like myself, was fighting silently and wildly; his arms struck me as he hit out, and his kicks were as furious as his blows. I raised my hand again to tear, however vainly, at the thick fingers closed around my throat. There was but one hand there, and as my senses swam for want of breath I realized that the creature must be holding Harry and me both, one in each hand. In my struggles I had moved so far across the bed that I could not reach the matches. Yet I knew that there lay our only chance for life, and with a sudden convulsive effort I managed, not to shake off the clutch, but in spite of it to press so far to one side that I felt my hand touch the edge of the chair. It gave me new strength to know myself so near to light and life, and with a second struggle I laid my hand upon the matches, raised and struck them against the side of the bed. I had never known such happiness before—I never shall again—as shot through my heart when my blurred eyes saw the first flicker of the tiny blue flame. The next instant, as the yellow blaze flared up, the awful constriction was gone from my windpipe. For a second I lay still, unable to do more than draw a faint and painful breath, then terror lest the tiny sticks should burn out and leave me in darkness nerved my fainting will. I put out my other hand, gathered more matches, kindled them at the first, and holding the bunch like a tiny torch I leaned over and lighted the candle. Exhausted by the effort, I fell back fainting on the pillow.

When I came to, the candle was burning brightly. I opened my eyes with a sigh to drink in the luxury of the light, then closed them again in utter weariness,

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and lay without a thought, contented in the blissful consciousness that I was alive and safe. I must have remained so for some time, when there suddenly went through my half-torpid brain a memory of Harry. I had not felt him move, and the thought alarmed me so that I sat up in bed, as if roused by an electric shock, and bent over him. His eyes were staring wide, but he lay motionless, and made no response when I called him by name. I laid my hand on his forehead. It was warm. So was his hand, though it dropped nervelessly from mine when I left hold of it. I fancied I could detect a faint breath drawn at long intervals, and a slight, but very slight, pulsation of the heart. There was evidently not a moment to be lost. I jumped from the bed, though I found I was so bruised and sore with struggling that every movement brought sharp pain. I ran to the door, and in spite of the unreasoning horror which attacked me of letting in the darkness, I flung it open and shouted with all my might for help. A few seconds of such clamor and I heard answering voices; a moment more, and it seemed as if people by the hundred, all bearing lamps, candles, lanterns, began to stream along the corridor. They flocked into the room, and it scarcely needed my few hasty words to set them to work with Harry. Almost before I had spoken they had him stripped, and three or four active Mexicans were rubbing and kneading him like so many furies. The women flew for hot water and brandy. In a few moments a long shuddering sigh told that his vital forces were returning, and in a little more I had what was to me the ineffable satisfaction of seeing his eyelids close, and shut out the look of horror which had seemed stamped upon the eyeballs beneath them.

Of course we moved Harry out of that room immediately, but it took weeks of the most careful nursing before he could leave San Jacinto. During all that time, as you may well believe, I spent every moment I could spare from him in trying to fathom the causes of our horrible experience. But the more I searched the more inexplicable the whole affair became. At first I very naturally suspected that it was part of some scheme for robbery or murder on the part of the people of the inn, but I soon became convinced that they were perfectly innocent. There was no mistaking the sincerity of their concern for what had happened, nor the simple friendliness with which they helped to care for Harry. They were coarse and superstitious people, but not criminal, and not unkindly. I detected, however, a certain shade of self-reproach, if not remorse, in their manner, and when I had probed this to the bottom I had found the only explanation for the whole affair which I ever reached. It was so utterly unreasonable that I can only give it to you and leave you to make what you can of it.

When we carried Harry to the miserable little adobe hut at the other end of the street, which was hastily abandoned for his use, I heard an uproar behind us in the direction of the inn, to which at the time I paid no attention. And during that afternoon, in the intervals between Harry's repeated fainting attacks, I heard shouts, mixed with hollow crashing sounds, for which I did not even try to account. But when in the course of a few days I permitted myself a short walk, I strolled in the direction of the inn, and there found that the ruinous structure in which we had lodged had been torn down. The big stones lay scattered in every direction, but not one remained on top of another. I asked the landlord what it meant.

"Ah, señor," said he, "it was the people that did it. They would not let the old building stand another hour. And perhaps they were right, though the loss is mine. I am happier myself now that it is down. Who knows? Some time in the future I might have been tempted again by greed to let some luckless traveller have that room. The señor knows our people are very superstitious, and make more of such things than those in the great world. I wished to be wiser than my neighbors — the saints pardon me! When the traveller was found dead there fifteen years ago I made sure he had died of some sudden illness; and as for the two who died there in my father's time, and the others before that, I forced myself to disbelieve in them. But the señor's story of what happened the other night has taught me better. The place was accursed. It is well that it has been destroyed."

I asked him what he meant by calling it accursed, and he told me a long story of the old house, in which we had occupied the only habitable chamber. The build-

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ing was over a hundred years old, and had been occupied for many years as an inn, whose visitors were the Indians and Mexicans at their seasons of festival, and such few travellers as made their way into that distant region. Some seventy-five years before it had been in the possession of a man of enormous strength and evil disposition, under whose rule the place gained a bad reputation exactly in proportion as the landlord increased in wealth. Two or three travellers who were known to have money about them were never seen again after entering the doors; the landlord maintained that each of them had continued his journey the next day, starting before dawn, and there was no one to gainsay him. Others were found dead in bed with black marks on their throats, but beyond these there was nothing to throw suspicion on any one person, and the terror with which the brutal innkeeper inspired his neighbors was sufficient to crush out inquiry. At last, however, the landlord was caught in the act. An American engineer, carrying a large sum of money, had passed through the town, and taken shelter at the inn for the night. He made no secret of the money about him, perhaps because, being a very large and strong man and well armed, he had entire confidence in his ability to keep his own. But that night some wretched gringos, who were sleeping on the floor of the kitchen, heard a shout for help. Too timid to answer the call themselves, they ran for aid, and presently, with the assistance of half a dozen others, burst in the door of the man's room. They found the man dead, and the landlord kneeling on the bed, with his knotted fingers still twisted round the throat of his victim. Before he could stir, while he was still blinking at the sudden light from the broken door, he was shot dead by another American, a miserable tramp, half gambler and half drunkard, who had joined in breaking open the door. The avenger, much lauded by the populace, had gone on his way the same day. The two bodies had been buried side by side outside the town. There was now no question as to the cause of the previous deaths and disappearances.

But the room in which such ghastly crimes had been committed had ever since been regarded with horror by the natives. According to their belief, the man who died in the commission of such a deed became an evil spirit, condemned to exist in darkness, and to repeat forever the awful crime in which his last moments had been spent. For years the chamber stood unoccupied; but when, after the lapse of a long time, stress of company made it necessary to use it, a strange confirmation of their faith was given to the superstitious.

The solitary occupant, who had retired the night before apparently in good health, was found dead in bed the next morning. There were not wanting those who affirmed that on his throat were the purple marks which testified to the presence of the midnight strangler. However that may have been, within the next thirty years three more deaths occurred in the same mysterious manner, and at the time of the last so great was the popular horror that not only was the room itself condemned as "accursed," but the whole building, now very ruinous, was abandoned, and a new one erected nearer the street. It was many years since the old room had been occupied when we took possession of it, and the temptation to the landlord to keep beneath his roof the two Americans, who to his eyes were simply mines of future wealth, had proved too strong to be overcome. He had salved his conscience by arguing that the tales about the room were a parcel of foolish superstitions not worthy the notice of any man of the world, and, in addition, that we were safe at any rate, since the evil spirit, if it still haunted those walls, could attack only in the darkness, while we were not only provided with abundant means of illumination, but had had clearly impressed upon us the importance of using them.

And now you know what has really been the matter with Harry Felters. He has never fully recovered since that night. It took me a year or two to get over the shock, but he never did. Whether there was some actual physical injury done to him, or whether the fright made too deep an impression on his nerves ever to be effaced, I cannot tell you. But from that time to this he has remained ailing and good for nothing, though most of the time he is reasonable and composed. He is subject, though, to occasional violent attacks of terror. But these come on him only in the dark, and if you have ever spent any time with him you will remember with what elaborate precautions he surrounds himself against being left even for a moment without light. He is a wreck.

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KINSHIP.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

BACK to the bewildering vision
And the border-land of birth;
Back into the looming wonder,
The companionship of earth;

Back unto the simple kindred—
Childlike fingers, childlike eyes,
Working, waiting, comprehending,
Now in patience, now surprise;

Back unto the faithful healing
And the candor of the sod—
Scent of mould and moisture stirring
At the secret touch of God;

Back into the ancient stillness
Where the wise enchanter weaves—
To the twine of questing tree root,
The expectancy of leaves;

Back to hear the hushed consulting
Over bud and blade and germ,
As the Mother's mood apportions
Each its pattern, each its term;

Back into the grave beginnings
Where all wonder-tales are true,
Strong enchantments, strange successions,
Mysteries of old and new;

Back to knowledge and renewal,
Faith to fashion and reveal,—
Take me, Mother—in compassion
All thy hurt ones fain to heal.

Back to wisdom take me, Mother;
Comfort me with kindred hands;
Tell me tales the world's forgetting,
Till my spirit understands.

Tell me how some sightless impulse,
Working out a hidden plan,
God for kin and clay for fellow,
Wakes to find itself a man.

Tell me how the life of mortal,
Wavering from breath to breath,
Like a web of scarlet pattern
Hurtles from the loom of death;

How the caged bright bird, desire,
Which the hands of God deliver,
Beats aloft to drop unheeded
At the confines of forever;

Faints unheeded for a season,
Then outwings the furthest star
To the wisdom and the stillness
Where thy consummations are.

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EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

IF Napoleon in 1815, when he threw himself upon the hospitality of his chief enemy, had been transported to the United States instead of being made a prisoner on St. Helena, his career would have had a less romantic ending. His treatment, however, was dictated by fear of him, and by want of confidence in any pledge he might make of relinquishment of imperial pretensions. It has been said of him that he saw every day a new horizon. With a man of his temperament, it is an interesting conjecture what might have happened if he had become a resident of America. Would he have been still a possible disturber of the peace of Europe? Would he not always have been watching the opportune moment when he might suddenly appear in France and call upon his legions? If, on the contrary, he had cast in his lot with the new country, and ended his days here as a quiet country gentleman, would not the Napoleonic legend have quietly disappeared, like a spent wave on the Atlantic shore? The eagle emperor, chained to a rock in mid-ocean, was still the most conspicuous figure in history, and when passionate Paris demanded his body from her hereditary enemy, and the Hôtel des Invalides became a shrine second only in pathetic interest and devotion (for Frenchmen) to the sepulchre at Jerusalem, the legend was made immortal, and a Napoleon III. became possible. This might not have been if Napoleon had come to America. He was then forty-six years old. The greater portion of his vital energy had been spent. Probably he would have found a refuge in sedative New Jersey, where other Bonapartes have lived quietly, and where some of the most fiery spirits of his military family ended their days in peace. Would he have been a disturbing element in our politics? It is not likely. However much his own restless energy might have impelled him into action, and apt as the new horizons he saw were to inspire in him a vision of personal advantage, the situation here would not have been congenial to his ambition, nor could he have been popular. We can conceive that New Jersey might have sent him to the United States Senate, but he would have found there at that date little field for his peculiar genius, or the exercise of the sort of leadership that France offered him then and would offer him to-day. This simple suggestion reveals to us the different environment for a politician or a statesman in the two countries. He was not, in truth, of our time, of our ways, of our conception of political life. Such a man could nowhere have been a nonentity, but there is no other country where he would have come so near to the common level as in America. It is not simply that the Americans are, and were at that time, jealous of foreigners, or that they were not overawed by a great foreign reputation, that they did not and do not sufficiently respect it, but that the republic has a singular power of absorption, and of trying everything by its own standards. It is a curious matter of speculation to imagine what Coleridge would have become if he had carried out his intention of emigrating to America, what Browning would have been if he also had made his home here, as it is said he thought of doing, and whether either of them would have been held in as high consideration by readers in the United States if they had, by becoming citizens here, cast aside the advantage of the foreign perspective. As to Napoleon, it is reasonable to suppose that he would have been a harmless member of our community, if not a powerless one, and that even if he had come here in his youth, as Hamilton came in his, his career would have resembled that of Aaron Burr more than that of Hamilton.

We have sometimes occasion to regret the lack of respect in this country for authority and tradition in literature, in art, in economics, in government. The conceit of newness and opportunity leads to raw opinions and disastrous experiments that attention to experience might avoid. Yet, on the other hand, our foreign critics would save themselves from a ridiculous attitude if they tried to understand the nature and development of a great nation before they judge us by their local and conventional standards. Their failure to do this renders their opinions valueless, and helps to feed the conceit

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referred to by encouraging a contempt for all foreign criticism. During the late Fair the smart and flippant Parisian writers were sincerely disappointed because the exhibition at Chicago was not an exaggerated Wild West Show, and they were at the same time blind to the real significance of the rush and noise and headlong speed of what seemed to them a comfortless and chaotic society. This *bavardage* criticism is lately giving place, in a few observers, to that philosophic study of new conditions which we have a right to expect from a nation that has produced De Tocqueville and scholars who have made the most fruitful observations, in the true scientific spirit, of the historic development of past civilizations. The French mind is waking up to the fact that here is going on one of the most interesting developments the world has ever seen, and to discern in its crudeness the mighty forces going to the making of a nation.

This sort of investigation requires, of course, patience and toleration, and a wide knowledge. It is much easier to dismiss the subject with the superficial and, in a sense, descriptive remark that this country is a "camp" and a "railway station," where everybody is waiting to take a train. One measures himself, however, rather than the country, by such an estimate. But it is a natural observation. It expresses the shrinking of a European "tenderfoot" from contact with the rude and incongruous elements of a formative period, or a campaign on a great scale, who in his love of comfort and accustomed order cannot enter joyfully into the manly conflict of a vigorous march toward a new and boundless horizon. It is shared by a great number whom a cruel chance has made native to the United States. Europe is full of these shrinking soldiers who have retired from the intolerable noise and clamor of our life, and find their congenial and sympathetic place there. They justly shrink from vulgarity, unless it be conventional. Their example, based upon experience of their own natures, should be a warning to all of like mind and sensitiveness not to adventure upon these turbulent coasts. In a hundred years, perhaps, when all life here runs well in set grooves, and striving has settled into realization or defeat, the country may be a fit residence for the tender souls who are always born out of due time.

But to the student of history and the man of philosophic temperament there could not be a spectacle more interesting than the United States at present. There have been meetings before of various races in process of assimilation, but never before of so many races, and on so wide a field. But what distinguishes this process from all others in history, and makes the liveliness and novelty of the spectacle, is the part played by science and invention. The building of a nation by the help of all the recent adaptations of natural forces to man's use distinguishes our experiment. We may not be able to trace the unrest and the haste and clamor of our life to electricity, or to the development of railways and the general substitution of machinery for human power; but the new inventions are not simply symbols of our condition, they mark the difference between our own growth and that of any previous nation. These conditions are common to the world, but have never before played so great a part in any national development. Americans have the reputation of bragging about the size of their country, about its natural resources, its diversity, and its increase in population and wealth. If the soberest historian were describing any country or period in the past that exhibited anything like our conditions, he would be subject to a like charge of exaggeration. Historical investigation of such a period would have the profoundest interest for a student, more lively than the testimony that the rocks give us in regard to any geologic era. And when we think that here is an open opportunity for seeing a creation and development in actual progress, we wonder that any observer can miss the significance of it, can judge it by flippant personal standards, or fail to rise to some conception of its possibilities. It is also strange that any American can feel conceit in presence of such novel opportunities and tremendous responsibilities.

The hasty critic who is wearied by the noise and rush, by the sight of cities badly governed because their control has been let to pass into the hands of adventurers who make of politics simply the means of personal profit, by the disregard of personal rights and the sanctities of private life by the press and in the Legislatures, by the dawning of the long predicted tyranny of the majority, does not hesitate to say that universal suffrage is a failure,

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and majority rule an experiment already proved unequal to secure the individual welfare. And this sentiment is unfortunately echoed by too many Americans, who in private conversation despair of the republic, and say, with what seems to them a commendable candor and the exhibition of a philosophic spirit, that universal suffrage cannot bring to the front either the talent or the integrity needed for the successful government of a great people. They point to the cities, to the State Legislatures, and to the Federal Congress.

O ye of little faith! The result does not depend upon you. If the world becomes as bad as you feel, no form of government will save any part of it, nothing but a Noachian deluge will be an adequate remedy. The majority rule has its experienced disadvantages, its visible perils. But we still believe that government derives its just power from the consent of the governed, and we know that in the past hundred years no other form of government has been so stable as ours, and that, on the whole, no other land has offered the individual man such opportunities of bettering his condition. Considering what human nature is, and, above all, what an assortment of perverted human nature we have been trying to assimilate, we have been doing very well. Have a little patience, and have a little more private virtue! Why, the Christian religion is not a failure because its principles do not yet control our business intercourse or our international relations.

II.

Because the English have graciously borrowed from us our feature of personal journalism, does courtesy require us to accept and adopt their style of personal and socially vulgar fiction? We think not. We will do almost anything to keep the peace and to keep the good-will of our English cousins, but it is asking too much that we should like a good deal of the fiction which is largely sold and much talked about in London, which our own publishers hesitate to reproduce in paper even, and which the English themselves would call "nasty" if it were produced elsewhere. It is hardly safe in these days to give an English novelist free access to the general American public through the pages of a popular magazine without careful scrutiny. Only a generation ago M. Guizot, in his popular *History of England*, was able to say, and to say truly: "Not only has the novelist's art in England at our epoch [Thackeray and George Eliot were then writing] had the honor to fall into honorable hands, habitually depicting pure manners, or touching upon corruption with a high-mindedness and a delicacy of pencil which the most distinguished of our French novelists have so lacked that the judgment of the whole world has been thereby deceived in respect to the moral and social state of France, but a great number of the authors of modern English romances have regarded, and do regard, their art as a talent for which they must give account, as a weapon put into their hands to defend the cause of justice, charity, and eternal truth."

Would M. Guizot write that of English novelists to-day, or would he say that many of them are deceiving the world in respect to the moral and social state of England? And would he regret the absence of "high-mindedness and delicacy," the want of which characterized so much of the fiction of Paris that finds in our day so many clumsy imitators? In the art of being wicked gracefully and bewitchingly, if not becomingly, we have still much to learn, and it seems to a transatlantic observer that some of the London writers are pursuing the substance without the alleviating *nuance*. It is task enough for one generation to vulgarize our literature by giving conspicuous place to the sordid and the mean, without reducing it to the *risque* level of the gossip of the "smart" set anywhere. Better even "realism," as it is called, than the vulgarity of "society." Fiction is a great spreader of morals as well as of manners, and if the London life is what it is depicted in many recent romances, it is a pity to risk its diffusion in the middle classes by means of the circulating libraries.

III.

The honoring of great authors, the creators of works of the imagination, and of characters who are as real to our apprehension as historical persons, has always met one of two difficulties—either want of artistic capacity or lack of money to carry out the conceptions of the artists. Perhaps a method we have to suggest would have both difficulties. In the

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case of a hero it is comparatively easy to put him in some position of glory suggesting his achievements, and let him ride or walk in perpetual fame. It is not so easy to deal with the poets and the novelists, whose works are those of the imagination. Painters, indeed, draw freely upon the works of the imagination for their subjects, and a common device is to honor an author by drawing or sculpturing in visible form some of the characters he has created. What we have to suggest is the representation of the author surrounded by his creations. To illustrate: Suppose the Longfellow Association desire to erect in Cambridge a unique memorial of the poet. In some fit place of natural beauty—in a grove, on a gentle eminence, or by a stream—they might have in bronze the sitting figure of the poet, and grouped about him in attitudes characteristic the children of his brain—Evangeline, Priscilla, and Miles Standish, Hiawatha, characters from the "Spanish Student," from the "Wayside Inn," from "Hyperion," whatever person the poet's imagination had given a form and body of its own. The list is long from which to choose, and the variety is sufficient to make a most interesting and picturesque group of statues. To arrange it and save it, on the one hand from stiffness, and on the other from burlesque, would require the highest artistic genius, and to execute it would give employment to a great number of sculptors, and probably it would require the purse of a Roman emperor to pay for it. And yet a simple group of a few most conspicuous characters is within the reach of any appreciative millionaire. How effective would the statue of Hawthorne be amidst his weird and yet solid creations! Fancy, however, this treatment applied to Shakespeare! We should have not a group, not a mass-meeting even, but a long procession of well-known, almost historic figures, marching across the campus, led by the divine bard. It is easy to ridicule this idea, to talk about a group of wax-works and an assembly of figures in a stone-cutter's yard. The Study is tempted to do it. But if a great genius would carry out this idea in regard to any famous author, respect would take the place of jeering, and the public curiosity would be changed to admiration. At any rate, the suggestion is not patented.

IV.

The modest memorial proposed for George William Curtis is open to none of the objections that might be urged to the above. And the suggestion of it comes not so much from the necessity of any device to keep his memory green as a means of inspiring in the present and coming generations a love for the high-mindedness and the civic virtues which his whole career illustrated. To stand for principle without bitterness, for good manners without affectation, for democracy without demagogism, for amenity in letters and in politics without surrender of vital purity, and to preserve the enthusiasm of youth for high ideals in society and in the state in the midst of a growing sophistication and materialism, was the mission of this chivalric soul, this American of a purer type, this just and calm citizen whose heart burned with love for his country. It is in recognition of this noble example that over four hundred of the representative men and women of America, from every section of the country, truly representative of the best there is in our society, in our art, our letters, and our politics, have united in requesting the Curtis Memorial Committee to emphasize the lesson of his life in some fitting way. The plan agreed upon, as one comparatively inexpensive, and so in accord with his own taste, is the foundation of a perpetual lectureship in connection with some of our universities, and the placing of a portrait bust somewhere in the city of New York. It is estimated that to carry out this design about twenty-five thousand dollars will be needed; certainly not less than the income of twenty thousand dollars would provide for the annual lecture, which could be repeated to the students of several colleges. It is thought that the honor of delivering this lecture, from year to year, would command the services of men most capable of inspiring the young, and that at the universities most young men could be reached who are likely to play a prominent part in politics and in letters. The theme of the lectures would always be good citizenship, the civic virtues, republican principles, patriotism, the fundamental and high ideals of a free people in questions of public interest that will from time to time be prominent. In thus keeping in memory his ideals we shall be in that

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line of conduct and aspiration, in sight of those standards, which will lead us to the best attainments in our political and social life.

To the readers of the *causeries* of the Easy Chair for thirty years perhaps this appeal comes with a more intimate and personal reason than to others. In all literary history there is not such another example of long-continued courtesy, common-sense, familiar dignity, social amenity, and intellectual illumination. His readers were drawn to him by many ties, and in all those years he never forgot what was due to his wide and sympathetic audience. He gave from month to month of the best that was in him in all sincerity, and with an optimistic grace that made his audience conscious that they were in good society and in a hopeful world. The Chair is forever empty, and the loved voice is silent, but the influence remains. In ten thousand homes it is still a call to a higher life. It is the expectation of the memorial committee that the response to this appeal for twenty-five thousand dollars will be spontaneous, and in many cases liberal; but it will be exceedingly appropriate if the subscription is a popular one, and includes any, the least, sums that affection for the man or sympathy with his life work and character may prompt. Any sum, therefore, large or small, will be equally welcome if sent to William L. Trenholm, Esq., the treasurer of the committee, 160 Broadway, New York city.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 12th of June.—There were labor disturbances during the month, chiefly among the miners in Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, and Pennsylvania. Collisions with militia and sheriffs' deputies occurred. A coal famine was threatened, and railroads began seizing consignments of coal intended for manufacturers. Bridges were burned by strikers, coal trains were blocked, and at Cripple Creek, Colorado, prominent citizens were taken prisoners and held as hostages.

The Presbyterian General Assembly met at Saratoga May 17th. Dr. Samuel D. Mutchmore, of Philadelphia, was elected moderator. The Assembly voted to assume direct control of all theological seminaries in the Church. Professor Henry Preserved Smith, of the Lane Theological Seminary, was deposed from the ministry for heresy.

Rear-Admiral Erben, Captain Mahan, and the officers of the United States cruiser *Chicago*, were entertained at a great public dinner in London on May 24th.

The Lexow investigating committee of the State Senate, in session in New York city, obtained evidence of the complicity of the police with keepers of unlicensed saloons and other disorderly houses. Many witnesses testified to bribery and blackmail.

Supporters of the provisional government in Hawaii obtained a majority in the constitutional convention, which adopted plans for a republican government.

A revolution in San Salvador ended successfully on June 4th. President Ezeta fled.

Queen Victoria's seventy-fifth birthday was celebrated in England on May 24th.

A World's Conference of the Young Men's Christian Association opened in London June 1st. The Golden Jubilee of the organization was celebrated on the 6th.

The French cabinet resigned on May 22d. A new cabinet was formed on the 29th under the premiership of M. Dupuy. M. Casimir-Perier was elected President of the Chamber of Deputies June 2d.

King Alexander of Servia on May 21st restored the old constitution, greatly increasing the power of the monarch. Riots and wholesale arrests followed.

Muley Hassam, Sultan of Morocco, died on June 7th, and was succeeded by his sixteen-year-old son Mulai Abdul.

DISASTERS.

April 28th.—Severe earthquake shocks destroyed several villages in Venezuela, near the borders of Colombia. The loss of life was estimated at 7000.

May 13th.—The third Brooklyn Tabernacle under the pastorate of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge burned with the Hotel Regent. Loss, $1,000,000.—Four Harvard students were drowned in Boston Harbor.

May 14th.—Fire in Boston destroyed property worth $1,000,000.

May 17th and *18th.*—Severe storms in the West caused $1,000,000 damage, and twenty lives were lost in Lake Michigan. Storms in Pennsylvania were followed by floods which caused a loss of $3,000,000 at Williamsport and in Lycoming County.

June 8th.—Fifteen members of the "Coxey Industrial Army" were drowned in the Platte River near Brighton, Colorado.

OBITUARY.

May 12th.—At Philadelphia, Brigadier-General Robert P. Dechert, aged fifty-two years.

May 14th.—At Carisbrooke, Isle of Wight, Henry Morley, author and lecturer, aged seventy-two years.

May 16th.—At Berlin, W. H. Edwards, United States Consul-General.

May 20th.—At London, Edmund Yates, writer and editor, aged sixty-three years.

June 7th.—At New Haven, Connecticut, Professor William Dwight Whitney, aged sixty-seven years.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

A POSSIBLE IMPROBABILITY.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

"SPEAKING of deliverance from situations of extreme personal peril," said the Bishop—and his words attracted an even slighter attention because at that moment the actual subject of conversation was the comparative inefficiency of the various sorts of steam-heating apparatus ordinarily in use in country houses—"what has not been said within the past few minutes has reminded me very forcibly of a trifling adventure of my own which occurred some years since during my life as a missionary in Ellesmere Land, the comparatively uninhabited region, you know, at the extreme northern end of Baffin Bay. And it seems to me only proper to state at the outset that had I not been so fortunate as to have on the suit of wool-lined armor, and had I not carried with me the bottle of Tabasco sauce, there would have been no story for me to tell. Lacking those most fortunate additions to my outfit, it is probable that if anybody had told a story it would have been the two polar bears."

Having delivered this brief exordium, which so effectually distracted the attention of his auditors that several of them immediately left the room, the Bishop coughed slightly, and then proceeded in the following words:

"When the harrowing scene which I have not described was ended, I found myself alone in the whale-boat, slowly circling about the miniature maelstrom created when the *Harmony Home* went down. The only objects in sight upon that vast waste of waters—excepting the land, half a mile or so to leeward—were the two icebergs which, inopportunely closing upon the brig like a pair of lemon-squeezers, had produced the catastrophe. The temperature of the air was 35°, and of the water 39°, by the Fahrenheit scale, as I immediately ascertained by means of my pocket-thermometer, knowing that these facts would be of interest when, on occasions like the present, I should describe what at the moment was an annoying experience in order to while away an idle hour.

"Excepting my thermometer, I had saved from the sinking vessel only the suit of wool-lined armor and the bottle of Tabasco sauce to which I have already referred, together with an abundant supply of fresh and salt provisions, several blocks of chemically pure ice (in which convenient and hygienic form our stock of drinking-water was carried), tea, coffee, condensed milk, a few dozens of wines and spirits, several boxes of cigars, my dressing-case, writing materials, and some well-chosen books. I should add that my situation was rendered a little less desperate by the fact that the whale-boat had been fitted for making short expeditions from the vessel, and therefore was a trifle more comfortable than is usual with such craft. In its centre was a small but snug cabin, fitted with two standing berths, and reasonably, though far from luxuriously furnished. By an ingenious arrangement, the supply of coal for the cabin stove—sufficient, if used with economy, to last for several weeks—was stowed in the vacant space between the deck planking and the keel, thus obviating the necessity of going out of doors in bad weather to fill the coal-scuttle. The cans of kerosene for the hanging lamps, however, were stored in the stern-sheets, as was also the kindling-wood for starting the fire—an inconsiderate arrangement that added bitterly to the many hardships which I had to bear.

"In a word, a more desolate or distressing situation than that in which I then found myself cannot, I am confident, be imagined. But to yield to the natural feeling of despair that it engendered, as I well knew, was only to precipitate the gloomy end which would have been inevitable but for the mitigating conditions which rendered it extremely improbable. Therefore, drawing not vainly upon my stock of manly fortitude, I endeavored so to busy myself with active manual labor that the seething agony of my heart and brain might be allayed. Moreover, I was pressed to take vigorous steps for my own preservation by the conjunctive approach of dinner-time and night.

"With the feverish energy of one who works under so severe a strain, I laid the fuel in the stove and lighted it, selected from my stock of provisions what best would serve my turn in my keen fight with death—mock-turtle soup, salmon, chicken, a few vegetables, a paté, and some sweets and cheese, with black coffee and cognac at the end—and when this ghastly meal (with which I drank a bottle of carefully cooled, not chilled, Château Yquem) was at an end, and the dishes washed, I settled myself until bedtime with my novel and cigar in the steamer-chair beneath the hanging lamp. The extreme cold—by midnight, when I went to bed, the mercury had dropped to eleven degrees below the freezing-point—would have been fraught with greater danger to me had not the boat's stores included a warming-pan, with which humble but useful domestic appliance I reduced to a minimum my chances of freezing to death in my bunk.

"Of the ensuing horrible five weeks, during which time I drifted slowly southward with the great Polar Current, I will not pain you by

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speaking exhaustively. Cut off as I was from wholesome out-door exercise, and betrayed into eating and drinking more than was good for me by the too-appetizing nature of my supplies, to say nothing of excessive smoking in order to kill time, my digestion suffered severely, and my liver went completely wrong. But so much has been written of direful experience in open boats at sea that this phase of my terrible adventure need not be enlarged upon. Leaving its miseries to your imagination, I pass on at once to the catastrophe.

"Awakening, then, on the morning after the boat had grounded under the circumstances which I have not mentioned, I was conscious of a curious whining noise near by, accompanied by a slight scratching at the cabin door. At first, in my then sleepy condition, I fancied that I was back on board the *Harmony Home*, and that my favorite cat, Don Alonzo, was making his customary morning salutation; and then, as I grew more wakeful, I remembered my actual pitiably forsaken condition and the cruel fact that my faithful little friend was lost to me forever when the brig went down. Obviously, therefore, the strong instinct of self-preservation compelled me—though the fire had burned low and the cabin was disagreeably chilly—to get out of bed and investigate the cause of the curious noises, which, in that region, and under the circumstances, might emanate from savage beasts or almost equally savage men.

"Springing out of bed, and stopping only to put on my slippers and dressing-gown, I softly unlatched the cabin door, softly opened it, and cautiously thrust forth my head through the narrow crevice—and instantly inverted this series of actions, but with an exceeding celerity, upon finding my nose almost in contact with the nose of an exceptionally large polar bear. Although my opportunity for observation was not extended, I perceived that the animal seemed to be quite as much startled by the sudden encounter as I was, and I even fancied that its expression betrayed a lively sense of alarm.

"With the door shut, and the dead-latch down, I knew that for the moment I was safe. Obviously, in order to prepare for the fierce encounter that I clearly foresaw was imminent, it was most desirable that I should conserve my physical energies by partaking of substantial food. To this end—after hastily bathing and shaving—I rapidly prepared and ate a hearty breakfast. But I confess frankly that my terror very sensibly was augmented, while thus engaged, by hearing sounds from the forward end of the boat which convinced me that another bear had come aboard. Indeed, while I was washing the breakfast things, the increasing frequency and depth of the growls of the ferocious beasts thrilled me with the dismal conviction that the breakfast which had but that moment become mine soon would be a part of theirs.

"In this desperate emergency I most fortunately bethought myself of the armor, which I had bought, I may explain, at a bric-à-brac shop in Spitzbergen, but with little thought that it would be used, while on its way to become a decorative feature of my library, in what I may term its original sense. It was wool-lined, I should add, because in those far Northern countries steel garments not thus treated are almost certain to give their wearers colds.

"I never had worn armor; but, in a general way, the shape of the several pieces indicated the portions of the human body to which they severally belonged, and I was able to apply them properly—with only the trifling mistake, which I immediately rectified, of trying to put on the trousers hind part first. I may say, also, that I never dressed in clothes of any sort more rapidly, being stimulated to extreme haste by the savage growlings of those awful brutes, and by the fact that as the result of their now desperate clawings the wood-work of the cabin was beginning to give way. And, indeed, with all my haste, I was not dressed a moment too soon. Just as I had fastened on the helmet—after delaying a moment to grease the rusty joints of the visor with a pat of butter that most fortunately remained upon the breakfast table—the forward planking began to shiver, and at the same instant the bear in the stern succeeded in crushing in the cabin door.

"In that supreme moment my eyes lighted on the bottle of Tabasco sauce standing on the rack above the cabin table, and in one of those flashes of super-intelligence which come to us in moments of supreme peril, my plan of action was formed. With a trembling hand I seized the bottle, and removed—as quickly as this was possible, yet with a truly agonizing slowness because of the awkwardness of managing so small an object with my mailed hands—the minute metal cap protecting the orifice through the cork. Sometimes, even now, I repeat that dreadful operation in my dreams, and wake in a cold sweat of horror as I feel the hot breath of the enraged animal hissing through the chinks of my visor, and then the jingle of his teeth in his vain attempts to bite my arms and shoulders, while yet the screw refuses to turn.

"Evidently puzzled, and greatly enraged by encountering a human being with so unpleasant an epidermis, the bear drew back for a moment, and in that same moment the cap of the bottle at last came off. As he came on again, with flaming eyes and with mouth wide open, I was able to act upon the offensive, and with a prompt dexterity I popped two drops of the fiery condiment upon his largely exposed tongue. The effect was instantaneous, and ideally perfect in its realization of the result which in my crisis of super-intense thought I had foreseen. The expression of avid ferocity upon the animal's face disap-

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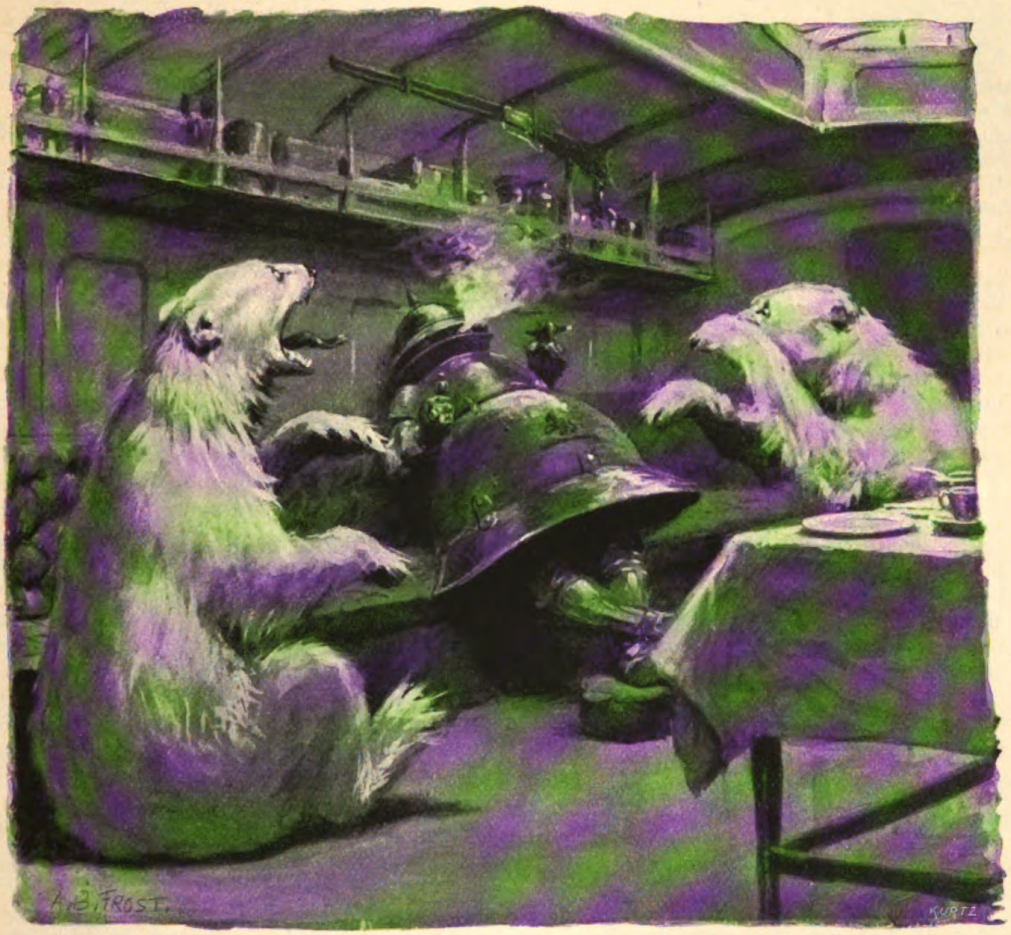

COMPLETELY MASTER OF THE SITUATION.

peared, and in its place came an expression of pained surprise. Instead of approaching me more closely, it drew back quickly with tears in its eyes, and then fell to making awkward attempts with its ungainly paws to remove from its mouth the burning and stinging substance which occasioned it so keen an uneasiness—much in the way that you, no doubt, have seen a dog try to rid his mouth of a piece of molasses candy.

"Amusing though this odd spectacle certainly was, I had no time to spend in contemplating it, scarcely a moment elapsing after my administration of the corrective stimulant to the first bear before the second bear succeeded in crashing through the wood-work, and was upon me, like the first, with open mouth and blazing eyes. But with this attack—the bottle being opened, and my self-confidence restored by the successful working of my plan—I dealt quite coolly. Taking a deliberate aim, I spurted three drops of Tabasco directly upon the centre of the creature's tongue, with results precisely identical with those arrived at by the first experiment, and equally satisfactory: the same quick change of facial expression; the same instantaneous relinquishment of deadly purpose; the same comical attempts on the part of the bear to remove the offensive foreign substance by making absurd dabs at its mouth with its huge paws.

"Virtually, as you will infer, this was the end of the encounter. Being completely master of the situation, I had only to seat myself comfortably between the two animals and to administer to them—as the sting of the condiment abated sufficiently for them to venture fresh attacks upon me—occasional fresh doses of Tabasco in their open jaws."

"But what did you do when the bottle was empty?" inquired one of the few remaining uninterested auditors.

"I regret to say," the Bishop answered, sadly, "that in the end I was compelled to shoot both animals as the only practicable way of saving my own life."

"Why on earth," said the same person, speaking thoughtfully, and after some moments of silence, "didn't you shoot them to begin with?"

But the Bishop did not answer this question. While it was in course of mental formulation he had left the room.

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BOOKWORM VERSES.

A LIGHT LUNCHEON.

I HAD a batch of novels on my table yesterday,
Most of them bound in yellow—just the sort to throw away.
I showed them to my Bookworm, and I said, "Pray have some lunch."
"I don't care if I do," said he; "I feel just like a munch."

"What is there on the bill of fare?" he asked, as he sat down.
"The books most widely read to-day," said I, "in all the town;
The books the people talk about, the books that dealers say
Relieve the book-man's creditors and drive the wolves away;

"The books you'll find all over, in the boudoir, on the train;
The books that deal with humble life, with lives high up and vain;
The books that take six pages to describe a maiden's smile;
Some of 'em tell you stories, and the others teach you style.

"So sit ye down, good Bookworm, eat away, and merry be;
And if I don't return by six, pray wait not up for me.
If any one should call meantime you do not wish to meet,
Hide in my book of *Poems;* 'tis, alas! a safe retreat."

And then I left my Bookworm to enjoy the fresh-cooked food
With which the writing caterers regale the multitude.
I staid away till seven, and returning then to him,
I found that he had gone to bed, but in the twilight dim

I caught a glimpse of writing there upon my blotting-pad—
The writing of my Bookworm, and for him it wasn't bad.
He said: "Beloved Master,—I do hope you won't be vexed.
I've eaten all the margins, but I cannot go the text."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE UNTERRIFIED MONTANIANS.

IT was once more Friday night, and we had finished printing another number of the paper. Old Wallis, the compositor, had been provided with ten cents, with which to purchase what he insisted was the only known remedy for the poison of the antimony in type-metal, namely, corn whiskey, when he said:

"It's a strange thing, the difference between people in different parts of the country. These Dakota folks are good enough in their way, but they are deficient in git-up-and-git."

I was gloomily addressing a paper to a man who had not paid a cent for two years, but I paused and said, "Well, where do you find more git-up-and-git?"

"In Montana. A Montana man will fight a rattlesnake and give the snake the first bite. And the Montana women are fit companions for the Montana men. When I was at Powder-horn River, working in the *Early Settler* office, there was a rancher living up on Pizen Creek named Snyder. He was married, and his wife was probably about thirty-five years old. She was the mother of four children, and though rather plain, was not by any means bad-looking. Before marriage she had been a school-teacher in Missouri. For a year past, at the time I speak of, her health had been declining, and she felt that she was losing her strength. At last she consulted a physician at Powder-horn River.

"'You have been too closely confined at your household duties, and need more exercise, especially exercise to expand your lungs. Have your husband get you a pair of light Indian-clubs, and use them every day,' said he.

"She told Snyder, but though he looked all over town, he could find nothing suitable, so he decided to send to the States for a pair. The next day, while he happened to be absent, Mrs. Snyder heard a tremendous uproar in the hen-house, and ran out to see what caused it. She found that a pair of wild-cats, each about twice as big as an ordinary tame cat, were attacking the poultry. She hesitated for a moment, but when they dashed at a brood of little chicks, putting the hen to flight, her mother-heart was touched, and seizing a pitchfork, she charged the cats bravely. They turned and ran, she close behind. As they leaped over the high threshold to escape, an idea struck her. Dropping the fork, she grasped the tail of a cat in either hand, and began to swing the infuriated and astonished animals about her head precisely as Indian-clubs are manipulated. She kept it up for ten minutes, as the doctor had directed, and then shut the exhausted beasts under a box for future use. She continued to exercise with them twice a day, and at the end of three months she had gained twenty pounds, the old color was back in her cheeks, and she was a well and happy woman. The cats were thin but lively.

"Snyder was of course pleased at his wife's recovery, and the affair also gave him a business hint. He began to catch wild-cats for other women. He came into the *Early Settler* office and advertised this scale of prices: 'Prime wild-cats for ladies' calisthenics, ten dollars a pair. Mountain-lions, for more robust ladies, fifteen dollars. No. 1 domestic cats (for girls from nine to fourteen), five dollars.—N. B. All tails warranted to hold, or money refunded.'

"Yes, sir, there is another class of people living in Montana. If you were running your paper out there, it wouldn't do for you to charge that a political opponent had murdered his grandmother unless you had positive proof that he at least had had a grandmother, and that the old lady had been snatched away suddenly."

H. C.

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A MATTER OF COMPARISON.

NEW YORK MISS. "How do you think the New York four hundred compare with society in Chicago?"
CHICAGO MISS. "Oh, not at all! Why, really there are at least eight hundred of us, and during the Fair we considered a thousand quite a small gathering."

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AN OPINION.

DURING the war a soldier who took part in a foraging expedition found a bottle of whiskey, and proceeded forthwith to console himself for the hardships he had endured during the campaign. On returning to camp he was placed in the guard-house, and his condition reported to the captain.

"How did he get into that condition?" asked the captain.

"He captured a bottle of whiskey."

"How did he manage to do that?"

"I am not sure, sir," said the sergeant, "but I think he surrounded it." P. McA.

HE KEPT IT, NATURALLY ENOUGH.

AFTER Mr. Scadds left the station he experienced a severe shock upon discovering that a packet of bank-notes which he was taking to the city was nowhere about his person.

He must have left it in the Pullman car.

"I'll go to the superintendent's office and make my loss known," he thought; and he did. "I left a package containing $5000 in bank-notes in a Pullman car not half an hour ago," said Mr. Scadds to the official.

"Which train?"

"The one which arrived at 9.15."

"Have you your Pullman check?"

Fortunately he had, and this enabled the superintendent to send for the conductor.

He soon arrived, for he had not yet finished the report of his trip, and was still in the building.

"Conductor," said the superintendent, "did you see anything of a package left in your car?"

"No, sir."

"Porter didn't turn anything over to you?"

"No, sir."

"Bring the porter here."

He was brought.

"Did you see anything of a small packet after the passengers left your car?"

"Yes, sah."

"You haven't turned it in?"

"Why, no, sah. It was a lot of money, sah."

"Precisely. Where is it now?"

"Here, sah."

It was produced from an inside pocket.

Mr. Scadds's eyes brightened when he saw the roll. "That's it," he exclaimed. He counted the money, and it was all there, the entire $5000.

"Look here, porter," said the superintendent, severely, "I want to know why you did not bring that package to me the moment you got your fingers on it."

"Why, sah," replied the man, with an injured air, "I s'posed de gemman had left it for a tip, sah. That's why, sah."

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.

AN ARTIST'S TRIAL.

THE Impressionist was standing close to his own picture. "Looks sort of soaked in," he said to himself, gazing at the orange and red high lights and the greenish-purple shadows, that showed a prodigal use of the broad brush and palette-knife. The title read, "Before the Fire." This was a change made at the last moment from "After the Bath," but the word "fire" explained the high lights much better.

As the Impressionist backed away, still gazing through the hollow of his fist, he almost bumped into a rather interesting couple who were approaching with the gallery stroll in their every movement. It was evident they had come to talk the pictures over.

The Impressionist dropped behind to listen.

The young girl (she was still young and quite pretty) gazed at the benuded walls with a frank and critical air, sometimes measuring proportions with half-shut eyes and an extended thumb and forefinger.

"Well done, I should say," said the young man, looking from the title to the red, startling picture. "I mean done to a crisp," he added.

"Ye-e-s," answered the girl, pausing.

The Impressionist's cold chill of delight at the first "well done" had been followed by a flush of anger.

"What do you think of it—the drawing, of course?" inquired the young man.

"Well," said the young girl, looking through half-shut eyes, "the man who painted that"—waving her hand—"shows a contempt for nature not bred of familiarity."

The Impressionist glared at them, but he was a small man, and they looked over his head.

J. B.

SATISFACTORY.

A COUPLE about to be married were anxious that all their friends should attend the ceremony, but were in doubt as to the capacity of the church. Accordingly the young man went to the sexton and asked, "How many will the church seat?"

The sexton considered the matter carefully for several minutes, and then replied, reflectively, "We-ell, ord'narily it 'll seat 'bout three hundred; but if some 'll sit with their legs hangin' over the organ-loft, I guess it 'll seat three hundred and ten."

HIS FUTURE.

AN old farmer and his son called upon me the other day. The boy is about eleven or twelve years old, and a gawky, ugly dawdler. He wandered aimlessly about the office, running the tip of his finger over the backs of my books. At last I asked, "Well, my boy, would you like to be a lawyer?"

"Naw."

"A doctor?"

"Naw."

"Preacher?"

"Naw."

"Well, what do you want to be?"

"Nawthin'."

"By thunder! that's what you will be!" commented his disgusted father, earnestly.

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THE SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

"I'D like to vote," said fair Louise, "because it seems to me
The polls should be refined a bit—they're common as can be;
And if we women took a hand, those horrid, nasty men
Who linger there would go away, and not come back again.
A woman with a lorgnette at her eyes can give a snub
To heelers that would hurt far more than the policeman's club."

"Well, as for me," said Jane Marie, "I do not wish to vote.
To say who shall be President I wouldn't give a groat.
I've got too much to do as 'tis; I'm busy all the day;
With all the work I have, to add to it would hardly pay.
To dress for balls is hard enough, so pray why vex our souls
In getting up a polonaise to wear down at the polls?"

"And I," said Polly—"I have thought the question o'er and o'er
Much harder than I've ever thought of anything before.
I can't say that I want to vote; I can't say that I don't;
I can't say if I can I will, nor really that I won't.
Sometimes I'm glad that things are as they just now seem to be,
And then again I feel oppressed, which really vexes me."

And that was how it happened, when the suffrage people came,
The fair Louise took up her pen and straightway signed her name;
And when to Jane Marie with their petition they did go,
She put her little foot right down and loudly answered no.
And that is also why it was—or so the story goes—
Dear Polly's name was signed to both the Antis and the Pros.

CARLYLE SMITH.

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AN AUTHORITY.

JOSIAH JOSHUA HOBSON is a farmer, and an authority on all that pertains to farming. At least he thinks he is, and supports his statements by instances drawn from sixty years of farm life. If he were to say that a certain kind of chickens took at once to the water like ducks, he would have raised several broods of that kind back in the fifties. Although I sometimes fear that Hobson exaggerates a trifle, this sort of argument shuts me up, because I dare not express my doubts. I am confident that if I did I should wither up and blow away under his hot scorn of "them city fellers as don't know a harrer from a hoe."

"Hobson, what kind of fence posts lasts the longest?" I asked, the other day.

"Pine ones. Pine 'll last 'bout a hundred years."

"Are you sure?" I queried, doubtfully, for his answer surprised me.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. I've tried 'em myself twicet," he snorted.

EXPLAINED.

THE detail of the court martial which recently tried Commander Oscar F. Heyerman and Lieutenant Charles H. Lyman for responsibility for the loss of the United States corvette *Kearsarge* was made up of a particularly jolly set of naval officers, from the president of the court down. Away up near the head of the table sat Captain Albert Kautz, who held his place there through seniority on the naval list.

Captain Kautz, as his name implies, is of German extraction, and while possessing ordinarily the phlegmatic characteristics of the race, his humor machine is easily started running.

As an illustration of this the following story is told: While on shore leave some years ago Captain Kautz was invited to join a party of equestrians. During the ride the captain, whose horsemanship was perhaps on a par with that of most men of his profession, was thrown, and got a rather bad fall.

He was up in a moment, and to the anxious inquiries of his friends replied that he was not hurt. It was evident, however, that the captain had been badly shaken up, and on being again asked if he was sure he had sustained no injury, answered:

"Hurt? Me hurt? I couldn't be hurt by a fall from a horse. Why, I've a brother who is a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry!"

However, Captain Kautz was hurt, and had to take to his bed.

Some days later he was visited by several of his horsy friends, who gently guyed him about his denial that he was hurt, and also about the unique reason he gave for immunity from injury by that particular kind of accident.

"That's all right," said the doughty captain, as he winced at the pain in his back, "but my reason would have held good and I wouldn't be here now but for one thing. Why, you wouldn't believe it, but I have just heard that on the very day I fell off that horse my brother was made a lieutenant-colonel of infantry!"

AN ENCOURAGING ENDORSEMENT.

JIMMIEBOY has been attending a German kindergarten for a winter, and is firmly of the belief that he can speak German like a native. In the early summer a Teutonic carpenter was employed about the house in which Jimmieboy lives for several days, and in the small boy's hours of leisure he followed the carpenter wherever he went, and conversed with him on subjects of presumably mutual interest.

One afternoon, meeting the boy's father, who was on a tour of inspection of the work he was doing, Fritz, with a nod toward Jimmieboy, observed with enthusiasm:

"Dot poy's shmart enough. He shpeaks Charman quite some—almost as petter as me shpeak Enklish!"

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See "The Royal Marine."

"HOW'S THE WATER THIS MORNING?"

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HARPER'S
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RIDING TO HOUNDS IN ENGLAND.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

IN England, riding to hounds forms a component part of the sportsman's education. You need not go into the country to learn the lesson. You have only to walk about London for complete conviction, as hunting subjects greet you at every turning—in the daily and weekly press, on the walls of the hotels, and in the shop windows. Wherever you go in the country you find the same evidence. Farmers and cabbies, almost invariably to be seen in breeches and leggings, adorn their wives and sweethearts with sporting jewelry, and follow the runs of the local hunt enthusiastically, while even the time-honored cock of the weather-vane, that rules undisturbed in most countries, is, in rural England, superseded by Reynard.

It will give results somewhat interesting to cast up the number of men and women who during the season ride to hounds, though I do not pretend to absolutely authentic figures, but present merely a bit of rough calculation that will convey an idea of its popularity. There are about 168 packs of fox and 14 of stag hounds in England, 20 of fox and 5 of stag hounds in Ireland, and 10 of fox-hounds in Scotland, with kennels holding all the way from 12 to 80 couple each. The Meath (Ireland) hounds are out five days of the seven, but all the Leicestershire and the best "provincial" packs in England, the Tipperary, the Kildare (Ireland), and the Duke of Buccleuch's and the Earl of Eglinton's (Scotland), hunt four days.

A very large number, of course, meet three days, and a few packs of fox-hounds in less-favored districts and practically all the stag-hounds hunt only twice each week, so that three would probably be the fair average figure of weekly runs.

The average number of mounts at the meets is not so easily estimated; in the "shires" 500 is not unusual in the height of the season, rarely less than 400 are seen, and 300 is considered somewhat of a poor turning out. In the Meath country, the Leicestershire of Ireland, 400 would probably be a gala field and 300 the usual limit. With the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, which stand first in quality of sport and second to none in quantity of following, the fields are of huge proportions, as the illustration of the Cloutsham meet will show. Your Devonshire host will smile compassionately as you wax eloquent over the big fields of 500 you have seen at the Quorn covert-side, and take you out the next day to a meet at the Quantocks and show you, likely as not, upwards of 1000, on foot and in saddle, awaiting the "Hark together! hark! and forrard away" of huntsman Anthony Huxtable, as the noblest beast of chase breaks covert. But there is only one Exmoor and one pack of real stag-hunting hounds in England.

The Ward Union in the Meath country, and her Majesty's and Lord de Rothschild's, are the most prominent of the other stag-hounds, and attract about equally in number of following, which would be between the "shires" and the more popular provinces. In the best of the latter, 300 is not an infrequent field and 200 an average, while almost every meet in England brings out 100 horsemen and women, though there are a few packs in outlying and sparsely settled districts where not more than 50 may be seen at the covert-side. It seems as if 200 would be a fair number, but to be within bounds let us call 150 the average that hunt three times a week, or 450 at each covert-side, which multiplied by the number of hunts (217)

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gives the very considerable figure of 97,650 that are following hounds every week of England's season of five months. Even taking 100 as the average number, which is greatly underestimated, I think, we yet have the very respectable total of 65,100, and this computation has ignored completely the Harriers, of which there are 108 packs in England alone, 27 in Ireland, and 3 in Scotland, with from 8 to 35 couple each, to say nothing of the 35 packs of beagles in England. To be sure, these do not have such a following as the fox and stag hounds, but nevertheless they swell the grand total, and give strength to the argument that the hound has a greater number of active followers than the foot or cricket ball.

What shall we say now of a national sport after this showing? Riding to hounds would seem to demand some consideration in the calculation, these figures being unquestioned proof of its popularity, while the amount of capital expended annually in the chase is greater probably than that in all the other sports combined.

DEVON AND SOMERSET STAG-HOUNDS.

A few years ago the usual estimate for maintaining a thoroughly first-class pack was $2500 for every day hunted; then it went up to $3000, and now it will average very close to $3500, making an entire cost of $10,500 for one week's chase of the little red animal, while in the "shires" it will fall but very little short of $15,000, if, indeed, it will not in some instances run higher.

And all this a tribute to fashion! The sportsmen of the old régime were not so fastidious as to pink and tops, nor required such a retinue of servants. Hunting was the sole incentive, and they had fully as much sport and killed just about as many foxes, even if their hunts were not turned out in such elaborate fashion. Nowadays, however, the master who neglects to put the hunt afield in the best style fails in office quite as much as if he missed giving good sport. The huntsman, two whippers-in, and two second horsemen must all be turned out in pink and leathers, and the huntsman and first whip have two good horses a day; and it takes money, and plenty of it, to support a hunt on this scale. Then there is the servant who goes afoot to dig out the fox when he has gone to earth, and the eight to ten dollars to the gamekeepers for each find on their respective beats. Besides which horses and hounds have frequently to be conveyed by train to distant meets, while there are few hunts that are not obliged to hire coverts to save them from falling into the hands of shooting tenants, to say nothing of the care and expense of keeping them up once they are rented.

It is not very difficult to see where $10,000 to $15,000 per week goes when it is remembered that the basis of all this sport and fashion is the kennels and stables, with their 50 to 60 couple of hounds and 30 to 40 head of horses, that must be fed and receive the very best of care from the most capable and trustworthy attendants.

Then, too, there is the damage fund, which grows larger as cultivation extends, and that *bête noire* of the English hunting-field, the free lance, increases in numbers and impudence. Not that all free lances are wilfully destructive, but they are quite a number in that large class of men who, owning not an acre themselves, fail

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WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAG-HOUNDS—A MEET AT CLOUTSHAM.

to realize that while no single individual may cause a very great amount of destruction, the combined efforts of a large field will make sufficient havoc to work serious injury to the farmer who, even with fortune smiling upon him, can barely make both ends meet.

The free-lance problem is an ever-vexing one in England, and, indeed, I think the English hunting season reveals more men who live at some one else's expense than may be found at any one time or place on this earth. These light-hearted souls flit from shire to shire, sometimes taking their own cattle, quite as often exacting a mount from the good-natured and well-provided friends with whom they invariably stop, and never by any chance put themselves down for a shilling on the hunt clubs' subscription-books. All sorts of schemes have been suggested to run this hunting parasite to earth, an elaborate system of badges among others, but he will probably continue his flight unmolested until masters introduce a sliding-scale subscription and insist that every man who follows the hounds shall pay his mite towards their maintenance. At present a subscriber puts down his name for a lump sum whether he rides one day or the four, and the necessary feature seems to be a fee that will discriminate. It certainly is not fair that the man who has a couple or three hunters and turns out once or twice a week, should subscribe so much as the one with a stud of ten or a dozen and who hunts every day of the six.

As a general thing, the sporting spirit of the Englishman makes him careful of injuring the farmer, and punctilious in paying for the damage he inflicts. And in this he is met more than half-way by the farmer himself, whose sportsmanship,

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indeed, has been severely tested by the droughts and poor crops of the past few seasons. In fact, I am quite sure that nowhere is the general sporting spirit of England so much in evidence as in the hunting-field. The most democratic gathering in Great Britain may be seen at the covert-side, where nobility, untitled gentry, and labor often meet for a purpose common to all. Horseflesh maintains a more universal aristocracy, for, as a rule, the average is about the same, each country requiring a standard which all endeavor to reach, whether to be in the vogue, or for the more practical purpose of living with the hounds.

But I think the most surprising experience to the on-looking American at the covert-side is the number of people on foot he sees not only at the throw-off, but throughout the run.

Only those thoroughly well acquainted with the country can hope to find "shanks' mare" a satisfactory mount, but these seem almost by instinct to know the direction in which the fox is running, and you are sure to find a fair percentage invariably up with the hounds when there happens to be a check, unless, of course, the run has been of that rapturous nature described as "a quick thing over a grass country, strongly enclosed, in a good place, and only half a dozen men with the hounds." And the most notable feature of this outpouring is that not all on foot are, as one might naturally suppose, the hale and hearty members of the country's youth; hale and hearty are they, to be sure, and of both sexes, but many there are walking in the long shadows of their life's sun.

The hunting-fields of England are by no means monopolized by the early lustiness of vigorous manhood; at every meet I attended I saw men in the "sear and yellow," who, while probably taking few of the jumps—a comment equally applicable to the majority of an English field—usually kept as close to the hounds as the average of much younger years.

Even the people—the tillers of the soil, the miners in the collieries, the workmen in the foundries, the artisans in the factories—are all thoroughly imbued with the spirit, and in districts where these industries flourish, and where hunting is carried on despite the encroachments of trade, begrimed laborers join in the chase as enthusiastically as the most faultlessly attired gentry in pink. Especially is this true of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire, where, when a covert is drawn near by, the foundries are deserted until the last laggard has passed out of sight.

Fortunately, indeed, the configuration of the country permits these vast crowds with little hinderance to the sport. Luckily may it be said that practically every enclosure has an outlet, towards which the overwhelming rush that follows "gone away" furnishes one of the sights of English hunting.

While these tremendous fields are picturesque, and undoubted evidence of a far-reaching interest, they have drawbacks nevertheless; for once the crowd has crushed its way through the first gate it becomes a huge cavalcade of point to point riders, that from the vantage of an undulating country may view the direction of the hounds, making short-cuts, which not infrequently head the fox, and justly enough kindle the wrath of the master and the few of the first flight.

As for the traps, their number is legion, for so surely as all roads lead to Rome, so surely do all roads in England lead to a covert-side, and they are filled to overflowing for at least three days of every hunting week. The number of women in the saddle at an English or Irish meet is considerable; but though the percentage who ride a straight line is very small, the work of that few is nothing short of astonishing. Their endurance is altogether remarkable: day after day they will be found at the covert-side, hacking to the meet probably ten miles, to hunt all day and then hack back again—keeping it up week in and week out of the season.

In very few parts of Great Britain are the farmers not in touch and active sympathy with the hunts, and in the greater percentage of the provincial districts they are to be seen in the field on good cattle. As a rule the farmer of England is not only a lover of good horseflesh, but has always been a large and expert breeder. The times have not dealt kindly with him, however, of recent years, so that at the month of my visit, February, 1894, several consecutively bad seasons had compelled him to sell the pick of his stable, and left him in sore financial straits. Should the current year duplicate the drought of the last two, which put the price of hay up to fifty dollars a ton, and

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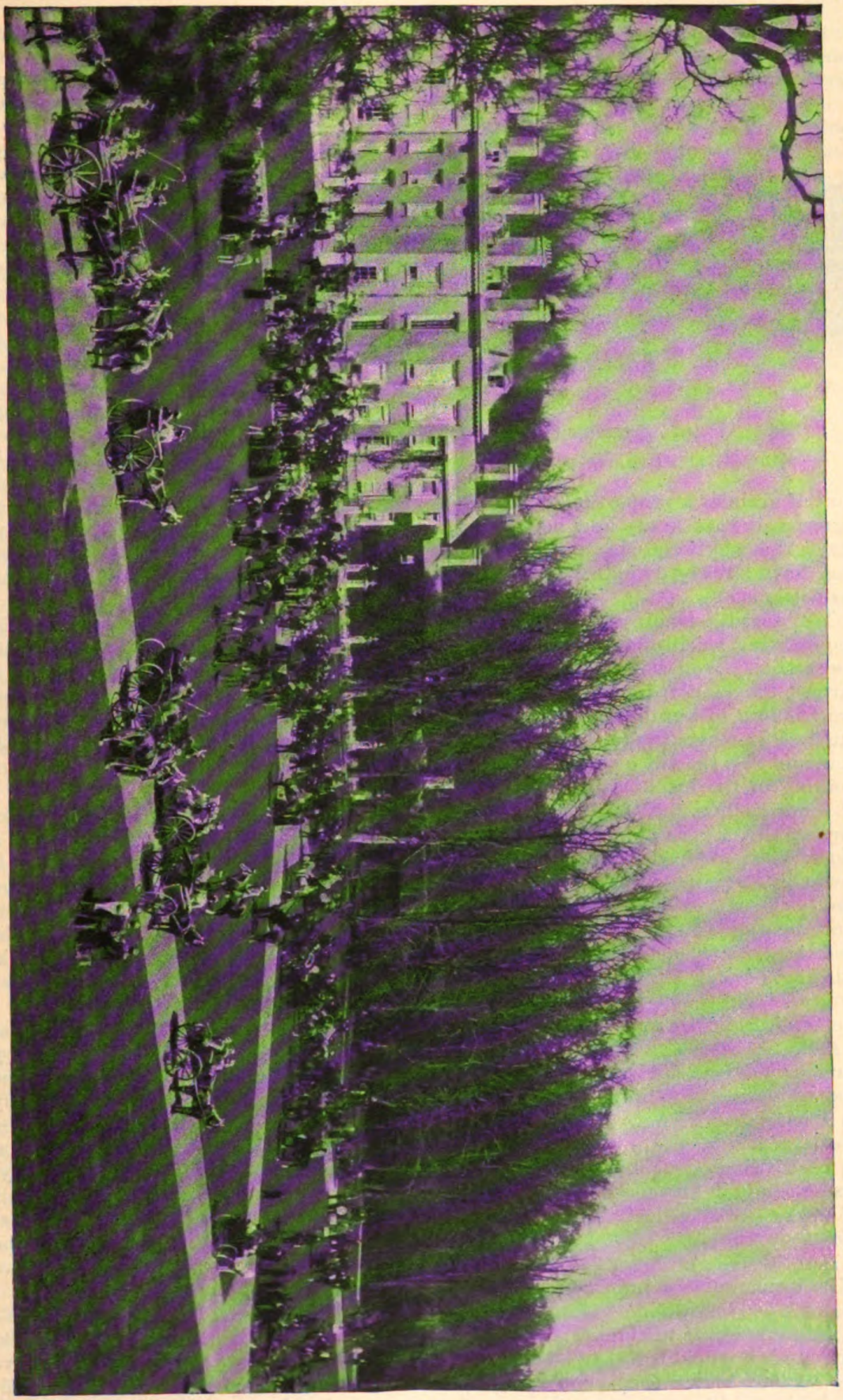

A MEET OF THE PYTCHLEY HOUNDS AT ALTHORP PARK, EARL SPENCER'S RESIDENCE.

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QUORN KENNELS.

that of grain at a proportionately exalted figure, it is hard to say how he will withstand the additional drain on resources that have already dwindled to slenderest proportions.

Yet, notwithstanding these hard times, the sporting spirit of the English farmer rings true. And with good reason the farmer, the landlord, and the tradesman are friendly to hunting, since it employs the first, increases the rent-roll of the second, and fills the till of the third, to say nothing of the hundreds upon hundreds of servants that find lucrative berths in the stables, kennels, and fields? Nay, more, it has helped build a number of towns in England, and Melton-Mowbray, Croft, Market-Harborough, Chipping-Norton, and Chelmsford owe a great deal of their present prosperity to the hunting, of which they have been made centres. The exact figures have slipped me, but I think it is something like $50,000 a season that the tradesmen of Melton-Mowbray derive directly from hunting, and while that does not very likely sound to Americans as a figure large enough to instance, it is nevertheless a goodly sum to be distributed among the handful of tradespeople in any small country village of 5000 to 6000 inhabitants like Melton-Mowbray.

Hunting does more for the farmer than, with exceptionally intelligent cases, he realizes, and one wonders almost as much at the impolicy of the ignorant brute who surrounds his field with barbed wire, as at the vicious knave that runs its all but invisible deadliness through the top of a thorn hedge. And how many a gallant heart has been stilled by the deadly work of the invisible wire!

England and likewise America, for we too have our list of martyred sportsmen, need a law to deal severely with these despicable creatures. The farmer that does not wish his land ridden over, and is not a churl, will surround it with stiff, honest fencing; or, if he does put up wire, make it visible by a top board. But as for running wire through a hedge! he might, so far as the peril run by the riders is concerned, conceal loaded mines about his premises, to be fired by unsuspecting sportsmen.

The farmer of American hunting districts does not owe so much to the sport as does the Englishman, and, while it is criminal enough in both to surround their enclosures with concealed wire, the latter adds downright baseless ingratitude to his knavery when he lays traps in the hunting man's path.

But the farmer in England who is inimical to the hunt is the exception; as a rule, he is a stanch supporter (indeed, he is the mainstay of some hunts), raises horses (to be sure, with an eye to future and personal aggrandizement or he would not be mortal), takes the puppies out to walk, and is a helpful and sympathetic member of the hunting district.

The clubs appreciate the pleasure, as well as the value, of the present happy relations existing between themselves and the farmers, and members are carefully and continuously cautioned against doing unnecessary injury, and damage conscientiously paid for to the very last penny, which, while being surely the only fair and politic course, nevertheless shows that the spirit of the hunting set towards the farmers over whose land they ride is not one of arrogance.

As a consequence, the coverts are well kept up (most of them are artificially stocked, though it is not acknowledged above a whisper in England), foxes preserved, keepers handsomely rewarded on a find,

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and a general harmony maintained towards the end of good sport.

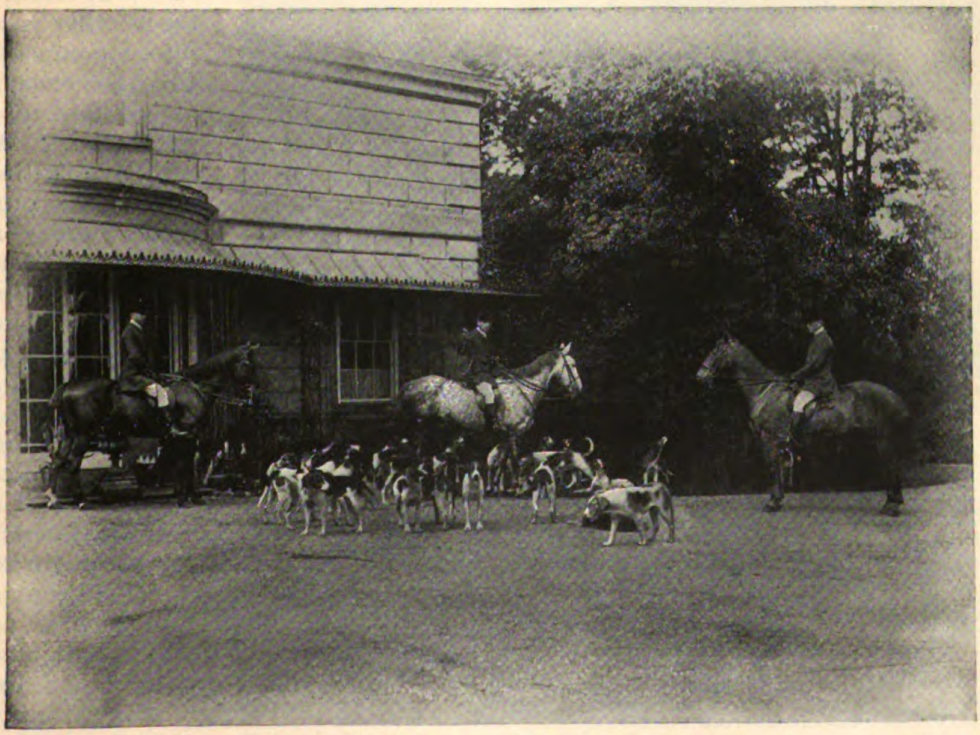
All hunting England is divided into two parts—the "shires," which furnish the poetry, and the "provinces," that provide the prose of riding to hounds. It is a rather confusing division to the uninitiated, since all England is divided into shires (counties), and somewhat, too, into shire hunting, although not strictly so, since frequently it is the case that the country of one hunt may extend into two, and, in some instances of peculiar configuration, into even more counties. However, all England is certainly divided into shires, which are again as surely apportioned among the hunts.

Leicestershire, Rutlandshire, and a part of Northamptonshire comprise the "shires," so called; to speak of hunting in which means you have been following the hounds of the Quorn, Pytchley, Belvoir, Cottesmore, or Mr. Fernies. With the country so thoroughly and oftentimes intricately subdivided, it causes no little wonderment that there are not more conflicts between hunts, and yet they are so rare as to create surprise and unmitigated censure when they occur.

I have said that the "shires" furnished the poetry of English hunting, but I do not wish to imply that the prose of the provinces is heavy and uninteresting, nor that the provincial soul is utterly without the poetry of hunting.

While the sportsman who has the good luck and very necessary length of purse to follow the hounds in High Leicestershire may shrug his shoulders at the sport in the provinces, he must not by any means persuade you that the shires comprise all that there is of good sport in England. There is only occasionally the pace, never, with a few exceptions, the style of turning out that characterize the fashionable and highly scented grass countries; but, nevertheless, for sport pure and simple, for hunting as distinguished from steeple-chasing, there are many provincial packs that will give you the rarest sport to be had in all Great Britain.

Americans that visit England for hunting are apt to confine their experiences to the shires, which, being more or less intolerant of the outside hunting world, are sure to give incorrect impressions to those who do not seek farther. Certain sets of Englishmen who hunt with the fashionable packs grow to the belief that the poor devil of a fellow who is not astride a three-hundred-guinea hunter,



THE QUORN HOUNDS.

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and does not have an occasional twenty-minute steeple-chase after a straight-going fox, knows nothing whatever of the sport of fox-hunting. But the average sportsman, and the average is high in England, knows better; his heart has beat as fast, like enough, watching the small gorse coverts shaking under the researches of a dozen or twenty couple of hounds, and his pride grown just as great in the one-hundred-guinea hunter, whose strength of quarters and intelligence have lifted him out of the heavy plough, and carried him safely across many a hidden drain.

THORN-HEDGE AND DITCH, ORDINARY KIND.

This fact is always to be considered: that in the provinces there is, as a general rule, more actual hunting, the foxes are as plentiful and strong, the jumping yields as great a variety, and the hounds in many instances quite as good, with the advantage of smaller fields, that give them more room to work and permit of closer supervision by the huntsman.

Your horse need not be a high-priced racer, but he must be a thorough hunter, with plenty of blood and bone and local training.

Generally speaking, the shires are less broken up than the provinces, and carry a higher scent, which explain the greater pace, and the coverts, fewer in number, permit those sustained bursts that have spread the fame of Leicestershire; the hounds are of the best, the horses the highest type of the racing hunter, and expense is no object. In this country of fashion and extravagant expenditure you have, to begin with, a tremendous field, where there is always an abundance of jealous riding, which is, however, not so much a condition of country as of human nature, and obtains everywhere in proportion to the number brought into competition. Only the exceptional few that may be in the first flight can live with the hounds in one of those twenty-minute bursts over the high-scented grass; not that the jumps are so much more difficult than elsewhere, but the pace is faster and the average of good cross-country riders is ridiculously small compared with the average of fine horseflesh. The stampede for the gate at the throw-off delays and straggles the field, but once through, it thunders on to the next, where it leaves a score or more, the number diminishing rapidly by the time half a dozen fields have been covered, until, at the end of the fifteen or twenty minutes' burst, probably, of the several hundred

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COTTESMORE HOUNDS.

that started out so gallantly, only a handful will be up at the first check.

It is a blessed thing for English hunting that every field does have a gate as an outlet for this great mass of riders, otherwise there would be little sport for anybody, or, if they improved in cross-country performance, it would be an exasperating task for the huntsmen to keep the hounds at work with their noses down.

In the provinces they ride to hunt, and sport alone is the primary object; in the fashionable countries the great majority hunt to ride, turning out chiefly because it is the thing to do, and sport gives the vogue a dash of exhilarating color.

It is a fact, as "Brooksby" has said, and Brooksby knows whereof he speaks—which every one will admit who reads his *Hunting Countries of Great Britain*, the best published work on the subject—that in all of England you want a good horse—one that has been schooled in the country, has bone and blood, can jump, and, in most instances, go the pace; but in the shires you want a superlatively good mount. Nowhere else in the world will be found such a collection of superior horseflesh—such big-boned, blue-blooded hunters, that represent anywhere from one to five thousand dollars. Two hundred guineas (*i. e.*, $1000) is considered in High Leicestershire rather a moderate price, and probably three to four hundred would be a nearer average of the cost of the hunters at, for instance, the Quorn covert-side, while several that had cost 1000 guineas were pointed out to me, and I had the pleasure of running my hand down

COTTESMORE KENNELS.

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DITCH AND "STAKED-AND-BOUND" FENCE.

the steel-like legs of one in Lord Lonsdale's stud for which had been paid 2000 guineas ($10,000). Rather a tidy sum to give for one's hunter.

Nowhere, either, are to be found such kennels or hunts turned out in so elaborate and finished a fashion, with servants, sometimes to the number of half a dozen, superbly mounted, and all in pink and leathers.

The Leicestershire hunter must have speed, exceptional jumping qualifications, and endurance. He must have been schooled to the country, otherwise the best rider and the finest-bred horse in the world will come to grief. He must be the superlative animal that is demanded not only to combat his way in the crowd, but to cover the country; for he will be called on to negotiate a "bottom," fly an "oxer," and alight unerringly on the bank of a double, to pop over the awaiting ditch on the landing side. He must be tractable and intelligent, and in the sharp bursts of twenty to thirty minutes over the high-scented grass and furrow and ridge of the shires he must be a racer, if his rider would live with the hounds.

We of America are prone to fancy our hunting country stiffer than the Englishman's, and point to the timber of Long Island to bear us witness; but there is so great a dissimilarity between the two that comparison can scarcely be made. They differ totally in that the jumping of one is all open, while with the other it is practically all hidden. It is not that the average jumps in England are so high or so stout so much as it is in the concealment of their true nature. It is easy enough to pop over a bank with a hedge on top of it, but when that bank and hedge have a ditch on the take-off side, and in mid-air you get the first intimation of a yawning drain on the landing side also, you begin to appreciate some of the difficulties that make staying with the hounds no boy's play. When you have dropped into a "bottom," with its rotten and overhanging bank, and staid there long enough to see the last of a straggling field go past you, you realize that all hunting in Leicestershire is not smooth going over beautiful grass; and when you come, finally, to the terrific "oxers" and the staked-and-bound hedges, with timber on both sides, that are to be found in the Pytchley country, you conclude there is just as stiff jumping in England as the tallest and stoutest post-and-rails of the Meadow Brook country afford. Comparatively speaking, it is a simple matter to ride up to timber and buck over it, or, if the way is clear, to take it in your stride, for you see precisely where you are going to land. In most of our country we have clear going and unobstructed view for every jump we make; but in nearly all of England you never know what awaits you, and rarely can you see where you are going to land. You need faith and nerve and a superior hunter for such going; but when you have all three, and the fox is running straight, then indeed are you blind to all danger, aglow with that rapturous excitement for which—to quote Whyte Melville—many are content to live, and even, in a few sad cases, to die.

There are undoubtedly hunters in America just as well bred and quite as clever, that would perform with equal satisfaction if schooled to the country. Indeed there is no reason why we should not have as good, since we buy in the same market, Ireland; but the average in Leicestershire is, of course, much higher

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than in America, first, because of the infinitely larger number of men who ride to hounds, and second, because the country demands more of the horse. Outside of the "shires," with a few famous exceptions, our hunters are of quite as good, and in many cases of superior breeding.

It would be naturally supposed that an American-bred horse could hardly be worked over such a country as Leicestershire, and yet Mr. Foxhall Keene has at Melton-Mowbray, in Nimrod, one of a stud of ten as fine hunters as money can buy, a product of American breeding, that, without claiming to be a superlative animal, compares favorably with the best cross-country performers in the "shires."

As for the riding, I do not hesitate to say that, in proportion to the size of the fields, one sees better form in America than in England. In the first place, of the several hundred at the covert-side, probably ten per cent. make a pretence at going straight, and with this in daily evidence, the constant attendance of so great a number of second horses, so many of which were never by any chance called into service, afforded me no end of amusement.

Those who do go straight, however, are the hardest riding and cleverest horsemen in the world, though even these do not excel the pick of our cross-country performers, for in the shires I always observed Mr. Keene with the very first of the first flight, while in the Meath country the two Eustis brothers—William C. and George P.—showed to equal advantage.

As a matter of fact, with all the difficulties of the English hunting country, the man who, at the throw-off, picks out his own line and rides it has no trouble whatever in keeping with the hounds; but it is essential to know the country, and absolutely necessary to have a horse schooled to it.

Melton-Mowbray, known as the "hunting metropolis" of England, and might with equal truth be called the hunting centre of the world, is in Leicestershire, one hundred miles from London. Within a radius of about twenty miles are the kennels of the Quorn, Pytchley, Belvoir, Cottesmore, four of the greatest packs in England, and these, together with Mr. Fernies', furnish hunting for every day of the week, Sunday excepted, from beginning to ending of the season. But Melton-Mowbray is a little world of itself, and a very fashionable one at that, and you must not go there unless you have a long purse and a superlative hunter, and, if you would be in the first flight, a good heart. The Pytchley are a bit far off to hunt with regularly, but the best meets of all the others are close, and, as a usual thing, the kill is near at home. One rarely has to hack more than eight or ten miles to the covert-side, and even this is a part of the day's pleasure, for more beautiful country would be hard to find. It is a country, too, which seems almost to exist for the fox, both gentry and farmers alike having been reared from childhood to care for and respect the knowing little beast.

THE DOUBLE DITCH.

First of the subscription packs of Leices-

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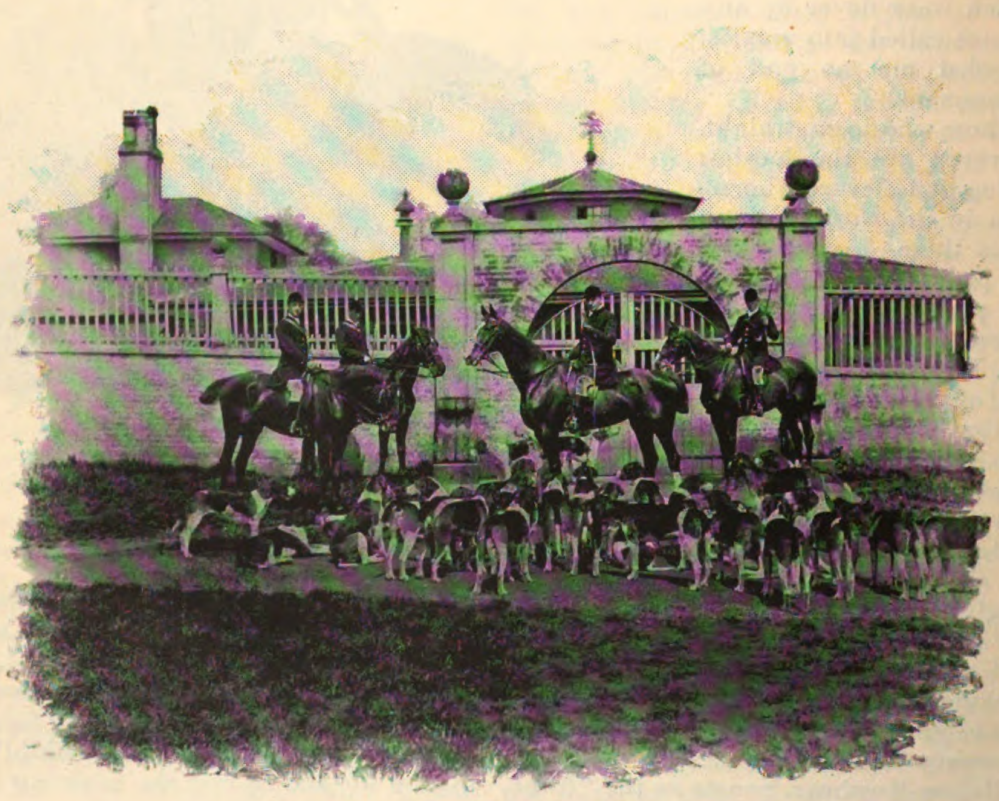
tershire—first, indeed, of all subscription packs of Great Britain—is the Quorn.

A meet of the Quorn hunt is a sight for the gods. Whether it be advertised for one of the handsome old residences with which the country abounds, or for a park, or cross-roads, the scene differs only in its setting. And it is picturesque in the extreme, with the hounds as a central figure, the master, huntsmen, first and second whips, and second horsemen, all in pink, forming an inner circle, surrounded by hundreds of horsemen and women, the roads leading from all directions blocked to a gorging point with traps of every description, while on all sides the fields stretch away in their velvety beauty, cross-sectioned by the national fence of thorn.

But it is at the covert-side, on a Quorn Friday, say, where the heart of the sportsman thrills as he notes the perfect discipline of the tremendous field, and delights in the largest number of superbly mounted horsemen he has ever seen anywhere. As the pack gives tongue (and what music ravishes the ear of the sportsman like the tuneful cry of the hounds!), every ear strains to catch the sound of "Gone away!" every eye to see the gathering of reins, the settling of hats, the evident sympathy between horse and rider, each impatient to be away with the first of that mad rush which follows the signal.

The Quorn pack is supported by Melton-Mowbray, though I dare say the master, Lord Lonsdale, who has been showing some of the best sport the hunt has ever had, must draw on his own very comfortable bank account at the end of the season to make ends meet. No hunt is turned out so elaborately, nor are the servants of any so grandly mounted from its stable of thirty, though the master's fad of hogging the hunters' manes is a disfigurement to such good cattle. They have some of the best country in Leicestershire and some of the stiffest, though it is not so broken up as the Cottesmore and the Belvoir, and furnishes great stretches of running, that makes the pace at times the very fastest.

The fifty-five couple of hounds, divided into a dog and bitch pack, and used alternately, as is the case generally in the shires, are a thoroughly workmanlike lot, which, while lacking the Belvoir symmetry in coloring and high breeding, are very fast, and under huntsman Tom



BELVOIR HOUNDS—DUKE OF RUTLAND'S.

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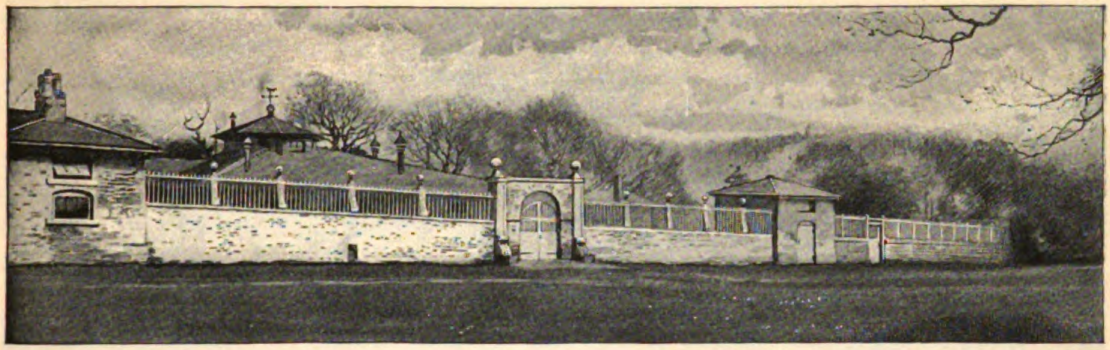

BELVOIR KENNELS.

Firr, who has no superior in England, well qualified to lead the hardest-riding hunt of the hardest-riding country in the world.

The Belvoir, a private pack of the Duke of Rutland's, is not only the oldest in England—its books dating from 1756—but certainly the most beautiful to watch at the covert-side. One must go into the kennels and have the pack brought up for your inspection, as Frank Gillard, the huntsman, was kind enough to do for me, to fully appreciate the big bone and straight legs and the beautiful evenness in coloring of these hounds, every one of them with the Belvoir tan head and black saddle-mark on ground-work of purest white.

It always amazes a layman that any huntsman can distinguish his hounds apart, but to stand by the Belvoir, in which you cannot for your life pick one from the other, so alike are they, and see Gillard draw them out by name one after the other, while they scan you quizzically through beautiful and intelligent eyes, is an experience worth going a long way for. Gillard is a notable kennel man, and has shown an extraordinary knowledge of hounds and great skill and judgment in keeping the quality of this pack up to the standard that has made its reputation world-wide.

There are fifty-eight and a half couple, averaging, like all in Leicestershire, from twenty-two to twenty-four inches in height, and from these over one hundred puppies are every year sent out to walk, only the pick of them being retained. The present Duke is rather advanced in years, and is never seen afield, though his deceased predecessor was a thorough-going sportsman, and quite as much interested in Gillard's work with the hounds as the huntsman himself.

The Belvoir district is a thoroughly good one from end to end, with a great variety of country, including wide stretches of grazing land, heavy plough—for the farmers till their soil to the utmost depths—and all kinds of fencing, some of it pretty stiff, as enclosures are guarded by the strongest of staked-and-bound fences, made doubly formidable by ditches that are wide and deep, to say nothing of the post, and rails used to repair hedges and the stone walls to be found in some parts.

Saturday is to the Belvoir what Friday is to the Quorn, and on favored occasions one may enjoy one of those sharp bursts of twenty to thirty minutes for which the Belvoir hounds are famous, and to live with which requires the fastest of horseflesh. As a usual thing the country is amply stocked with foxes, but the hunt is not mounted so well as the Quorn, and as a rule does not give such good sport as Lord Lonsdale's pack. There are more checks, and it is only occasionally that the hounds have an opportunity of showing the great pace of which they are capable.

Many hunting-men consider that in all of Leicestershire the best sport is to be had in the sparsely settled Cottesmore country, where coverts run from small gorse to big woodlands, and extended pastures that hold a good scent give hard and fast runs. There is jumping enough of every kind, including stone walls, blackthorn hedges, and wide drains, and one requires an enduring as well as a fast horse, for it is well broken up in some parts. The kennels and stables, in which are fifty-five couple of hounds and

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THE PYTCHLEY KENNELS.

thirty-eight horses, are probably the most costly in England, and the master, Mr. W. Baird, and huntsman, George Gillson, never fail to furnish good sport.

Few are so old as, and no subscription pack is more famous than the Pytchley, which takes its name from the ancient Elizabethan mansion, Pytchley Hall, where in the days of Lord Althorp the hunt club used to meet. It is the Quorn's great rival, and every year six riders from each meet in a time-honored steeplechase over four and a half miles; this year the Quorn, on whose team, by-the-way, were two Americans, Mr. Foxhall Keene and Mr. Elliott Zborowski, won by 43 to 21 points. It is the only hunt in Leicestershire with a distinctive uniform, its pink coat bearing the white collar which every one has learned to associate with this famous old club. The time-honored initialled brass buttons of the pink coat content the other hunts of the fashionable shires.

Some of the stiffest jumping in England is to be found in the Pytchley country, and the biggest "oxers" around about Market-Harborough, and the staked-and-bound hedges, with timber on both sides, are altogether too stiff to be ridden straight. What there is of the country in Northamptonshire is largely plough, and some of it is heavy enough to check the rush of the typical shire field. Generally speaking, however, Pytchley is less hilly and trying to horses than is High Leicestershire, though they do not have the long runs, because of the frequently occurring villages, that keep Reynard from going straight.

There is a plenty of foxes. The farmers are stanch supporters of the master, Earl Spencer, whose beautiful place, Althorp Park, provides the most picturesque site of any hunt stables and kennels in England. No hounds are better handled than these fifty-five couple by William Goodall, the huntsman, and, next to the Quorn, the servants are the best mounted, drawing on a stud of thirty-two hunters.

Compared with these first packs of England, the Meath fox-hounds of Ireland are juvenile, for although they have been an institution many years, it was not until recent times that they began to be classed among the celebrated hunts, though having always furnished first-rate sport. Indeed, their present prominence goes back no longer than five years ago, when, under the mastership of Mr. Jack Trotter, they were plunged first into fame and afterwards into debt, the latter coming very near eclipsing the former. Mr. John Watson, the present master, who hunts his own fifty-five couple of hounds, succeeded Mr. Trotter, and has managed to repair the fortunes of the Meath, until it is now on very nearly as sound footing as ever it was, and the sport of the past two seasons has not been excelled anywhere in the kingdom. Certainly no hunt is more favored by nature, for the Meath country is a never-ending picture of the most beautiful shades of green, emphasized here and there by woodland, while the climate, tender yet invig-

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orating, makes you impatient of in-door confinement. You have only to catch a glimpse of Ireland to appreciate the appropriateness of its sobriquet — Emerald Isle.

And what jolly good sportsmen and what grand horses they breed in Ireland! The wit and whole-soul fellowship of the one is as proverbial as the magnificent cross-country qualities of the other.

The Irish horse long ago evinced an excellence in the hunting-field that made its reputation and stamped its progeny. But it must not be supposed that the mere fact of being bred in Ireland is a guarantee of an exceptional or even thoroughly good mount. The demand for hunters of late years has naturally greatly increased the number of breeders as well as dealers, and a large class of an indifferent type has been put on the market. There are unquestionably more of the very highest type of hunters bred in Ireland to-day than ever, but the inferior class has likewise increased, probably at a greater ratio. You must be a judge of horseflesh, or buy through a dealer or breeder whose judgment and honesty can be relied upon, if you would secure one of that rare sort—the weight-carrying hunter with plenty of quality. There are quite as many blanks as prizes. However, the general spirit among the sportsmen of Ireland is none the less towards maintaining the standard of the Irish hunter, since, as one of them told me, no mare is retained after she has outlived her usefulness, for once the hunting days are over they are either "shot and boiled up as feed for the hounds, or sent over to Germany."

In England, also, the efforts of horsemen are being directed towards the betterment of the hunter, and the show I saw in London last spring attested the success of the movement. The Hunters' Improvement Society has turned its attention to the development of good honest animals that have bone and blood and fair pace, and the exhibits in the yearling and two-year-old classes as the result of the departure were good enough to please every sportsman with an eye for raising the national type. Nor is the horse the only one of the hunting-field receiving attention, for the hound shows have done a great deal to the same end, so much so I wonder the example has not been followed in America, where we need some such elevating power at work.

The Meath hunt is turned out nearly if not quite as elaborately as those of the shires; both whips and one of the second horsemen are in pink, and in fact pink appeared to be more generally worn by the field than was the case at any meet

AN OLD-TIME PYTCHLEY "OXER."

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I attended in England, Leicestershire included. Certainly the riding impressed me as averaging higher, and more women rode the line. Altogether, the atmosphere seemed to be more sport-laden in the Meath country than any other outside that of the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds. They have a variety of jumping, from wide open drains to stone walls, but the greatest share of obstacles is banks, quite as often without thorn hedges as with them, and with a drain on one side or the other, and frequently on both. Some of these banks are very high, guarded by wide deep ditches, which are suggestively called "gripes," and sometimes their banks are sloping and boggy, and oftentimes topped by a blackthorn hedge eight feet high, and very stout, as the face and clothing of those who crash through it bear witness. That these deep wide drains are formidable traps to the unwary may be judged from the existence of a guild known as "wreckers," whose vocation is farming, and avocation, on hunting days, dragging, by aid of tackle and ropes, and for a consideration, the hapless out of the drains. Foxes are fairly plentiful, and there is probably less artificial stocking of coverts than in any of the large hunts.

An English friend told me, when I had first arrived on the other side, that not to see Devonshire and Somersetshire was not to have seen hunting England, and I heartily agreed with him after I had made the trip. There is something about this part of England that wins you instantly, if you have a particle of that sentiment which Nature in her untrammelled and romantic beauty arouses. It is thoroughly unique in its picturesque wildness, for though the downs stretch away in limitless acreage, and the coombs are deep and winding, yet there is no harshness in the scene, Nature seeming to have touched all with a refining hand—carpeting the downs with blooming heather, and lightening the darkest coombs with brightest flowers. When I add that this is the home of the noblest beast of chase, and of the most thorough-going sportsmen in the world, I think I have given sufficient reason for endorsing my friend's opinion. There are many parts of Great Britain where they chase the stag, but none outside of this country where they hunt it.

Stag-hunting has existed ever since the chase became the earliest sport of civilized man, but in its present form not in England until the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The Devon and Somerset stag-hounds were one of the most famous as well as oldest packs in Great Britain, with an unbroken history from 1598 down to 1825, when they were sold for some unaccountable reason, and not until a couple of years later was the nucleus of the present hounds purchased.

On the history of the modern pack, which has had its bright and dark days, it is not my purpose to dwell, but merest comment on these hounds would be singularly incomplete without reference to Mr. Fenwick Bisset, who revived and carried on the hunt in its best days, and to Lord Ebrington and Mr. Basset, who continued the good work, and especially to the latter for improving the hounds and maintaining the old traditions, beloved alike by hunt members and farmers. It

PYTCHLEY HOUNDS.

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was under the generous and sportsmanlike mastership of these men, too, which has endeared their memory to every sportsman in the Devon and Somerset country, that the late Arthur Heal, that past master in the art of stag-hunting, gave the royal sport which made him an ideal to all subsequent huntsmen. He was connected with the hunt for thirty years, eighteen of which he carried the horn, and under him served as first whip Anthony Huxtable, the present huntsman, who is making a worthy successor to his altogether remarkable preceptor. Lucky it is indeed he received the training of such a school, for the present master lacks the qualities which were most conspicuously possessed by his predecessors. Nor do misfortunes come singly, for poor Miles, one of the best "harborers" the hunt ever had, and whom I helped to a bite of luncheon and a wee bit of Scotch afterwards, but a few short weeks ago, has since gone over to the majority; he was a faithful servant, and will be a severe loss to the club. The harborer, next to the huntsman, is the most necessary personage to the success of the hunt; indeed, I am not sure that he is not the most essential, for it is his skill and never-flagging perseverance that locate the stag which furnishes the sport of the day. It is he who in the misty dawn scours the country, and in the dim uncertain light bends low over the slot-imprinted turf to read whether hind or stag has passed on into the covert beyond, and it is his craft which assures him finally, after a careful circle of the wood, that the quarry is surely located. Misjudgment on his part would almost invariably mean a day's sport spoiled. But Miles closed his career with as clean a record as ever harborer had.

A KILL WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSETSHIRE STAG-HOUNDS.

Once the stag is marked, the responsibilities of the harborer end, and those of the huntsman begin. On the morning of the meet he kennels his hounds near by, and drawing out a few couple of the most tried and largest, called "tufters," puts them into the covert. It would not do to turn in the entire pack, lest they run riot over the several scents that are likely as not to obtain, and on the ability of the "tufters" to rouse and separate the stag from the herd largely depends the success of the day. Nor are skill of the tufters in the covert, and size and bone of the pack generally—some of them standing as high as twenty-six inches, and all over twenty-four, for the work demands the stoutest of hounds, well put together, especially as to shoulders and feet—to stand the wear and tear of the broken country, the sole requisites of stag-hounds. They must possess that rare intelligence which enables them to follow a cold scent when the stag "soils" (takes to water), or "runs to herd" (starts up an-

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LORD RIBBESDALE, MASTER OF THE QUEEN'S BUCK-HOUNDS.

other deer while he settles in its lair), and to distinguish between the scent of hind and stag, old and young. No hunting-field calls for such superior qualifications in huntsman and whipper-in as stag-hunting in Devon and Somerset. The former must live with his hounds in a country interlaced with deep coombs (ravines), requiring oftentimes the hardest riding and best judgment, while the whip, whose duties in fox-hunting comprise preventing riot among hounds, verifying halloos, and general utility work for the huntsman, in stag-hunting is the more important one of keeping a careful watch that the right deer is being chased.

Sluggish indeed must be the blood of the man who can sit his horse indifferent to the restrained but none the less joyous excitement that sweeps around the Devon and Somerset covert-side. Sometimes there are long hours of waiting while the "tufters" patiently work out their line; sometimes a sudden outburst of hound music makes the hearts of men and horses beat wildly, only to suffer the keener disappointment, as the "ware hind" of the whip tells the tufters are on the wrong line. But weariness of waiting is forgotten when at last a crash of music from the covert tells that the stag has been moved, and a transport of ecstasy thrills the field into restiveness as he breaks covert, and "brow, bay, and tray" show him to be a "warrantable" deer. Instantly the whole field is in a commotion, every one tingling with impatience to be off on the trail of the noble quarry. But none is permitted to follow. The tufters are stopped until the balance of the pack can be brought up and laid on. And then away it is indeed! sometimes straightaway to the sea, over the downs of purple heather, galloping down hill and up hill, for the endurance of the red-deer passeth all understanding (the one on my day with these hounds made a run of nearly eighteen miles before she went over the cliffs of the Bristol Channel), in and out the steep and narrow coombs, that are apt soon to get to the bottom of your horse, and where the longest way around, for a mile or two on a comparative level saves you a scramble into the depths of the ravine and the climb out again, is oftentimes the straightest way across. There are no fences to be jumped in this country, but it takes a stout mount and a stout heart and a considerable knowledge of the deer's habits and of the country to be up with the hounds when the stag comes at last to bay, almost invariably in water, for he knows the advantage of standing firmly on his legs, while the hounds must swim to the attack. And there with lowered head and unflinching eye he meets their onslaught, dying like the gentleman that he is, fighting to the last.

There is none of the elaboration in turning out the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds that characterizes the shires and other fashionable countries. You put on pink or not as you feel inclined, and generally you do not, for only a comparatively few make a pretence of "doing the proper thing." Every one goes out for sport, whether the pursuit be after the stag, from August to October, or the hind, from late autumn to early spring. It is hunting from the word "go." Fifteen or even twenty miles to the covert-side is hardly considered, and your mount must be a thoroughly good one, with plenty of endurance, for here he is both hack and hunter, and second horses in Devonshire are not brought out for ornament.

Compared with the royal sport of the Exmoors, stag hunting as it obtains elsewhere in Great Britain is as insipid as water after wine. Of all the hunts that follow the carted stag, none probably furnishes so good an imitation of the genuine article as the Ward Union in Ireland, near the Meath fox-hounds, and it is

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one of the very few of its kind that attract sportsmen. As a usual thing it gives pretty good sport, for the configuration of the country is such that the deer nine times out of ten has a clear run, and is never viewed until it pleases him to stop. It is a subscription hunt, the consolidation of former garrison and civil packs, hunted by a committee of which that whole-souled and straight-going sportsman Percy Maynard, Esq., is executive, with huntsman Jim Brindley, son and successor of the famous Charles Brindley, who gave such good sport that on his death a monument was erected to his memory. There is a herd of about twenty deer in the paddock, and the kennels contain thirty-five couple of hounds, all of whose teeth, by-the-way, are filed down that they may not mangle the deer at such times as it is caught.

Of carted stag-hunting in England, Lord de Rothschild's pack is the largest, and probably turned out in the best form, though Essex, Kent, and Surrey all furnish equal opportunities for a cross-country ride under more or less fashionable auspices. But I hurry by these that I may come to Her Majesty's pack, not that it is more sport-giving, so much as it has been in the public eye almost continuously by reason of being cited, in the bill introduced into Parliament for the suppression of the pursuit of carted deer, as a terrible example of cruelty.

First of all, let me assuage the fears of compassionate Americans as to the cruelty of this diversion; I cannot call it sport. Most of us, and I know I was of the number, have pictured the deer in the paddocks trembling at the approach of man, shivering with fear in the dark van as it is driven to the meet, bewildered at the uncarting, and, after a half-hopeful, fully terrorized flight, finally brought to a last desperate stand by fierce hounds that seek its life-blood. This is the hysterical pen-picture familiar to most readers of the press, but the facts do not support it. The deer, despite its antlers being sawed off, neither trembles at man's approach nor permits the hounds to worry him; indeed, they are frequently on very comfortable terms of intimacy. As for the terrors of uncarting and sight of the crowd, none of the deer I saw gave evidence of being so stricken, and one at least walked about looking at the crowd until some one "shooed" it off. A meet of the Queen's buck-hounds is quite, from a sporting point of view, the most ridiculous performance I have ever attended, and though the fields do have a sprinkling of sportsmen who follow for social reasons of varying degrees of pressure, the great majority turn out because it is one of the events of the locality, and very likely because the master and the hunt servants are the only ones in England that embellish their livery with gold lace.

THE CRICKETERS' INN, A FAVORITE MEET OF THE QUEEN'S STAG-HOUNDS.

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THE GENERAL'S BLUFF.

BY OWEN WISTER.

THE troops this day had gone into winter quarters, and sat down to kill the idle time with pleasure until spring. After two hundred and forty days it is a good thing to sit down. The season had been spent in trailing, and sometimes catching, small bands of Indians. These had taken the habit of relieving settlers of their cattle and the tops of their heads. The weather-beaten troops had scouted over some two thousand aimless, veering miles, for the savages were fleet and mostly invisible, and knew the desert well. So, while the year turned, and the heat came, held sway, and went, the ragged troopers on the frontier were led an endless chase by the hostiles, who took them back and forth over flats of lime and ridges of slate, occasionally picking off a packer or a couple of privates, until now the sun was setting at 4.28 and it froze at any time of day. Therefore the rest of the packers and privates were glad to march into Boisé Barracks this morning by eleven, and see a stove.

They rolled for a moment on their bunks to get the feel of a bunk again after two hundred and forty days; they ate their dinner at a table; those who owned any further baggage than that which partially covered their nakedness unpacked it, perhaps nailed up a photograph or two, and found it grateful to sit and do nothing under a roof and listen to the grated snow whip the windows of the gray sandstone quarters. Such comfort, and the prospect of more ahead, of weeks of nothing but post duty and staying in the same place, obliterated Dry Camp, Cow Creek Lake, the blizzard on Meacham's Hill, the horse-killing in the John Day Valley, Saw-Tooth stampede, and all the recent evils of the past; the quarters hummed with cheerfulness. The nearest railroad was some four hundred miles to the southwest, slowly constructing, to meet the next nearest, which was some nine hundred to the southeast; but Boisé City was only three-quarters of a mile away, the largest town in the Territory,

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the capital, not a temperance town, a winter resort; and several hundred people lived in it, men and women, few of whom ever died in their beds. The coming days and nights were a luxury to think of.

"Blamed if there ain't a real tree!" exclaimed Private Jones.

"Thet eer ain't no tree, ye plum; thet's the flag-pole 'n' th' Merrickin flag," observed a civilian. His name was Jack Long, and he was pack-master.

Sergeant Keyser, listening, smiled. During the winter of '64–65 he had been in command of the first battalion of his regiment, but, on a theory of education, had enlisted after the war. This being known held the men more shy of him than was his desire.

Jones continued to pick his banjo, while a boyish trooper with tough black hair sat near him, and kept time with his heels. "It's a cottonwood-tree I was speakin' of," observed Jones. There was one, a little shivering white stalk. It stood above the flat where the barracks were, on a bench twenty or thirty feet higher, on which were built the officers' quarters. The air was getting dim with the fine hard snow that slanted through it. The thermometer was ten above out there. At the mere sight and thought Mr. Long produced a flat bottle, warm from proximity to his flesh. Jones swallowed some drink, and looked at the little tree. "Snakes! but it feels good," said he, "to get something inside yu' and be inside yerself. What's the tax at Mike's dance-house now?"

"Dance 'n' drinks fer two fer one dollar," responded Mr. Long, accurately. He was sixty, but that made no difference.

"You and me 'll take that in, Jock," said Jones to his friend, the black-haired boy. "Sigh no more, ladies," he continued, singing. "The blamed banjo won't accompany that," he remarked, and looked out again at the tree. "There's a chap riding into the post now. Shabby-lookin'. Maybe he's got stuff to sell."

Jack Long looked up on the bench at a rusty figure moving slowly through the storm. "Th' ole man?" he said.

"He ain't specially old," Jones answered. "They're apt to be older, them peddlers."

"Peddlers! Oh, ye-es." A seizure of very remarkable coughing took Jack Long by the throat; but he really had a cough, and on the fit's leaving him, swallowed a drink, and offered his bottle in a manner so cold and usual that Jones forgot to note anything but the excellence of the whiskey. Mr. Long winked at Sergeant Keyser; he thought it a good plan not to inform his young friends, not just yet at any rate, that their peddler was General Crook. It would be pleasant to hear what else they might have to say.

The General had reached Boisé City that morning by the stage, quietly and unknown, as was his way. He had come to hunt Indians in the district of the Owyhee. Jack Long had discovered this, but only a few had been told the news, for the General wished to ask questions and receive answers, and to find out about all things; and he had noticed that this is not easy when too many people know who you are. He had called upon a friend or two in Boisé, walked about unnoticed, learned a number of facts, and now, true to his habit, entered the post wearing no uniform, none being necessary under the circumstances, and unattended by a single orderly. Jones and the black-haired Cumnor hoped he was a peddler, and innocently sat looking out of the window at him riding along the bench in front of the quarters, and occasionally slouching his wide dark hat-brim against the stinging of the hard flakes. Jack Long, old and much experienced with the army, had scouted with Crook before, and knew him and his ways well. He also looked out of the window, standing behind Jones and Cumnor, with a huge hairy hand on a shoulder of each, and a huge wink again at Keyser.

"Blamed if he 'ain't stopped in front of the commanding officer's," said Jones.

"Lor'!" said Mr. Long, "there's jest nothin' them peddlers won't do."

"They ain't likely to buy anything off him in there," said Cumnor.

"Mwell, ef he's purvided with any *kind* o' Injun cur'os'tees, the missis she'll fly right on to 'em. Sh' 'ain't been merried out yere only haff'n year, 'n' when she spies feathers 'n' bead truck 'n' buckskin fer sale sh' hollers like a son of a gun. Enthoosiastic, ye know."

"He 'ain't got much of a pack," Jones commented, and at that moment "stables" sounded, and the men ran out to form and march to their grooming. Jack Long stood at the door and watched them file through the snow.

Very few enlisted men of the small

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command that had come in this morning from its campaign had ever seen General Crook. Jones, though not new to the frontier, had not been long in the army. He and Cumnor had enlisted in a happy-go-lucky manner together at Grant, in Arizona, when the General was elsewhere. Discipline was galling to his vagrant spirit, and after each pay-day he had generally slept off the effects in the guard-house, going there for other offences betweenwhiles; but he was not of the stuff that deserts; also, he was excellent tempered, and his captain liked him for the way in which he could shoot Indians. Jack Long liked him too, and getting always a harmless pleasure from the mistakes of his friends, sincerely trusted there might be more about the peddler. He was startled at hearing his name spoken in his ear.

"*Nah!* Johnny, how you get on?"

"Hello, Sarah! Kla-how-ya, six?" said Long, greeting in Chinook the squaw interpreter who had approached him so noiselessly. "Hy-as kloshe o-coke sun" (It is a beautiful day).

The interpreter laughed—she had a broad, sweet, coarse face and laughed easily—and said in English, "You hear about E-egante?"

Long had heard nothing recently of this Pah-Ute chieftain.

"He heap bad," continued Sarah, laughing broadly. "Come round ranch up here—"

"Anybody killed?" Long interrupted.

"No. All run away quick. Meester Dailey, he old man, he run all same young one. His old woman she run all same man. Get horse. Run away quick. Hu-hu!" and Sarah's rich mockery sounded again. No tragedy had happened this time, and the squaw narrated her story greatly to the relish of Mr. Long. This veteran of trails and mines had seen too much of life's bleakness not to cherish whatever of mirth his days might bring.

"Didn't burn the house?" he said.

"Not burn. Just make heap mess. Cut up feather bed hy-as ten-as [very small] and eat big dinner, hu-hu! Sugar, onions, meat, eat all. Then they find litt' cats walkin' round there."

"Lor'!" said Mr. Long, deeply interested, "they didn't eat *them?*"

"No. Not eat litt' cats. Put 'em two—man-cat and woman-cat—in molasses; put 'em in feather bed; all same bird. Then they hunt for whiskey, break everything, hunt all over, ha-lo whiskey!" Sarah shook her head. "Meester Dailey he good man. Hy-iu temperance. Drink water. They find his medicine; drink all up; make awful sick."

"I guess 'twar th' ole man's liniment," muttered Jack Long.

"Yas, milinut. They can't walk. Stay there long time, then Meester Dailey come back with friends. They think Injuns all gone; make noise, and E-egante he hear him come, and he not very sick. Run away. Some more run. But two Injuns heap sick; can't run. Meester Dailey he come round corner; see awful mess everywhere; see two litt' cats sittin' in door all same bird, sing very loud. Then he see two Injuns on ground. They dead now."

"Mwell," said Long, "none of eer 'll do. We'll hev to ketch E-egante."

"A—h!" drawled Sarah the squaw, in musical derision. "Maybe no catch him. All same jack-rabbit."

"Jest ye wait, Sarah; Gray Fox hez come."

"Gen'l Crook!" said the squaw. "He come! Ho! He heap savvy." She stopped, and laughed again, like a pleased child. "Maybe no catch E-egante," she added, rolling her pretty brown eyes at Jack Long.

"You know E-egante?" he demanded.

"Yas, one time. Long time now. I litt' girl then." But Sarah remembered that long time, when she slept in a tent and had not been captured and put to school. And she remembered the tall young boys whom she used to watch shoot arrows, and the tallest, who shot most truly—at least he certainly did now in her imagination. He had never spoken to her or looked at her. He was a boy of fourteen and she a girl of eight. Now she was twenty-five. Also she was tame and domesticated, with a white husband who was not bad to her, and children for each year of wedlock, who would grow up to speak English better than she could, and her own tongue not at all. And E-egante was not tame, and still lived in a tent. Sarah regarded white people as her friends, but she was proud of being an Indian, and she liked to think that her race could outwit the soldier now and then. She laughed again when she thought of old Mrs. Dailey running from E-egante.

"What's up with ye, Sarah?" said Jack Long, for the squaw's laughter had come suddenly on a spell of silence.

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"Hé!" said she. "All same jack-rabbit. No catch him." She stood shaking her head at Long and showing her white regular teeth. Then abruptly she went away to her tent without any word, not because she was in ill humor or had thought of something, but because she was an Indian and had thought of nothing, and had no more to say. She met the men returning from the stables; admired Jones and smiled at him, upon which he murmured "Oh fie!" as he passed her. The troop broke ranks and dispersed, to lounge and gossip until mess-call. Cumnor and Jones were putting a little snow down each other's necks with friendly profanity, when Jones saw the peddler standing close and watching them. A high collar of some ragged fur was turned up round his neck, disguising the character of the ancient army overcoat to which it was attached, and spots and long stains extended down the legs of his corduroys to the charred holes at the bottom, where the owner had scorched them warming his heels and calves at many camp-fires.

"Hello, uncle," said Jones. "What yu' got in your pack?" He and Cumnor left their gambols and eagerly approached, while Mr. Jack Long, seeing the interview, came up also to hear it. "'Ain't yu' got something to sell?" continued Jones. "Yu' haven't gone and dumped yer whole outfit at the commanding officer's, have yu' now?"

"I'm afraid I have." The low voice shook ever so little, and if Jones had looked, he would have seen a twinkle come and go in the gray-blue eyes.

"We've been out eight months, yu' know, fairly steady," pursued Jones, "and haven't seen nothing; and we'd buy most anything that ain't too d—— bad," he concluded, plaintively.

Mr. Long in the background was whining to himself with joy, and he now urgently beckoned Keyser to come and hear this.

"If you've got some cheap poker chips," suggested Cumnor.

"And say, uncle," said Jones, raising his voice, for the peddler was moving away, "decks, and tobacco better than what they keep at the commissary. Me and my friend 'll take some off your hands. And if you're comin' with new stock to-morrow, uncle" (Jones was now shouting after him), "why, we're single men, and yu' might fetch along a couple of squaws!"

"Holy smoke!" screeched Mr. Long, dancing on one leg; "tell him not to forgit a parson while he's about it."

"What's up with you, yu' ape?" inquired Specimen Jones. He looked at the departing peddler and saw Sergeant Keyser meet him and salute with stern soldierly respect. Then the peddler shook hands with the sergeant, seemed to speak pleasantly, and again Keyser saluted as he passed on. "What's that for?" Jones asked, uneasily. "Who is that obo?"

But Mr. Long was talking to himself in a highly moralizing strain. "It ain't every young enlisted man," he was saying, "ez hez th' privilege of explainin' his wants at headquarters."

"Jones," said Sergeant Keyser, arriving, "I've a compliment for you. General Crook said you were a fine-looking man."

"General?—What's that?—Where did yu' see—What? *Him?*" The disgusting truth flashed clear on Jones. Uttering a single disconcerted syllable of rage, he wheeled and went by himself into the barracks, and lay down solitary on his bunk and read a newspaper until mess-call without taking in a word of it. "If they go to put me in the mill fer that," he said, sulkily, to many friends who brought him their congratulations, "I'm going to give 'em what I think about wearin' disguises."

"What do you think, Specimen?" said one.

"Give it to us now, Specimen," said another.

"Against the law, ain't it, Specimen?"

"Begosh!" said Jack Long, "ef thet's so, don't lose no time warnin' the General, Specimen. Th' ole man 'd hate to be arrested."

And Specimen Jones told them all to shut their heads.

But no thought was more distant from General Crook's busy mind than putting poor Jones in the guard-house. The trooper's willingness, after eight months hunting Indians, to buy almost anything brought a smile to his lips, and a certain sympathy in his heart. He knew what those eight months had been like; how monotonous, how well endured, how often dangerous, how invariably plucky, how scant of even the necessities of life, how barren of glory, and unrewarded by public recognition. The American "states-

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man" does not care about our army until it becomes necessary for his immediate personal protection. General Crook knew all this well; and realizing that these soldiers, who had come into winter quarters this morning at eleven, had earned a holiday, he was sorry to feel obliged to start them out again to-morrow morning at two; for this was what he had decided upon.

He had received orders to drive on the reservation the various small bands of Indians that were roving through the country of the Snake and its tributaries, a danger to the miners in the Bannock Basin, and to the various ranches in west Idaho and east Oregon. As usual, he had been given an insufficient force to accomplish this, and, as always, he had been instructed by the "statesmen" to do it without violence—that is to say, he must never shoot the poor Indian until after the poor Indian has shot him; he must make him do something he did not want to, pleasantly, by the fascination of argument, in the way a "statesman" would achieve it. The force at the General's disposal was the garrison at Boisé Barracks—one troop of cavalry and one company of infantry. The latter was not adapted to the matter in hand—rapid marching and surprises; all it could be used for was as a re-enforcement, and, moreover, somebody must be left at Boisé Barracks. The cavalry had had its full dose of scouting and skirmishing and long exposed marches, the horses were poor, and nobody had any trousers to speak of. Also, the troop was greatly depleted; it numbered forty men. Forty had deserted, and three—a sergeant and two privates—had cooked and eaten a vegetable they had been glad to dig up one day, and had spent the ensuing forty-five minutes in attempting to make their ankles beat the backs of their heads; after that the captain had read over them a sentence beginning, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery"; and after that the camp was referred to as Wild Carrot Camp, because the sergeant had said the vegetable was wild carrot, whereas it had really been wild parsnip, which is quite another thing.

General Crook shook his head over what he saw. The men were ill-provided, the commissary and the quartermaster department were ill-provided; but it would have to do; the "statesmen" said our army was an extravagance. The Indians must be impressed and intimidated by the unlimited resources which the General had—not. Having come to this conclusion, he went up to the post commander's, and at supper astonished that officer by casual remarks which revealed a knowledge of the surrounding country, the small streams, the best camps for pasture, spots to avoid on account of bad water, what mules had sore backs, and many other things that the post commander would have liked dearly to ask the General where and when he had learned, only he did not dare. He did not even venture to ask him what he was going to do. Neither did Captain Glynn, who had been asked to meet the General. The General soon told them, however. "It may be a little cold," he concluded.

"To-morrow, sir?" This from Captain Glynn. He had come in with the forty that morning. He had been enjoying his supper very much.

"I think so," said the General. "This E-egante is likely to make trouble if he is not checked." Then, understanding the thoughts of Captain Glynn, he added, with an invisible smile, "*You* need no preparations. You're in marching order. It's not as if your men had been here a long time and had to get ready for a start."

"Oh no," said Glynn, "it isn't like that." He was silent. "I think, if you'll excuse me, General," he said next, "I'll see my sergeant and give some orders."

"Certainly. And, Captain Glynn, I took the liberty of giving a few directions myself. We'll take an A tent, you know, for you and me. I see Keyser is sergeant in F troop. Glad we have a non-commissioned officer so competent. Haven't seen him since '64, at Winchester. Why, it's cleared off, I declare!"

It had, and the General looked out of the open door as Captain Glynn, departing, was pulling at his cigar. "How beautiful the planets are!" exclaimed Crook. "Look at Jupiter—there, just to the left of that little cottonwood-tree. Haven't you often noticed how much finer the stars shine in this atmosphere than in the East? Oh, captain! I forgot to speak of extra horseshoes. I want some brought along."

"I'll attend to it, General."

"They shouldn't be too large. These California fourteen-and-a-half horses have smallish hoofs."

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"I'll see the blacksmith myself, General."

"Thank you. Good-night. And just order fresh stuffing put into the aparejos. I noticed three that had got lumpy." And the General shut the door and went to wipe out the immaculate barrels of his shot-gun; for besides Indians there were grouse among the hills where he expected to go.

Captain Glynn, arriving at his own door, stuck his glowing cigar against the thermometer hanging outside: twenty-three below zero. "Oh Lord!" said the captain, briefly. He went in and told his striker to get Sergeant Keyser. Then he sat down and waited. "'Look at Jupiter!'" he muttered, angrily. "What an awful old man!"

It was rather awful. The captain had not supposed Generals in the first two hours of their arrival at a post to be in the habit of finding out more about your aparejos than you knew yourself. But old the General was not. At the present day many captains are older than Crook was then.

Down at the barracks there was the same curiosity about what the "Old Man" was going to do as existed at the post commander's during the early part of supper. It pleased the cavalry to tell the infantry that the Old Man proposed to take the infantry to the Columbia River next week; and the infantry replied to the cavalry that they were quite right as to the river and the week, and it was hard luck the General needed only mounted troops on this trip. Others had heard he had come to superintend the building of a line of telegraph to Klamath, which would be a good winter's job for somebody; but nobody supposed that anything would happen yet awhile.

And then a man came in and told them the General had sent his boots to the saddler to have nails hammered in the soles.

"That eer means business," said Jack Long, "'n' I guess I'll nail up mee own cowhides."

"Jock," said Specimen Jones to Cumnor, "you and me 'ain't got any soles to ourn because they're contract boots, yu' see. I'll nail up yer feet if yu' say so. It's liable to be slippery."

Cumnor did not take in the situation at once. "What's your hurry?" he inquired of Jack Long. Therefore it was explained to him that when General Crook ordered his boots fixed you might expect to be on the road shortly. Cumnor swore some resigned unemphatic oaths, fondly supposing that "shortly" meant some time or other; but hearing in the next five minutes the definite fact that F troop would get up at two, he made use of profound and thorough language, and compared the soldier with the slave.

"Why yu' talk almost like a man, Jock," said Specimen Jones. "Blamed if yu' don't sound pretty near growed up."

Cumnor invited Jones to mind his business.

"Yer mustache has come since Arizona," continued Jones, admiringly, "and yer blue eye is bad-lookin'—worse than when we shot at yer heels and yu' danced fer us."

"I thought they were going to give us a rest," mumbled the youth, flushing. "I thought we'd be let stay here a spell."

"I thought so too, Jock. A little monotony would be fine variety. But a man must take his medicine, yu' know, and not squeal." Jones had lowered his voice, and now spoke without satire to the boy whom he had in a curious manner taken under his protection.

"Look at what they give us for a blanket to sleep in," said Cumnor. "A fellow can see to read the newspaper through it."

"Look at my coat, Cumnor." It was Sergeant Keyser showing the article furnished the soldier by the government. "You can spit through that." He had overheard their talk, and stepped up to show that all were in the same box. At his presence reticence fell upon the privates, and Cumnor hauled his black felt hat down tight in embarrassment, which strain split it open half-way round his head. It was another sample of regulation clothing, and they laughed at it.

"We all know the way it is," said Keyser, "and I've seen it a big sight worse. Cumnor, I've a cap I guess will keep your scalp warm till we get back."

And so at two in the morning F troop left the bunks it had expected to sleep in for some undisturbed weeks, and by four o'clock had eaten its well-known breakfast of bacon and bad coffee, and was following the "awful old man" down the north bank of the Boisé, leaving the silent dead wooden town of shanties on the other side half a mile behind in the

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darkness. The mountains south stood distant, ignoble, plain-featured heights, looming a clean-cut black beneath the piercing stars and the slice of hard sharp-edged moon, and the surrounding plains of sage and dry-cracking weed slanted up and down to nowhere and nothing with desolate perpetuity. The snowfall was light and dry as sand, and the bare ground jutted through it at every sudden lump or knoll. The column moved through the dead polar silence, scarcely breaking it. Now and then a hoof rang on a stone, here and there a bridle or a sabre clinked lightly; but it was too cold and early for talking, and the only steady sound was the flat canlike tankle of the square bell that hung on the neck of the long-eared leader of the pack-train. They passed the Dailey ranch, and saw the kittens and the liniment bottle, but could get no information as to what way E-egante had gone. The General did not care for that, however; he had devised his own route for the present, after a talk with the Indian guides. At the second dismounting during march he had word sent back to the pack-train not to fall behind, and the bell was to be taken off if the rest of the mules would follow without the sound of its shallow music. No wind moved the weeds or shook the stiff grass, and the rising sun glittered pink on the patched and motley-shirted men as they blew on their red hands or beat them against their legs. Some were lucky enough to have woollen or fur gloves, but many had only the white cotton affairs furnished by the government. Sarah the squaw laughed at them: the interpreter was warm as she rode in her bright green shawl. While the dismounted troopers stretched their limbs during the halt, she remained on her pony talking to one and another.

"Gray Fox heap savvy," said she to Mr. Long. "He heap get up in the mornin'."

"Thet's what he does, Sarah."

"Yas. No give soldier hy-as Sunday" (a holiday).

"No, no," assented Mr. Long. "Gray Fox go téh-téh" (trot).

"Maybe he catch E-egante, maybe put him in skookum-house [prison]?" suggested Sarah.

"Oh no! Lor'! E-egante good Injun. White Father he feed him. Give him heap clothes," said Mr. Long.

"A—h!" drawled Sarah, dubiously, and rode by herself.

"You'll need watchin'," muttered Jack Long.

The trumpet sounded, the troopers swung into their saddles, and the line of march was taken up as before, Crook at the head of the column, his ragged fur collar turned up, his corduroys stuffed inside a wrinkled pair of boots, the shot-gun balanced across his saddle, and nothing to reveal that he was any one in particular, unless you saw his face. As the morning grew bright, and empty silent Idaho glistened under the clear blue, the General talked a little to Captain Glynn.

"E-egante will have crossed Snake River, I think," said he. "I shall try to do that to-day; but we must be easy on those horses of yours. We ought to be able to find these Indians in three days."

"If I were a lusty young chief," said Glynn, "I should think it pretty tough to be put on a reservation for dipping a couple of kittens in the molasses."

"So should I, captain. But next time he might dip Mrs. Dailey. And I'm not sure he didn't have a hand in more serious work. Didn't you run across his tracks anywhere this summer?"

"No, sir. He was over on the Des Chutes."

"Did you hear what he was doing?"

"Having rows about fish and game with those Warm Spring Indians on the west side of the Des Chutes."

"They're always poaching on each other. There's bad blood between E-egante and Uma-Pine."

"Uma-Pine's friendly, sir, isn't he?"

"Well, that's a question," said Crook. "But there's no question about this E-egante and his Pah-Utes. We've got to catch him. I'm sorry for him. He doesn't see why he shouldn't hunt anywhere as his fathers did. I shouldn't see that either."

"How strong is this band reported, sir?"

"I've heard nothing I can set reliance upon," said Crook, instinctively levelling his shot-gun at a big bird that rose; then he replaced the piece across his saddle and was silent. Now Captain Glynn had heard there were three hundred Indians with E-egante, which was a larger number than he had been in the habit of attacking with forty men. But he felt discreet about volunteering any information to the General after last night's exhibition of what the General knew. Crook partly answered what was in Glynn's mind.

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"This is the only available force I have," said he. "We must do what we can with it. You've found out by this time, captain, that rapidity in following Indians up often works well. They have made up their minds—that is, if I know them—that we're going to loaf inside Boisé Barracks until the hard weather lets up."

Captain Glynn had thought so too, but he did not mention this, and the General continued. "I find that most people entertained this notion," he said, "and I'm glad they did, for it will help my first operations very materially."

The captain agreed that there was nothing like a false impression for assisting the efficacy of military movements, and presently the General asked him to command a halt. It was high noon, and the sun gleamed on the brass trumpet as the long note blew. Again the musical strain sounded on the cold bright stillness, and the double line of twenty legs swung in a simultaneous arc over the horses' backs as the men dismounted.

"We'll noon here," said the General; and while the cook broke the ice on Boisé River to fill his kettles, Crook went back to the mules to see how the sore backs were standing the march. "How d'ye do, Jack Long?" said he. "Your stock is travelling pretty well, I see. They're loaded with thirty days' rations, but I trust we're not going to need it all."

"Mwell, General, I don't specially kyeer meself 'bout eatin' the hull outfit." Mr. Long showed his respect for the General by never swearing in his presence.

"I see you haven't forgotten how to pack," Crook said to him. "Can we make Snake River to-day, Jack?"

"That 'll be forty miles, General. The days are pretty short."

"What are you feeding to the animals?" Crook inquired.

"Why, General, *you* know jest 's well 's me," said Jack, grinning.

"I suppose I do if you say so, Jack. Ten pounds first ten days, five pounds next ten, and you're out of grain for the next ten. Is that the way still?"

"Thet's the way, General, on these yere thirty-day affairs."

Through all this small-talk Crook had been inspecting the mules and the horses on picket-line, and silently forming his conclusion. He now returned to Captain Glynn and shared his mess-box.

They made Snake River. Crook knew better than Long what the animals could do. And next day they crossed, again by starlight, turned for a little way up the Owyhee, decided that E-egante had not gone that road, trailed up the bluffs and ledges from the Snake Valley on to the barren height of land, and made for the Malheur River, finding the eight hoofs of two deer lying in a melted place where a fire had been. Mr. Dailey had insisted that at least fifty Indians had drunk his liniment and trifled with his cats. Indeed, at times during his talk with General Crook the old gentleman had been sure there were a hundred. If this were their trail which the command had now struck, there may possibly have been eight. It was quite evident that the chief had not taken any three hundred warriors upon that visit, if he had that number anywhere. So the column went up the Malheur main stream through the sage-brush and the gray weather (it was still cold, but no sun any more these last two days), and coming to the North Fork, turned up towards a spur of the mountains and Castle Rock. The water ran smooth black between its edging of ice, thick, white, and crusted like slabs of cocoanut candy, and there in the hollow of a bend they came suddenly upon what they sought.

Stems of smoke, faint and blue, spindled up from a blurred acre of willow thicket, dense, tall as two men, a netted brown and yellow mesh of twigs and stiff wintry rods. Out from the level of their close, nature-woven tops rose at distances the straight slight blue smoke-lines, marking each the position of some invisible lodge. The whole acre was a bottom ploughed at some former time by a wash-out, and the troops looked down on it from the edge of the higher ground, silent in the quiet gray afternoon, the empty sage-brush territory stretching a short way to fluted hills that were white below and blackened with pines above.

The General, taking a rough chance as he often did, sent ground scouts forward and ordered a charge instantly, to catch the savages unready; and the stiff rods snapped and tangled between the beating hoofs. The horses plunged at the elastic edges of this excellent fortress, sometimes half lifted as a bent willow levered up against their bellies, and the forward-tilting men fended their faces from the whipping twigs. They could not wedge a

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man's length into that pliant labyrinth, and the General called them out. They rallied among the sage-brush above, Crook's cheeks and many others painted with purple lines of blood, hardened already and cracking like enamel. The baffled troopers glared at the thicket. Not a sign nor a sound came from in there. The willows, with the gentle tints of winter veiling their misty twigs, looked serene and even innocent, fitted to harbor birds —not birds of prey—and the quiet smoke threaded upwards through the air. Of course the liniment-drinkers must have heard the noise.

"What do you suppose they're doing?" inquired Glynn.

"Looking at us," said Crook.

"I wish we could return the compliment," said the captain.

Crook pointed. Had any wind been blowing, what the General saw would have been less worth watching. Two willow branches shook, making a vanishing ripple on the smooth surface of the tree-tops. The pack-train was just coming in sight over the rise, and Crook immediately sent an orderly with some message. More willow branches shivered an instant and were still; then, while the General and the captain sat on their horses and watched, the thicket gave up its secret to them; for, as little light gusts coming abreast over a lake travel and touch the water, so in different spots the level maze of twigs was stirred; and if the eye fastened upon any one of these it could have been seen to come out from the centre towards the edge, successive twigs moving, as the tops of long grass tremble and mark the progress of a snake. During a short while this increased greatly, the whole thicket moving with innumerable tracks. Then everything ceased, with the blue wands of smoke rising always into the quiet afternoon.

"Can you see 'em?" said Glynn.

"Not a bit. Did you happen to hear any one give an estimate of this band?"

Glynn mentioned his tale of the three hundred.

It was not new to the General, but he remarked now that it must be pretty nearly correct; and his eye turned a moment upon his forty troopers waiting there, grim and humorous; for they knew that the thicket was looking at them, and it amused their American minds to wonder what the Old Man was going to do about it.

"It's his bet, and he holds poor cards," murmured Specimen Jones; and the neighbors grinned.

And here the Old Man continued the play that he had begun when he sent the orderly to the pack-train. That part of the command had halted in consequence, disposed itself in an easy-going way, half in, half out of sight on the ridge, and men and mules looked entirely careless. Glynn wondered; but no one ever asked the General questions, in spite of his amiable voice and countenance. He now sent for Sarah the squaw.

"You tell E-egante," he said, "that I am not going to fight with his people unless his people make me. I am not going to do them any harm, and I wish to be their friend. The White Father has sent me. Ask E-egante if he has heard of Gray Fox. Tell him Gray Fox wishes E-egante and all his people to be ready to go with him to-morrow at nine o'clock."

And Sarah, standing on the frozen bank, pulled her green shawl closer, and shouted her message faithfully to the willows. Nothing moved or showed, and Crook, riding up to the squaw, held his hand up as a further sign to the flag of peace that had been raised already. "Say that I am Gray Fox," said he.

On that there was a moving in the bushes further along, and going opposite that place with the squaw, Crook and Glynn saw a narrow entrance across which some few branches reached that were now spread aside for three figures to stand there.

"E-egante!" said Sarah, eagerly. "See him big man!" she added to Crook, pointing. A tall and splendid buck, gleaming with colors, and rich with fringe and buckskin, watched them. He seemed to look at Sarah, too. She, being ordered, repeated what she had said; but the chief did not answer.

"He is counting our strength," said Glynn.

"He's done that some time ago," said Crook. "Tell E-egante," he continued to the squaw, "that I will not send for more soldiers than he sees here. I do not wish anything but peace unless he wishes otherwise."

Sarah's musical voice sounded again from the bank, and E-egante watched her intently till she was finished. This time he replied at some length. He and his people had not done any harm. He had

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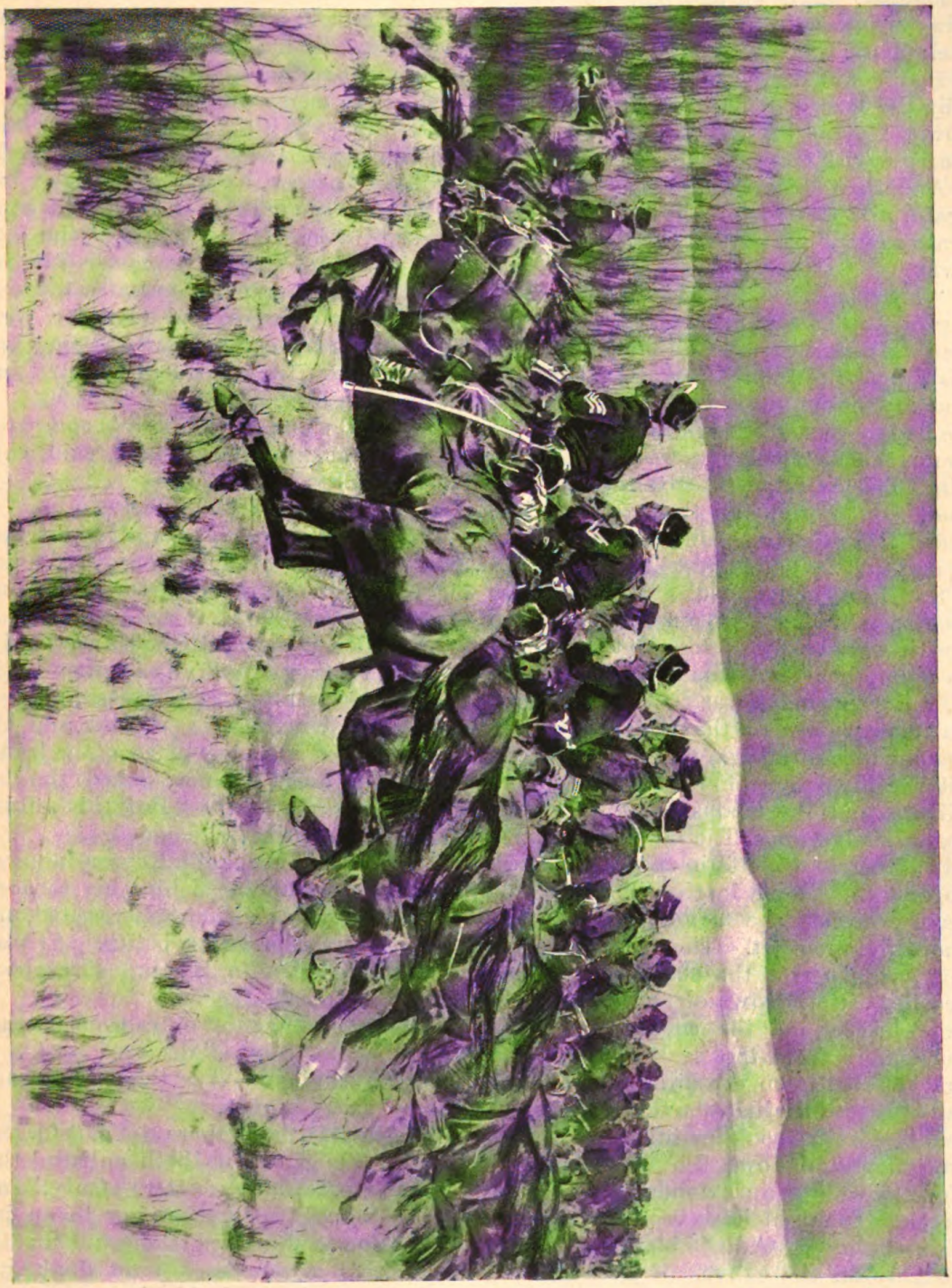

THE CHARGE.

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heard of Gray Fox often. All his people knew Gray Fox was a good man and would not make trouble. There were some flies that stung a man sitting in his house, when he had not hurt them. Gray Fox would not hurt any one till their hand was raised against him first. E-egante and his people had wondered why the horses made so much noise just now. He and his people would come to-morrow with Gray Fox.

And then he went inside the thicket again, and the willows looked as innocent as ever. Crook and the captain rode away.

"My speech was just a little weak coming on top of a charge of cavalry," the General admitted. "And that fellow put his finger right on the place. I'll give you my notion, captain. If I had said we had more soldiers behind the hill, like as not this squaw of ours would have told him I lied; she's an uncertain quantity, I find. But I told him the exact truth—that I had no more—and he won't believe it, and that's what I want."

So Glynn understood. The pack-train had been halted in a purposely exposed position, which would look to the Indians as if another force was certainly behind it, and every move was now made to give an impression that the forty were only the advance of a large command. Crook pitched his A tent close to the red men's village, and the troops went into camp regardlessly near. The horses were turned out to graze ostentatiously unprotected, so that the people in the thicket should have every chance to notice how secure the white men felt. The mules pastured comfortably over the shallow snow that crushed as they wandered among the sage-brush, and the square bell hung once more from the neck of the leader and tankled upon the hill. The shelter-tents littered the flat above the wash-out, and besides the cook fire others were built irregularly far down the Malheur North Fork, shedding an extended glimmer of deceit. It might have been the camp of many hundred. A little blaze shone comfortably on the canvas of Crook's tent, and Sergeant Keyser, being in charge of camp, had adopted the troop cook fire for his camp guard after the cooks had finished their work. The willow thicket below grew black and mysterious, and quiet fell on the white camp. By eight the troopers had gone to bed. Night had come pretty cold, and a little occasional breeze, that passed like a chill hand laid a moment on the face, and went down into the willows. Now and again the water running through the ice would lap and gurgle at some air-hole. Sergeant Keyser sat by his fire and listened to the lonely bell sounding from the dark. He wished the men would feel more at home with him. With Jack Long, satirical, old, and experienced, they were perfectly familiar, because he was a civilian; but to Keyser, because he had been in command of a battalion, they held the attitude of school-boys to a master—the instinctive feeling of all privates towards all officers. Jones and Cumnor were members of his camp guard. Being just now off post, they stood at the fire, but away from him.

"How do you boys like this compared with barracks?" the sergeant said, conversationally.

"It's all right," said Jones.

"Did you think it was all right that first morning? I didn't enjoy it much myself. Sit down and get warm, won't you?"

The men came and stood awkwardly. "I 'ain't never found any excitement in getting up early," said Jones, and was silent. A burning log shifted, and the bell sounded in a new place as the leader pastured along. Jones kicked the log into better position. "But this affair's gettin' inter-esting," he added.

"Don't you smoke?" Keyser inquired of Cumnor, and tossed him his tobacco-pouch. Presently they were seated, and the conversation going better. Arizona was compared with Idaho. Everybody had gone to bed.

"Arizona's the most outrageous outrage in the United States," declared Jones.

"Why did you stay there six years, then?" said Cumnor.

"Guess I'd been there yet but for you comin' along and us both enlistin' that crazy way. Idaho's better. Only," said Jones, thoughtfully, "coming to an ice-box from a hundred thousand in the shade, it's a wonder a man don't just split like a glass chimbly."

The willows crackled, and all laid hands on their pistols.

"How! how!" said a strange propitiating voice.

It was a man on a horse, and directly they recognized E-egante himself. They

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would have raised an alarm, but he was alone, and plainly not running away. Nor had he weapons. He rode into the firelight, and "How! how!" he repeated anxiously. He looked and nodded at the three, who remained seated.

"Good-evening," said the sergeant.

"Christmas is coming," said Jones, amicably.

"How! how!" said E-egante. It was all the English he had. He sat on his horse, looking at the men, the camp, the cook fire, the A tent, and beyond into the surrounding silence. He started when the bell suddenly jangled near by. The wandering mule had only shifted in towards the camp and shaken its head; but the Indian's nerves were evidently on the sharpest strain.

"Sit down!" said Keyser, making signs, and at these E-egante started suspiciously.

"Warm here!" Jones called to him, and Cumnor showed his pipe.

The chief edged a thought closer. His intent brilliant eyes seemed almost to listen as well as look, and though he sat his horse with heedless grace and security, there was never a figure more ready for vanishing upon the instant. He came a little nearer still, alert and pretty as an inquisitive buck antelope, watching not the three soldiers only, but everything else at once. He eyed their signs to dismount, looked at their faces, considered, and with the greatest slowness got off and came stalking to the fire. He was a fine tall man, and they smiled and nodded at him, admiring his clean blankets and the magnificence of his buckskin shirt and leggings.

"He's a jim-dandy," said Cumnor.

"You bet the girls think so," said Jones. "He gets his pick. For you're a fighter too, ain't yu'?" he added, to E-egante.

"How! how!" said that personage, looking at them with grave affability from the other side of the fire. Reassured presently, he accepted the sergeant's pipe; but even while he smoked and responded to their gestures, the alertness never left his eye, and his tall body gave no sense of being relaxed. And so they all looked at each other across the waning embers, while the old pack-mule moved about at the edge of camp, crushing the crusted snow and pasturing along. After a time E-egante gave a nod, handed the pipe back, and went into his thicket as he had come. His visit had told him nothing; perhaps he had never supposed it would, and came from curiosity. One person had watched this interview. Sarah the squaw sat out in the night, afraid for her ancient hero; but she was content to look upon his beauty, and go to sleep after he had taken himself from her sight. The soldiers went to bed, and Keyser lay wondering for a while before he took his nap between his surveillances. The little breeze still passed at times, the running water and the ice made sounds together, and he could hear the wandering bell, now distant on the hill, irregularly punctuating the flight of the dark hours.

By nine next day there was the thicket sure enough, and the forty waiting for the three hundred to come out of it. Then it became ten o'clock, but that was the only difference, unless perhaps Sarah the squaw grew more restless. The troopers stood ready to be told what to do, joking together in low voices now and then; Crook sat watching Glynn smoke; and through these stationary people walked Sarah, looking wistfully at the thicket, and then at the faces of the adopted race she served. She hardly knew what was in her own mind. Then it became eleven, and Crook was tired of it, and made the capping move in his bluff. He gave the orders himself.

"Sergeant."

Keyser saluted.

"You will detail eight men to go with you into the Indian camp. The men are to carry pistols under their overcoats, and no other arms. You will tell the Indians to come out. Repeat what I said to them last night. Make it short. I'll give them ten minutes. If they don't come by then a shot will be fired out here. At that signal you will remain in there and blaze away at the Indians."

So Keyser picked his men.

The thirty-one remaining troopers stopped joking, and watched the squad of nine and the interpreter file down the bank to visit the three hundred. The dingy overcoats and the bright green shawl passed into the thicket, and the General looked at his watch. Along the bend of the stream clear noises tinkled from the water and the ice.

"What are they up to?" whispered a teamster to Jack Long. Long's face was stern, but the teamster's was chalky and

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tight drawn. "Say," he repeated, insistently, "what are we going to do?"

"We're to wait," Long whispered back, "till nothin' happens, and then th' Ole Man 'll fire a gun and signal them boys to shoot in there."

"Oh, it's to be waitin'?" said the teamster. He fastened his eyes on the thicket, and his lips grew bloodless. The running river sounded more plainly. "Let's start the fun, then," burst out the teamster, desperately, with an oath. He whipped out his pistol, and Jack Long had just time to seize him and stop a false signal.

"Why, you must be skeered," said Long. "I've a mind to beat yer skull in."

"Waitin's so awful," whimpered the man. "I wisht I was along with them in there."

Jack gave him back his revolver. "There," said he; "ye're not skeered, I see. Waitin' ain't nice."

The eight troopers with Keyser were not having anything like so distasteful a time. "Jock," said Specimen Jones to Cumnor as they followed the sergeant into the willows and began to come among the lodges and striped savages, "you and me has saw Injuns before, Jock."

"And we'll do it again," said Cumnor.

Keyser looked at his watch: Four minutes gone. "Jones," said he, "you patrol this path to the right so you can cover that gang there. There must be four or five lodges down that way. Cumnor, see that dugout with side-thatch and roofing of tule? You attend to that family. It's a big one—all brothers." Thus the sergeant disposed his men quietly and quick through the labyrinth till they became invisible to each other; and all the while flights of Indians passed, half seen, among the tangle, fleeting visions of yellow and red through the quiet-colored twigs. Others squatted stoically, doing nothing. A few had guns, but most used arrows, and had these stacked beside them where they squatted. Keyser singled out a somewhat central figure—Fur Cap was his name—as his starting-point if the signal should sound. It must sound now in a second or two. He would not look at his watch lest it should hamper him. Fur Cap sat by a pile of arrows, with a gun across his knees besides. Keyser calculated that by standing close to him as he was, his boot would catch the Indian under the chin just right, and save one cartridge. Not a red man spoke, but Sarah the squaw dutifully speechified in a central place where paths met near Keyser and Fur Cap. Her voice was persuasive and warning. Some of the savages moved up and felt Keyser's overcoat. They fingered the hard bulge of the pistol underneath, and passed on, laughing, to the next soldier's coat, while Sarah did not cease to harangue. The tall stately man of last night appeared. His full dark eye met Sarah's, and the woman's voice faltered and her breathing grew troubled as she gazed at him. Once more Keyser looked at his watch: Seven minutes. E-egante noticed Sarah's emotion, and his face showed that her face pleased him. He spoke in a deep voice to Fur Cap, stretching a fringed arm out towards the hill with a royal gesture, at which Fur Cap rose.

"He will come, he will come!" said the squaw, running to Keyser. "They all come now. Do not shoot."

"Let them show outside, then," thundered Keyser, "or it's too late. If that gun goes before I can tell my men—" He broke off and rushed to the entrance. There were skirmishers deploying from three points, and Crook was raising his hand slowly. There was a pistol in it. "General! General!" Keyser shouted, waving both hands, "No!" Behind him came E-egante, with Sarah, talking in low tones, and Fur Cap came too. The General saw, and did not give the signal. The sight of the skirmishers hastened E-egante's mind. He spoke in a loud voice, and at once his warriors began to emerge from the willows obediently. Crook's bluff was succeeding. The Indians in waiting after nine were attempting a little bluff of their own; but the unprecedented visit of nine men appeared to them so dauntless that all notion of resistance left them. They were sure Gray Fox had a large army. And they came, and kept coming, and the place became full of them. The troopers had all they could do to form an escort and keep up the delusion, but by degrees order began, and the column was forming. Riding along the edge of the willows came E-egante, gay in his blankets, and saying, "How! how!" to Keyser, the only man at all near him. The pony ambled, and sidled, paused, trotted a little, and Key-

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"HE HESITATED TO KILL THE WOMAN."

ser was beginning to wonder, when all at once a woman in a green shawl sprang from the thicket, leapt behind the chief, and the pony flashed by and away, round the curve. Keyser had lifted his carbine, but forbore; for he hesitated to kill the woman. Once more the two appeared, diminutive and scurrying, the green shawl bright against the hill-side they climbed. Sarah had been willing to take her chances of death with her hero, and now she vanished with him among his mountains, returning to her kind, and leaving her wedded white man and half-breeds forever.

"I don't feel so mad as I ought," said Specimen Jones.

Crook laughed to Glynn about it. "We've got a big balance of 'em," he said, "if we can get 'em all to Boisé. They'll probably roast me in the East." And they did. Hearing how forty took three hundred, but let one escape (and a few more on the march home), the superannuated cattle of the War Department sat sipping their drink at the club in Washington, and explained to each other how they would have done it.

And so the General's bluff partly failed. E-egante kept his freedom, "all along o' thet yere pizen squaw," as Mr. Long judiciously remarked. It was not until many years after that the chief's destiny overtook him; and concerning that, things both curious and sad could be told.

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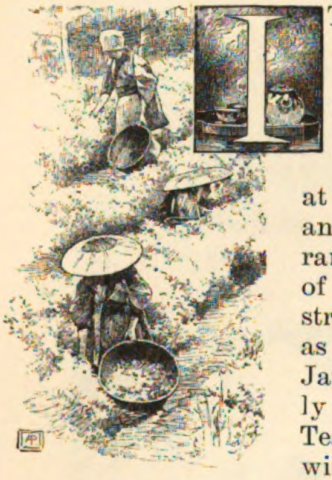
EARLY SUMMER IN JAPAN.

BY ALFRED PARSONS.



IT is difficult nowadays to imagine how the Japanese managed to live without tea; everybody drinks it at all hours of the day, and the poorest people rarely get a chance of drinking anything stronger, and yet it is, as things went in old Japan, a comparatively recent introduction. Tea was introduced with Buddhism from China, and though some plants were brought as early as the ninth century, it was not much grown until the end of the twelfth. Daruma, an Indian saint of the sixth century, often represented in Japanese art either crossing the ocean on a reed, or sitting a monument of patience with his hands in his sleeves, was the father of the tea-plant. After years of sleepless watching and prayer he suddenly got drowsy, and at last his eyelids closed and he peacefully slept. When he awoke he was so ashamed of this pardonable weakness that he cut off the offending eyelids and threw them on the ground, where they instantly took root and sprouted into the shrub which has ever since had power to keep the world awake.

In the twelfth century Kyoto was the centre of life in Japan, and the district of Uji, between that city and Nara, has always kept its reputation for producing the finest tea. The most valuable leaves are those on the young spring shoots, and when I passed through on the 19th of May these were just being gathered and dried. Most of the shrubs grow in the open air without any protection, evergreen bushes from two to three feet high, and among them the women and children were at work. As they squatted by the plants filling their baskets very little of them was visible, but their big grass hats shone in the sun, looking like a crop of gigantic mushrooms. The Japanese "kasa" is made of various light materials—straw, split bamboo, rushes, or shavings of deal; it is used, like an umbrella tied to the head, as a protection against sun and rain; in the evening or on cloudy days it is laid aside, and the laborers wear only their cotton kerchief, spread out like a hood, or tied in a band round their brows. Though it cannot be called the "vast hat the Graces made," it is, nevertheless, very effective in the landscape, and the variations of its outline in different positions indicate happily the action of its wearer. The plants which produce the most expensive teas, costing from six to eight dollars a pound, are carefully protected by mats stretched on a framework of bamboo, so that the tender leaves may neither be scorched by the sun nor torn by the heavy rains, and there are acres of them so enclosed. It was a curious thing to look down from a little hill-top on a sea of matting which filled the whole valley from one pine-clad hill to another, its surface only broken by the ends of the supporting poles and by the thatched roofs of the drying-houses which stuck up here and there like little islands. Underneath the mats women were picking, and in every way-side cottage those who were not in the fields were busily sorting and cleaning the leaves. There are no large factories or firing-houses; each family makes its own brand of tea, labelling it with some fanciful or poetic name. The road through this fertile district crosses two large rivers, the Kisugawa and Ujikawa, and many smaller streams. They are all carefully banked in, and the water is carried where it is needed by endless ditches and channels. During the heavy rains these rivulets become raging torrents, and would soon cover the country with stones and gravel if they were not kept under control; the quantity of débris they bring from the mountains is so great that instead of being down in a hollow they are raised above the rest of the country, and you have to go up hill to ford them. Before getting into the long and uninteresting suburbs of Kyoto there are some large ponds on either side of the way, willows and tall reeds growing on their banks, and in every little creek fishermen with their boats and nets, all very picturesque and paintable. So was the Nesan at the Tatsu-ya, who when I halted for lunch

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at once led me round to the principal room at the back of the house (the best rooms and the garden are usually at the back), and showed me her tame gold and silver carp, which came to be fed when she clapped her hands. It was a tiny little garden, not more than twenty-five feet square, but it had its pond and bridge and mountain of rock and old pine-tree, like the best of them.

I reached Hikone by rail the same evening, and took up my quarters at the Raku-raku-tei tea-house, a great rambling place, with a large garden and suites of rooms to suit all tastes. I was shown into a gorgeous apartment with gold screens, its floor raised above the level of the rest of the house, which no doubt was intended for great people, who in the old days must often have come here to see the Daimio Ii Kamon no Kami; but I felt I could not live up to this, and after viewing the rooms overlooking the lake and those built on piles over the fish-pond, I selected some that looked out into the garden, with a trellis of wistaria just in front, under which the purple trails of blossom nearly a yard long were still hanging. There are no crowds of visitors now, and the fine old garden looks rather tangled and neglected, with bushes untrimmed, and paths overgrown with weeds. On a steep rocky hill close by is the castle where the Daimio formerly lived; the hill is on one side protected by the lake, and on the others by a wide moat, crossed by picturesque wooden bridges, and the

CARRYING HOME TEA LEAVES, NEAR UJI.

AN OLD CASTLE MOAT, AKASHI, NEAR KOBE.

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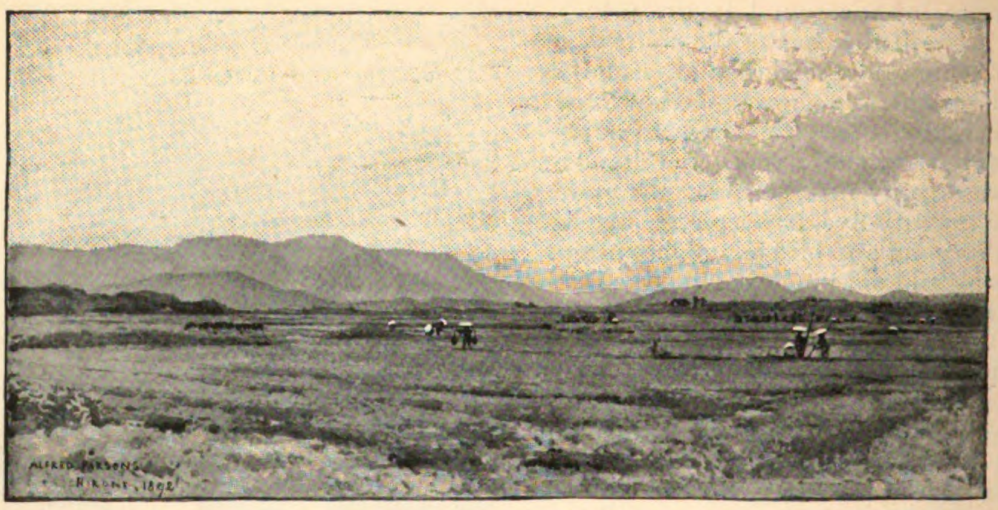

FIELDS NEAR LAKE BIWA.

roads which lead to the plateau at the top are defended by more bridges over dry moats, gate-houses, and zigzag walls of large, well-fitted stones. The architecture of all these castles is very much alike, and though there are not many of them now standing, they must have abounded in the feudal times. The finest I saw is at Nagoya; it was a good deal shaken by the last great earthquake, but is still quite sound, and the great gold dolphins on its bronze roof shine high above the rest of the city. In the short period after the introduction of Western ideas, when the craze for things European led to many acts of vandalism, most of them were pulled down, and this one at Hikone was only just saved from destruction by the intervention of the Emperor; now that a reaction has set in, and the Japanese official mind is not so eager to forget the past and obliterate its relics, they are likely to be carefully preserved. All of them have a massive foundation of large stones, not squared except at the angles, but carefully trimmed and fitted together without mortar; and the superstructure is of wood and plaster, with roofs and eaves of heavy tiles or metal. The moats, overhung with pines and filled with lotus during the summer months, are always interesting. It was a blazing hot day when I walked up and examined the castle; there was not a cloud in the sky, and Lake Biwa and its mountains lay still and clear and soft in the delicate blue haze which seems to be their own peculiar property. The fields outside the town were covered with a bright pink flower like a clover, which is not used for fodder, as there are hardly any animals to feed, but is dug in to improve the land for the rice, and this blaze of color consoled me for not finding as many azaleas as I expected. I set to work at a study of it, and sent my boy Matsuba, who, with the quickness of his race, quite understood the kind of thing I was look-

A PLANTATION COVERED WITH MATTING NEAR UJI.

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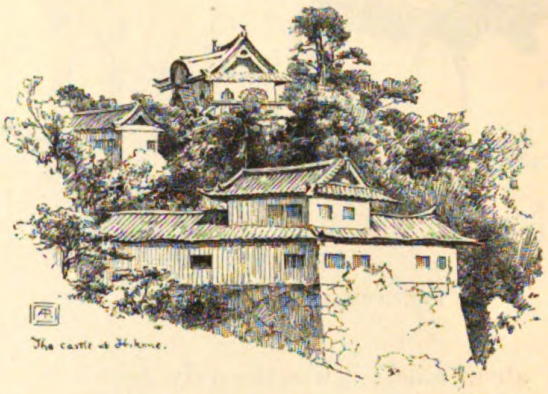
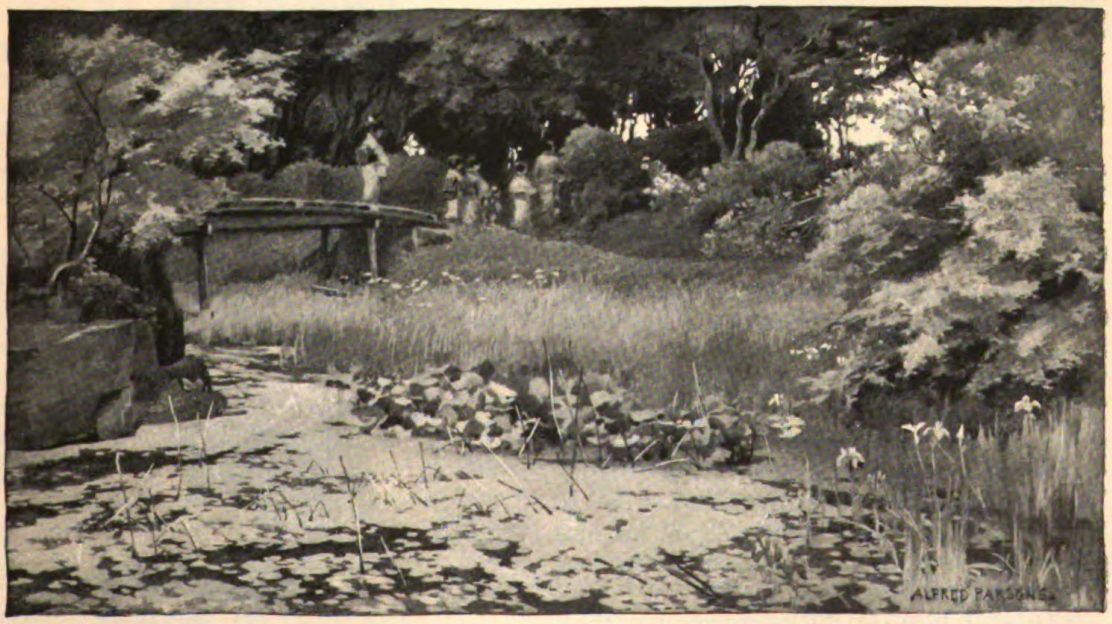
ing for, to search the neighborhood for azalea bushes. He came back early in the afternoon to tell me that he had not been successful, but that there were some races going on in the town, so we wandered up, and established ourselves in a room just over the starting-post. The course was about two hundred and fifty yards along the pebbly bed of a dry river, and all the arrangements were very unlike those of a European race-course. Two upright posts of bamboo stood about five yards apart, with a stout pole slung between them; the vicious little ponies were brought along by two grooms, each holding a long cord fastened to the bridle, and, with a good deal of shoving and hustling, were wedged in shoulder to shoulder between this pole and another behind them at about the height of their hocks. Their heads were pulled over the front pole, and held firmly by a groom with a long running cord through the bridle rings, while the jockeys were fully occupied in preventing the little brutes from striking each other with their fore and hind legs. Meanwhile the spectators, who had kept at a respectful distance until the ponies were safely fixed, crowded up behind them, pulling their tails and whacking them with bamboos. The starter then appeared, made a few remarks, and beat a small drum, upon which the men in charge of the pulleys dropped the front pole, the grooms slipped their ropes out of the bridle rings and jumped aside, and the ponies scrambled off as best they could. The jockeys rode without saddles or stirrups, with their great toes hitched into a surcingle, and directly they were off they dropped the reins, held their left hands in the air, and plied their whips with the right until they had passed the winning-post. It was just a scurry, with



The castle at Hikone.

no time for scientific riding, and, as far as I could see, the pony who got over the pole best always won. O Kazu San, my waitress at the Raku-raku-tei, was helping at the tea-house, and kept me supplied with tea and cakes, and I staid watching the races and the spectators, and being watched by them, until the dusk put a stop to sport. I left too soon, for my boy told me that there was a fight afterwards



POND IN THE GARDEN OF RAKU-RAKU-TEI, HIKONE.

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PREPARING THE RICE-FIELDS.

about a bet; it was the only fight I heard of while I was in Japan, and I should have liked to see it. Two days of heavy rain turned the course into a river once more, so that the heats were never decided. Some few days after, Matsuba told me that there was a "Japanese man's circus" in the town. It was not in the least like a circus; it was a theatrical performance in which all the members of the company, who in this troupe were women, were mounted on horseback. There was a small stage, with a set scene at the back, and in front of it, on the same level as the spectators, a space of bare earth on which the action took place. The play consisted mostly of combats; the swords and other necessary properties were brought in by attendants, and placed on a high stand where they could be easily reached by the actors, and the horses were then led into position, and held there while the fighting went on. None of the performers fell off, but beyond this there was no horsemanship; they could not even get their steeds on and off the stage without the help of a groom.

My thoughts recurred to another travelling theatre, at Stratford-on-Avon, where I saw a stirring drama called *Tel-el-Kebir, or the Bombardment of Alexandria*, in which Sir Beauchamp Seymour had a hand-to-hand conflict with Arabi Pasha. Mr. Lawrence, the spirited actor-manager, informed me afterwards, when I congratulated him on the performance, that it was always popular, and that he had played it twenty-three times in one day at Nottingham Goose-Fair. In reply to my objection that it took at least an hour, he said that of course they cut the dialogue, and only had the combats and the bombardment. I remembered, too, his remarks when called before the curtain at the end of his season; he enlarged on the dignity of the actor's profession, and how essential it was that he should be a gentleman, saying, in conclusion: "'Ow, I harsk, could a chimney-sweep (if there's a chimney-sweep present I beg 'is pardon), but 'ow could 'e act the part of a prince or a nobleman? 'E could not do it, my friends; 'e's not 'ad the hedjucation."

The fine days at this season were perfectly glorious; hot enough to give an inkling of what it would be like in the full blaze of summer, and yet with a taste of spring's freshness left in the air. They were interspersed with too many wet or uncertain days, but with the garden close by, I managed to waste very little time.

O KAZU SAN.

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The first lotus leaves were just coming up in the ponds and the irises blossoming round the water's edge, the azalea bushes were covered with flowers, and the tips of the pale green maple boughs were tinged with rosy pink. When the pouring rain had begun to drip through my sketching

MY ROOMS AT TENNENJI.

umbrella, and I was driven in-doors, there was no lack of society. O Kazu San, a plain little thing with brown velvet eyes, and the rest of the girls were never tired of looking at my belongings, thumbing my sketch-books, and asking me endless questions; and though I was sometimes irritable, their good-humor was unlimited. This unvaried good temper is itself annoying, when the foreigner feels that it is not the result of sympathy, but because he is regarded as a strange animal, not to be judged by the rules which govern the conduct of civilized people. At last Matsuba told me that he had found a place, "top side," with plenty of azaleas, and rooms where I could stay. It was a small Buddhist temple called Tennenji, once very popular but now almost deserted, which stood on the hill-side beyond the rice lands, and somewhat above the swarms of mosquitoes which haunt the marshy shores and the lagoons of Lake Biwa. Ji means a Buddhist temple—at least that is one of its meanings—and tennen means "produced by nature." The name itself suggested peace and quietness and repose, and these I found in that delightful place, always seen in my mind through a rosy haze of azalea blossom.

A granite sign-post, where the little temple path turns off from a track through the rice-fields, tells all who can read it that the temple is dedicated to the five hundred Rakkan (disciples of Buddha), and their gilded and lacquered effigies sit in long tiers round one large building within the court-yard; beyond this is the Hondo, where the principal altars are, and where the services are performed at daybreak by the old priest who has sole charge of the establishment. My room was a little annex of the Hondo, quite apart from the living-rooms of the family, and open on two sides to the air. The angle of my veranda projected over the fish-pond, and on the right and the left stepping-stones led down from it into the garden, a small patch of level ground,

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AZALEAS ON THE ROCKS, TENNENJI.

with a pine-clad hill-side rising sharply beyond it. Just at the foot of this hill there was a rocky projection, covered with an undergrowth of azaleas, and spotted with statues of Buddha and his sixteen principal followers. These were rudely carved of the natural stone; with their growth of lichens and mosses they looked as old as the rocks themselves, and were hardly to be distinguished from them at a little distance. Several stony zigzagging foot-paths, mere tracks through the bushes and pine-trees, led to the top of the ridge, from which one looked down on fertile valleys enclosed by more pine-clad ridges, and to the westward on the great shining plain of Lake Biwa, its lagoons, islands, and distant mountains. Many times I walked to the top of this hill, sometimes in the clear brilliant moonlight, when the delicate pinks and reds of the azaleas were hardly visible, and only their honey-suckle scent made me conscious of their presence, and when all the world would

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HIKONE AND LAKE BIWA, FROM THE HILLS BEHIND TENNENJI.

have been silent but for the incessant chorus of myriads of frogs which came up from the rice-fields below.

In the daytime the whole of the wood was lively with cicadæ, who kept up a constant and irritating clatter, but then there was the delight of finding new flowers, or making the acquaintance of old garden friends in their own homes. A little damp gully just behind the bamboo grove was full of deutzia bushes in blossom, and under them grew a clump of pale pink lilies (*Lilium krameri*), which seemed to me the loveliest flowers I had ever seen. The priest at Tennenji was so anxious to have some of my work that I made a drawing of these for him; it hangs among the temple treasures, and may be a surprise to some wandering foreigner, who will little expect to find any European traces in such an out-of-the-way spot. The family, consisting of Sokin the father, O Shige San the mother, and Takaki, a son employed in the office of police at Hikone, soon adopted me as a friend, and did all they could to make me comfortable. Takaki had received a modern education; they teach English in the Hikone schools, as you find out from the small boys, who shout A B C after you in the streets; but he had not got beyond the word "Yes," beginning every sentence with it and then lapsing into Japanese. We made many excursions together, he, Matsuba, and I, strolling down to the town after dinner and looking in at the theatres and shops.* O Shige San was great at cooking, and took delight in providing me with new and strange forms of food every evening; for breakfast and lunch I ate what European food Matsuba could provide, and as flour and whiskey could be bought, and a cow was slaughtered in Hikone every Saturday, I did not do badly; you can get the necessary sustenance in a shorter time on foreign "chow," but when work was over, and I had taken my hot bath and exchanged my suit of flannels for a cotton kimono, it was amusing to sit on the floor and speculate on the composition of the dishes which she brought me, trying with the aid of a dictionary to find out what

ユクリナウ 近江ノ湖水ノ
深キ心ワ千代モ契ラン

* Before I left Tennenji he wrote in one of my sketch-books the poem inscribed above in Japanese characters. The reading is "Yukuri no Omi no midzu-umi no fukaki kokoro wa chiyomo chigiran," and it may be roughly translated thus: Deep as the water of Lake Biwa, my heart has been ever true and changeless since chance brought us together.

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BUDDHA AND HIS DISCIPLES, TENNENJI.

they really were, and to acquire a taste for "daikon."* Among her successes were eels cooked in soy, broiled fish, and bean curd "à la brochette"; young bamboo shoots, chrysanthemum leaves fried in batter, and lily bulbs boiled in sugar were eatable; but a sausage made of rice and herbs, and some of the quaint vegetables, were simply nauseous. In one of my water-colors there was a large group of leaves, round ones with a dark hole where the stem goes in, commonly known as the "foreground plant," and I noticed one afternoon to my disgust that these had been cut; the boiled stalks were given to me at dinner that evening, and I never tasted anything more unpleasant. When the various dishes had all been brought in and arranged round me by the priest or Takaki, O Shige San would appear and kneel in front of me, keeping my sake cup and rice bowl filled, and watching with intense anxiety my expression as I tasted each compound, and at the end of my dinner would remark that I had eaten nothing, and that Japan was a dirty ugly country, to which I always replied that I had feasted, that England was dirty and ugly, but that Japan was a beautiful country. Such is Oriental politeness. Then Sokin came in with his pipe and pouch and little fire-box, and after taking a cup of sake with me, sat and smoked and conversed, or brought out the tea things of his lamented patron, Ii Kamon no Kami, and made me a bowl of powder tea with all the correct ceremonies. The Cha-no-yu is not to be confounded with ordinary tea-drinking. It is an elaborate form of entertainment which cannot be appreciated by an un-

* "Daikon" is a large kind of white radish, which is boiled and cut in strips and served as a savor with every meal; it is very tough, and both the smell and the flavor are repulsive. A well-known Yokohama poet has written some verses on the subject, which show a great knowledge of culinary French, and a rooted dislike to the vegetable which is shared by most foreigners. It commences in this way:

Cook loquitur (*gently*).
Won't daikon do
To stew
With carrots and a bean or two?
Methinks 'twould give a savor rare
To cutlets à la Financière.
Won't daikon do?
Master (*decisively*).
No—daikon will *not* do!

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educated foreigner; every movement is regulated by laws known to the initiated, and the conversation is confined to some object of art, or poem produced by the host. The kettle, water-bowl, and other utensils should all have some historic or artistic interest, and the cup from which the mixture is drunk is usually an example of archaic pottery. The rules of the game have not been altered for about two centuries, though there are various schools which differ as to minor details—whether the whisk with which the drink is stirred should afterwards be laid on the seventh or thirteenth seam of the matting, and things of that sort, which seem of infinitely small importance to the ignorant, but make a vast difference to the connoisseur. Our love of tobacco was a great bond of sympathy, although after trying each other's pipes we both preferred our own. The old man, who knew that I did not like to be watched while painting, would sit in his little room and gaze at me as I worked in the garden or among the stone gods on the hill-side, and when he saw that my pipe was out, would fill another for me and bring it out with a box of matches, making this an excuse to look over my shoulder for a few minutes, and to have a little conversation.

As the summer came on and the weather got hotter the insects became more and more numerous; there were splendid

PLANTING RICE.

butterflies and dragon-flies in the daytime, swarms of fire-flies over the rice-fields at night, and unfortunately many others which bit at all hours, flying things, and things which mosquito-cur-

THE CASTLE AT NAGOYA, FIELD OF IRIS IN THE FOREGROUND.

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tains could not keep out. The Japanese house has no separate rooms for living and sleeping; when bedtime comes quilts are brought in and laid on the floor, and, if necessary, a mosquito-netting of thick green gauze is slung over them from the four corners of the apartment. The natives use a small wooden pillow, with a depression for the neck to rest in; I never could manage this, but after a time I succeeded in sleeping well with coats or another quilt rolled up for a bolster. Certain paragraphs about me in the local papers brought a good many visitors to the temple to see what I was doing, among them a gentleman who was introduced to me as the best singer in Hikone, and a little conversation and whiskey soon induced him to give me some songs, those of the Buddhist and Shinto priests, and others which might be described as popular airs. To foreign ears they were quite devoid of melody, and his elaborate vocalization only produced sounds which were disagreeable and harsh, or else ludicrously inadequate to the efforts they cost him. My friend, who appeared to be an all-round æsthete, spent a good part of the afternoon in arranging a big bronze jar of azalea boughs and a hanging vase of irises, curling the leaves and snipping off any stray shoots which did not conform to the fish-scale arrangement (sakana no uroko no kata) which he was trying to make.

The family were very busy all through this month with their crop of silk-worms, which required incessant care and feeding. I was taken to see them first in an outbuilding when they were just little black specks; as they got older the air of this shed did not suit them, and they were moved into the Hondo, where they flourished and grew with astonishing rapidity, and devoured the baskets of chopped mulberry leaves as fast as they could be prepared. The caterpillars were huddled together on mats hung one above another in a frame-work; a netting of string was spread over each mat so that the whole mass could be lifted and the débris cleared away with very little trouble. When they had ceased to grow, and began to stand on end, waving their heads in the air after the idiotic fashion of silk-worms who want to spin, they were picked off and put in little nests of straw or bundles of brush-wood, which soon became a mass of soft yellow cocoons. It was an anxious time for O Shige San, for a consider-

WHITE AZALEA BUSH, RAKU-RAKU-TEI, HIKONE.

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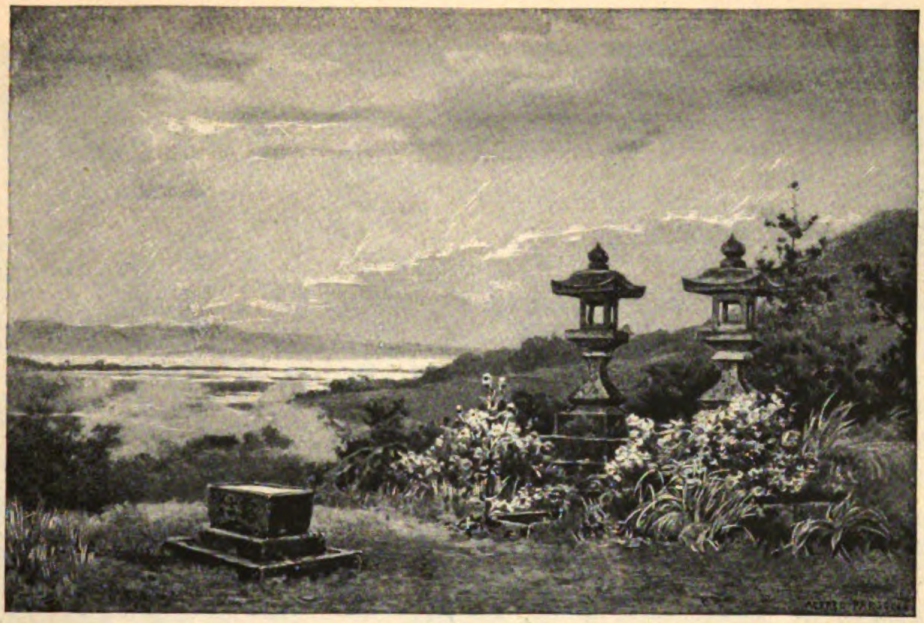

SUNSET OVER LAKE BIWA, FROM TENNENJI.

able part of her income depended on the crop of silk; the cocoons are worth about thirty yen a koku, a measure rather less than five bushels. The pond under my veranda was full of carp and baby tortoises, which hurried up to be fed as soon as they saw me leaning over the rail; the old tortoises were more shy, and I only saw them on very hot days, sunning themselves on the stones, and they slipped into the water with a flop if I attempted to get near them. I caught one on a patch of sandy ground, after watching its struggles to cover up the hole in which it had just laid some leathery-looking white eggs. These days brought out the snakes too, some of them very big, and all unpleasant to look at, but quite harmless. There is only one venomous snake in the country, a small brown beast called "Mamushi"; the other sorts are not ill-treated; indeed, they are considered lucky, but this is always killed and skinned, and a medicine is prepared from its dried body.

It would have been easy to dream away months here, but the wise regulations of the Japanese government, foreseeing that the traveller would be tempted to neglect his duties and become a mere loafer, forced me to return to Kobe and get a new passport, so I had to say good-by to my friends, and the Rakkan with the lichen-covered azaleas, still gay with crimson flowers, which trailed round their feet, and the terrace where every evening I had watched the sun setting over Biwa, and to descend once more to the railway and the commonplace. The rain came down in torrents as I left the temple, and continued to do so all the day, but there was plenty that was amusing to be seen from the carriage window. The people were busy putting out their young rice plants, and the fields were full of men and women, wearing their "kasa" and straw coats, oiled paper, rush mats, or other contrivances to keep off the rain, and working in mud and water halfway up to their knees. It is surely the dirtiest and most laborious form of agriculture; the work is almost entirely done by manual labor with a spade and a heavy four-pronged rake, though I occasionally saw a cow or a pony, with a little thatched roof on its back to shoot off the rain, dragging a sort of harrow through the mud. As soon as the spring crop of barley or rape-seed is garnered and hung up to dry, the ground is trenched with the spade, and water is turned over it until it has become a soft slush, which is worked level with the rake. The young rice plants, grown thick together in nursery patches, are pulled up when the fields are ready for planting, their roots are washed and they are tied in bundles, which are thrown into the mud and water; then the men and women

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THE BAMBOO GROVE, TENNENJI.

wade in, untie a bundle, and set the seedlings in lines by just pressing them with their fingers into the mud. They do this wonderfully quickly, and can plant eight or nine in a row without moving from their places; when the field is all planted it looks like a pond with a delicate green haze over it. The dividing banks are planted with beans or other vegetables, so that not a yard of ground is wasted. This was the 18th of June, the damp, clammy heat of the "dew month" just beginning, a period very encouraging to all vegetation, but full of discomforts for the traveller, and especially for the landscape-painter.

WITHIN.

BY ANNA C. BRACKETT.

TO fail in finding gifts, and still to give,
To count all trouble ease, all loss as gain,
To learn in dying as a self to live—
This dost thou do, and seek thy joy in pain?
Rejoice that not unworthy thou art found
For Love to touch thee with his hand divine;
Put off thy shoes, thou art on holy ground;
Thou standest on the threshold of his shrine.
But canst thou wait in patience, make no sign,
And where in power thou fail'st—oh, not in will—
See sore need served by other hands than thine,
And other hands the dear desires fulfil,
Hear others gain the thanks that thou wouldst win,
Yet be all joy? Then hast thou entered in.

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THE GOLDEN HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHAPTER VIII.

LOOKING back upon this dinner of the Delancys, the student of human affairs can see how Providence uses small means for the accomplishment of its purposes. Of all our social contrivances the formal dinner is probably the cause of more anxiety in the arrangement, of more weariness in the performance, and usually of less satisfaction in the retrospect than any other social function. However carefully the guests are selected, it lacks the spontaneity that gives intellectual zest to the chance dining together of friends. This Delancy party was made up for reasons which are well understood, and it seemed to have been admirably well selected; and yet the moment it assembled it was evident that it could not be very brilliant or very enjoyable. Doubtless you, madam, would have arranged it differently, and not made it up of such incongruous elements.

As a matter of fact, scarcely one of those present would not have had more enjoyment somewhere else. Father Damon, whose theory was that the rich needed saving quite as much as the poor, would nevertheless have been in better spirits sitting down to a collation with the working-women in Clinton Place. It was a good occasion for the cynical observation of Mr. Mavick, but it was not a company that he could take in hand and impress with his mysterious influence in public affairs. Henderson was not in the mood, and would have had much more ease over a chop and a bottle of half-and-half with Uncle Jerry. Carmen, socially triumphant, would have been much more in her element at a *petit souper* of a not too fastidious four. Mrs. Schuyler Blunt was in the unaccustomed position of having to maintain a not too familiar and not too distant line of deportment. Edith and Jack felt the responsibility of having put an incongruous company on thin conventional ice. It was only the easy-going Miss Tavish and two or three others who carried along their own animal spirits and love of amusement who enjoyed the chance of a possible *contretemps*.

And yet the dinner was providentially arranged. If these people had not met socially, this history would have been different from what it must be. The lives of several of them were appreciably modified by this meeting. It is too much to say that Father Damon's notion of the means by which such men as Henderson succeed was changed, but personal contact with the man may have modified his utterances about him, and he may have turned his mind to the uses to which his wealth might be applied rather than to the means by which he obtained it. Carmen's ingenuous interest in his work may have encouraged the hope that at least a portion of this fortune might be rescued to charitable uses. For Carmen, dining with Mrs. Schuyler Blunt was a distinct gain, and indirectly opened many other hitherto exclusive doors. That lady may not have changed her opinion about Carmen, but she was good-natured and infected by the incoming social tolerance; and as to Henderson, she declared that he was an exceedingly well-bred man, and she did not believe half the stories about him. Henderson himself at once appreciated the talents of Mavick, gauged him perfectly, and saw what services he might be capable of rendering at Washington. Mr. Mavick appreciated the advantage of a connection with such a capitalist, and of having open to him another luxurious house in New York. At the dinner table Carmen and Mr. Mavick had not exchanged a dozen remarks before these clever people felt that they were congenial spirits. It was in the smoking-room that Henderson and Mavick fell into an interesting conversation, which resulted in an invitation for Mavick to drop in at Henderson's office in the morning. The dinner had not been a brilliant one. Henderson found it not easy to select topics equally interesting to Mrs. Delancy and Mrs. Blunt, and finally fell into geographical information to the latter about Mexico and Honduras. For Edith, the sole relief of the evening was an exchange of sympathy with Father Damon, and she was too much preoccupied to enjoy that. As for Carmen, placed between Jack and Mr. Mavick, and conscious that the eyes of Mrs. Blunt were on her, she

* Begun in July number, 1894

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was taking a subdued rôle, which Jack found much less attractive than her common mood. But this was not her only self-sacrifice of the evening. She went without her usual cigarette.

To Edith the dinner was a revelation of new difficulties in the life she proposed for herself, though they were rather felt than distinctly reasoned about. The social atmosphere was distasteful; its elements were out of harmony with her ideals. Not that this society was new to her, but that she saw it in a new light. Before her marriage all these things had been indifferent to this high-spirited girl. They were merely incidents of the social state into which she was born, and she pursued her way among them, having a tolerably clear conception of what her own life should be, with little recognition of their tendencies. Were only her own life concerned, they would still be indifferent to her. But something had happened. That which is counted the best thing in life had come to her, that best thing which is the touchstone of character as it is of all conditions, and which so often introduces inextricable complications. She had fallen in love with Jack Delancy and married him.

The first effect of this was to awake and enlarge what philosophers would call her enthusiasm of humanity. The second effect was to show her—and this was what this little dinner emphasized—that she had put limitations upon herself and taken on unthought-of responsibilities. To put this sort of life one side or make it secondary to her own idea of a useful and happy life would have been easy but for one thing. She loved Jack. This philosophic reasoning about it does her injustice. It did not occur to her that she could go her way and let him go his way. Nor must it be supposed that the problem seemed as grave to her as it really was, the danger of frittering away her own higher nature in faithfulness to one of the noblest impulses of that nature. Yet this is the way that so many trials of life come, and it is the greatest test of character. She felt—as many women do feel—that if she retained her husband's love all would be well, and the danger involved to herself probably did not cross her mind.

But what did cross her mind was that these associations meant only evil for Jack, and that to be absorbed in the sort of life that seemed to please him was for her to drift away from all her ideals.

A confused notion of all this was in her thoughts when she talked with Father Damon, while the gentlemen were in the smoking-room. She asked him about his mission.

"The interest continues," he replied; "but your East Side, Mrs. Delancy, is a puzzling place."

"How so?"

"Perhaps you'll laugh if I say there is too much intelligence."

Edith did laugh, and then said: "Then you'd better move your mission over to this side. Here is a field of good unadulterated worldliness. But what, exactly, do you mean?"

"Well, the attempt of science to solve the problem of sin and wretchedness. What can you expect when the people are socialists and their leaders agnostics?"

"But I thought you were something of a socialist yourself!"

"So I am," he said, frankly, "when I see the present injustice, the iniquitous laws and combinations that leave these people so little chance. They are ignorant, and expect the impossible, but they are right in many things, and I go with them. But my motive is not theirs. I hope not. There is no hope except in a spiritual life. Materialism down at the bottom of society is no better than materialism at the top. Do you know," he went on, with increased warmth, "that pessimism is rather the rule over that side, and that many of those who labor most among the poor have the least hope of ever making things substantially better?"

"But such unselfish people as Dr. Leigh do a great deal of good," Edith suggested.

"Yes," he said, reflecting—"yes, I have no doubt. I don't understand it. She is not hopeful. She sees nothing beyond. I don't know what keeps her up."

"Love of humanity, perhaps."

"I wish the phrase had never been invented. Religion of humanity! The work is to save the souls of those people."

"But," said Edith, with a flush of earnestness—"but, Father Damon, isn't human love the greatest power to save?"

The priest looked at the girl. His face softened, and he said, more gently: "I don't know. Of the soul, yes. But human love is so apt to stand in the way of the higher life."

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In her soul Edith resented this as an ascetic and priestly view, but she knew his devotion to that humanity which he in vain tried to eliminate from his austere life, and she turned the talk lightly by saying: "Ah, that is your theory. But I am coming over soon, and shall expect you and Dr. Leigh to take me about."

The next morning Mr. Mavick's card gave him instant admission to the inner office of Mr. Henderson, the approach to whom was more carefully guarded than that to the President of the United States. This was not merely necessary to save him from the importunities of cranks who might carry concealed dynamite arguments, but as well to protect him from hundreds of business men with whom he was indirectly dealing, and with whom he wished to evade explanations. He thoroughly understood the advantages of delay. He also understood the value of the mystery that attends inaccessibility. Even Mr. Mavick himself was impressed by the show of ceremony, by the army of clerks, and by the signs of complete organization. He knew that the visitor was specially favored who penetrated these precincts so far as to get an interview, usually fruitless, with Henderson's confidential man. This confidential man was a very grave and confidence-begetting person, who dealt out dubious hints and promises, and did not at all mind when Henderson found it necessary to repudiate as unauthorized anything that had been apparently said in his name. To be sure, this gave a general impression that Henderson was an inscrutable man to deal with, but at the same time it was confessed that his spoken word could be depended on. Anything written might, it is true, lead to litigation, and this gave rise to a saying in the Street that Henderson's word was better than his bond.

Henderson was not a politician, but he was a friend of politicians. It was said that he contributed about equally to both sides in a political campaign, and that this showed patriotism more than partisanship. It was for his interest to have friends on both sides in Congress, and friends in the cabinet, and it was even hinted that he was concerned to have men whose economic and financial theories accorded with his own on the Supreme Bench. He had unlimited confidence in the power of money. His visitor of the morning was not unlike him in many respects. He also was not a politician. He would have described himself as a governmental man, and had a theory of running the government with as little popular interference as possible. He regarded himself as belonging to the governing class.

Between these two men, who each had his own interests in view, there was naturally an apparent putting aside of reserve.

"I was very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Mavick," said Henderson, cordially. "I have known of you for a long time."

"Yes? I've been in the employ of the government for some time."

"And I suppose it pays pretty well," said Henderson, smiling.

"Oh, extravagantly," Mavick rejoined, in the same spirit. "You just about get your board and clothes out of government. Your washing is another thing. You are expected, you know, to have your washing done where you vote."

"Well, it's a sure thing."

"Yes, till you are turned out. You know the theory at Washington is that virtue is its own reward. Tom Fakeltree says it's enough."

"I wonder how he knows?"

"Observation, probably. Tom startled a dinner table the other day with the remark that when a man once gives himself up to the full enjoyment of a virtuous life, it seems strange to him that more people do not follow his example."

"The trouble with the virtue of Washington is that it always wants to interfere with other people's business. Fellows like Tom are always hunting up mares' nests in order to be paid for breaking them up."

"I can't say about Tom," rejoined Mavick. "I suppose it is necessary to live."

"I suppose so. And that goes along with another proposition—that the successful have no rights which the unsuccessful are bound to respect. As soon as a man gets ahead," Henderson continued, with a tone of bitterness, "the whole pack are trying to pull him down. A capitalist is a public enemy. Why, look at that Hodge bill! Strikes directly at the ability of the railways to develop the country. Have you seen it?"

"Yes," Mavick admitted; "the drawer of it was good enough to consult me on

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its constitutionality. It's a mighty queer bill."

"It can't get through the Senate," said Henderson; "but it's a bother. Such schemes are coming up all the time, and they unsettle business. These fellows need watching."

"And managing," added Mavick.

"Exactly. I can't be in Washington all the time. And I need to know what is going on every twenty-four hours from the inside. I can't rely on politicians or lobbyists."

"Well," said Mr. Mavick, in his easiest manner, "that's easy enough. You want a disinterested friend."

Henderson nodded, but did not even smile, and the talk went on about other measures, and confidentially about certain men in Washington, until, after twenty minutes' conversation, the two men came to a perfect understanding. When Mavick arose to go they shook hands even more cordially than at first, and Henderson said,

"Well, I expect to hear from you, and remember that our house will always be your home in the city."

CHAPTER IX.

It seemed very fortunate to Jack Delancy that he should have such a clever woman as Carmen for his confidante, a man so powerful as Henderson as his backer, and a person so omniscient as Mavick for his friend. No combination could be more desirable for a young man who proposed to himself a career of getting money by adroit management and of spending it in pure and simple self-indulgence. There are plenty of men who have taken advantage of like conditions to climb from one position to another, and have then kicked down the ladders behind them as fast as they attained a new footing. It was Jack's fault that he was not one of these. You could scarcely dignify his character by saying that he had an aim, except to saunter through life with as little personal inconvenience as possible. His selfishness was boneless. It was not by any means negative, for no part of his amiable nature was better developed than regard for his own care and comfort; but it was not strong enough to give him Henderson's capacity for hard work and even self-denial, nor Mavick's cool, persevering skill in making a way for himself in the world.

Why was not Edith his confidante? His respect for her was undoubted; his love for her was unquestioned; his trust in her was absolute. And yet with either Carmen or Miss Tavish he fell into confidential revelations of himself which instinctively he did not make to Edith. The explanation of this is on the surface, and it is the key to half the unhappiness in domestic life. He felt that Edith was not in sympathy with the associations and the life he was leading. The pitiful and hopeless part of it is that if she had been in sympathy with them, Jack would have gone on in his frivolous career at an accelerated pace. It was not absence of love, it was not unfaithfulness that made Jack enjoy the hours he spent with Carmen, or with the pleasing and not too fastidious Miss Tavish, with a zest that was wanting to his hours at home. If he had been upon a sinking steamboat with the three women and could have saved only one of them, he would not have had a moment's hesitation in rescuing Edith and letting the other two sink out of his life. The character is not unusual, nor the situation uncommon. What is a woman to do? Her very virtues are enemies of her peace; if she appears as a constant check and monitor, she repels; if she weakly acquiesces, the stream will flow over both of them. The dilemma seems hopeless.

It would be a mistake to suppose that either Edith or Jack put their relations in any such definite shape as this. He was unthinking. She was too high-spirited, too confident of her position, to be assailed by such fears. And it must be said, since she was a woman, that she had the consciousness of power which goes along with the possession of loveliness and keen wit. Those who knew her best knew that under her serenity was a gay temperament, inherited from the original settlers of Manhattan, an abounding enjoyment of life, and capacity for passion. It was early discovered in her childhood that little Edith had a will of her own.

Lent was over. It was the time of the twittering of sparrows, of the opening of windows, of putting in order the little sentimental spots called "squares," where the poor children get their idea of forests, and the rich renew their faint recollections of innocence and country life; when the hawkers go about the streets, and the hand-organs celebrate the return of spring

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and the possibility of love. Even the idle felt that it was a time for relaxation and quiet.

"Have you answered Miss Tavish's invitation?" asked Jack one morning at the breakfast table.

"Not yet. I shall decline to-day for myself."

"Why? It's for charity."

"Well, my charity extends to Miss Tavish. I don't want to see her dance."

"That leaves me in a nice hole. I said I'd go."

"And why not? You go to a good many places you don't take me — the clubs, brokers' offices, Stalker's, the Conventional, and—"

"Oh, go on. Why do you object to my going to see this dance?"

"My dear Jack," said Edith, "I haven't objected the least in the world;" and her animated face sparkled with a smile, which seemed to irritate Jack more than a frown would have done.

"I don't see why you set yourself up. I'll bet Miss Tavish will raise more money for the Baxter Street Guild, yes, and do more good, than you and the priest and that woman doctor slopping about on the East Side in six months."

"Very likely," replied Edith, still with the same good-humored smile. "But, Jack, it's delightful to see your philanthropic spirit stirred up in this way. You ought to be encouraged. Why don't you join Miss Tavish in this charity? I have no doubt that if it was advertised that Miss Tavish and Mr. Jack Delancy would dance for the benefit of an East Side guild in the biggest hall in the city, there wouldn't be standing room."

"Oh, bosh!" said Jack, getting up from his chair and striding about the room, with more irritation than he had ever shown to Edith before. "I wouldn't be a prude."

Edith's eyes flashed and her face flushed, but her smile came back in a moment, and she was serene again. "Come here, Jack. Now, old fellow, look me straight in the eyes, and tell me if you would like to have me dance the serpentine dance before a drawing-room full of gossiping women, with, as you say, just a few men peeping in at the doors."

Jack did look, and the serene eyes, yet dancing with amusement at the incongruous picture, seemed to take a warmer glow of love and pleading.

"Oh, hang it! that's different," and he stooped and gave her an awkward kiss.

"I'm glad you know it's different," she said, with a laugh that had not a trace of mockery in it; "and since you do, you'd better go along and do your charity, and I'll stay at home, and try to be—different when you come back."

And Jack went, with a little feeling of sheepishness that he would not have acknowledged at the time, and he found himself in a company where he was entirely at his ease. He admired the dancing of the blithe, graceful girl, he applauded her as the rest did with hand-clapping and bravas, and said it was ravishing. It all suited him perfectly. And somehow, in the midst of it all, in the sensuous abandon of this electric-light eccentricity at mid-day, he had a fleeting vision of something very different, of a womanhood of another sort, and a flush came to his face for a moment as he imagined Edith in a skirt dance under the gaze of this sensation-loving society. But this was only for a moment. When he congratulated Miss Tavish his admiration was entirely sincere; and the girl, excited with her physical triumph, seemed to him as one emancipated out of acquired prudishness into the Greek enjoyment of life. Miss Tavish, who would not for the world have violated one of the social conventions of her set, longed, as many women do, for the sort of freedom and the sort of applause which belongs to women who succeed upon the stage. Not that she would have forfeited her position by dancing at a theatre for money; but, within limits, she craved the excitement, the abandon, the admiration, that her grace and passion could win. This was not at all the ambition which led the Egyptian queen Hatshepsu to assume the dress of a man, but rather that more famous aspiration which led the daughter of Herodias, in a pleasure-loving court, to imitate and excel the professional dancing-girls. If in this inclination of the women of the day, which is not new, but has characterized all societies to which wealth has brought idleness, there was a note of demoralization, it did not seem so to Jack, who found the world day by day more pleasing and more complaisant.

As the months went by everything prospered with him on his drifting voyage. Of all voyages that is the easiest to make which has no port in view, that

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depends upon the varying winds, if the winds happen to be soft and the chance harbors agreeable. Jack was envied, thanks to Henderson. He was lucky in whatever he touched. Without any change in his idle habits, and with no more attention to business than formerly, money came to him so freely that he not only had a complacent notion that he was a favorite of fortune, but the idea of his own importance in the financial world increased enormously, much to the amusement of Mavick, when he was occasionally in the city, to whom he talked somewhat largely of his operations, and who knew that he had no more comprehension of the sweep of Henderson's schemes than a baby has of the stock exchange when he claps his hands with delight at the click of the ticker.

His prosperity was visible. It showed in the increase of his accounts at the Union, in his indifference to limits in the game of poker, in a handsome pair of horses which he insisted on Edith's accepting for her own use, in an increased scale of living at home, in the hundred ways that a man of fashion can squander money in a luxurious city. If he did not haunt the second-hand book-shops, or the stalls of dealers in engravings, or bring home as much bric-à-brac as he once had done, it was because his mind was otherwise engaged; his tailor's bills were longer, and there were more expensive lunches at the clubs, at which there was a great deal of sage talk about stocks and combinations, and much wisdom exhibited in regard to wines; and then there were the little suppers at Wherry's after the theatres, which a bird could have eaten and a fish have drunken, and only a spendthrift have paid for.

"It is absurd," Edith had said one night after their return. "It makes us ridiculous in the eyes of anybody but fools." And Jack had flared up about it, and declared that he knew what he could afford, and she had retorted that as for her she would not countenance it. And Jack had attempted to pass it off lightly, at last, by saying, "Very well then, dear, if you won't back me, I shall have to rely upon my bankers." At any rate, neither Carmen nor Miss Tavish took him to task. They complimented him on his taste, and Carmen made him feel that she appreciated his independence and his courage in living the life that suited him. She knew, indeed, how much he made in his speculations, how much he lost at cards; she knew through him the gossip of the clubs, and venturing herself not too far at sea, liked to watch the undertow of fashionable life. And she liked Jack, and was not incapable of throwing him a rope when the hour came that he was likely to be swept away by that undertow.

It was remarked at the Union, and by the men in the Street who knew him, that Jack was getting rapid. But no one thought the less of him for his pace—that is, no one appeared to, for this sort of estimate of a man is only tested by his misfortunes, when the day comes that he must seek financial backing. In these days he was generally in an expansive mood, and his free hand and good-humor increased his popularity. There were those who said that there were millions of family money back of Jack, and that he had recently come in for something handsome.

But this story did not deceive Major Fairfax, whose business it was to know to a dot the standing of everybody in society, in which he was a sort of oracle and privileged favorite. No one could tell exactly how the Major lived; no one knew the rigid economy that he practised; no one had ever seen his small dingy chamber in a cheap lodging-house. The name of Fairfax was as good as a letter of introduction in the metropolis, and the Major had lived on it for years, on that and a carefully nursed little income—an habitué of the club, and a methodical cultivator of the art of dining out. A most agreeable man, and perhaps the wisest man in his generation in those things about which it would be as well not to know anything.

Seated one afternoon in his favorite corner for street observation, by the open window, with the evening paper in his hand, in the attitude of one expecting the usual five-o'clock cocktail, he hailed Jack, who was just c[illegible]wn stairs from a protracted lunch.

"I say, Delancy, what's this I hear?"

"Abou[illegible]" said Jack, sauntering along to a seat opposite the Major, and touching a bell on the little table as he sat dow[illegible]. Jack's face was flushed, but he talked with unusual slowness and distinctness. "What have you heard, Major?"

"That you have bought Benham's yacht."

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"No, I haven't, but I was turning the thing over in my mind," Jack replied, with the air of a man declining an appointment in the cabinet. "He offers it cheap."

"My dear boy, there is no such thing as a cheap yacht, any more than there is a cheap elephant."

"It's better to buy than build," Jack insisted. "A man's got to have some recreation."

"Recreation! Why don't you charter a Fifth Avenue stage and take your friends on a voyage to the Battery? That'll make 'em sick enough." It was a misery of the Major's life that, in order to keep in with necessary friends, he had to accept invitations for cruises on yachts, and pretend he liked it. Though he had the gout, he vowed he would rather walk to Newport than go round Point Judith in one of those tipping tubs. He had tried it, and, as he said afterwards, "The devil of it was that Mrs. Henderson and Miss Tavish sympathized with me. Gad! it takes away a person's manhood, that sort of thing."

The Major sipped his bitters, and then added: "Or I'll tell you what, if you must do something, start a newspaper—the drama, society, and letters, that sort of thing, with pictures. I heard Miss Tavish say she wished she had a newspaper."

"But," said Jack, with gravity, "I'm not buying a yacht for Miss Tavish."

"I didn't suppose you were. Devilish fine girl, though. I don't care who you buy it for if you don't buy it for yourself. Why don't you buy it for Henderson? He can afford it."

"I'd like to know what you mean, Major Fairfax!" cried Jack. "What business—"

"There!" exclaimed the Major, sinking back in his chair, with a softened expression in his society-beaten face. "It's no use of nonsense, Jack. I'm an average old sinner, and I'm not old enough yet to like a milksop. But I've known you since you were so high, and I knew your father; he used to stay weeks on my plantation when we were both younger. And your mother—that was a woman!—did me a kindness once when I was in a d——d tight place, and I never forgot it. See here, Jack, if I had money enough I'd buy a yacht and put Carmen and Miss Tavish on it, and send them off on the longest voyage there is."

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"Who's been talking?" exclaimed Jack, touched a little, but very much offended.

"The town, Jack. Don't mind the talk. People always talk. I suppose people talk about me. At your age I should have been angry too at a hint even from an old friend. But I've learned. It doesn't pay. I don't get angry any more. Now there's Henderson—"

"What have you got against Henderson?"

"Nothing. He is a very good fellow, for that sort of man. But, Lord! Henderson is a big machine. You might as well try to stand in with a combination of gang-saws, or to make friends with the Department of the Interior. Look at the men who have gone in with Henderson from time to time. The ground is strewn with them. He's got no more feeling in business than a reaper-and-binder."

"I don't know what Henderson's got to do with my having a yacht."

"I beg your pardon, Jack; it's none of my business. Only I do not put my investments"—Jack smiled faintly, as if the conversation were taking a humorous turn—"at the mercy of Henderson's schemes. If I did, I wouldn't try to run a yacht at the same time. I should be afraid that some day when I got to sea I should find myself out of coal. You know, my boy, that the good book says you cannot serve two masters."

"Nobody ever accused you of that, Major," retorted Jack, with a laugh. "But what two have you in mind?"

"Oh, I don't mean anything personal. I just use names as typical. Say Henderson and Carmen." And the Major leaned back and tapped his fingers together, as if he were putting a general proposition.

Jack flushed, and then thought a moment: it would be ridiculous to get angry with old Fairfax: and then said: "Major, if I were you, I wouldn't have anything to do with either of them. You'll spoil your digestion."

"Umph!" the Major grunted, as he rose from his chair. "This is an age of impudence. There's no more respect for gray hair than if it were dyed. I cannot waste any more time on you. I've got an early dinner. Devilish uphill work trying to encourage people who dine at seven. But, my boy, think on these things, as the saint says."

And the old fellow limped away. There was one good thing about the Major. He stood up in church every Sunday and read his prayers, like a faithful old sinner as he was.

Jack, sobered by the talk, walked home in a very irritated mood, blaming everybody except himself. For old Fairfax's opinion he didn't care, but evidently the old fellow represented a lot of gossip. He wished people would mind their own business. His irritation was a little appeased by Edith's gay and loving greeting; but she, who knew every shade of his face, saw it.

"Have you had a worrying day?"

"No; not specially. I've had an hour of old Fairfax, who hasn't any business of his own to attend to."

"Oh, nobody minds the Major," Edith said, as she gave him a shake and another kiss; but a sharp pang went through her heart, for she guessed what had happened, since she had had a visit that afternoon from another plain-speaking person.

They were staying late in town. Edith, who did not care to travel far, was going presently to a little cottage by the sea, and Mrs. Schuyler Blunt had looked in for a moment to say good-by before she went up to her Lenox house.

"It is only an old farm-house made over," Mrs. Blunt was saying; "hardly smart enough to ask anybody to, but we hope to have you and Jack there some time."

"That would be very nice. I hear Lenox is more beautiful than ever."

"Yes, it is, and about as difficult to get into as the kingdom of heaven. It's being spoiled for moderate people. The Hendersons and the Van Dams and that sort are in a race to see who shall build houses with the biggest rooms, and give the most expensive entertainments. It's all show. The old flavor has gone."

"But they cannot spoil the scenery."

"My child, they are the scenery. You can't see anything else. It doesn't bother me, but some of my old neighbors are just ruining themselves trying to keep the pace. I do think the Americans are the biggest fools on earth."

"Father Damon says the trouble is we haven't any middle class for a balance."

"Yes, that's the English of it. But it's a pity that fashion has got hold of the country, and is turning our summers into a worry and a burden. I thought years

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ago when we went to Lenox that it was a good thing the country was getting to be the fashion, but now it's fashionable, and before we know it every desirable spot will be what they call syndicated. Miss Tavish says she is coming to visit the Hendersons there."

"I thought she went to Bar Harbor."

"But she is coming down for part of the season. These people don't stay anywhere. Just long enough in one place to upset everything with their extravagance. That's the reason I didn't ask you and Jack up this summer."

"Thank you, we couldn't go, you know," said Edith, simply, and then, with curiosity in her eyes, asked, "But I don't quite understand what's the reason."

"Well," said Mrs. Blunt, as if nerving herself up to say what must be said, "I thought perhaps you wouldn't like to be where they are."

"I don't know why I should or why I should not," Edith replied.

"Nor have Jack with them," continued Mrs. Blunt, stoutly.

"What do you mean, Mrs. Blunt?" cried Edith, her brown eyes flaming.

"Don't turn on me, Edith dear. I oughtn't to have said anything. But I thought it was my duty. Of course it is only talk."

"Well?"

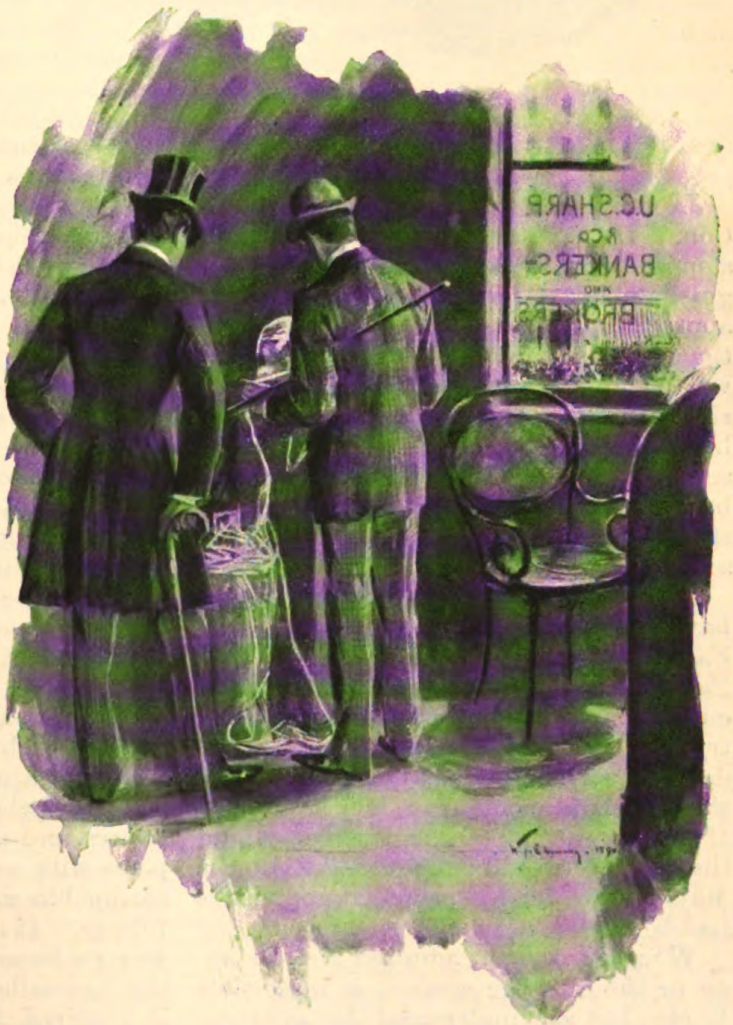
"That Jack is always with one or the other of those women."

"It is false," cried Edith, starting up, with tears now in her eyes; "it's a cruel lie if it means anything wrong in Jack. So am I with those women; so are you. It's a shame. If you hear any one say such things you can tell them for me that I despise them."

"I said it was a shame, all such talk. I said it was nonsense. But, dear, as a friend, oughtn't I to tell you?" And the kind-hearted gossip put her arm round Edith, and kept saying that she perfectly understood it, and that nobody really meant anything. But Edith was crying now, with a heart both hurt and indignant.

"It's a most hateful world, I know," Mrs. Blunt answered; "but it's the best we have, and it's no use to fret about it."

When the visitor had gone, Edith sat a long time in misery. It was the first real shock of her married life. And in her heart she prayed. For Jack? Oh no. The dear girl prayed for herself, that suspicions might not enter her heart. She could not endure that the world should talk thus of him. That was all. And when she had thought it all over and grown calm, she went to her desk and wrote a note to Carmen. It asked Mrs. Henderson, as they were so soon to leave town, to do her the favor to come round informally and lunch with her the next day, and afterwards perhaps a little drive in the Park.



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CHAPTER X.

JACK was grateful for Edith's intervention. He comprehended that she had stepped forward as a shield to him in the gossip about Carmen. He showed his appreciation in certain loverlike attentions and in a gayety of manner, but it was not in his nature to feel the sacrifice she had made or its full magnanimity; he was relieved, and in a manner absolved. Another sort of woman might have made him very uncomfortable. Instead of being rebuked, he had a new sense of freedom.

"Not one woman in a thousand would have done it," was the comment of Major Fairfax when he heard of the drive in the Park. "Gad! most of 'em would have cut Carmen dead and put Jack in Coventry, and then there would have been the devil to pay. It takes quality, though; she's such a woman as Jack's mother. If there were not one of them now and then society would deliquesce." And the Major knew, for his principal experience had been with a deliquescent society.

Whether Carmen admired Mrs. Delancy or thought her weak it is impossible to say, but she understood the advances made and responded to them, for they fell in perfectly with her social plans. She even had the face to eulogize Mrs. Delancy to Jack, her breadth of view, her lack of prejudice, and she had even dared to say, "My dear friend, she is too good for us," and Jack had not protested, but with a laugh had accepted the implication of his position on a lower moral level. Perhaps he did not see exactly what it meant, this being on confidential terms about his wife with another woman; all he cared for at the moment was that the comradeship of Miss Tavish and Carmen was agreeable to him. They were no restraint upon him. So long as they remained in town the exchange of civilities was kept up. Carmen and Miss Tavish were often at his house, and there was something reassuring to Jack in the openness with which affairs went on.

Early in June Edith went down to their rented cottage on the south Long Island shore. In her delicate health the doctor had recommended the sea-side, and this locality as quiet and restful, and not too far from the whirl of the city. The place had a charm of its own, the charm, namely, of a wide sky, illimitable, flashing, changing sea, rolling in from the far tropical South with its message of romance to the barren Northern shore, and the pure sand dunes, the product of the whippings of tempests and wild weather. The cottage was in fact an old farm-house, not an impertinent, gay, painted piece of architecture set on the sand like a tent for a month, but a solid, ugly, fascinating habitation, with barns and out-houses, and shrubs, and an old garden—a place with a salty air friendly to delicate spring blossoms and summer fruits and foliage. If it was a farm-house, the sea was an important part of the farm, and the low-ceiled rooms suggested cabins; it required little imagination to fancy

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that an East-Indian ship had some time come ashore and settled in the sand, that it had been remodelled and roofed over and its sides pierced with casement windows, over which roses had climbed in order to bind the wanderer to the soil. It had been painted by the sun and the wind and the salt air, so that its color depended upon the day, and it was sometimes dull and almost black,or blue-black, under a lowering sky, and again a golden brown, especially at sunset, and Edith, feeling its character rather than its appearance to ordinary eyes, had named it the Golden House. Nature is such a beautiful painter of wood.

With Edith went one of her Baltimore cousins, a young kindergarten teacher of fine intelligence and sympathetic manner, who brought to her work a long tradition of gentle breeding and gayety and simplicity—qualities which all children are sure to recognize. What a hopeful thing it is, by-the-way, in the world, that all conditions of people know a lady at sight! Jack found the place delightful. He liked its quaintness, the primitiveness of the farmer-fisherman neighbors, he liked the sea. And then he could run up to the city any morning and back at night. He spent the summer with Edith at the Golden House. This was his theory. When he went to town in the morning he expected to return at night. But often he telegraphed in the afternoon that he was detained by business; he had to see Henderson, or Mavick was over from Washington. Occasionally, but not often, he missed the train. He had too keen a sense of the ridiculous to miss the train often. When he was detained over for two or three days, or the better part of the week, he wrote Edith dashing, hurried letters, speaking of ever so many places he had been to and ever so many people he had seen—yes, Carmen and Miss Tavish and everybody who was in town, and he did not say too much about the hot city and its discomforts.

Henderson's affairs kept him in town, Miss Tavish still postponed Bar Harbor, and Carmen willingly remained. She knew the comfort of a big New York house when the season is over, when no social duties are required, and one is at leisure to lounge about in cool costumes, to read or dream, to open the windows at night for the salt breeze from the bay, to take little excursions by boat or rail, to dine *al fresco* in the garden of some semi-foreign hotel, to taste the unconventional pleasures of the town, as if one were in some foreign city. She used to say that New York in matting and hollands was almost as nice as Buda-Pesth. These were really summer nights, operatic sorts of nights, with music floating in the air, gay groups in the streets, a stage imitation of nature in the squares with the thick foliage and the heavy shadows cast on the asphalt by the electric lights, the brilliant shops, the nonsense of the summer theatres, where no one expected anything, and no one was disappointed, the general air of enjoyment, and the suggestion of intrigue. Sometimes, when Mavick was over, a party was made up for the East Side, to see the foreign costumes, the picturesque street markets, the dime museums, and the serious, tragical theatres of the people. The East Side was left pretty much to itself, now that the winter philanthropists had gone away, and was enjoying its summer nights and its irresponsible poverty.

They even looked in at Father Damon's chapel, the dimly lighted fragrant refuge from the world and from sin. Why not? They were interested in the morals of the region. Had not Miss Tavish danced for one of the guilds; and had not Carmen given Father Damon a handsome check in support of his mission? It was so satisfactory to go into such a place and see the penitents kneeling here and there, the little group of very plainly dressed sinners attracted by Father Damon's spiritual face and unselfish enthusiasm. Carmen said she felt like kneeling at one of the little boxes and confessing—the sins of her neighbors. And then the four—Carmen, Miss Tavish, Mavick, and Jack—had a little supper at Wherry's, which they enjoyed all the more for the good action of visiting the East Side—a little supper which lasted very late, and was more and more enjoyed as it went on, and was, in fact, so gay that when the ladies were set down at their houses, Jack insisted on dragging Mavick off to the Beefsteak Club and having something manly to drink; and while they drank he analyzed the comparative attractions of Carmen and Miss Tavish; he liked that kind of women, no nonsense in them; and presently he wandered a little and lost the cue of his analysis, and seizing Mavick by the arm, and regarding him

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earnestly, in a burst of confidence declared that, notwithstanding all appearances, Edith was the dearest girl in the world.

It was at this supper that the famous society was formed, which the newspapers ridiculed, and which deceived so many excellent people in New York because it seemed to be in harmony with the philanthropic endeavor of the time, but which was only an expression of the Mephistophelian spirit of Carmen—the Society for Supplying Two Suspenders to Those who have only One.

By the end of June there was no more doubt about the heat of the town than about its odors. The fashionable residence part was dismantled and deserted. At least miles and miles of houses seemed to be closed. Few carriages were seen in this quarter, the throngs of fashion had disappeared, comparatively few women were about, and those that appeared in the Sunday promenade were evidently sight-seers and idlers from other quarters; the throng of devotees was gone from the churches, and indeed in many of them services were suspended till a more convenient season. The hotels, to be sure, were full of travellers, and the club-houses had more habitués than usual, and were more needed by the members whose families had gone into the country.

Notwithstanding the silence and vacation aspect of uptown, the public conveyances were still thronged, and a census would have shown no such diminution of population as seemed. Indeed, while nobody was in town, except accidentally, the greater portion of it presented a more animated appearance than usual, especially at night, on account of the open windows, the groups on door-steps and curb-stones, and the restless throng in the streets—buyers and sellers and idlers. To most this out-door life was a great enjoyment, and to them the unclean streets with the odors and exhalations of decay were homelike and congenial. Nor did they seem surprised that a new country should so completely reproduce the evil smells and nastiness of the old civilizations. It was all familiar and picturesque. Work still went on in the crowded tenement-houses, and sickness simply changed its character, death showing an increased friendliness to young children. Some impression was of course made by the agents of various charities, the guilds and settlements bravely strove at their posts, some of the churches kept their flags flying on the borders of the industrial districts, the good Samaritans of the Fresh-air Fund were active, the public dispensaries did a thriving business, and the little band of self-sacrificing doctors, most of them women, went their rounds among the poor, the sick, and the friendless.

Among them Ruth Leigh was one who never took a vacation. There was no time for it. The greater the heat, the more noisome the town, the more people became ill from decaying food and bad air and bad habits, the more people were hungry from improvidence or lack of work, the more were her daily visits a necessity; and though she was weary of her monotonous work and heart-sick at its small result in such a mass, there never came a day when she could quit it. She made no reputation in her profession by this course; perhaps she awoke little gratitude from those she served, and certainly had not so much of their confidence as the quacks who imposed upon them and took their money; and she was not heartened much by hope of anything better in this world or any other; and as for pay, if there was enough of that to clothe her decently, she apparently did not spend it on herself.

It was, in short, wholly inexplicable that this little woman should simply go about doing good, without any ulterior purpose whatever, not even notoriety. Did she love these people? She did not ever say anything about that. In the Knights of Labor circle, and in the little clubs for the study of social questions, which she could only get leisure to attend infrequently, she was not at all demonstrative about any religion of humanity. Perhaps she simply felt that she was a part of these people, and that whether they rejected her or received her, there was nothing for her to do but to give herself to them. She would probably have been surprised if Father Damon had told her that she was in this following a great example, and there might have been a tang of agnostic bitterness in her reply. When she thought of it the condition seemed to her hopeless, and the attitude of what was called civilization towards it so remorseless and indifferent, and that of Christianity so phari-

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saical. If she ever lost her temper, it was when she let her mind run in this nihilistic channel, in bitterness against the whole social organization, and the total outcome of civilization so far as the mass of humanity is concerned.

One day Father Damon climbed up to the top of a wretched tenement in Baxter Street in search of a German girl, an impulsive and pretty girl of fifteen, whom he had missed for several days at the chapel services. He had been in the room before. It was not one of the worst, for though small and containing a cook-stove, a large bed, and a chest of drawers, there was an attempt to make it tidy. In a dark closet opening out from it was another large bed. As he knocked and opened the door, he saw that Gretchen was not at home. Her father sat in a rocking-chair by an open window, on the sill of which stood a pot of carnations, the Easter gift of St. George's, a wax-faced, hollow-eyed man of gentle manners, who looked round wearily at the priest. The mother was washing clothes in a tub in one corner; in another corner was a half-finished garment from a slop-shop. The woman alternated the needle at night and the tub in the daytime. Seated on the bed, with a thin, sick child in her arms, was Dr. Leigh. As she looked up a perfectly radiant smile illuminated her usually plain face, an unworldly expression of such purity and happiness that she seemed actually beautiful to the priest, who stopped, hesitating, upon the threshold.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid to come in, Father Damon," she cried out; "it isn't contagious—only a rash."

Father Damon, who would as readily have walked through a pestilence as in a flower-garden, only smiled at this banter, and replied, after speaking to the sick man, and returning in German the greeting of the woman who had turned from the tub, "I've no doubt you are disappointed that it isn't contagious!" And then, to the mother: "Where is Gretchen? She doesn't come to the chapel."

"Nein," replied the woman, in a mixture of German and English, "it don't come any more in dot place; it be in a shtore now; it be good girl."

"What, all day?"

"Yaas, by six o'clock, and abends so spate. Not much it get, but my man can't earn nothing any more." And the woman, as she looked at him, wiped her eyes with the corner of her apron.

"But, on Sunday?" Father Damon asked, still further.

"Vell, it be so tired, and goed up by de Park with Dick Loosing and dem oder girls."

"Don't you think it better, Father Damon," Dr. Leigh interposed, "that Gretchen should have fresh air and some recreation on Sunday?"

"Und such bootiful tings by de Museum," added the mother.

"Perhaps," said he, with something like a frown on his face, and then changed the subject to the sick child. He did not care to argue the matter when Dr. Leigh was present, but he resolved to come again and explain to the mother that her daughter needed some restraining power other than her own impulse, and that without religious guidance she was pretty certain to drift into frivolous and vulgar if not positively bad ways. The father was a free-thinker, but Father Damon thought he had some hold on the mother, who was of the Lutheran communion, but had followed her husband so far as to become indifferent to anything but their daily struggle for life. Yet she had a mother's instinct about the danger to her daughter, and had been pleased to have her go to Father Damon's chapel.

And, besides, he could not bring himself in that presence to seem to rebuke Ruth Leigh. Was she not practically doing what his Lord did—going about healing the sick, sympathizing with the poor and the discouraged, taking upon herself the burden of the disconsolate, literally, without thought of self, sharing, as it were, the misery and sin of this awful city? And to-day, for the first time, he seemed to have seen the woman in her—or was it the saint?—and he recalled that wonderful illumination of her plain face that made her actually beautiful as she looked up from the little waif of humanity she held in her arms. It had startled him, and struck a new chord in his heart, and planted a new pang there that she had no belief in a future life.

It did not occur to him that the sudden joy in her face might have been evoked by seeing him, for it was a long time since she had seen him. Nor did he think that the pang at his heart had another cause than religious anxiety. Ah, priest and worldly saint, how subtle and enduring

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are the primal instincts of human nature!

"Yes," he said, as they walked away, in reply to her inquiry as to his absence, "I have been in retreat a couple of weeks."

"I suppose," she said, softly, "you needed the rest, though," and she looked at him professionally; "if you will allow me to say it, it seems to me that you have not rested enough."

"I needed strength"—and it was the priest that spoke—"in meditation and prayer to draw upon resources not my own."

"And in fasting, too, I dare say," she added, with a little smile.

"And why not?" he asked.

"Pardon me," she said; "I don't pretend to know what you need. I need to eat, though Heaven knows it's hard enough to keep up an appetite down here. But it is physical endurance you need for the work here. Do you think fasting strengthens you to go through your work night and day?"

"I know I couldn't do it on my own strength." And Dr. Leigh recalled times when she had seen him officiating in the chapel apparently sustained by nothing but zeal and pure spirit, and wondered that he did not faint and fall. And faint and fall he did, she was sure, when the service was over.

"Well, it may be necessary to you, but not as an example to these people. I see enough involuntary fasting."

"We look at these people from different points of view, I fear." And after a moment he said: "But, doctor, I wanted to ask you about Gretchen. You see her?"

"Occasionally. She works too many hours, but she seems to be getting on very well, and brings her mother all she earns."

"Do you think she is able to stand alone?"

Dr. Leigh winced a little at this searching question, for no one knew better than she the vulgarizing influence of street life and chance associations upon a young girl, and the temptations. She was even forced to admit the value in the way of restraint, as a sort of police force, of the church and priestly influence, especially upon girls at the susceptible age. But she knew that Father Damon meant something more than this, and so she answered:

"But people have got to stand alone. She might as well begin."

"But she is so young."

"Yes, I know. She is in the way of temptation, but so long as she works industriously and loves her mother, and feels the obligation, which the poor very easily feel, of doing her share for the family, she is not in so much moral danger as other girls of her age who lead idle and self-indulgent lives. The working-girls of the city learn to protect themselves."

"And you think this is enough, without any sort of religion—that this East Side can go on without any spiritual life?"

Ruth Leigh made a gesture of impatience. In view of the actual struggle for existence she saw around her, this talk seemed like cant. And she said: "I don't know that anything can go on. Let me ask you a question, Father Damon. Do you think there is any more spirituality, any more of the essentials of what you call Christianity, in the society of the other side than there is on the East Side?"

"It is a deep question, this of spirituality," replied Father Damon, who was in the depths of his proselyting action a democrat and in sympathy with the people, and rated quite at its full value the conventional fashion in religion. "I shouldn't like to judge, but there is a great body of Christian men and women in this city who are doing noble work."

"Yes," replied the little doctor, bitterly, "trying to save themselves. How many are trying to save others—others except the distant and foreign sinners?"

"You surely cannot ignore," replied the father, still speaking mildly, "the immense amount of charitable work done by the churches!"

"Yes, I know; charity, charity, the condescension of the rich to the poor. What we want are understanding, fellowship, and we get alms! If there is so much spirituality as you say, and Christianity is what you say it is to-day, how happens it that this side is left in filth and misery and physical wretchedness? You know what it is, and you know the luxury elsewhere. And you think to bridge over the chasm between classes with flowers, in pots, yes, and Bible-readers and fashionable visitors and little aid societies—little palliatives for an awful state of things. Why, look at it! Last winter the city authorities hauled off the snow and the refuse from the fashionable avenues, and dumped it down in the already blockaded and filthy side streets,

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and left us to struggle with the increased pneumonia and diphtheria, and general unsanitary conditions. And you wonder that the little nihilist groups and labor organizations and associations of agnostics, as you call them, meeting to study political economy and philosophy, say that the existing state of things has got to be overturned violently, if those who have the power and the money continue indifferent."

"I do not wonder," replied Father Damon, sadly. "The world is evil, and I should be as despairing as you are if I did not know there was another life and another world. I couldn't bear it. Nobody could."

"And all you've got to offer, then, to this mass of wretchedness, poverty, ignorance, at close quarters with hunger and disease, is to grin and bear it, in hope of a reward somewhere else!"

"I think you don't quite—"

The doctor looked up and saw a look of pain on the priest's face.

"Oh," she hastened to say, almost as impetuously as she had spoken before, "I don't mean you—I don't mean you. I know what you do. Pardon me for speaking so. I get so discouraged sometimes." They stood still a moment, looking up and down the hot, crowded, odorful street they were in, with its flaunting rags of poverty and inefficiency. "I see so little result of what I can do, and there is so little help."

"I know," said the father, as they moved along. "I don't see how you can bear it alone."

This touched a sore spot, and aroused Ruth Leigh's combativeness. It seemed to her to approach the verge of cant again. But she knew the father's absolute sincerity; she felt she had already said too much, and she only murmured, as if to herself, "If we could only know." And then, after a moment, she asked, "Do you, Father Damon, see any sign of anything better here?"

"Yes, to-day." And he spoke very slowly and hesitatingly. "If you will excuse the personality of it. When I entered that room to-day and saw you with that sick child in your arms, and comprehended what it all meant, I had a great wave of hope, and I knew, just then, that there is coming virtue enough in the world to redeem it."

Ruth was confounded. Her heart seemed to stand still, and then the hot blood flowed into her face in a crimson flood. "Ah," escaped from her lips, and she walked on more swiftly, not daring to look up. This from him! This recognition from the ascetic father! If one of her dispensary comrades had said it, would she have been so moved?

And afterwards, when she had parted from him and gone to her little room, the hot flush again came to her neck and brow, and she saw his pale spiritual face and could hear the unwonted tenderness of his voice. Yes, Father Damon had said it of her.

CHAPTER XI.

THE question has been very much discussed whether the devil, in temperate latitudes, is busier in the summer or in the winter. When Congress and the various State legislatures are in session, and the stock and grain exchanges are most active, and society is gayest, and the churches and benevolent and reformatory associations are most aggressive—at this season, which is the cool season, he seems to be most animated and powerful.

But is not this because he is then most opposed? The stream may not flow any faster because it is dammed, but it exhibits at the obstructed points greater appearance of agitation. Many people are under the impression that when they stop fighting there is a general truce. There is reason to believe that the archenemy is pleased with this impression, that he likes a truce, and that it is his best opportunity, just as the weeds in the garden, after a tempest, welcome the sun and the placidity of the elements. It is well known that in summer virtue suffers from inertia, and that it is difficult to assemble the members of any vigilant organization, especially in cities, where the flag of the enemy is never lowered. But wherever the devil is there is always a quorum present for business. It is not his plan to seek an open fight, and many observers say that he gains more ground in summer than in any other season, and this notwithstanding people are more apt to lose their tempers, and even become profane, in the aggravations of what is known as spring than at any other time. The subject cannot be pursued here, but there is ground for supposing that the devil prefers a country where the temperature is high and pretty uniform.

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At any rate, it is true that the development of character is not arrested by any geniality or languor of nature. By midsummer the Hendersons were settled in Lenox, where the Blunts had long been, and Miss Tavish and her party of friends were at Bar Harbor. Henderson was compelled to be in the city most of the time, and Jack Delancy fancied that business required his presence there also, but he had bought a yacht, and contemplated a voyage, with several of the club men, up the Maine coast. "No, I thank you," Major Fairfax had said; "I know an easier way to get to Bar Harbor."

Jack was irritable and restless, to be sure, in the absence of the sort of female society he had become accustomed to, but there were many compensations in his free-and-easy bachelor life, in his pretence of business, which consisted in watching the ticker, as it is called, in an occasional interview with Henderson, and in the floating summer amusements of the relaxed city. There was nothing unusual in this life except that he needed a little more stimulation, but this was not strange in the summer, and that he devoted more time to poker—but everybody knows that a person comes out about even in the game of poker if he keeps at it long enough—there was nothing unusual in this, only it was giving Jack a distaste for the quiet and it seemed to him the restraint of the Golden House down by the sea. And he was more irritable there than elsewhere. It is so difficult to estimate an interior deterioration of this sort, for Jack was just as popular with his comrades as ever, and apparently more prosperous.

It is true that Jack had had other ideas when he was courting Edith Fletcher, and at moments, at any rate, different aspirations from any he had now. With her at that time there had been nobler aspirations about life. But now she was his wife. That was settled. And not only that, but she was the best woman he knew, and if she were not his wife he would spare no effort to win her. He felt sure of that. He did not put it to himself in the way an Oriental would do, "that is finished," but it was an act done—a good act—and here was his world again, with a hundred interests, and there were people besides Edith to be thought of, other women and men, and affairs. Because a man was married, was he to be shut up to one little narrow career, that of husband? Probably it did not occur to him that women take a different view of this in the singleness of their purpose and faith. Edith, for instance, knew or guessed that Jack had no purpose in life that was twenty-four hours old, but she had faith—and no amount of observation destroys this faith in women—that marriage would inspire him with energy and ambition to take a man's place in the world.

With most men marriage is *un fait accompli*. Jack had been lucky, but there was, no doubt, truth in an observation of Mavick's. One night as they sat at the club Jack had asked him a leading question, apropos of Henderson's successful career: "Mavick, why don't you get married?"

"I have never," he replied, with his usual cynical deliberation, "been obliged to. The fact is marriage is a curb-bit. Some horses show off better with it, and some are enraged and kick over the traces. I cannot decide which I would be."

"That's true enough," said Jack, "from a bachelor's point of view of independence, but it's really a question of matching."

"The most difficult thing in the world—in horses. Just about impossible in temperament and movement, let alone looks. Most men are lucky if they get, like Henderson, a running mate."

"I see," said Jack, who knew something about the Henderson household, "your idea of a pair is that they should go single."

Mavick laughed, and said something about the ideas of women changing so much lately that nobody could tell what the relation of marriage would become, and Jack, who began to feel that he was disloyal, changed the subject. To do him justice, he would have been ashamed for Edith to hear this sort of flippant and shallow talk, which wouldn't have been at all out of place with Carmen or Miss Tavish.

"I wanted to ask you, Mavick, as a friend, do you think Henderson is square?"

"How square?"

"Well, safe?"

"Nobody is safe. Henderson is as safe as anybody. You can rely on what he says. But there's a good deal he doesn't say. Anything wrong?"

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"Not that I know. I've been pretty lucky. But the fact is I've gone in rather deep."

"Well, it's a game. Henderson plays it, as everybody does, for himself. I like Henderson. He plays to win, and generally does. But you know if one man wins, somebody else has got to lose, in this kind of industry."

"But Henderson looks out for his friends?"

"Yes—when it doesn't cost too much. Times may come when a man has to look out for himself. Wealth isn't made out of nothing. There must be streams into the reservoir. These great accumulations of one—you can see that—must be made up of countless other men's small savings. There's Uncle Jerry. He operates a good deal with Henderson, and they'd incline to help each other out. But Uncle Jerry says he's got a small pond of his own, and he's careful not to connect it with Henderson's reservoir."

"What do you think of Missouri?"

"What do I think of the Milky Way? It doesn't much matter to me what becomes of Missouri, unless Henderson should happen to get smashed in it, and that isn't what he is there for. But when you look at the combinations, and the dropping off of roads that have been drained, and the scaling down in refunding, and the rearranging, and the strikes, how much chance do you think the small fry stand? I don't doubt that Henderson will make a big thing out of it, and there will be lots of howling by those who were not so smart, and the newspapers will say that Henderson was too strong for them. What we respect nowadays are adroitness and strength.

"It's an exciting game," Mavick continued, after a moment's pause. "Let me know if you get uneasy. But I'll tell you what it is, Jack, if I had a comfortable income, I wouldn't risk it in any speculation. There is a good deal that is interesting going on in this world, and I like to be in it, but the best plan for a man who has anything is, as Uncle Jerry says, to sail close and salt down."

The fact was that Mavick's connection with Henderson was an appreciable addition to his income, and it was not a bad thing for Henderson. Mavick's reputation for knowing the inside of everything and being close-mouthed actually brought him confidences; that which at first was a clever assumption became a reality, and his reputation was so established for being behind the scenes that he was not believed when he honestly professed ignorance of anything. His modest disclaimer merely increased the impression that he was deep. Henderson himself had something of the Bismarck trait of brutal contemptuous frankness. Mavick was never brutal and never contemptuous, but he had a cynical sort of frankness, which is a good deal more effectual in a business way than the oily plausible manner which on change, as well as in politics, is distrusted as hypocrisy. Now Uncle Jerry Hollowell was neither oily nor frank; he was long-headed and cautious, and had a reputation for shrewdness and just enough of plasticity of conscience to remove him out of the list of the impracticable and over-scrupulous. This reputation that business men and politicians acquire would be a very curious study. The world is very complacent, and apparently worships success and votes for smartness, but it would surprise some of our most successful men to know what a real respect there is in the community, after all, for downright integrity.

Even Jack, who fell into the current notion of his generation of young men that the Henderson sort of morality was best adapted to quick success, evinced a consciousness of want of nobility in the course he was pursuing by not making Edith his confidante. He would have said, of course, that she knew nothing about business, but what he meant was that she had a very clear conception of what was honest. All the evidences of his prosperity, shown in his greater freedom of living, were sore trials to her. She belonged to that old class of New-Yorkers who made trade honorable, like the merchants of Holland and Venice, and she knew also that Jack's little fortune had come out of honest toil and strict business integrity. Could there be any happiness in life in any other course?

It seemed cruel to put such a problem as this upon a young woman hardly yet out of girlhood, in the first flush of a new life, which she had dreamed should be so noble and high and so happy, in the period which is consecrated by the sweetest and loveliest visions and hopes that ever come into a woman's life.

As the summer wore on to its maximum of heat and discomfort in the city,

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Edith, who never forgot to measure the hardships of others by her own more fortunate circumstances, urged Dr. Leigh to come away from her labors and rest a few days by the sea. The reply was a refusal, but there was no complaint in the brief businesslike note. One might have supposed that it was the harvest-time of the doctor, if he had not known that she gathered nothing for herself. There had never been so much sickness, she wrote, and such an opportunity for her. She was learning a great deal, especially about some disputed contagious diseases. She would like to see Mrs. Delancy, and she wouldn't mind a breath of air that was more easily to be analyzed than that she existed in, but nothing could induce her to give up her cases. All that appeared in her letter was her interest in her profession.

Father Damon, who had been persuaded by Edith's urgency to go down with Jack for a few days to the Golden House, seemed uncommonly interested in the reasons of Dr. Leigh's refusal to come.

"I never saw her," he said, "so cheerful. The more sickness there is, the more radiant she is. I don't mean," he added, laughing, "in apparel. Apparently she never thinks of herself, and positively she seems to take no time to eat or sleep. I encounter her everywhere. I doubt if she ever sits down, except when she drops in at the mission chapel now and then, and sits quite unmoved on a bench by the door during vespers."

"Then she does go there?" said Edith.

"That is the queer thing. She would promptly repudiate any religious interest. But I tell her she is a bit of a humbug. When I speak about her philanthropic zeal, she says her interest is purely scientific."

"Anyway, I believe," Jack put in, "that women doctors are less mercenary than men. I dare say they will get over that when the novelty of coming into the profession has worn off."

"That is possible," said Father Damon; "but that which drives women into professions now is the desire to do something rather than the desire to make something. Besides, it is seldom, in their minds, a finality; marriage is always a possibility."

"Yes," replied Edith, "and the probability of having to support a husband and family; then they may be as mercenary as men are."

"Still, the enthusiasm of women," Father Damon insisted, "in hospital and out-door practice, the singleness of their devotion to it, is in contrast to that of the young men doctors. And I notice another thing in the city, they take more interest in philanthropic movements, in the condition of the poor, in the labor questions; they dive eagerly into philosophic speculations, and they are more aggressively agnostics. And they are not afraid of any social theories. I have one friend, a skilful practitioner they tell me, a linguist, and a metaphysician, a most agreeable and accomplished woman, who is in theory an extreme nihilist, and looks to see the present social and political order upset."

"I don't see," Jack remarked, "what women especially are to gain by such a revolution."

"Perhaps independence, Jack," replied Edith. "You should hear my club of working-girls, who read and think much in these topics, talk of these things."

"Yes," said Father Damon, "you toss these topics about, and discuss them in the magazines, and fancy you are interested in socialistic movements. But you have no idea how real and vital they are, and how the dumb discontent of the working classes is being formulated into ideas. It is time we tried to understand each other."

Not all the talk was of this sort at the Golden House. There were three worlds here—that of Jack, to which Edith belonged by birth and tradition and habit; that of which we have spoken, to which she belonged by profound sympathy; and that of Father Damon, to which she belonged by undefined aspiration. In him was the spiritual element asserting itself in a mediæval form, in a struggle to mortify and deny the flesh and yet take part in modern life. Imagine a celibate and ascetic of the fifteenth century, who knew that Paradise must be gained through poverty and privation and suffering, interesting himself in the tenement-house question, in labor leagues, and the single tax!

Yet, hour after hour, in those idle summer days, when nature was in a mood that suggested grace and peace, when the waves lapsed along the shore and the cicada sang in the hedge, did Father Damon unfold to Edith his ideas of the spiritualization of modern life through a convic-

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tion of its pettiness and transitoriness. How much more content there would be if the poor could only believe that it matters little what happens here if the heart is only pure and fixed on the endless life.

"Oh, Father Damon," replied Edith, with a grave smile, "I think your mission ought to be to the rich."

"Yes," he replied, for he also knew his world, "if I wanted to make my ideas fashionable, but I want to make them operative. By-and-by," he added, also with a smile, "we will organize some fishermen and carpenters and tailors on a mission to the rich."

Father Damon's visit was necessarily short, for his work called him back to town, and perhaps his conscience smote him a little for indulging in this sort of retreat. By the middle of August Jack's yacht was ready, and he went with Mavick and the Van Dams and some other men of the club on a cruise up the coast. Edith was left alone with her Baltimore friend.

And yet not alone. As she lay in her hammock in those dreamy days a new world opened to her. It was not described in the chance romance she took up, nor in the volume of poems she sometimes held in her hand, with a finger inserted in the leaves. Of this world she felt herself the centre and the creator, and as she mused upon its mysteries, life took a new, strange meaning to her. It was apt to be a little hazy off there in the watery horizon, and out of the mist would glide occasionally a boat, and the sun would silver its sails, and it would dip and toss for half an hour in the blue laughing sea, and then disappear through the mysterious curtain. Whence did it come? Whither had it gone? Was life like that? Was she on the shore of such a sea, and was this new world into which she was drifting only a dream? By her smile, by the momentary illumination that her sweet thoughts made in her lovely hopeful face, you knew that it was not. Who can guess the thoughts of a woman at such a time? Are the trees glad in the spring, when the sap leaps in their trunks, and the buds begin to swell, and the leaves unfold in soft response to the creative impulse? The miracle is never old nor commonplace to them, nor to any of the human family. The anticipation of life is eternal. The singing of the birds, the blowing of the south wind, the sparkle of the waves, all found a response in Edith's heart, which leaped with joy. And yet there was a touch of melancholy in it all, the horizon was so vast, and the mist of uncertainty lay along it. Literature, society, charities, all that she had read and experienced and thought was nothing to this, this great unknown anxiety and bliss, this saddest and sweetest of all human experiences. She prayed that she might be worthy of this great distinction, this responsibility and blessing.

And Jack, dear Jack, would he love her more?

CHAPTER XII.

ALTHOUGH Father Damon had been absent from his charge only ten days, it was time for him to return. If he had not a large personal following, he had a wide influence. If comparatively few found their way to his chapel, he found his way to many homes, his figure was a familiar one in the streets, and his absence was felt by hundreds who had no personal relations with him, but who had become accustomed to seeing him go about on his errands of encouragement, and probably had never realized how much the daily sight of him had touched them. The priestly dress, which may once have provoked a sneer at his effeminacy, had now a suggestion of refinement, of unselfish devotion, of consecration to the service of the unfortunate, his spiritual face appealed to their better natures, and the visible heroism that carried his frail figure through labors that would have worn out the stoutest physique, stirred in the hearts of the rudest some comprehension of the reality of the spirit.

It may not have occurred to them that he was of finer clay than they—perhaps he was not—but his presence was in their minds a subtle connection and not a condescending one, rather a confession of brotherhood, with another world and another view of life. They may not have known that their hearts were stirred because he had the gift of sympathy. And was it an unmanly trait that he evoked in men that sentiment of chivalry which is never wanting in the roughest community for a pure woman? Wherever Father Damon went there was respect for his purity and his unselfishness, even among those who would have been shamefaced if surprised in any exhibition of softness.

And many loved him, and many de-

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pended on him. Perhaps those who most depended on him were the least worthy, and those who loved him most were least inclined to sacrifice their own reasonable view of life to his own sublimated spiritual conception. It was the spirit of the man they loved, and not the creed of the priest. The little chapel in its subdued lights and shadows, with confessionals and crosses and candles and incense, was as restful a refuge as ever to the tired and the dependent, but wanting his inspiring face and voice, it was not the same thing, and the attendance always fell away when he was absent. There was needed there more than elsewhere the living presence.

He was missed, and the little world that missed him was astray. The first day of his return his heart was smitten by the thinness of the congregation. Had he, then, accomplished nothing; had he made no impression, established in his shifting flock no habit of continuance in well-doing that could survive even his temporary withdrawal? The fault must be his. He had not sufficiently humiliated and consecrated himself, and put under all strength of the flesh and trust in worldly instrumentalities. There must be more prayer, more vigils, more fasting, before the power would come back to him to draw these wandering minds to the light. And so in the heat of this exhausting August, at the time when his body most needed re-enforcement for the toil he required of it, he was more rigid in his spiritual tyranny and contempt of it.

Ruth Leigh was not dependent upon Father Damon, but she also learned how long ten days could be without a sight of him. When she looked into his chapel occasionally she realized, as never before, how much in the air his ceremonies and his creed were. There was nothing there for her except his memory. And she knew when she stepped in there, for her cool reasoning mind was honest, that it was the thought of him that drew her to the place, and that going there was a sentimental indulgence. What she would have said was that she admired, loved Father Damon on account of his love for humanity. It was a common saying of all the professional women in her set, and of the working-girls, that they loved Father Damon. It is a comfort to women to be able to give their affection freely where conventionalities and circumstances make the return of it in degree unlikely.

At the close of a debilitating day Dr. Leigh found herself in the neighborhood of the mission chapel. She was tired and needed to rest somewhere. She knew that Father Damon had returned, but she had not seen him, and a double motive drew her steps. The attendance was larger than it had been recently, and she found a stool in a dark corner, and listened, with a weary sort of consciousness of the prayers and the singing, but not without a deeper feeling of peace in the tones of a voice every inflection of which she knew so well. It seemed to her that the reading cost him an effort, and there was a note of pathos in the voice that thrilled her. Presently he advanced toward the altar rail—he was accustomed to do this with his little flock—and placing one hand on the lectern, began to speak.

At first, and this was not usual, he spoke about himself in a strain of sincere humility, taking blame upon himself for his inability to do effectively the great service his Master had set him to do. He meant to have given himself more entirely to the dear people among whom he labored; he hoped to show himself more worthy of the trust they had given him; he was grateful for the success of his mission, but no one knew so well as he how far short it came of being what he ought to have made it. He knew indeed how weak he was, and he asked the aid of their sympathy and encouragement. It seemed to be with difficulty that he said this, and to Ruth's sympathetic ear there was an evidence of physical exhaustion in his tone. There was in it, also, for her, a confession of failure, the cry of the preacher, in sorrow and entreaty, that says, "I have called so long, and ye would not listen."

As he went on, still with an effort and feebly, there came over the little group a feeling of awe and wonderment, and the silence was profound. Still steadying himself by the reading-desk, he went on to speak of other things, of those his followers who listened, of the great mass swirling about them in the streets who did not listen and did not care; of the little life that now is so full of pain and hardship and disappointment, of good intentions frustrated, of hopes that deceive, and of fair prospects that turn to ashes, of good lives that go wrong, of sweet na-

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tures turned to bitterness in the unaided struggle. His voice grew stronger and clearer, as his body responded to the kindling theme in his soul. He stepped away from the desk nearer the rail, the bowed head was raised. "What does it matter?" he said. "It is only for a little while, my children." Those who heard him that day say that his face shone like that of an angel, and that his voice was like a victorious clarion, so clear, so sweet, so inspiring, as he spoke of the life that is to come, and the fair certainty of that City where he with them all wished to be.

As he closed, some were kneeling, many were crying; all, profoundly moved, watched him, as with the benediction and the sign of the cross he turned and walked swiftly to the door of the sacristy. It opened, and then Ruth Leigh heard a cry, "Father Damon! Father Damon!" and there was a rush into the chancel. Hastening through the throng, which promptly made way for the doctor, she found Father Damon lying across the threshold, as he had fallen, colorless and unconscious. She at once took command of the situation. The body was lifted to the plain couch in the room, a hasty examination was made of pulse and heart, a vial of brandy was produced from her satchel, and messengers were despatched for things needed, and especially for beef tea.

"Is he dead, Dr. Leigh? Is he any better, doctor? What is the matter, doctor?"

"Want of nourishment," replied Dr. Leigh, savagely.

The room was cleared of all except a couple of stout lads and a friendly German woman whom the doctor knew. The news of the father's sudden illness had spread rapidly, with the report that he had fallen dead while standing at the altar, and the church was thronged, and the street rapidly blocked up with a hushed crowd, eager for news and eager to give aid. So great was the press that the police had to interfere, and push back the throng from the door. It was useless to attempt to disperse it with the assurance that Father Damon was better; it patiently waited to see for itself. The sympathy of the neighborhood was most impressive, and perhaps the thing that the public best remembers about this incident is the pathetic solicitude of the people among whom Father Damon labored at the rumor of his illness, a matter which was greatly elaborated by the reporters from the city journals and the purveyors of telegraphic news for the country.

With the application of restoratives the patient revived. When he opened his eyes he saw figures in the room as in a dream, and his mind struggled to remember where he was and what had happened; but one thing was not a dream; Dr. Leigh stood by his bedside, with her left hand on his brow and the right grasping his own right hand, as if to pull him back to life. He saw her face, and then he lost it again in sheer weariness at the effort. After a few moments, in a recurring wave of strength, he looked up again, still bewildered, and said, faintly,

"Where am I?"

"With friends," said the doctor. "You were a little faint, that is all; you will be all right presently."

She quickly prepared some nourishment, which was what he most needed, and fed him from time to time, as he was able to receive it. Gradually he could feel a little vigor coming into his frame, and regaining control of himself, he was able to hear what had happened. Very gently the doctor told him, making light of his temporary weakness.

"The fact is, Father Damon," she said, "you've got a disease common in this neighborhood—hunger."

The father smiled, but did not reply. It might be so. For the time he felt his dependence, and he did not argue the point. This dependence upon a woman —a sort of Sister of Charity, was she not? —was not altogether unpleasant. When he attempted to rise, but found that he was too weak, and she said "Not yet," he submitted, with the feeling that to be commanded by such gentleness was a sort of luxury.

But in an hour's time he declared that he was almost himself again, and it was decided that he was well enough to be removed to his own apartments in the neighborhood. A carriage was sent for, and the transfer was made, and made through a crowd in the streets, which stood silent and uncovered as his carriage passed through it. Dr. Leigh remained with him for an hour longer, and then left him in charge of a young gentleman from the Neighborhood Guild, who gladly volunteered to watch for the night.

Ruth walked slowly home, weary now

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that the excitement was over, and revolving many things in her mind, as is the custom of women. She heard again that voice, she saw again that inspired face; but the impression most indelible with her was the prostrate form, the pallid countenance, the helplessness of this man whose will had before been strong enough to compel the obedience of his despised body. She had admired his strength, but it was his weakness that drew upon her woman's heart, and evolved a tenderness dangerous to her peace of mind. Yet it was the doctor and not the woman that replied to the inquiries at the dispensary.

"Yes, it was fasting and overwork. Men are so stupid; they think they can defy all the laws of nature, especially priests." And she determined to be quite plain with him next day.

And Father Damon, lying weary in his bed, before he fell asleep, saw the faces in the dim chapel turned to him in strained eagerness the moment before he lost consciousness; but the most vivid image was that of a woman bending over him, with eyes of tenderness and pity, and the smile with which she greeted his awakening. He could feel yet her hand upon his brow.

When Dr. Leigh called next day, in her morning rounds, she found a brother of the celibate order, Father Monies, in charge. He was sitting by the window reading, and when the doctor came up the steps he told her in a low voice to enter without knocking. Father Damon was better, much better, but he had advised him not to leave his bed, and the patient had been dozing all the morning. The doctor asked if he had eaten anything, and how much. The apartment was small and scantily furnished—a sort of anchorite cell. Through the drawn doors of the next room the bed was in sight. As they were talking in low voices there came from this room a cheerful

"Good-morning, doctor."

"I hope you ate a good breakfast," she said, as she arose and went to his bedside.

"I suppose you mean better than usual," he replied, with a faint attempt at a smile. "No doubt you and Father Monies are satisfied now you've got me laid up."

"That depends upon your intentions."

"Oh, I intend to get up to-morrow."

"If you do, without other change in your intentions, I am going to report you to the Organized Charity as a person who has no visible means of support."

She had brought a bunch of violets, and as they talked, she had filled a glass with water and put them on a stand by the head of the bed. Then—oh, quite professionally—she smoothed out his pillows and straightened the bedclothes, and talking all the time, and as if quite unconscious of what she was doing, moved about the room, putting things to rights, and saying, in answer to his protest, that perhaps she should lose her reputation as a physician in his eyes by appearing to be a professional nurse.

There was a timid knock at the door, and a forlorn little figure, clad in a rumpled calico, with an old shawl over her head, half concealing an eager and pretty face, stood in the doorway, and hesitatingly came in.

"Meine Mutter sent me to see how Father Damon is," she explained; "she could not come, because she washes."

She had a bunch of flowers in her hand, and encouraged by the greeting of the invalid, she came to the bedside and placed them in his outstretched hand—a faded blossom of scarlet geranium, a bachelor's-button, and a sprig of parsley, probably begged of a street dealer as she came along. "Some blooms," she said.

"Bless you, my dear," said Father Damon; "they are very pretty."

"Dey smells nice," the child exclaimed, her eyes dancing with pleasure at the reception of her gift. She stood staring at him, and then, her eye catching the violets, she added, "Dose is pooty too."

"If you can stay half an hour or so, I should like to step round to the chapel," Father Monies said to the doctor in the front room, taking up his hat.

The doctor could stay. The little girl had moved a chair up to the bedside, and sat quite silent, her grimy little hand grasped in the father's. Ruth, saying that she hoped the father wouldn't mind, began to put in order the front room, which the incidents of the night had somewhat disturbed. Father Damon, holding fast by that little hand to the world of poverty to which he had devoted his life, could not refrain from watching her, as she moved about with the quick noiseless way that a woman has when she is putting things to rights. This was indeed a novel invasion of his life. He was still too weak to reason about it much. How

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good she was, how womanly! And what a sense of peace and repose she brought into his apartment! The presence of Brother Monies was peaceful also, but hers was somehow different. His eyes had not cared to follow the brother about the room. He knew that she was unselfish, but he had not noticed before that her ways were so graceful. As she turned her face towards him from time to time he thought its expression beautiful. Ruth Leigh would have smiled grimly if any one had called her beautiful, but then she did not know how she looked sometimes when her feelings were touched. It is said that the lamp of love can illumine into beauty any features of clay through which it shines. As he gazed, letting himself drift as in a dream, suddenly a thought shot through his mind that made him close his eyes, and such a severe priestly look came upon his face that the little girl, who had never taken her eyes off him, exclaimed,

"It is worse?"

"No, my dear," he replied, with a reassuring smile; "at least I hope not."

But when the doctor, finishing her work, drew a chair into the doorway, and sat by the foot of his bed, the stern look still remained on his pale face. And the doctor, she also was the doctor again, as matter of fact as in any professional visit.

"You are very kind," he said.

There was a shade of impatience on her face as she replied, "But you must be a little kind to yourself."

"It doesn't matter."

"But it does matter. You defeat the very work you want to do. I'm going to report you to your order." And then she added, more lightly, "Don't you know it is wrong to commit suicide?"

"You don't understand," he replied. "There is more than one kind of suicide; you don't believe in the suicide of the soul. Ah me!" And a shade of pain passed over his face.

She was quick to see this. "I beg your pardon, Father Damon. It is none of my business, but we are all so anxious to have you speedily well again."

Just then Father Monies returned, and the doctor rose to go. She took the little girl by the hand and said, "Come, I was just going round to see your father. Good-by. I shall look in again to-morrow."

"Thank you—thank you a thousand times. But you have so much to do, that you must not bother about me."

Whether he said this to quiet his own conscience, secretly hoping that he might see her again on the morrow, perhaps he himself could not have decided.

Late the next afternoon, after an unusually weary round of visits, made in the extreme heat and in a sort of hopeless faithfulness, Dr. Leigh reached the tenement in which Father Damon lodged. In all the miserable scenes of the day it had been in her mind, giving to her work a pleasure that she did not openly acknowledge even to herself, that she should see him.

The curtains were down, and there was no response to her knock, except from a door in the passage opposite. A woman opened the door wide enough to show her head and to make it evident that she was not sufficiently dressed to come out, and said that Father Damon had gone. He was very much better, and his friend had taken him up town. Dr. Leigh thanked her, and said she was very glad.

She was so glad that, as she walked away, scarcely heeding her steps or conscious of the chaffing, chattering crowd, all interest in her work and in that quarter of the city seemed dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

IT is well that there is pleasure somewhere in the world. It is possible for those who have a fresh-air fund of their own to steam away in a yacht, out of the midsummer ennui and the weary gayety of the land. It is a costly pleasure, and probably all the more enjoyed on that account, for if everybody had a yacht there would be no more feeling of distinction in sailing one than in going to any of the second-rate resorts on the coast. There is, to be sure, some ennui in yachting on a rainy coast, and it might be dull but for the sensation created by arrivals at watering-places and the telegraphic reports of these sensations.

If there was any dulness on the Delancy yacht means were taken to dispel it. While still in the Sound a society was formed for the suppression of total abstinence, and so successful was this that Point Judith was passed, in a rain and a high and chopping sea, with a kind of hilarious enjoyment of the commotion, which is one of the things desired at sea. When the party came round to Newport

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it declared that it had had a lovely voyage, and inquiry brought out the great general principle, applicable to most coast navigation for pleasure, that the enjoyable way to pass Point Judith is not to know you are passing Point Judith.

Except when you land, and even after you have got your sea-legs on, there is a certain monotony in yachting, unless the weather is very bad and unless there are women on board. A party of lively women make even the sea fresh and entertaining. Otherwise, the game of poker is much what it is on land, and the constant consulting of charts and reckoning of speed evince the general desire to get somewhere—that is, to arrive at a harbor. In the recollections of this voyage, even in Jack's recollections of it after he had paid the bills, it seemed that it had been simply glorious, free from care, generally a physical-setting-up performance, and a lark of enormous magnitude. And everybody envied the fortunate sailors.

Mavick actually did enjoy it, for he had that brooding sort of nature, that self-satisfied attitude, that is able to appropriate to its own uses whatever comes. And being an unemotional and very tolerable sailor, he was able to be as cynical at sea as on land, and as much of an oracle, in his wholly unobtrusive way. The perfect personal poise of Mavick, which gave him an air of patronizing the ocean, and his lightly held sceptical view of life, made his company as full of flavor on ship as it was on shore. He didn't know anything more about the weather than the Weather Bureau knows, yet the helmsman of the yacht used to consult him about the appearances of the sky and a change of wind with a confidence in his opinion that he gave to no one else on board. And Mavick never forfeited this respect by being too positive. It was so with everything; he evidently knew a great deal more than he cared to tell. It is pleasing to notice how much credit such men as Mavick obtain in the world by circumspect reticence and a knowing manner. Jack, blundering along in his free-hearted, emotional way, and never concealing his opinion, was really right twice where Mavick was right once, but he never had the least credit for wisdom.

It was late in August that the Delancy yacht steamed into the splendid Bar Harbor, making its way slowly through one of the rare fogs which are sometimes seen by people who do not own real estate there. Even before they could see an island those on board felt the combination of mountain and sea air that makes this favored place at once a tonic and a sedative to the fashionable world.

The party were expected at Bar Harbor. It had been announced that the yacht was on its way, and some of the projected gayeties were awaiting its coming, for the society re-enforcement of the half-dozen men on board was not to be despised. The news went speedily round that Captain Delancy's flag was flying at the anchorage off the landing.

Among the first to welcome them as they landed and strolled up to the hotel was Major Fairfax.

"Oh yes," he said; "we are all here—that is, all who know where they ought to be at the right moment."

To the new-comers the scene was animated. The exotic shops sparkled with cheap specialties; landaus, pony-phaetons, and elaborate buckboards dashed through the streets; aquatic and lawn-tennis costumes abounded. If there was not much rowing and lawn-tennis, there was a great deal of becoming morning dressing for these sports, and in all the rather aimless idleness there was an air of determined enjoyment. Even here it was evident that there was a surplus of women. These lovers of nature, in the summer season, who had retired to this wild place to be free from the importunities of society, betrayed, Mavick thought, the common instinct of curiosity over the new arrival, and he was glad to take it as an evidence that they loved not nature less but man more. Jack tripped up this ungallant speech by remarking that if Mavick was in this mood he did not know why he came ashore. And Van Dam said that sooner or later all men went ashore. This thin sort of talk was perhaps pardonable after the weariness of a sea-voyage, but the Major promptly said it wouldn't do. And the Major seemed to be in charge of the place.

"No epigrams are permitted. We are here to enjoy ourselves. I'm ordered to bring the whole crew of you to tea at the Tavish cottage."

"Anybody else there?" asked Jack, carelessly.

"Well, it's the most curious coincidence, but Mrs. Henderson arrived last night; Henderson has gone to Missouri."

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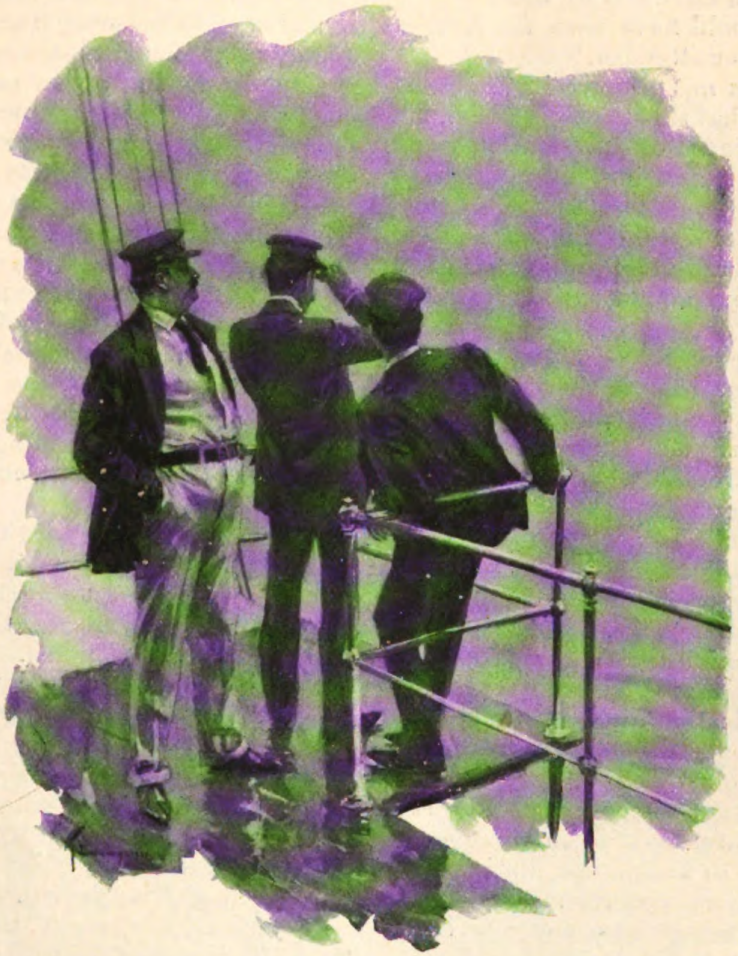
"Yes, he wrote me to look out for his wife on this coast," said Mavick.

"You kept mighty still about it," said Jack.

"So did you," retorted Mavick.

"It is very curious," the Major explained, "how fashionable intelligence runs along this coast, apparently independent of the telegraph; everybody knows where everybody else is."



The Tavish cottage was a summer palace of the present fashion, but there was one good thing about it; it had no tower, nor any make-believe balconies hung on the outside like bird-cages. The rooms were spacious, and had big fireplaces, and ample piazzas all round, so that the sun could be courted or the wind be avoided at all hours of the day. It was, in short, not a house for retirement and privacy, but for entertainment. It was furnished luxuriously but gayly, and with its rugs and portières and divans it reminded Mavick of an Oriental marquee. Miss Tavish called it her tepee, an evolution of the aboriginal dwelling. She liked to entertain, and she never appeared to better advantage than when her house was full, and something was going on continually—lively breakfasts and dinners, dances, theatricals, or the usual flowing in and out of callers and guests, chattering groups, and flirtatious couples. It was her idea of repose from the winter's gayety, and in it she sustained the rôle of the non-fatigueable society girl. It is a performance that many working-girls regard with amazement.

There was quite a flutter in the cottage, as there always is when those who know

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each other well meet under new circumstances after a short separation.

"We are very glad to see you," Miss Tavish said, cordially; "we have been awfully dull."

"That is complimentary to me," said the Major.

"You can judge the depths we have been in when even the Major couldn't pull us out," she retorted. "Without him we should have simply died."

"And it would have been the liveliest obsequies I ever attended."

Carmen was not effusive in her greeting; she left that rôle to Miss Tavish, taking for herself that of confidential friend. She was almost retiring in her manner, but she made Jack feel that she had a strong personal interest in his welfare, and she asked a hundred questions about the voyage and about town and about Edith.

"I'm going to chaperon you up here," she said, "for Miss Tavish will lead you into all sorts of wild adventures."

There was that in the manner of the demure little woman when she made this proposal that convinced Jack that under her care he would be perfectly safe—from Miss Tavish.

After cigarettes were lighted she contrived to draw Mavick away to the piazza. She was very anxious to know what Henderson's latest moves were. Mavick was very communicative, and told her nothing that he knew she did not already know. And she was clever enough to see, without any apparent distrust, that whatever she got from him must be in what he did not say. As to Jack's speculations, she made little more progress. Jack gave every sign of being prosperous; he entertained royally on his yacht.

Mavick himself was puzzled to know whether Carmen really cared for Jack, or whether she was only interested as in a game, one of the things that amused her life to play, to see how far he would go, and to watch his ascension or his tumble. Mavick would have been surprised if he had known that as a result of this wholly agreeable and confidential talk, Carmen wrote that night in a letter to her husband:

"Your friend Mavick is here. What a very clever man he is! If I were you I would keep an eye on him."

A dozen plans were started at the tea for relieving the tedium of the daily drives and the regulation teas and receptions. For one thing, weather permitting, they would all breakfast at twelve on the yacht, and then sail about the harbor, and come home in the sunset.

The day was indeed charming, so stimulating as to raise the value of real estate, and incite everybody to go off in search of adventure, in wagons, in walking parties, in boats. There is no happiness like the anticipation of pleasure begot by such a morning. Those who live there said it was regular Bar Harbor weather.

Captain Delancy was on deck to receive his guests, who came out in small boats, chattering and fluttering and "ship-ahoying," as gay in spirits as in apparel. Anything but high spirits and nonsense would be unpardonable on such a morning. Breakfast was served on deck, under an awning, in sight of the mountains, the green islands, the fringe of breaking sea in the distant opening, the shimmer and sparkle of the harbor, the white sails of pleasure-boats, the painted canoes, the schooners and coal-boats and steamers swinging at anchor just enough to make all the scene alive.

"This is my idea," said the Major, "of going to sea in a yacht; it would be perfect if we were tied up at the dock."

"I move that we throw the Major overboard," cried Miss Tavish.

"No," Jack explained; "it is against the law to throw anything into the harbor."

"Oh, I expected Miss Tavish would throw me overboard when Mavick appeared."

Mavick raised his glass and proposed the health of Miss Tavish.

"With all my heart," the Major said; "my life is passed in returning good for evil."

"I never knew before," and Miss Tavish bowed her acknowledgments, "the secret of the Major's attractions."

"Yes," said Carmen, sweetly, "he is all things to all women."

"You don't appear to have a friend here, Major," Mavick suggested.

"No; my friends are all foul-weather friends; come a bright day, they are all off like butterflies. That comes of being constant."

"That's no distinction," Carmen exclaimed; "all men are that till they get what they want."

"Alas! that women also in three days

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here become cynical! It was not so when I was young. Here's to the ever young," and he bowed to Carmen and Miss Tavish.

"He's been with Ponce de Leon," cried Miss Tavish.

"He's the dearest man living, except a few," echoed Carmen. "The Major's health."

The yellow wine sparkled in the glasses like the sparkling sea, the wind blew softly from the south, the sails in the bay darkened and flashed, and the breakfast, it seemed to go along of itself, and erelong the convives were eating ambrosia and sipping nectar. Van Dam told a shark story. Mavick demonstrated its innate improbability. The Major sang a song—a song of the forties, with a touch of sentiment. Jack, whose cheerful voice was a little of the cider-cellar order, and who never sang when he was sad, struck up the latest Vaudeville ditty, and Carmen and Miss Tavish joined in the chorus.

"I like the sea," the Major declared. They all liked it. The breakfast lasted a long time, and when they rose from the table Jack said that presently they would take a course round the harbor. The Major remarked that that would suit him.

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He appeared to be ready to go round the world.

While they were preparing to start, Carmen and Jack strolled away to the bow, where she perched herself, holding on by the rigging. He thought he had never seen her look so pretty as at that moment, in her trim nautical costume, sitting up there, swinging her feet like a girl, and regarding him with half-mocking, half-admiring eyes.

What were they saying? Heaven only knows. What nonsense do people so situated usually talk? Perhaps she was warning him against Miss Tavish. Perhaps she was protesting that Julia Tavish was a very, very old friend. To an observer this admirable woman seemed to be on the defensive—her most alluring attitude. It was not, one could hear, exactly a sober talk; there were laughter and raillery and earnestness mingled. It might be said that they were good comrades. Carmen professed to like good comradeship and no nonsense. But she liked to be confidential.

Till late in the afternoon they cruised about among the islands, getting different points of view of the coast, and especially different points of view of each other, in the freedom of talk and repartee permitted on an excursion. Before sunset they were out in the open, and could feel the long ocean swell. The wind had risen a little, and there was a low band of clouds in the south. The skipper told Mr. Delancy that it would be much fresher with the sinking of the sun, but Jack replied that it wouldn't amount to anything; the glass was all right.

> Now the great winds shoreward blow;
> Now the salt tides seaward flow;
> Now the wild white horses play,
> Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.

Miss Tavish was in the wheel-house, and had taken the wheel. This clever girl knew her right hand from her left, instantly, without having to stop and think and look at her rings, and she knew what port and starboard meant, as orders, and exactly how to meet a wave with a turn of the wheel.

"I say, Captain Delancy," she cried out, "the steamer is about due. Let's go down and meet her, and race in."

"All right," replied Jack. "We can run round her three times and then beat her in."

The steamer's smoke was seen at that instant, and the yacht was headed for it. The wind was a little fresher, but the tight little craft took the waves like a duck, and all on board enjoyed the excitement of the charge, except the Major, who said he didn't mind, but he didn't believe the steamer needed any escort.

By the time the steamer was reached the sun was going down in a band of clouds. There was no gale, but the wind increased in occasional puffs of spite, and the waves were getting up. The skipper took the wheel to turn the yacht in a circle to her homeward course. As this operation created strange motions, and did not interest the Major, he said he would go below and reflect.

In turning, the yacht came round on the seaward side of the steamer, but far behind. But the little craft speedily showed her breeding and overhauled her big rival, and began to forge ahead. The little group on the yacht waved their handkerchiefs as if in good-by, and the passengers on the steamer cheered. As the wind was every moment increasing, the skipper sheered away to allow plenty of sea-room between the boats. The race appeared to be over.

"It's a pity," said Miss Tavish.

"Let's go round her," said Jack; "eh, skipper?"

"If you like, sir," responded the skipper. "She can do it."

The yacht was well ahead, but the change in the direction brought the vessels nearer together. But there was no danger. The speed they were going would easily bring her round away ahead of the steamer.

But just then something happened. The yacht would not answer to her helm. The wheel flew around without resistance. The wind, hauled now into the east, struck her with violence and drove her sideways. The little thing was like a chip on the sea. The rudder-chain had broken. The yacht seemed to fly towards the long, hulking steamer. The danger was seen there, and her helm was put hard down and her nose began to turn towards the shore. But it was too late. It seemed all over in an instant. The yacht dashed bow on to the side of the steamer, quivered an instant, and then dropped away. At the same moment the steamer slowed down and began to turn to assist the wounded.

The skipper of the yacht and a couple

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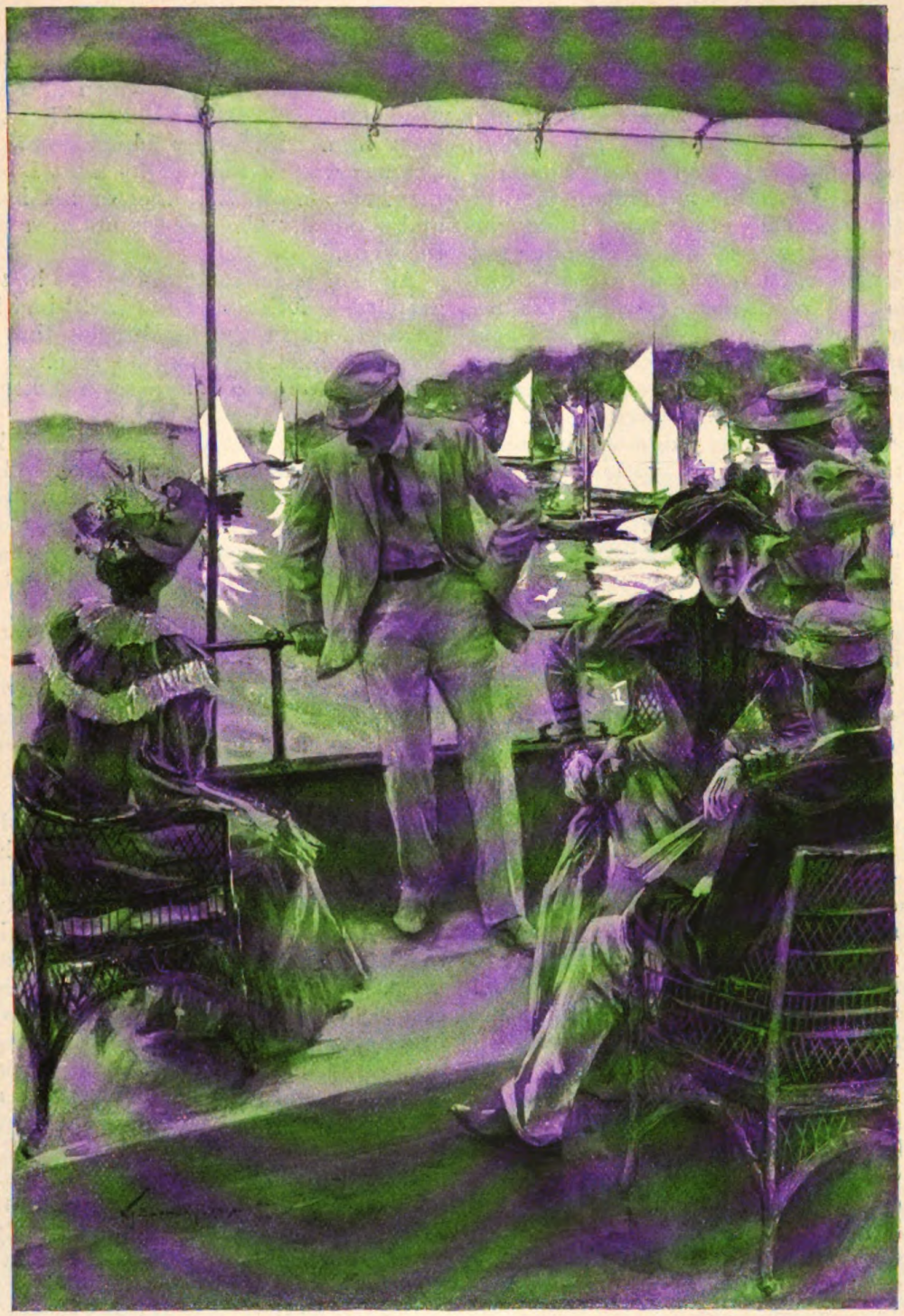

of hands rushed below. A part of the bow had been carried away and a small hole made just above the water-line, through which the water spurted whenever she encountered a large wave. It was enough to waterlog her and sink her in such a sea. The two seamen grasped whatever bedding was in reach below, rammed it into the opening, and held it there. The skipper ran on deck, and by the aid of the men hauled out a couple of sails and dropped them over the bow. These would aid in keeping out the water. They could float now, but where were they going? "Going ashore," said Mavick, grimly. And so they were.

"Was there a panic on board?" it was asked afterwards. Not exactly. Among

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well-bred people a panic is never good form. But there were white faces and trembling knees and anxious looks. The steamer was coming towards them, and all eyes were fixed on that rather than on the rocks of the still distant shore.

The most striking incident of the moment—it seemed so to some of those who looked back upon it—was a singular test of character, or rather of woman's divination of character. Carmen instinctively flew to Jack and grasped and held his arm. She knew, without stopping to reason about it, that he would unhesitatingly imperil his life to save that of any woman. Whatever judgment is passed upon Jack, this should not be forgotten. And Miss Tavish, to whom did she fly in this peril? To the gallant Major? No. To the cool and imperturbable Mavick, who was as strong and sinewy as he was cool? No. She ran without hesitation to Van Dam, and clung to him, recognizing instinctively, with the woman's feeling, the same quality that Jack had. There are such men, who may have no great gifts, but who will always fight rather than run under fire, and who will always protect a woman.

Mavick saw all this, and understood it perfectly, and didn't object to it at the time—but he did not forget it.

The task of rescue was not easy in that sea and wind, but it was dexterously done. The steamer approached and kept at a certain distance on the windward side. A boat was lowered, and a line was brought to the yacht, which was soon in tow with a stout cable hitched to the steamer's anchor windlass. It was all done with much less excitement than appeared from the telegraphed accounts, and while the party were being towed home the peril seemed to have been exaggerated, and the affair to look like an ordinary sea incident. But the skipper said that it was one escape in a hundred.

The captain of the steamer raised his hat gravely in reply to the little cheer from the yacht, when Carmen and Miss Tavish fluttered their handkerchiefs towards him. The only chaff from the steamer was roared out by a fat Boston man, who made a funnel of his hands and shouted, "The race is not always to the swift."

As soon as Jack stepped ashore he telegraphed to Edith that the yacht had had an accident in the harbor, but that no one was hurt. When he reached the hotel he found a letter from Edith of such a tenor that he sent another despatch, saying that she might expect him at once, leaving the yacht behind. There was a buzz of excitement in the town, and there were a hundred rumors, which the sight of the yacht and its passengers landing in safety scarcely sufficed to allay.

When Jack called at the Tavish cottage to say good-by, both the ladies were too upset to see him. He took a night train, and as he was whirled away in the darkness the events of the preceding forty-eight hours seemed like a dream. Even the voyage up the coast was a little unreal—an insubstantial episode in life. And the summer city by the sea, with its gayety and gossip and busy idleness, sunk out of sight like a phantom. He drew his cap over his eyes, and was impatient that the rattling train did not go faster, for Edith, waiting there in the Golden House, seemed to stretch out her arms for him to come. Still behind him rose a picture of that bacchanalian breakfast—the Major and Carmen and Mavick and Miss Tavish dancing a reel on the sloping deck, then the rising wind, the reckless daring of the race, and a vision of sudden death. He shuddered for the first time in a quick realization of how nearly it came to being all over with life and its pleasures.

TO BE CONTINUED

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THE TUG OF WAR.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

I.

I ALWAYS liked Theodoki, although I am not, as a rule, particularly fond of those interesting aliens who have done us the honor to adopt our nationality, and who are apt to be so much *plus royalistes que le roi*. He was, of course, as almost all of them are, an ardent politician, a stanch upholder of Conservative principles, and a member of the Carlton Club. If he had not yet acquired the privilege of tacking the letters M.P. on to his name, that was only because, in return for his munificent contributions to the party funds, he had hitherto been sent to fight constituencies where defeat was a foregone conclusion; it was felt, no doubt, that he would value the safe seat which he had earned all the more for having been made to wait a little time for it. He took his repeated rejections with the utmost good-humor, assuring sympathizing friends that he was not at all discouraged, and that he would be in the House of Commons before many months were over, as, indeed, a personage of his great wealth had every right to be. I was therefore a good deal surprised when he stopped me in Pall Mall one raw January afternoon to beg that I would accompany him on a trip to his native land.

"You should see Athens, my dear Gwynne," he urged; "nobody's education is complete until he has seen Athens. And do you not long for sunshine and blue skies?—you, who are always running away south for the winter, and who have no tiresome duties to detain you in our foggy island."

"It is true that I am a useless item of the community," I replied, "but how comes it that you, with your full recognition of what you owe to your Queen and your country, can be spared for foreign travel, when a Gladstonian member may be carried off by typhoid or influenza at any moment?"

He laughed in a slightly embarrassed way, and answered that the electric telegraph had brought Greece within easy reach of England. Of course he might be summoned home, and of course in that case he would obey the summons, but he was anxious to revisit scenes with which he had not been familiar since his early childhood, and, for some reason which was not made very apparent, he was particularly anxious that I should bear him company on his proposed expedition. I am sorry to have to add that, by way of overcoming my hesitation, he promptly offered to pay all my expenses. One may be a very rich, very estimable, and very popular Greek merchant without being at all points a gentleman. However, I did not take offence at the suggestion of this swarthy, eager-eyed little man, knowing that he did not mean to be offensive; and as I felt that I would just as soon go to Athens as to Cairo or Cannes, I said we would consider the matter settled, although I must claim the privilege of defraying my own hotel bills.

He thanked me somewhat more profusely than the occasion seemed to require, but it was Theodoki's habit to deal in superlatives. We started off together a few days later, and I must say that a more amiable and thoughtful travelling companion it has never been my good fortune to come across. Determined though I was to pay my own way, I could not very well avoid profiting by those minor luxuries of *coupé-salons*, spacious cabins, and obsequious *valets de place* which he appeared to think essential, and had secured in advance, nor could I without churlishness refuse the frequent bottles of champagne and excellent cigars which he pressed upon me. Moreover, he left it entirely to me to say when and where we should halt on our progress, and submitted uncomplainingly to be detained for two days in Paris, notwithstanding the evident hurry that he was in to reach his journey's end. Had I been a capitalist I should have been inclined to suspect that he wanted me to buy shares in the Corinth Canal or some similar undertaking; but, for obvious reasons, no such design could be in his mind, and I was forced to the agreeable conclusion that he was attached to me for my own sake. After all, there have been, and still are, a few people whose odd taste takes that form of oddity.

Now all this, supplemented by the glorious weather with which we were lucky enough to be blessed, caused me to arrive at the Athens railway station in the best of good-humors. Our voyage from Brindisi to New Corinth, over sunny or moon-

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lit seas, past the lovely olive-clad Ionian Islands, and within sight of the snowy summits of Acarnania and Ætolia, had been most enjoyable; the crawling railway journey thence along the face of the cliffs which overlook the fair Gulf of Salamis had not wearied me, and Theodoki's knowledge of the language had saved us all annoyance from custom-house officials and other troublesome persons. I could not help ejaculating, as we drove up towards our hotel, with the Acropolis towering above us, and the outline of the Parthenon cut out clearly against a saffron sky, "My dear fellow, what a country to have renounced!"

"But I have not renounced it," he returned, in his quick, eager way; "oh no, not at all have I renounced it! I am an Englishman, yes—that was necessary for a number of reasons. But that I have ever forgotten what is due from me to the land of my birth—well, you shall ask some of the gentlemen with whom I hope to make you acquainted here, and see what they will tell you."

Indeed, I believe it was true enough that he had contributed liberally towards fomenting sundry abortive breaches of the peace.

But it was not in order to stir up strife in Crete, or to afford substantial encouragement to those (a few such persons survive, I believe) who still dream of replacing the unspeakable Turk by a guaranteed Greek Empire, that my impulsive little friend had dragged me all the way from London to that modern Hôtel d'Angleterre which faces the equally modern and far more hideous structure where his Majesty the King of the Hellenes is condemned to reside. His true motive for acting as he had done was revealed to me before I went to bed that evening, and if it was less flattering to my self-esteem than the hypothesis which I mentioned just now, it was more intelligible, as well as more amusing.

I never was more astonished in my life than when I beheld Lady Susan Heneage sailing out of the *table-d'hôte* room, followed by her beautiful daughter. I had had no notion that they were in Athens, and our mutual greetings were of the warmest character, although if we had met in London an exchange of nods would, I dare say, have satisfied all three of us. It is wonderful how fond one becomes of one's friends when one comes across them unexpectedly in a foreign land; besides which I have a genuine affection for Lady Susan, who is a connection—I might almost say a relation—of mine. As for Angelica, it is always a pleasure to look at her, with her classic features, her pale golden hair, her china-blue eyes, her tall well-set-up figure, and that air of serene repose which is her birthright. Now I had not been chattering with them for five minutes, and had hardly had time to hear how they had been induced to visit Greece by the persuasions of Sir Herbert Farquhar, who was at that time her Britannic Majesty's representative at the Hellenic court, before I perceived that the pleasure which I felt in contemplating Angelica was participated in to the fullest extent by my good friend Theodoki, who was fidgeting about in the background, and whose usual happily self-confident manner had been replaced by a comic mixture of excitement and bashfulness. Even while I was introducing him in due form I divined his thinly veiled secret. He, at all events, was evidently not in the least surprised to see the Heneages.

Lady Susan put up her glasses and said, very graciously: "Oh, but I don't think any introduction is required. Surely we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Theodoki in Scotland last autumn, had we not? How odd that we should renew acquaintance with him in his own country!"

I don't know whether Angelica thought it odd—so far as I am aware nothing ever startles or surprises Angelica—but she made Theodoki happy by shaking hands with him and smiling upon him; after which we all went up stairs together to the Heneages' sitting-room, and compared *impressions de voyage*.

I am not, I regret to say, a young man, although I believe I may claim to have the advantage of Lady Susan by a lustre or so; but in any case it would have been obviously in accordance with the fitness of things that I should exert myself to entertain her, while it was only to be expected that Angelica and my friend should draw a little away from us after a time and entertain one another. They drew away as far as the balcony overlooking the dusty Palace Square, which gave Lady Susan an opportunity of putting sundry questions, to which I made reply after a fashion at once truthful and, I imagine, satisfactory. Theodoki was a Greek mer-

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chant of unblemished reputation and indisputable wealth; there was not much more than that to be said about him, except that he knew lots of people, and that he had in all probability a Parliamentary career before him. His pedigree, to be sure, was not likely to bear close scrutiny; but who cares for pedigree in these days? The Heneages were not well off, and Angelica, despite her beauty, remained unmarried after two London seasons; for my own part, I deemed Lady Susan fully justified in permitting her daughter to brave the risks of the night air.

After we had taken our leave, Theodoki's almond-shaped eyes were turned upon mine with a timid imploring expression which would have softened the hardest heart. "Don't be too severe upon me," they seemed to say; "I have humbugged you a little, I confess, but don't you see what an immense difference it makes to me to be here in the character of your friend? I might have come alone, no doubt, but if I had done that it would have taken me a very long time to arrive at that footing of intimacy to which I now hope to be admitted without difficulty through you. How do I know, indeed, that these ladies would even have deigned to recognize me at all?"

I admitted the force of this unspoken plea, and I liked the little man all the better for his diffidence. In some respects, as I had often had occasion to observe, he was quite aware of his own value; but as regarded the girl, for whom he had conceived an overwhelming passion, he was, and always remained, modesty itself. He seemed to think—I suppose he really did think—that her nature was as angelic as her name.

Her nature was well enough, and appeared to be more equable and amiable than the average nature even to my impartial elderly judgment. Whether she was within measurable distance of returning Theodoki's red-hot love I found it impossible to say, after watching her for many days. Ignorant of its existence she could not have been, for never did I see a mortal more bent upon proclaiming to all whom it might concern, as well as to all whom it did not, that he was a woman's slave. Flowers are not very dear in Athens, yet I am sure he must have expended a small fortune in purchasing those masses of them beneath which Lady Susan's breakfast table groaned every morning; a carriage—Theodoki's carriage, which he had hired by the month—was perpetually waiting to convey the ladies to and from those places of interest that their guide-book ordered them to inspect; if he himself was invited to take a seat in it, his eyes expressed a humble gratitude more eloquent than any words, though I must say that he was seldom at a loss for the latter. In that respect he differed from his adored, who may have considered that she was amply fulfilling her duty to society by being so beautiful and smiling so sweetly.

As for me, I had, I must thankfully own, a very pleasant time of it during those days of hot, sunny, cloudless weather—a very much pleasanter time, no doubt, than fell to the lot of my poor friend, who was probably in no mood to appreciate the charms of climate, scenery, and undying historical associations. Yet I dare say he would not have cared to change places with me—so dear are our discomforts to us under certain well-known conditions. For the rest, a somewhat exaggerated self-distrust was, so far, the worst of the discomforts with which this ardent lover had to put up. Both Lady Susan and her daughter were as kind as possible to him, allowing him to arrange excursions for them, partaking every now and then of the *recherché* little dinners which he managed somehow or other to procure for their benefit, and, in short, giving him every apparent encouragement. From the pangs of jealousy, or any excuse for them, he was fortunately free; for Sir Herbert Farquhar was a married man of nearer sixty than fifty, while his friend, Mr. Charles Hadow, M.P., who was staying with him, and who frequently accompanied us on our walks and drives, was sufficiently advanced in life to adopt a paternal tone when addressing the fair Angelica.

This tall slim politician, with the slightly grizzled beard and the mildly satirical manner, would have been a capital match for Miss Heneage had his inclinations moved him in the direction of matrimony; for he was rich, well born, and had twice been a cabinet minister. But it was notorious that he was not a marrying man, and the mothers of Mayfair and Belgravia had long ago given him up as hopeless. He was a good deal amused by the undisguised little love-comedy which was

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being enacted under our noses, and used to laugh, not ill-naturedly, at the vigor and earnestness which Theodoki threw into his part.

"What a waste of energy!" he exclaimed, as he and I were descending the slopes of Lycabettus one evening, Angelica and Theodoki leading the way towards the carriage, which Lady Susan had declined to quit. "If love were not proverbially blind, surely that unhappy man would see that all this fuss can neither help nor hinder him. It's comic; but it's a little bit pathetic too."

"He certainly does his wooing with a will," I remarked. "But why shouldn't he? Courtship is a necessary preliminary to a proposal in due form. At least it has always been considered so."

"Oh, it is necessary and useful in the majority of cases, I admit," answered Mr. Hadow, "but not in this particular case. Miss Heneage, you may depend upon it, has quite decided by this time whether she means to accept your little Anglo-Greek or not, and nothing that he can say or do will make her alter her decision."

"In other words, you think she has no heart at all."

"I don't say that; there isn't evidence enough before us to enable us to pronounce upon such a question. But I think she has a mind, and I am sure she must have made it up. What would be extremely entertaining would be the appearance of a rival upon the scene."

That form of entertainment was for the moment denied to us, though we were to be provided with it at a later date. During three weeks, at least, Theodoki had things all his own way, and if he was not happy, that was only because he perversely refused to believe in the good fortune which, I saw no reason to doubt, might be his for the asking. He did not conceal from me—indeed, it would have been absurd to attempt concealment—what his wishes were. He jumped for joy when I assured him that in my opinion the alliance for which he tremulously hoped would be no misalliance, but I could not persuade him to speak out boldly and have done with it.

"No, no!" he exclaimed, shrinking back in alarm; "you do not realize, my dear Gwynne, what presumption that would be! Who am I, an ugly, swarthy nobody, to offer myself to a lady who has some of the best blood in England in her veins, besides being the most divine woman in the whole world? She does not discourage me, you say. Ah! but how can I tell that that is not only the effect of her goodness and kindness? No; if I act in a hurry, I may lose all."

I told him, what was the truth, that he was by no means ugly, that time could hardly be expected to bring about much alteration in his complexion, and that a man of his great possessions and influential acquaintance must not be set down as a nobody; but he shook his head.

"Consider!" said he. "I propose—I am refused—what happens then? Necessarily I leave Athens, and all these agreeable expeditions and modest little festivities, which I venture to hope have not been altogether without attraction for you, my friend, cease. Give me at least until Easter."

Well, there was something in that, though it might have been more delicately put. After all, it was no business of mine to bring a state of things which, as I have said before, I enjoyed to a premature close.

So we continued, without interference on my part, to make ourselves familiar in a leisurely, comfortable fashion with Athens and its neighborhood. We sat beneath the gigantic but exquisitely graceful columns of the Temple of Jupiter Olympius on warm afternoons; the solemn silence of the vast Parthenon welcomed us by moonlight; we scaled the heights of Pentelicus; we drove over unmetalled roads across the brown plains, where wild-looking shepherds eyed us askance; we rode on mules up to the wooded gorge of the Phylae. And always and everywhere there was the same brilliantly blue sky, the same indescribably clear atmosphere. One could have done with a little less dust, it is true. I am told that rain sometimes falls in Athens, but I have difficulty in believing the statement.

We were then in Lent, a season observed somewhat more strictly by members of the Orthodox communion than by other branches of the Church Catholic, so that very little in the shape of social entertainment could be afforded to two ladies who were accustomed to adorn society; still, we saw a certain number of people in a quiet way. There was the staff of the British legation, there were sundry foreign diplomatists, there were

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Theodoki's political friends—bright-eyed, keen-witted gentlemen, most of whom spoke English fluently, and who impressed the observant stranger with the idea that they would be a troublesome sort of persons to have in opposition. And, as far as I could make out, almost all of them were in opposition just then. These made up a sufficiently amusing little coterie to satisfy the requirements of Lady Susan, who liked variety, and was fond of enlarging her mental horizon. They were, one and all, devoted to that very charming and sprightly old lady; it was doubtless as well that they were not equally devoted to her daughter, whose physical attractions they acknowledged, but who seldom exerted herself to talk to them. I recollect remarking to Mr. Hadow that Angelica might have been a duchess by that time if only she had realized that there is no demand for deaf and dumb wives; to which he replied, with a smile, that many a man would be more than thankful were his wife to be suddenly smitten with the latter affliction.

"And do not," he added, "fall into the mistake of imagining that Miss Heneage is deaf. She hears all that it is necessary for her to hear, and she speaks when she has anything to say. If she does not say much to these men, that is presumably because the political squabbles of a little country which is playing at being a big one don't interest her. Marriageable men, I grant you, are more or less interesting to every unmarried woman; but as none of these can be considered as belonging to that category, they haven't the smallest claim upon her attention."

Why, then, did she eventually see fit to make an exception in favor of that handsome picturesque giant Mavropetros? I had no idea at the time, and I must frankly own that I have no idea now; all I can say is that several plausible reasons for her conduct might have been put forward—his handsomeness and picturesqueness, a desire to bring the hesitating Theodoki to the point—anything that anybody likes. As for me, I shall not be found endeavoring at my time of life to explain feminine caprice. It was, I think, by Sir Herbert Farquhar that Mavropetros was introduced to Miss Heneage; certainly it was not by Theodoki, who had no previous knowledge of him save by name, and who heartily disliked him from the outset, although some days passed before he began to hate him with a bitter hatred.

There is no aristocracy in modern Greece; yet certain families there are which can and do boast of an interminable lineage, and Mavropetros, it appeared, was the head of one of these. The descendant of a long line of Mainote chiefs, he owned, I believe, a considerable tract of country in that little-visited district of the Morea, and if he no longer practised brigandage when at home, after the fashion of his ancestors, he looked as if he would like nothing better than to do so. For his compatriots in general, and for the mercantile section of them in particular, he entertained and exhibited feelings of the most supreme disdain; he was not too loyal a subject of King George, and was seldom seen in Athens, where, however, he was always received with a certain amount of attention and respect. It was, I understood, thought worth while to keep him in good-humor; because, although he was not wealthy, and his power had ceased to be on a par with that of his forefathers, the numerous clansmen who owed him allegiance were still sure to obey any orders that it might please him to give them. Upon the whole, an interesting and original personage, with his tall, well-knit, muscular figure, his hook-nose, his enormous upturned mustache, and his almost comically haughty gait. Not exactly the sort of man one might have thought to commend himself favorably to a sophisticated London young lady or to be attracted by her; but there is really no accounting for the inconsequent ways of one's fellow-creatures.

The conscientious historian can but narrate facts, and a perplexing as well as vexatious fact it was that this somewhat fantastic Mavropetros took Angelica's fancy. From the afternoon when he first formally called upon her mother at the Hôtel d'Angleterre she was at some pains to captivate him, and from that first afternoon her success was indisputable. He came again on the morrow and on the succeeding day, after which he became one of ourselves, stalking beside us when we took our walks abroad, and making his appearance, as a matter of course, every morning to inquire what the programme was for the day. His manners, I am bound to admit, were simple and pleasant when he chose to unbend, nor could I help liking him, although I felt

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that I ought, on poor Theodoki's account, to regard him as a foe. For his manner to Theodoki was, I am sorry to say, nothing short of downright insulting. He looked down—literally and figuratively down—upon his fellow-countryman with a contempt which was accentuated by the tone of his voice on the few occasions when he was compelled to address the latter directly; in alluding to him he spoke of him always (I forgot to mention that French was the only foreign language of which he had any knowledge) as "*cette espèce de petit Juif levantin*," though Theodoki was neither the one nor the other; he did not conceal his amazement at finding such a person upon terms of friendship with two gentlewomen. As for the existence of any possible rivalry between them, I am quite sure that he would have laughed such an idea to scorn; and, in truth, there could be no such rivalry. This was what I strove to convince Theodoki, who came to me, grinding his teeth with rage and despair, to say that this new state of things was unbearable.

"My dear fellow," I remonstrated, "what is the use of getting angry over a contingency which can never, in the nature of things, arise? Even admitting, what I should think is highly improbable, that this barbarian chieftain really contemplates inviting Miss Heneage to share his romantic lot, can you for one moment imagine that she would be allowed to accept him? You, who are a British subject, with a large fortune, are an eligible suitor, whereas he must of necessity be absolutely and ridiculously out of the question. One doesn't expect him to be acquainted with all the developments of modern civilization, but surely you ought to realize what they are! For Heaven's sake, don't go and get yourself and everybody else into trouble by quarrelling with the man!"

"If only I could pick a quarrel with him," returned Theodoki, savagely—Theodoki could look quite alarmingly savage upon occasion—"that would be the happiest day of my life! But you do not know these Mainotes. He would never condescend to fight with me—never!"

"Well, I am glad of that," I observed, phlegmatically.

"You are glad! You are glad! And you call yourself my friend!"

The little man skipped about the room, throwing up his arms, clinching his fists, and hissing out execrations, until I really began to be afraid that he would have a fit.

"You shall not quarrel with me, anyhow," said I at length; and when I had managed to reduce him to a frame of mind more nearly approaching sanity, I ventured to give him a few hints for the discomfiture of his rival which I thought might be of service to him. Civilized men, I represented, no longer settled their differences with fire and sword, and although he did not at all agree with me, he was brought to see that he possessed other weapons which might be utilized with possible advantage.

I declare that I made these suggestions merely in the interests of peace, and to enable him to let steam off. I was as certain as I could be of anything that Angelica had far too much common-sense to fall in love with an inadmissible wooer, and my sole object was to avert a disagreeable row. But I confess that Theodoki took my advice rather more literally than I had meant him to do. He was a very clever and very well informed little fellow, while Mavropetros was ludicrously ignorant of history, geography, science, and the arts. It was no very hard matter to lay traps for the exposure of that supercilious gentleman's ignorance, and Theodoki did this with such skill that neither Lady Susan nor Angelica could always maintain a proper air of gravity when the victim blundered headlong into them.

"How can you be so cruel?" Angelica would sometimes murmur, reproachfully, to my friend, who would rub his hands with glee, and wink at me by stealth.

It was rather like a combat between a lion and a monkey, and one could not but wonder at times how long it would be before the noble ire of the lion broke forth. Once or twice he did throw a half-doubtful, half-fierce glance at his nimble antagonist, as if meditating a stroke of the paw, but nothing came of it. So long as Angelica was kind to him—and naturally she took extra trouble to be kind to him after having laughed in his face—he appeared to be satisfied. Meanwhile the spectacle was not devoid of amusement for by-standers.

"Greek has met Greek," Mr. Hadow remarked to me one day; "we may now expect the tug of war to begin."

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II.

War, as we know, may be carried on in all manner of ways, and it may be that the method of conducting hostilities which I had recommended to Theodoki was not the most dignified imaginable. At least, however, I may claim for it that it answered the purpose which it had been intended to serve, inasmuch as it kept him from flying at the throat of the haughty Mavropetros. Furthermore, it really did seem as if, despite all provocation, that magnificent person deemed it beneath him to notice the impertinences of a mere trader. He was, I believe, sometimes provoked; more than once I saw a dark flush mount up to his high cheek-bones; but he never retorted upon his assailant, whose very presence, indeed, he was accustomed to ignore. Very likely he knew how maddening this mode of treatment must be to Theodoki; nor can Angelica have been altogether unaware of it.

Nevertheless, she pretended to be, when at length I—feeling every day as if I were smoking in a powder-magazine—ventured upon a humble and veiled remonstrance. She opened her blue eyes at me, and returned my accusing gaze with a smile of innocent and childlike amazement. What *could* I mean? Aggravating to Mr. Theodoki, who had been so kind and nice to them, and whom she liked so much—she was so very, very sorry! Would I mind telling her in what way she had been guilty of such stupidity and apparent ingratitude, so that she might try to be less clumsy in future?

"I should be the last person in the world to charge you with clumsiness," I replied; "and as for stupidity, I am so sure of your being free from that vice that I hardly like to point out to you an obvious way of being pleasant to Theodoki, supposing that you wish to be so. The thing, as of course you know, can be done with very great ease by being just a shade less pleasant to Mavropetros."

She wrinkled up her smooth forehead and looked distressed. "Ah, yes; they don't like one another, do they?" she said. "What a pity it is, when they are both so charming in their respective fashions! But really I am afraid I can't help it. One feels rather awkwardly placed when one is told that the only way of giving satisfaction to one friend is to be rude to another."

I don't think she felt awkwardly placed at all; I think she was enjoying herself immensely, and my conviction is that these demure women are, as a rule, more dangerous and more versed in the art of flirtation than the fast and emancipated brigade. However, it was plain that I should do no good by upbraiding her, and, upon the whole, common-sense seemed to lead to the comforting conclusion that she meant to make Theodoki happy in the long-run. Assuredly she could not mean to espouse Mavropetros, who was altogether impossible, and who, besides, was to return to his native fastnesses immediately after Easter. If only a breach of the peace can be averted between this and then, I thought, all will doubtless be well.

Easter, as it is perhaps scarcely necessary to state, is by far the most important festival of the year in those countries where the Orthodox Church of the East maintains her sway, and in Greece its approach is hailed with all the greater demonstrations of joy, public and private, by reason of the forty days of very severe abstinence which have preceded it. Theodoki, who was a professed agnostic, had not, to be sure, that reason to rejoice that the season of national feasting was now close upon us; but, on the other hand, he knew that he was shortly to be delivered from his hated rival, while Mavropetros, a strict observer of religious ordinances, had been growing so visibly thin and gaunt of late that the expectant gleam in his eyes could readily be accounted for. Anyhow, they were both in very fairly good humor on Easter eve, when the whole population turned out into the streets, and when we ourselves elbowed our way towards the open space in front of the cathedral to receive such share of the Archbishop's benediction as could be expected to fall upon schismatics.

The Legation people had obtained a place within the building for Lady Susan, who preferred to attend a ceremony at which the royal family and all the high dignitaries of the realm were to be present; but we, who did not fear the dense crowd nor the somewhat nipping air of a clear night, had decided, on Mavropetros's advice, to remain outside with the populace, every member of which carried an unlighted taper, so that we might witness the striking *coup d'œil* afforded by the simultaneous kindling of these to welcome the appearance of the Archbishop

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on the cathedral steps. Down Hermes Street we advanced, not without difficulty, Angelica guarded by a gigantic protector on the right and a diminutive one on the left, while Mr. Hadow and I brought up the rear. There was a good deal of inevitable pushing and jostling; but a Greek crowd is very good-natured, when it is not very much the reverse, and we reached our destination in good time. Mavropetros stalked straight into one of the houses overlooking the square, beckoned to us to follow him up stairs, and ordered, rather than requested, the group of persons who were congregated before the open window to make room for Miss Heneage. This they did with the utmost willingness on learning that we were foreigners; and, indeed, I must say that I have never met with greater kindness or courtesy anywhere than at the hands of a nation which (owing to financial difficulties) is now being pretty freely abused all round.

We had not to wait long before, upon the stroke of midnight, the cathedral doors were flung back and the gray-bearded Archbishop emerged, attended by his priestly satellites, and followed by a throng of bedizened officials. His appearance was the signal for a deafening din, caused by the discharge of pistols, rockets, and squibs; the dark assemblage beneath us broke out suddenly into a firmament of twinkling lights, and, as the custom is, every man and woman embraced his or her nearest neighbor, exclaiming, "Christ is risen!" while the response, "He is risen indeed!" floated upwards to the skies. It was a scene to stir the emotions; and, for my part, I could have done very well without the additional emotion which it was destined to arouse in the breasts of some of us.

Mavropetros really ought to have known better; yet I doubt whether he meant any harm, or supposed that he was in any way transgressing the limits of propriety, when he clasped Angelica in his arms and imprinted a resounding salute upon her brow, crying, "*Christos aneste!*" She disengaged herself and drew back, blushing a good deal, while I glanced apprehensively over my shoulder at Theodoki. I saw, alas! very much what I had expected to see. My friend's face, upon which the full glare of the light from outside fell, was livid with rage; his eyes were blazing; his lips were drawn back, displaying his white teeth. I instinctively threw out my arm to stop him; but he flung me aside, and sprang upon the offender like a little wild-cat, hissing in his ear, as he gripped him by the elbow: "You shall answer to me for this, sir! You have publicly insulted a lady who is my friend. I demand satisfaction!"

He spoke in French, that being the language that we were accustomed to use when Mavropetros was with us, and the latter replied, contemptuously, in the same tongue: "*Tais-toi, mon petit! on ne se dispute pas devant les femmes. Tu me parleras plus tard, toi.*"

It would have been impossible to employ a more insulting mode of address, and sorry though I was to think a duel was inevitable, I could not but feel with Theodoki that no alternative now remained. The poor little fellow was so exultant, as we walked back towards the hotel together, that I believe he almost forgot Mavropetros's offence, which Angelica, on her side, appeared to have condoned.

"Aha!" he cried, rubbing his hands; "he cannot escape me now; and with sword or with pistol I am ready to give him his lesson! He cannot refuse to meet me—you must see for yourself, Gwynne, that he cannot refuse to meet me!"

"Not very well, unless he apologizes," I was compelled to own.

"Apologize! You think a Mainote will ever apologize? No, he will not do that; but he will consider that he is paying me a wonderful compliment in fighting me."

That, in truth, as subsequently appeared, was the view that Mavropetros took of the matter. Two days elapsed, and numerous *pourparlers* were exchanged between his friends and the gentlemen who had undertaken to act for Theodoki before final arrangements for a hostile meeting were agreed upon, and during that time I had much ado to keep the ladies from getting wind of an affair about which all Athens was talking. Mavropetros had the good taste to absent himself, and Angelica was particularly gracious to her remaining admirer, whose hopes and spirits had once more risen to a high level. She made no allusion to the slight altercation which had taken place in her presence on Easter eve; I

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was inclined to hope that, in the confusion of the moment, she had failed to notice it.

On the third day Theodoki, beaming with delight, informed me that all was settled. He was to meet his antagonist early the next morning with pistols, and as to the result of the combat he expressed himself with a confidence which seemed to me a little premature.

"Oh, it is possible that the man may be a good shot," said he, carelessly, in answer to some observations of mine; "but if he is as good a shot as I am I shall be surprised. What you may take for certain is that I shall hit him, and although I do not intend to kill him, I shall send him to bed for some weeks. For the rest, it is not the question of whether I shall be wounded or not that has been troubling me. It has been no easy matter, I can tell you, to persuade him that he could meet me without losing caste. Only when I instructed my seconds to say that I would strike him across the face publicly if he refused did he consent to waive his objections. *Enfin!* all's well that ends well."

I was strolling across the Palace Square with Theodoki when I was made the recipient of these confidences, and as we passed in front of the *café* at the corner, where young Greece is wont to sip *mastika* and smoke cigarettes all day long, whom should we encounter, face to face, but the redoubtable Mavropetros himself? He was walking with a friend of his, a certain Deputy whom I knew slightly, and I must say that his demeanor on recognizing us was decidedly provocative. He laughed, turned to his companion and made some remark, the meaning of which I did not understand, but which was subsequently explained to me by Theodoki. It appears that what he said was, "I shall count upon your joining our party at Kalamata, then, the day after to-morrow."

Now this does not sound such a very offensive observation to make; but when it is remembered that Kalamata (near which place Mavropetros resided) is situated at the southern extremity of the Peloponnesus, and cannot be approached from Athens save by road or sea, it will be perceived that the inference was slightly disquieting to a gentleman who proposed to shoot the speaker on the morrow. At any rate, Theodoki chose to consider it so, and violated all etiquette by promptly accosting his adversary.

"You will not go to Kalamata or anywhere else until you have given me the satisfaction that you have promised. Rest assured of that, sir," said he, resolutely.

Mavropetros stared down at him with ineffable disdain. "*Je n'ai pas d'explications à te donner, petit bonhomme,*" said he. For he never condescended to use his own language in addressing one whom it was his pleasure to regard as a species of mongrel foreigner.

What possessed Theodoki I can't think. Perhaps he really thought that Mavropetros meant to elude him; perhaps he was overcome by a sudden access of unreasoning passion. Whatever may have been his motive, I grieve to say that he did an utterly unpardonable thing. Raising himself on tiptoe, he shortened his cane in his hand, and struck the other lightly upon the cheek with it. The blow in itself was nothing; but the action, alas! was one of which no gentleman could have been guilty under the circumstances. This, I think, was what chiefly impressed itself upon me, with a thrill of horror, at the moment; and this, unhappily, was what everybody else concerned felt afterwards in cold blood.

There was no fracas, although there was a considerable disturbance. Whether Mavropetros made any attempt at immediate reprisals or not I cannot say, for I lost sight of him in the crowd of onlookers, who with one consent rushed forth from the café and surrounded him and us. An immense uproar and babble of voices rose into the air. Much gesticulation and some pushing followed. I remember that one excited old gentleman with a gray mustache executed a sort of dance round us, uttering wrathful ejaculations unintelligible to me. For my own part, I had gripped Theodoki by the arm, thinking that the only thing to be done was to get him away at once. Presently I had hurried him off down a side street—catching a glimpse as I did so of the tall, receding figure of Mavropetros, who appeared to have been taken into custody by a posse of his friends—and then I set to work to scold the insensate aggressor roundly.

"I am no authority upon duelling or the punctilio connected with it," said I, "but it is very evident to me that you

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have disgraced yourself. You had no right to speak to the man at all, still less had you any right to lift your hand against him. If he now refuses to grant you what is called the satisfaction due to a gentleman, you will have no ground for complaint that I can see. What were you thinking about to forget yourself in that unheard-of way?"

Poor little Theodoki was as meek and submissive as anybody could have wished him to be—all the fury gone out of him, and nothing but tardy self-reproach and shame left. I think there were tears in his eyes, and I am sure there were tears in his voice, as he answered, despairingly:

"It was my temper, Gwynne—my accursed temper, which all these years of residence in London have not subdued. What would you have? I am a Southerner by birth, and we Southerners, when we are angry, the blood mounts to our heads, we go mad, we know not what we do."

"The question," I remarked, "is, what will Mavropetros do? If he were an Englishman, I should say that he would take the first opportunity of horsewhipping you in public." For the truth is that I was beginning to be a little sorry for my luckless friend, and I did not wish him to think that I sympathized with him at all.

"I suppose so," he agreed, dejectedly. "But it does not much matter. The one certain thing is that, as you say, I have forfeited all claim to satisfaction. I think I had better go and drown myself."

I could no longer hold out against such pathetic contrition. "Well, well," I said, "we must think what can be done. If you were to offer a very humble apology to his seconds—"

"Ah, bah!" he interrupted, with a dreary laugh; "do you suppose that they would even listen? I tell you there is not a man here who would be seen speaking to me after this. I must not leave Athens, but I must not expose you or—or the ladies to annoyance by remaining any longer where I am now. If perchance you should be asked what has become of me, will you kindly say that I am to be heard of at the Hôtel des Étrangers?"

I endeavored to dissuade him from what appeared to me to be an uncalled-for step, representing that he could hardly take it without giving some explanation to Lady Susan and Miss Heneage, who ought not to be made aware that any quarrel at all existed between two of their friends; but he shook his head.

"They cannot help hearing of it," he answered. "What has happened will be all over Athens by this time; and if nobody tells them before the evening, the newspapers will tell them then. Let me go, Gwynne; I must not lose time in getting my things packed."

He was so determined about it that I had to desist from my remonstrances. I walked back with him to the hotel, the hall porter and the waiters staring at us, as I could not help noticing, in an odd, scared sort of way, and there we parted. As for me, not caring to be the first to impart evil tidings, I betook myself to the Legation (where I found everybody already discussing the extraordinary conduct of my unfortunate friend), and it was not until late in the afternoon that I made up my mind to enter Lady Susan's sitting-room.

I soon found, to my surprise, that they were still in ignorance of the local scandal, and what surprised me even more was to learn that Mavropetros had only just left them.

"He has been sitting a long time with us, and has been so chatty and pleasant," Lady Susan told me. "Really there is something very attractive and rather distinguished about a downright savage, when he is pleased to treat you as a friend, and if it were not for the impossible journey, I should be almost inclined to spend next week with him, as he implored us to do, in the remote castle where he dwells."

"Oh, he invited you to stay with him, did he?" said I. "Is he leaving for the Morea at once, then?"

"Yes. He came to say good-by, as he is starting to-night. He had some engagement for to-morrow, it seems, but he has now been released from it, and he is in a hurry to get home."

Well, that was in a measure reassuring, though puzzling. I could hardly believe that Mavropetros was the man to take no further notice of a personal assault; still, I could not, of course, pretend to any accurate knowledge of the customs of the country.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day?" Lady Susan inquired presently. "And what has become of Mr. Theodoki? We aren't accustomed to being deserted like this by you both."

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I saw nothing for it but to lie boldly. "Theodoki," I answered, "is not very well. I am afraid he won't be visible for a day or two, though there is no cause for alarm."

There was perhaps no cause for alarm; still, I felt rather uncomfortable, and my uneasiness was not allayed by Mr. Hadow, whom I met half an hour later, and who told me what the universal opinion was respecting the course which Mavropetros would now adopt.

"Oh, he'll kill the fellow — or rather have him killed," said he. "I have asked a number of natives about it, and they all say the same thing. A duel, you see, has been put out of the question, and at the same time a slap in the face can't be accepted; consequently assassination is the sole remaining remedy. So at least I am given to understand, and the general impression appears to be that Mavropetros won't soil his own aristocratic hands with such plebeian blood. He will merely give the necessary instructions to one of his numerous retainers."

"This sounds pleasant," I remarked. "What in the world is to be done?"

Mr. Hadow shrugged his shoulders. "That is a question for Theodoki to decide," he answered. "I don't know what his composite nationality may lead him to do, but I know what I should do if I were in his place. I should find out what is the very first steamer due to leave Piræus; I should promptly go on board of her and lock myself into my cabin. Also, I should take very good care not to show my face in Greece again. I am assured on all hands that there is a probability of his having three or four days in which to effect his escape—just as long as it will take Mavropetros to reach Maina and despatch a trusty emissary—but that he won't be forgotten or forgiven. Revenge is often delayed for years, they say, but the blow is quite sure to fall sooner or later."

"But I doubt whether Theodoki will choose to run away," I objected. "Added to which there are complications, as you know. He came to Athens for a special purpose; is it likely that he will consent to take to his heels without having fulfilled it?"

Mr. Hadow smiled, and observed that my friend's situation was certainly neither an agreeable nor a dignified one, but that he had created it for himself.

"For the rest," he added, "the Heneages will soon be returning to England, I suppose, and his chance, I should imagine, will be as good there as it is here."

His chance, I began to suspect before the evening was over, would not be worth very much anywhere. This conviction was forced upon me by the way in which Angelica spoke about him during dinner. Mr. Hadow, who partook of that meal with us, had by then let the cat out of the bag—indeed, the cat could not have been kept in the bag much longer; and although Lady Susan was much shocked and distressed, her daughter's equanimity was scarcely ruffled.

"What dreadful people these Greeks are!" she remarked, placidly. "Why must they needs quarrel and fight about nothing?"

"It wasn't exactly about nothing," I ventured to observe.

"It must have been about some absurd trifle, anyhow. Well, I am glad there is to be no duel; but I am not sorry that they have both disappeared. One doesn't wish to be mixed up with such mediæval ways of going on."

Her self-love was, I think, secretly, though by no means inordinately, flattered at the thought that two men had been within an ace of meeting in deadly combat for her sake; it is only fair to add that she had not been informed of the jeopardy in which one of them still stood.

After dinner I walked across to the Hôtel des Étrangers, where I found Theodoki, and urged him to leave the country at once, which thing, as I had anticipated, he absolutely declined to do. Not that the idea of taking flight was repugnant to him; for, as he very sensibly said, there was nothing to be gained by remaining in the same country with a man whom he was precluded from fighting. But it was indispensable, he declared, that before quitting Athens he should make his *adieux* to the ladies, and ascertain from Miss Heneage's own lips whether life was or was not to be a possession worth his retaining.

"I think she will certainly refuse me," he sighed; "she can have no respect for me after what I have done. Still, I must ask her. And since Mavropetros has gone away, it does not seem as if she could love him. You do not

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think that she loves Mavropetros, do you, Gwynne?" he added, with a pleading look.

I replied that I was pretty sure she did not. I was pretty sure that she did not love anybody, except herself; but I refrained from saying anything so discouraging as that.

The next morning he duly made his proposal, and was rejected with the utmost delicacy and kindness. He came to my room, after the *coup de grâce* had been administered, to tell me all about it—dejected, indeed, yet so full of admiration and gratitude for Angelica's sweet sympathy that he seemed almost in love with his own hapless fate.

"I could expect nothing else, you know," he said; "at my very best I should have been utterly unworthy of her, and I have exhibited myself to her at my very worst. But she would not allow me to blame myself at all; no one could have been more gentle or more considerate than she was. Only she wished me to understand that it was impossible for her to give me what I asked."

That was probably quite true; Angelica, I could well believe, had it not in her power to give what Theodoki wanted to anybody. Still, he was a very rich man, and it seemed a little strange that she should have dismissed him so decisively. Dismissed, however, he was; and it was a relief to me to find that he had no longer any resistance to offer to my suggestion that he should at once sail away from a dangerous country.

I took him down to Piræus forthwith, engaged a passage for him on a steamer which was to sail for Trieste that evening, and spent the remainder of the day with him in the somewhat unattractive seaport of ancient and modern Athens, so that we might dine there together, and that I might see him safely on board afterwards. He was very grateful for these small attentions, though he laughed at the precaution which I thought it advisable to take, declaring that if any would-be assassin was on the watch for him, precautions would be of little avail.

"But there are worse things than being murdered, my dear Gwynne," said he. "It is worse, for instance, to commit suicide; and that, you see, is what I have to all intents and purposes done."

We had as sumptuous a dinner as the place could produce, accompanied by the best champagne that was to be had—which does not imply a very high degree of excellence. Theodoki was full of apologies for setting such fare before me; but he partook of it himself with a tolerable appetite, and before the time came for us to part I had been able to comfort him with some rays of hope. Personally, I should not have wished to marry Angelica Heneage; but since he really did wish it so very much, it seemed to me that there was no need for him to despair. He had a London season to look forward to; innumerable opportunities were in store for him; above all, there was the highly important fact that nobody else had as yet appeared upon the scene to strive against him for the prize. Upon the whole, he was in fairly good spirits when we sallied forth under the stars, making for the quay, where Theodoki's valet had been instructed to await us with the luggage.

The tragedy that followed was so bewilderingly sudden that I could not afterwards give as coherent an account of it as I was required to do. Theodoki was in the act of making some remark to me, when he was struck violently on the back by a man who darted out of a side street and instantly vanished. He gasped, staggered forward a few paces, fell prone upon his face, and never spoke or moved again. I was told subsequently that I ought to have given chase to the murderer, and so perhaps I ought; but at the moment I could only think of my poor friend. How was I to know that he had been stabbed through the heart and was beyond all reach of human aid?

After what seemed to me a very long time my shouts were responded to; a crowd assembled; the body was carried back to the restaurant where we had dined, and a doctor was summoned. Then came the police, the British consul—I know not what other authoritative and inefficient persons. What I do know is that, despite every effort (the Greek government has, I believe, convinced our own Foreign Office that every effort has been used), Theodoki's murderer has never been traced from that day to this. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and I suppose there cannot be much doubt as to who was the instigator of the crime; but links in the necessary chain of evidence are, it appears, wanting. For the rest, the verdict of popular opinion was pronounced long before tedious and futile investigations had been set on foot, and

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that verdict may be summed up by the words, "Served him right!"

Angelica did not say that, when it became my sad duty to return to Athens and inform her and her mother of what had occurred. She was horrified and grieved even to the point of shedding tears—at least she held a gossamer handkerchief up to her eyes for a minute—and she implored Lady Susan to lose no time in leaving the place.

"It would be too dreadful to stay on here now," she exclaimed. "Besides, people would stare at us so, knowing that we had been friends of poor Mr. Theodoki's."

I am not sure that she did not think it a little bit inconsiderate of poor Mr. Theodoki to have had himself stabbed almost at her door; but she was too good and kind to speak ill of the dead. Just before they started for England Mr. Hadow asked me whether I did not admire her composure and self-control; and when I had to reply that it did not strike me as specially admirable, he smiled.

"Ah," said he, "you are more in sympathy with these theatrical folks than a phlegmatic Briton like myself can pretend to be. I am truly sorry for your unlucky little friend; but why try to be at once a Greek and an Englishman? The tug of war has gone against him, and the true Greek has won — which might have been foreseen."

"The true Greek has not won the modern Helen, at all events," I observed.

"Well, no," agreed Mr. Hadow, with his quiet smile; "I don't think Mavropetros has done that. Though why you should call Miss Heneage the modern Helen I can't imagine. She has not much in common with that classic heroine."

Not very much, perhaps, except that a good deal more fuss was made over both of them than either deserved. Readers of this narrative will probably be less surprised than I was at the time to learn that ere Miss Heneage reached her native shores she had become engaged to Mr. Hadow, who very kindly undertook to escort the ladies home. The match was a brilliant one, and I have every reason to believe that it has turned out well. And since it is a necessity of our being that we should always be on the lookout for consolations and compensations, there can be no harm in adding that Angelica would infallibly have driven the excitable Theodoki into his grave or a mad-house before they had been married a year.

THE ROYAL MARINE: AN IDYL OF NARRAGANSETT PIER.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Part I.

CHAPTER I.

JUDGE GILLESPIE'S LUNCHEON.

IT was not yet half past eleven o'clock of a bright, warm morning towards the end of July when Mr. Joshua Hoffman's steam-yacht *Rhadamanthus* announced her arrival at Narragansett Pier and dropped anchor off the beach. A few minutes later an electric launch sped alongside the little float just within the breakwater before the Casino, and the aged owner of the yacht stepped ashore, accompanied by one of his guests, a young man of barely thirty. Under the arch of the Casino the old gentleman found a carriage, and after making a bargain with the driver, he got in.

"I shall be back about four o'clock," he said to his young friend.

"You will find me here in good time, sir," was the reply. Then the carriage drove off with the owner of the yacht, and the younger man was left standing. Before him was the open door of the Casino, but a single glance told him that the hour had not yet arrived when the veranda and the terrace filled up with guests.

He turned to the right, and in two minutes he found himself tramping along a covered plank walk which ran in front of the line of low wooden bathing-houses. Striped awnings protected from the glare of the sun the gayly dressed women who sat on the platforms which projected from every bathing-house. Beyond these platforms there were slight white tents, under the shelter of which little children played in the sand and were happy. In front of the tents was the broad beach, whereon the surf was breaking sturdily.

A throng of women, young and old, with here and there a man, or more often a boy, floated leisurely down the plank walk, and filled the platforms, and spread out over the beach, exchanging frequent

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greetings with one another. The passenger who had just landed from the *Rhadamanthus* heard cheerful young voices on all sides of him asking each other, "How's the water this morning?" "Are you going in?" "Whose yacht is that?" with other questions of like importance. Although he had not yet recognized a single acquaintance in the crowd which surged about him, the young man did not feel lonely. He gazed around placidly, interested by the sight, and moving forward slowly.

When he had gone to the end of the plank walk and had turned back again, two small boys in their bathing-suits, just out of the water and dripping wet, rushed past him in high glee; and in seeking to keep out of their way as they turned and twisted at his side, he carelessly trod on the dress of the lady in front of him. He heard the skirt rip before the weight of his foot checked the progress of the owner of the dress.

"I beg your pardon!" he cried, taking off his hat hastily, as he heard her say "Oh!" in a tone of annoyance.

Catching his apology, she turned and smiled sweetly, and said: "It don't matter. It isn't torn, I reckon."

The accent was Southern. So perhaps was the face of the speaker. She was a girl of scant twenty, a little short, and almost plump. She had light brown hair which curled easily under a stiff sailor hat. Her eyes were dark gray. She wore a white yachting-dress trimmed with blue; on the sleeve were the stripes and the crowned V.R. of a boatswain of her Majesty's navy.

At her right walked a handsome boy of six, strikingly like his sister. He, too, wore a sailor suit of British manufacture; his straw hat had a black band, whereon was stamped, in gold letters, "H. M. S. *Victory*."

As she turned away and passed on again, the young man who had trod on her gown caught sight of the man who was walking with her on the left.

"Why, that's little Mat Hitchcock," he said to himself. As he had no great liking for Mr. Mather Hitchcock, he dismissed the young lady's companion from his mind.

Leaving the bathing-houses, he went down on the beach and strolled along, looking for the strange and peculiar costumes that were to be seen at Narragansett Pier, if the comic papers could be believed; but in less than ten minutes he was forced to the conclusion that the humorous artists were not credible, for the bathing-dresses he saw before him then were as decorous as he had seen at any other American watering-place. Wherein Narragansett Pier differed from other watering-places was not in the costumes of its bathers, but in the beauty of its beach, which sloped slowly away, and on which the waves rolled in and curled over and fell forward with most enticing freshness.

Their appeal was irresistible at last, and when the clock of the Casino doubtfully chimed forth the hour of noon, the young man who had arrived on the *Rhadamanthus* was in the surf. The sand was fine and firm, and free from stones and shells. The waves fell forward sharply, and the surf tingled the blood of the bathers and refreshed them. There was no undertow, and so there was no need of a life-line; even little children splashed about safely in water up to their armpits. To rescue any one who might stand in sudden need of help, there was a row-boat bobbing up and down just outside the breakers. Three small rafts, anchored one beyond the other, afforded resting-places for adventurous swimmers, and the furthest of the three was furnished with a spring-board for diving.

The young man who had landed from the yacht plunged head foremost into the first breaker he met, and then swam briskly to the nearest raft. Having thus wet and warmed himself, he came inshore, that he might have the full benefit of the surf. When he touched bottom again and stood firm that a breaker larger than usual should curve over him, he found himself near a little group of bathers, and he could not help but hear their conversation. Two stalwart young men, one with a white shirt having a light blue C on it, and the other in a white shirt having a dark red H on it, were begging a young lady to let them tow her out to the nearest raft.

"But I can't swim a stroke, and you know I mustn't get my hair wet," said the girl, "if you want to see me at the hop to-night."

At the sound of her voice the passenger from the *Rhadamanthus* looked around, and he identified her at once as the young lady whose dress he had trodden upon nearly half an hour earlier. Her bathing-

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costume was of black, and her light brown hair was coiled tightly about her shapely head, two or three stray locks curling prettily over her forehead. In the full light of the mid-day sun there was a glint of gold in some of the braids. The water and the wind had heightened the fresh color in her cheeks. Apparently she had not recognized him again, and the young man, remarking her beauty, hoped that he had not torn her gown badly.

At last she suffered herself to be persuaded, and the two young athletes from Columbia College and Harvard stood before her side by side, and she rested a sunburnt hand lightly on the shoulder of each, and then they struck out together, swimming high out of the water, so as to support her, while little Mat Hitchcock went on ahead as a pilot to clear the way; and thus she was convoyed safely to her destination, the capricious surf sparing her hair.

The young man watched while the girl was towed to the raft and helped up to a seat upon it. Then, with a half-sigh of regret that he did not have the pleasure of her acquaintance, he dived again into a big wave, and swam out steadily and sturdily beyond the life-boat and around it and back again.

Half an hour later he walked up the steps of the Casino, and found himself face to face with an old friend.

"Miss Marlenspuyk!" he cried.

"Warren Payn, I declare!" was her response. "I am really glad to see you. Come and get me a chair, and sit down beside me and tell me all you know."

"I'm afraid that won't take me long," he answered, as he followed the cheery old maid out on the terrace.

The sight of her wrinkled face, with its crown of silver-gray hair, and its wonderful blue eyes twinkling with good-humor, made the young man feel at home at once. He got her a comfortable arm-chair, and he put another before her to serve as a footstool, and then he sat down beside her.

"And how are you?" he began.

"I?" she returned, briskly. "I'm as well as any old woman of seventy has a right to be; I've my hair and my teeth and my eyes still; and I can sleep nights. What more can I expect? But you—you look run down. Are you here for the summer?"

"No," he responded; "I'm going to spend my vacation in the Adirondacks. I'm here only for the day—or for part of the day really. Mr. Hoffman—"

"I thought that was his yacht!" she interjected.

"The *Rhadamanthus*—yes," Mr. Payn went on. "Mr. Hoffman—he's one of our vestrymen, you know—he met me in the street yesterday morning, and he said I looked tired, and that salt water was what I needed. So he carried me off. We were at New London last night, we are here now, and we go over to Newport at four o'clock; and I take the night boat back this evening, so as to be in time for my choir rehearsal to-morrow evening."

"You are still organist of St. Martha's?" she asked.

He nodded. "And our new rector is a hard worker. He keeps the church open all summer, and he has asked me to give special Sunday night choral services to attract the floating summer population of the city."

"Well," she said, laughing lightly, "if you haven't changed of late, you are glad of the hard work."

He smiled. "I don't run away from it, I hope," he admitted. "And I've composed a new Te Deum since you were at St. Martha's last. When you get back to town, you must let me know what morning you can come, and I'll do it for you. It has been quite a success. I've published it, and it is being done in many of the best churches out West."

"Let's see," she said, looking at him, "how long is it since I had a chat with you last?"

"It's nearly a year," he answered. "I haven't seen you since Mr. Hoffman gave that reception to the Bishop of Tuxedo."

"Dear me!" said the old lady, "how time flies nowadays! A year, is it? Well, well! And you must be twenty-seven or twenty-eight now?"

"I'm just thirty," he returned.

"Thirty!" she echoed; "and not married yet? Of course not, or I should have heard of it. Not engaged either?"

"Not yet," he replied, "and I'm in no hurry to be married."

"Then you had better not stay here long," she retorted; "this place is just full of pretty girls, and nice girls too."

"I saw a pretty girl on the beach," he said; "a charming girl; a Southerner, I should think, by her accent. I trod on her dress, and she forgave me very sweetly. I almost wish I was going to stay

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here long enough to make her acquaintance."

"Describe her to me," Miss Marlenspuyk commanded.

"Well," he began, "she was rather short, I think, with light brown hair and a good figure—"

"I suppose that means she was plump?" the old maid interrupted. "You men somehow seem to detest slim women."

Mr. Payn laughed. "Yes," he admitted, "I think you might fairly call this girl plump. But she was so young and fresh and wholesome—oh, I wish I could describe her properly! but I can't." He paused for a second, and suddenly his face lighted up. "But I can do better than describe her—I can show her to you."

"Where?" asked the old maid, sharply, raising her glasses.

"There," the young man answered, "in the window on the stairs, looking down on us. Don't you see? Up there—with that little Mat Hitchcock by her side."

Miss Marlenspuyk lifted her eyes leisurely, and caught sight of the young lady whose dress Mr. Warren Payn had torn that morning. The girl was framed in the broad window, on the edge of which she was sitting. By her side her young brother leaned forward, peering down on the crowd below. Just behind her stood Mr. Mather Hitchcock.

"Is that the girl you mean?" Miss Marlenspuyk asked. "The one in the white sailor suit?"

"That's the one," he responded, eagerly. "Who is she? I know you know everybody."

"I know her—and I knew her great-grandfather," the old maid answered, lowering her glasses. "She's the Royal Marine."

For a moment the young man looked at his companion in mute astonishment.

"The Royal Marine?" he repeated at last.

"Yes," said Miss Marlenspuyk, "that's what I call her. Didn't you see the V.R. and the British crown on her sleeve?"

"I noticed it," Mr. Payn acknowledged. "But I supposed she was wearing an imported dress, and—"

"But what business has any American girl got with Queen Victoria's monogram?" asked Miss Marlenspuyk, energetically. "If American girls are going to wear British crowns on their arms, what was the good of Bunker Hill and the Fourth of July and Yorktown?"

"Really I don't know," said the musician, smiling at her intensity.

"That's why I call her the Royal Marine," the old maid declared. "She's a dear good girl, and I'm very fond of her—but she's a Royal Marine for all that!"

"And what do you call her little brother—for I saw he had 'H. M. S. *Victory*' on his hat?"

"Disgusting, isn't it?" Miss Marlenspuyk replied. "I suppose I must call him her Majesty's Midshipmite."

"Royal Marine or not," said the young man, looking up at the window, "she's just as pretty as she can be."

"That's nothing to her credit," the old maid declared. "I'm just as pretty as I can be, too—so we all are—but it doesn't do us much good, does it? The Royal Marine is pretty because she can't help it; she was born so—so was her mother before her—and at the same age her grandmother was the best-looking of the three. That's her grandmother over there talking to Judge Gillespie," and with a gesture she indicated a handsome old lady, over whose chair an old beau was bent in conversation.

"I know Judge Gillespie, of course," Mr. Payn responded. "He's one of our vestrymen too. But I don't know Grandma—I don't even know her name—or her granddaughter's name, for that matter."

"Her granddaughter's name is Carroll—Hectorina Carroll," said Miss Marlenspuyk.

"Hectorina?" Mr. Payn repeated.

"Hectorina," she returned. "It is an odd name, I admit—Hectorina Carroll. She's no kin to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, but for all that she's a terrapin girl."

"A terrapin girl?" echoed the young man, helplessly.

"A Baltimorean, I mean," she explained. "I call all these Marylanders terrapin girls—and they are a very good-looking lot, the terrapin girls here this year."

"If I am to judge by that specimen," Payn assented, "I've no doubt you are justified."

"Hectorina is one of the prettiest of them, of course," said Miss Marlenspuyk, "but she is one of the nicest of them too. Some of them are mere fashion plates—'Casino costume from Worth, hat from Virot'—you know what I mean."

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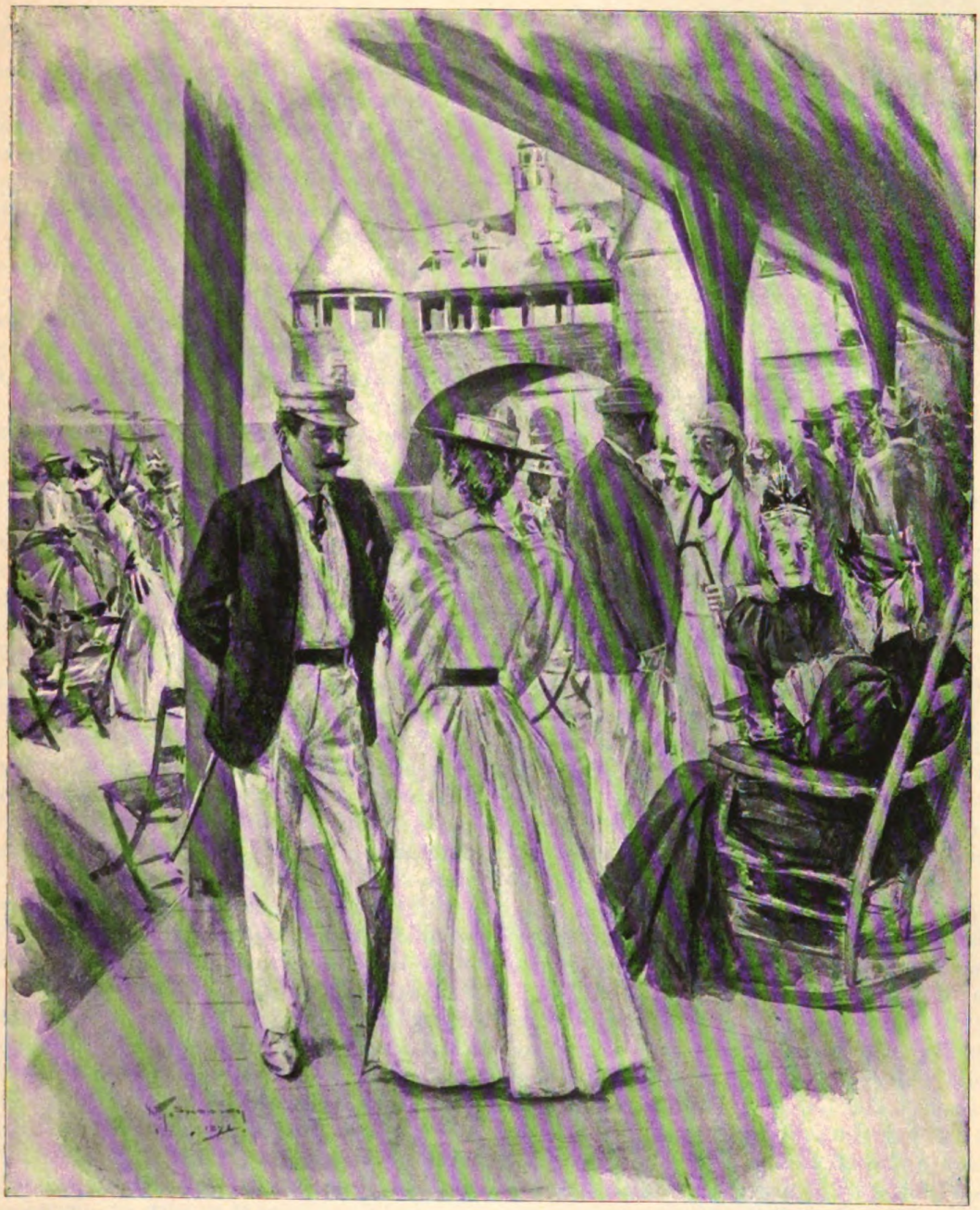

"'I RECKON SO,' SHE REPLIED."

Payn smiled, and acknowledged that he had met that kind of young woman.

"And some girls intended by nature to be pretty," Miss Marlenspuyk continued, "come out here in the sunlight with hand-painted faces that wouldn't deceive a blind man. No doubt these are not the nice girls; they are body-snatchers, mostly."

"What?" cried the young man, again astonished. "Body-snatchers?"

"You know what I mean—girls who can't let a man go by without reaching out for him. That's what I call them—body-snatchers," the old maid explained.

Mr. Warren Payn laughed pleasantly. "I must study your private vocabulary," he said; "you have a nice derangement of epigraphs. The 'Royal Marine' is a 'terrapin girl,' I see, but she is not a 'body-snatcher.' I'm glad of that, I confess."

While Miss Marlenspuyk and Mr. War-

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ren Payn had been discussing the different classes of terrapin girls, the Royal Marine and her Majesty's Midshipmite and Mr. Mather Hitchcock had disappeared suddenly. They were now seen threading their way through the throng of chairs on the veranda, making for the spot where Mrs. Carroll sat chatting with Judge Gillespie.

As the Royal Marine took a chair by the side of her grandmother, while little Mat Hitchcock broke into a hasty conversation with Judge Gillespie, Miss Marlenspuyk caught sight of them.

"I suppose they are getting together to go into the dining-room," she said, rising. "Judge Gillespie is giving a luncheon to Mrs. Carroll this morning."

"I wish I were going to take in Miss Carroll," the composer declared.

"Mr. Hitchcock will do that, probably; he has been asked, I know," the old maid returned, moving toward the veranda. "Come, and I will introduce you to her."

As they drew near to the group Payn overheard Hitchcock say, "I'm very sorry indeed, but I don't see what I can do."

The Judge's response was inaudible, but obviously he was annoyed. He bowed to Miss Marlenspuyk as he stepped up on the veranda, and he stared at her companion, and then suddenly recognizing him, shook him heartily by the hand.

"Mr. Warren Payn it is, isn't it?" he cried. "I'm very glad to see you, very glad indeed." Then he turned to Hitchcock again, and said, "Well, if you must go, of course there's no help for it."

Miss Marlenspuyk presented Mr. Warren Payn to Mrs. Carroll and to Miss Carroll. The girl had risen to give Miss Marlenspuyk her chair. The old maid took it, leaving the two young people standing side by side on the edge of the veranda.

"I hope I did not tear your dress very badly, Miss Carroll," said the young man.

"Oh dear no," she answered, smiling. "I can fix it in ten minutes."

He noticed that her accent was Baltimorean, but her voice was not so shrill as that of the average Maryland girl.

"Are you here for the whole season?" he asked, after a pause.

"I reckon so," she replied. "Grandma likes it here."

"I don't wonder," he responded. "This is my first visit to Narragansett Pier, and it strikes me as a very pleasant place. The bathing is delightful."

"I saw you swimming round the boat," she said. "I wish I could swim; but I don't like to get my hair wet."

"You don't need to swim," he returned, "if you are always as well cared for as this morning."

"Did you see me towed out?" she laughed. "It was very good of them, wasn't it? I did so want to see how the beach looked from the raft. Mr. Hitchcock suggested it."

Mr. Hitchcock and Mr. Payn thereupon exchanged perfunctory nods.

Warren Payn had known little Mat Hitchcock for years, and had never been able to discover why he detested the fellow; he began now to have a reason.

There was an interval of silence, and then Miss Carroll turned to Payn again.

"Have you come for the season, Mr. Payn?" she asked.

"Only for the afternoon, I'm sorry to say," he answered. "I'm here on Mr. Hoffman's yacht. My real vacation doesn't begin till next month."

"I'm so sorry," she said, simply. "I'd hoped you were going to stay. You see, there are so few men at the Pier yet."

After a second's hesitation the young man answered: "My plans are all unsettled now. I was going to the Adirondacks, but I really don't know what I shall do. Perhaps I may be able to come here, after all."

"Mr. Payn," called the Judge, "can I have a moment with you?"

He led the young man aside, and said: "I want you to do me a favor—if you will? Mrs. Carroll has kindly consented to honor me with her company at luncheon to-day, and so has Miss Marlenspuyk, and also Miss Carroll. I'm expecting Dr. Pennington, of St. Boniface's—Philadelphia, you know; he will be here in a moment; and now Mr. Hitchcock, who was to have taken the sixth place, is suddenly summoned to see Mr. Hoffman on business. I know I have no right to ask you now, but you will put me under an obligation if you will join us."

The young man smiled, and responded, "If I can be of any service to you, Judge, you may command me."

"Thank you," said Judge Gillespie. "I am delighted that you can make one of us."

And so it was that, after all, Mr. Warren Payn, and not Mr. Mather Hitchcock, took the Royal Marine in to luncheon that day.

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CHAPTER II.

LITTLE MAT HITCHCOCK'S CRABBING PARTY.

WHEN Mr. Warren Payn gave up his trip to the Adirondacks and went to Narragansett Pier to spend the month of his vacation he was quite honest with himself; he confessed frankly that it was the Royal Marine that attracted him. He suspected that he loved her. More than once before, in other summers, had he thought that he was in love with some other pretty girl, and always before the end of the summer he had discovered that though he might like the young lady very well indeed, he did not really love her. This time the symptoms were different, and they seemed to indicate that the heart was actually affected at last. For one thing he developed an acute jealousy whenever any of the other young men who were summering at Narragansett Pier came near Miss Hectorina Carroll, going off with her for a walk to the Rocks, or taking her for a drive to Point Judith, or making up a party for a sail across the bay. He devoted himself to her absolutely, and so far as possible he prevented the approach of Mr. Mather Hitchcock, for example, or any other of the sparse male population of the Pier.

It was only when they were all in bathing together that Mr. Hill-Bunker, the young man with the crimson H on his bathing-shirt, or Mr. Beeckman Bleecker, the young man with the light blue C, was able to get within arm's-length of the young lady from Baltimore, and even then Mr. Warren Payn was within arm's-length also. If a set of mixed doubles was arranged to play tennis, he manœuvred openly to be her partner, and if he was forced to play against her, his side was certain not to win a set, no matter how skilful or how determined his fair ally might be. On the rainy days he would lure her over to the bowling-alley, choosing her balls for her, and advising her on every doubtful roll. On the two nights a week when there were hops at the Casino he came with her, carrying Grandma's cloak; and he managed generally to get the first dance and the last, and more than his share of those intervening.

They danced together very well. She was short, and he was not tall. Perhaps it should have been recorded earlier that he had dark eyes and dark hair, and that

LITTLE MAT HITCHCOCK.

he wore a full dark mustache. He was not a handsome man exactly, but he was not ill-looking, and he carried himself well. As it happened, he danced very well, and the Royal Marine was very fond of dancing, and this it was which gave him his first advantage with her, and led them to an earlier intimacy than would have been brought about otherwise.

But although she was always willing to dance with him, she treated him very much as she treated all the other young men. She did not encourage him at all; she did not seem even to be conscious of his attentions. She was glad to see him when he joined her on the veranda of

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"WHENEVER ANY OF THE OTHER MEN WENT OFF WITH HER FOR A WALK."

the Casino in the evening to listen to the music, or on the lawn of the little church after service on Sunday; she greeted him cordially always; but then her manner was just as frank and just as hearty toward Judge Gillespie, toward little Mat Hitchcock, toward Mr. Hill-Bunker, and toward Mr. Beeckman Bleecker.

Whenever he was foiled in his effort to monopolize the Royal Marine's society, he failed to enjoy even the full share of it which fell to him when she had two or three other young men dancing attendance on her. Unless he had her all to himself he was not happy. He was not disagreeable under these circumstances; he was not sulky; but he talked little, and took only the slightest part in the dialogue. It seemed as though it was only in a duet that his vocal organs could be heard to advantage, their strains being too delicate and evasive to hold their own in the concerted pieces of general conversation.

Whenever he was wholly deprived of the privilege of her company—that is to

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say, whenever she was invited to a little dinner at the Casino and he was not; whenever she went off for a day's sail in a yacht belonging to a man he did not know; whenever she accepted one or another of the invitations that came to her now and again to go over to Newport to a luncheon or a dance—whenever anything of this kind bore her temporarily beyond his reach, he was disconsolate. He wandered melancholy along the Rocks, or he sat solitary on a chair on the veranda of the Casino, sunk in moody meditation.

Of course the Royal Marine herself did not know the state to which he was reduced by her absence, but now and then one of the other girls would notice. Sometimes they would tease him about it unobtrusively. Once one of them was kind-hearted enough to tell 'Rina when she came back from Newport how much Mr. Payn had evidently missed her. That evening at the hop she received him more coldly than ever before; it was indeed the very first time that she had made any distinction of any kind between him and her other admirers. Perhaps if he had been an observer only, and not a lover wholly, he might have interpreted aright this sudden chilling of her manner, and he might have been elated rather than cast down that she allowed little Mat Hitchcock to carry Grandma's shawl that evening, and to escort them back to the hotel when at last the music ceased and the lights in the ballroom were lowered.

For a dozen or more years Mr. Mather Hitchcock had made it a point to be very attentive to the two or three prettiest girls at the Pier. It was surmised that every year he had proposed to two of them at least, and that if he was still a bachelor it was not his fault, but the fault of the score or more of lovely spinsters who had refused to marry him. To none of the young ladies to whom he had been devoted had he ever been more devoted than to the Royal Marine. To none of their other admirers had he ever felt as he felt toward Mr. Warren Payn. For one thing, he had never forgiven the new-comer for having arrived just in time to take his place at Judge Gillespie's little luncheon. More than once was Mr. Hitchcock annoyed to see Mr. Payn sitting next to Miss Carroll at some impromptu dinner or supper to which he (little Mat) was not invited. More often still—for he was known to all the cottagers and to all the regular visitors to the Pier—he had himself the satisfaction of sitting opposite to Miss Carroll at some such feast, while the new-comer, not so well known, was left out of the list of guests. Once when, as it chanced, they were neither of them asked on a certain yachting trip which was to take all day, little Mat saw how desolate the organist looked, how forlorn, how deserted, and in the contemplation of his rival's misery he forgot his own disappointment. Toward the end of August Hitchcock was even moved to get up a crabbing expedition, carefully arranging that Payn should not be included; and as the merry party drove past in two elongated buckboards, he had the malign pleasure of seeing the composer smoking a solitary cigar on the terrace of the Casino.

That solitary cigar lasted Warren Payn nearly two hours. Often as he relighted it his thoughts wandered five minutes later, and the neglected cigar revenged itself by going out. The musician had always been given to day-dreaming. Perhaps a certain introspective absent-mindedness is one manifestation of the artistic temperament. Perhaps no man is really an artist—painter or composer or what not—who has not the power of isolating himself, and of becoming wholly oblivious of his surroundings, of being swept along, as it were, on the current of his own thoughts. These periods of mental hibernation, so to speak, the young musician had found to be the necessary concomitants of his periods of artistic productiveness. During these hours of apparent sloth his mind was often most active.

On the day of little Mat Hitchcock's crabbing party, for example, he sat on the terrace of the Casino for three hours, speaking to no one, lighting his cigar every quarter of an hour, and looking steadily out to sea. His body was still, but his mind was active. Though his feet did not move, his thoughts had put on seven-league boots, and were striding across the world. When he was tired of thinking of her he thought of himself, and he wished he were a Prince Charming, young and beautiful and mighty, that he could come before her as a conqueror and lay himself at her feet. He built many an Aladdin's palace that he

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might beseech her to share it with him, planning it in accordance with what he knew of her tastes in housekeeping. Possibly Alnaschar was also a composer of music—one does not know, although one does know that he was never able to produce his greatest composition.

When Warren Payn had made an end of his day-dreams at last, and had thrown away his cigar, not yet half smoked, he got up from the chair and started to return to his hotel. As he passed the door of the Ladies' Room of the Casino he found himself walking by the side of Miss Marlenspuyk.

"Well," she said, smiling, "do you think that I look like Ariadne, that you have deserted me so long?"

For a moment he stood stock-still, not yet awake to the world about him; then he recovered himself, and knew where he was.

"Do I look like Bacchus?" he returned. "If I look as I feel, I must look even soberer than usual."

"Oh, I don't object to sobriety," she responded, as they passed down under the broad bridge into the road, and turned toward the long line of hotels. "I shouldn't like the Pier if it were a brandy-and-watering place, as Saratoga is. But perhaps you are carrying austerity to the very verge of boastfulness. Does the Royal Marine like you to be as serious as you are now?"

"I wish I could be sure that the Royal Marine liked me even a little," he answered, "and I'd be as serious as she chose."

"I don't know whether she likes you or not, and of course I shouldn't tell you if I did," the old maid replied. "But I do know that she is not a girl to take gray views of life. At her age and with her looks she has no use for sad-colored garments. Mr. Hitchcock said yesterday that her smile was like the Moonlight Concerto, and her laugh was like a wedding-march."

"Oh, he said that, did he?" the composer inquired. "What does he know about concertos, I should like to know?"

"I don't like Mr. Hitchcock any better than you do," said Miss Marlenspuyk, "and yet I don't know why. Perhaps because I am not one of the girls he has asked to marry him; so I feel assured of his bad taste. And of his ignorance of music, and of most other things, I have no doubt. Indeed, if ignorance is bliss, I don't know any one who has better right to be happy than Mr. Mather Hitchcock."

"Yes," the composer returned, with a little laugh, partly at her joke and partly at his own; "a fellow has no right to be as ignorant of anything as that little Mat Hitchcock is of everything. He must have spent four years at some college conscientiously acquiring ignorance, for no man was ever born knowing so little as he does."

"What has he been doing to you today?" asked the old maid, her wonderful eyes twinkling humorously as she looked the composer in the face.

"What has he been doing to me?" repeated the young man. "He has been getting up a crabbing party for Miss Carroll, and he didn't let me in."

"Dutch treat, I suppose?" she inquired, Mat Hitchcock's frugality being familiar to all his friends.

"Oh, of course," he answered; "little Mat isn't giving parties at his own expense. He doesn't care for a dollar any more than he does for his life."

Miss Marlenspuyk laughed. "I've known him generous enough to give himself away," she said. "And I'm afraid you are giving yourself away now by your warmth. It's none of my business, of course, but I'm old enough to be your grandmother, and you can confide in me if you think it would relieve your feelings. Are you really in love with my young friend the Royal Marine?"

When Miss Marlenspuyk made this kindly suggestion she did not know what it was she had exposed herself to, for the young lover saw his opportunity to talk of the woman he loved and of himself and of his hopes and his fears and his doubts and his despairs. She listened in sympathetic silence while he poured out his feelings.

When at last he paused, ashamed that he had talked so freely, and yet relieved that he had found some one to whom he could express himself without reserve, Miss Marlenspuyk said: "Well, you *are* in love. There's no doubt of that, is there?"

"Sure," he answered. "There's no doubt at all."

"Do you want to marry her?" asked the old maid.

"Don't I, just?" returned the young man. "Why, I'm dying to—"

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"Well," interrupted Miss Marlenspuyk, "if you want her to marry you, why don't you ask her? You have known her nearly a month, and the days at the sea-side in summer are twice as long as they are in town in winter, and so we get to know people twice as fast. Besides, this is the last week of August, and to-night is the last hop of the season, and next week everybody will be packing up."

"I know," he returned, sadly. "My own vacation will be up next week."

"And I heard Mrs. Carroll say to-day they were soon going to the White Mountains for a fortnight," the old lady continued.

"She isn't going to take her granddaughter with her, is she?" asked Payn, hurriedly.

"She isn't going to leave her behind," Miss Marlenspuyk replied. "You may be sure of that. No, there is no use waiting, it seems to me. Now is your time. You are going to play your Te Deum to-morrow, I hear—though you didn't tell me—"

"Oh, Miss Marlenspuyk, forgive me," he cried, piteously. "I meant to let you know in time—indeed I did."

"Well, I do know in time," she responded, smiling gently, "and I shall be there to hear it. And so will the Royal Marine. Why not walk home with her? —I will take charge of Mrs. Carroll—and you can ask her to be your wife half a dozen times between the church and the hotel."

"Once will be enough, I'm afraid," he answered. "I know I'm so unworthy of her, and—and, oh, I don't believe she cares for me at all!"

"If that's your state of mind," the old maid declared, "I wouldn't put it off till to-morrow. I'd ask her to-night at the hop. Take her out on the end of the bridge just before the last dance. Then you can know your fate before you sleep again."

"If she were to accept me," he said, "I should be too happy to sleep for a week. But she won't accept me; I know she won't —she doesn't care for me at all, does she?"

"How should I know?" asked Miss Marlenspuyk. "If you want an answer to that question, you had best put it to the one person who really knows."

"I will!" the young man declared, forcibly. "I will! I'll take your advice, and I'm ever so much obliged to you for making me see what's best for me to do. You are a true friend, Miss Marlenspuyk. I'll ask her to-night at the hop—or else to-morrow after church."

At this last evidence of his irresolution, Miss Marlenspuyk smiled again. They had now come to her hotel, and she held out her hand.

"Thank you for seeing an old woman safely home," she said.

He grasped her hand and cried, "Oh, you don't know how much I love her!"

"Don't tell me that," she said. "I'm a woman myself, and I don't like to hear any other woman so belauded. Tell that to her. Tell that to the Royal Marine!"

With another smile of encouragement, she left him and went up the short asphalt walk to her hotel.

CHAPTER III.

THE HOP AT THE CASINO.

THE architects of the Casino of Narragansett Pier fully understood the great principle that when a ballroom is built for use in summer it is not the ballroom itself which is important, but the covered promenades connected with it, since dancing in July and August is scarcely more than an excuse for a walk in the moonlight and the open air immediately before and after every waltz. The ballroom of the Narragansett Casino is not strikingly beautiful, it is not well ventilated, and its entrance is poor and stunted, but in its series of galleries and verandas it is unsurpassable. A broad covered gallery, a sort of second-story veranda, too long and too imposing to be called a loggia, stretches from the door of the ballroom along the full length of the building, and communicates with the unrivalled promenade afforded by the top of the arch across the road—a promenade which extends out even a little beyond the tower that rises almost from the edge of the water. This spacious promenade above the bridge and beyond, open to every breeze, and illuminated only by an occasional red-bulb electric light, has seats here and there along its sides and in its many odd corners.

When Mr. Warren Payn came out on the bridge promenade before the hop began on this last Saturday in August, and saw the broad face of the moon rising red from the waters of the bay before him, he felt the charm of the place; and

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as he listened to the silvery plash of the waves in the little cove below, he had to confess to himself that no better spot for a proposal could be found anywhere. It was a warm night, and the breeze which swept languidly across the bay was mild and balmy, but at the thought of the question he had determined to put to Miss Hectorina Carroll that evening the young man shivered.

He looked at his watch. It was not yet half past eight, and the music would not begin till nine. As the Pier was overcrowded that week, those who wanted the best seats in the ballroom had already begun to arrive. He could see them passing along the upper gallery in groups of three and four. He knew that Mrs. Carroll liked a special corner out of the draught, and he guessed that the Royal Marine would therefore be among the first to arrive. He threw his cigar far out on the rocks below him, and walked back across the bridge. Once inside the building he took his position at the head of the stairs, that he might catch sight of her as soon as she should appear. He stood near the window in which he had seen her framed the first day they met, now more than a month ago. Only a month had he been at the Pier, and it had gone very swiftly, and yet he felt as if he had known her for years—indeed, as if he had always known her. He remembered his astonishment that first day when Miss Marlenspuyk had told him that the girl whose dress he had trodden upon was the Royal Marine, and he recalled Judge Gillespie's delightful luncheon that afternoon when he sat beside her for two hours, and he smiled when he recollected the alacrity with which he had given up his camping out in the Adirondacks to spend his vacation cooped up in a single absurd little room at the top of a hotel at the Pier.

Mrs. Carroll and 'Rina were at one of the smaller and older hotels, where the wretched rooms were reserved for the same people year after year; and so the composer had found it impossible to get in at that house. For the first fortnight after his arrival he went to her hotel every day, and often twice a day; but when he saw that the other young ladies from Baltimore—and the house was filled with "terrapin girls," as Miss Marlenspuyk called them—when he saw that others noticed the frequency of his calls, a sense of delicacy kept him away. He met her quite as often, perhaps, on the beach and at the Casino, but he came to the house more rarely, for it seemed to him almost vulgar to parade his love before the groups of gossipers—old maids and wives and widows—who rocked all day long on the verandas of the hotel.

He chanced to know that Judge Gillespie was to escort the Royal Marine and her grandmother to the Casino that evening, and so he had kept away. He had sent her a simple little bunch of sweet-pea blossoms, of the pale and gentle hues which she liked, and which harmonized most becomingly with her fresh complexion. After his modest nosegay had been delivered he had happened to see little Mat Hitchcock buying a large bouquet of roses. As he stood there at the head of the Casino stairs waiting for her to come he wondered whether she would wear his flowers or Hitchcock's. He wondered also how it was that so nice a girl could tolerate a fellow like Hitchcock.

When at last he caught sight of her his heart sank, for he saw that she was carrying the roses in her hand. But when she and her grandmother came to the top of the stairs and she greeted him with her sweetest smile, and thanked him for the lovely flowers he had sent her, and showed them to him pinned to her dress in a fragrant bunch, then his spirits rose again, and little Mat Hitchcock's big bouquet ceased to have any significance for him, even though she should carry it in her hand all the evening.

They were in time to secure Mrs. Carroll the seat she preferred, and to see the dancers arrive and fill up the three rows of chairs, while the shallow balconies above were crowded with mere spectators. Narragansett Pier is like many another watering-place in that it is passing through a period of change. Once upon a time it was rather free and easy in its ways and its gayety, and perhaps noisy, though harmless enough. Now it has become staider and more dignified, and yet a memory lingers of the former freedom. Time was, for example, when a dress-coat was unknown at the Pier, and when a man who might dare to don such a garment would have been made to feel that he was unsuitably attired. Even

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now there were a few men in sacks and cut-aways; but the most of them had dressed for the occasion, some with the white tie and the clawhammer, and some with the black cravat and the hybrid jacket which is known as a "Tuxedo coat." This was the garment Mr. Warren Payn wore.

Among the girls there was a like diversity of costume. Two or three mature dames wore the full evening dress of modern society; ten or a dozen girls came in their hats; the most of the young ladies were clad in the simple light dresses in which the American woman looks most charming. Among these was the Royal Marine, who wore a white muslin gown, with broad blue ribbons floating out behind her as she walked briskly into the ballroom. The dress was neat and becoming. The young man who loved her thought that he had never seen her look more beautiful. It even seemed to him that he detected an unusual animation about her. Perhaps, however, this was nothing more than the high spirits proper to a popular young lady at the last hop of the season, when she knew she looked at her best, and when she was certain of a good time.

After the seats were all taken, and after the cloud of young men gathered about the door began to thicken, one by one the musicians appeared upon the stage, the scenery on which was supposed to represent a garden in some hitherto undiscovered country; leisurely they arranged the stands for their music, regardless of the impatience of the expectant young ladies. Finally, as the clock of the Casino struck nine in irregular cadence, the leader waved his bow and began the first waltz of the last hop of the season.

Mr. Warren Payn and Miss Hectorina Carroll were almost the earliest couple on the floor, and they would have danced through the whole waltz if the Royal Marine had not remembered that she had promised a turn to Judge Gillespie. For the next dance little Mat Hitchcock claimed her.

"As soon as I saw those flowers I knew Mr. Hitchcock would come early to be thanked," said Miss Marlenspuyk, who had arrived a little late, and who now occupied a chair Mrs. Carroll had reserved for her. "I suppose you gave her the sweet-pease?"

The musician admitted it.

"Are you going to speak to her to-night?" she asked, lowering her voice.

"If I get a chance I will," he answered.

"If you don't get a chance to-night," she returned, "you had better make one to-morrow. I sha'n't forget my promise to carry off Grandma. But I suppose you could play your Te Deum with much more fervor to-morrow if to-night the Royal Marine promises to marry you."

He was about to reply, when he saw little Mat Hitchcock and Miss Carroll drop out of the dance. "Excuse me," he cried hurriedly to Miss Marlenspuyk, as he sprang forward and asked her for a turn. Then he whirled her to the other end of the ballroom almost before little Mat could drop into the seat beside Mrs. Carroll, to receive that lady's compliments on the taste with which he had chosen 'Rina's bouquet.

The next dance the Royal Marine divided between Mr. Hill-Bunker and Mr. Beeckman Bleecker; and the composer did not get his share. He sat through the waltz by the side of Miss Marlenspuyk.

"Are you invited to the supper to-night?" she asked.

"No," he answered. "Is Miss Carroll going?"

"I believe she is. It has been got up in a hurry. Mr. Dexter—that Chicago widower, you know—he is giving it to *La Marguerite*."

"Now who is *La Marguerite?*" he laughingly inquired.

"Don't you know Virgie Chubb?" was Miss Marlenspuyk's question in response. "She's dancing now with Mr. Hitchcock."

Payn looked across the floor and saw that little Mat's partner was a tall thin girl, blue-eyed and red-haired, with a large mouth and a long upper lip.

"I've met her," he acknowledged.

"Well, I heard one of you young men say she was 'a daisy,' and so, of course, I called her *La Marguerite*."

The musician smiled, and asked, "I wonder what nickname you will have for me next?"

"When I find one that fits you as well as *La Marguerite* fits Virgie Chubb I will cap you with it," Miss Marlenspuyk responded. "I confess I do not understand her success this year here, for she is nobody in particular, and she is inclined to be rather rapid. Now, general-

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ly, at Narragansett a girl has to have a very good social standing before she can afford to be at all fast."

"I saw her out with a pair of ponies and a buckboard this afternoon," said Payn, "and if that is her ordinary gait she is very rapid indeed. I thought the heavy man with her would be thrown out as they turned the corner of the Casino."

"Yes, she drives well," admitted the old maid. "So did her father, if what I am told is true."

"Did he drive a T-cart too?" Payn asked.

"No," Miss Marlenspuyk gravely replied; "he used to drive a milk-cart."

The musician laughed, and then the old maid laughed with him.

"I suppose," said the young man, "that the father's former calling is the reason the daughter is now trying to get into the *crème de la crème* of society."

Just then the music ceased, and Payn saw Beeckman Bleecker returning the Royal Marine to Grandma. Hastily begging Miss Marlenspuyk to excuse him again, the musician sprang up and asked Miss Hectorina if she would like to take a little walk out on the bridge to see the moonlight on the bay. Mrs. Carroll threw a shawl over her granddaughter's shoulders as the girl took the arm of the man who was desperately in love with her.

"'Rina," said Grandma, "don't sit down, for it is damp out there; and don't be long, or I shall have to send some one after you; I'm so nervous about your having rheumatism, like your poor father."

"I won't be long, Grandma," the girl promised.

As the young couple went up the steps at the entrance and out on the upper veranda, Payn asked her if she was going to the supper after the hop.

"Yes," she answered. "I'm going, even if it is given to Virgie Chubb. But I don't like her—that is, I don't like her right much. She used to go to school with me in Baltimaw, and she said my nose was like eternity—it had no end."

Payn resented this assertion indignantly.

"Oh, I didn't mind," the Royal Marine interrupted. "Virgie Chubb would say anything if she thought it was clever. She's very clever, if she is onery. Miss Ma'lenspuyk says that the Chubbs were poor white trash."

Her little Southern accent filled him with delight, and her local locutions fell on his ears as though they were the words of a charm.

"She isn't any older than I am," Miss Hectorina continued, "and they say she's going to marry that Mr. Dexter, who is a widower with six children. Could you? I'd feel like I was marrying an orphan asylum."

It seemed to Warren Payn as if the occasion he was seeking was perhaps within his grasp.

"Of course I shouldn't want you to marry a widower, either with six children or without any," he began. "I think a widower should always marry a widow; don't you?"

"I suppose that would be fairer," she responded.

"What kind of a man do you expect your husband to be?" he asked, trying to lead up somehow to the avowal he wished to make.

"Oh—I don't know, really," she returned. "I'm afraid I should be very exacting."

"Well—" he began again, seeing his opportunity at last.

But just at that moment the Royal Marine was hailed by another young woman promenading on the arm of another young man.

"Oh, 'Rina!" cried the other young woman, whom a dim electric light enabled Payn to identify vaguely as *La Marguerite*—"'Rina, you are coming to my supper after the ball, ain't you?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Miss Hectorina, heartily.

"I'm so glad," continued Miss Virgie Chubb, "because Mr. Dexter was so anxious to have you come. He declared that everybody said you and I were the belles of the Pier this season!"

And with that Miss Virgie left them.

"The spiteful thing!" said Miss Hectorina.

And the young man who was seeking a chance to tell her he loved her and to ask her to be his wife recognized at once that the propitious moment had passed.

They crossed the bridge, and stood out on the balcony which projects over the rocks. A moonglade silvered the broad waters of the bay. Between Narragansett and Newport could be seen the knotted

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string of faint electric lights which revealed the passing of the night boat on its voyage from Providence to New York. Just as the young people stepped out on the balcony the red-fire was ignited on the rocks before them, and then the distant steamboat blew her whistle three times in strident acknowledgment of the salute.

"Isn't it like a splendid scene at the theatre?" said the Royal Marine at last. "It is too romantic to be real!"

"It is somewhat theatrical, I admit," responded the composer. "But this balcony would be a little too lofty for Romeo to climb, even if he had love's light wings."

"I don't like *Romeo and Juliet*, do you?" she asked.

"Don't you?" he replied, beginning to see another opening in the distance before him. "Why not? Isn't Romeo the very type of an ardent lover? Isn't Juliet—"

"But it's Juliet I don't like," interrupted the young lady. "She was too forward, I think. I don't know anybody who'd behave like she did, do you? Why, she didn't wait half long enough. She told him she loved him really before he had proposed, didn't she? Juliet's a leap-year girl—that's what I call her."

"I don't want to defend Juliet," he responded. "You see, I'm not Romeo, and it's not Juliet I'm in love with—*you* must know that!"

There was no mistaking the meaning of this last sentence.

They had been leaning over the railing of the balcony. Now when Mr. Payn spoke these last words, Miss Carroll stood upright suddenly.

"It's getting chilly here, isn't it?" she asked, very hurriedly, and in obvious perturbation.

"Don't go yet, 'Rina: I may call you 'Rina?" he urged. "I have something I must say to you. I—"

"Miss Hectorina," said little Mat Hitchcock, still ten feet away from them, but eagerly advancing, "your grandmother is very anxious about you. She sent me to bring you in."

"I'm coming at once," she answered.

Little Mat was about to offer his arm, when Payn said: "I brought Miss Carroll out, and I will take her back. We need not trouble you, Hitchcock."

"It's no trouble, I assure you," Hitchcock explained.

And the young lady walked back to the ballroom escorted by both men. So Payn saw a second opportunity slip out of his hands without any fault of his own.

And Mrs. Carroll would not hear of her granddaughter's going out on the bridge again all that evening. Payn danced with her more than once; but no man can propose while waltzing at a hop.

When eleven o'clock came and the music ceased, the Royal Marine said good-night to Mr. Payn and went down to Mr. Dexter's supper. Payn gave Mrs. Carroll his arm to her hotel. Then he came back to the Casino, and went out on the bridge again. He found a chair in a corner, and he lighted a cigar and sat down to think over the events of the evening, and to plan his campaign for the next day.

As he had passed the dining-room of the Casino he had heard Virgie Chubb's loud laughter ring out sharply, and he was grieved that the woman he loved should be in company he did not approve of. *La Marguerite* was not the associate he would have chosen for her, nor was Mr. Dexter the man he would have selected as her host. The young New-Yorker did not like Dexter, who had been a lawyer somewhere in California before he blossomed out in Chicago as one of the boldest operators in the wheat-pit. There was a coarse heartiness about the Westerner which was attractive to many, and which probably accounted for the success Dexter had met with in the smart set of London, where he had been received with open arms two or three years before; but to Warren Payn the man was most distasteful. In the musician's fastidious eyes Miss Virginia Chubb and Mr. Cable J. Dexter were well matched when they were together. But Miss Hectorina Carroll was made of a different clay, more delicate, and of a finer quality; and she had no business to be in their society more often than mere chance might arrange it.

Miss Hectorina Carroll was the centre of his thought as he sat on the bridge of the Casino, with the single eye of the Beavertail light gazing at him, and with the double stare of the Brenton's Reef lightship fixed upon him. He reproached himself with timidity, with procrastination, with insufferable irresolution. It was not his fault that Virgie Chubb had interrupted him once and that little Mat Hitchcock had interfered a second time; but it was his fault that he had not made a third opportunity, and a fourth, and a fifth, if

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need had been. He knew now that he should have forced fortune to aid him. He resolved that when another chance should come within his reach he would seize it swiftly.

He heard the hour of midnight tolled with pleasing irregularity by the mellow bell of the Casino, and he was still resolved never again to be irresolute. How long he sat there he did not know, for finally he dropped off to sleep in the middle of his rearrangement of the past and of his dreams for the future.

Then suddenly it seemed to him that he was wide-awake again, and that the supper was over, and some of the party were coming out on the bridge for a final glimpse of the moonlit bay. The loud voices of Virgie Chubb and Dexter were unmistakable; and then Payn thought he caught the girlish laugh of the woman he loved. He started back into the shadow as some of the party stepped out on the balcony. He recognized the slight figure of a married sister of Mr. Beeckman Bleecker's, who had been matronizing the young ladies Mr. Cable J. Dexter had entertained at supper. Behind the matron of the party Payn saw Miss Hectorina Carroll. He stepped forward and said that he was very glad to see her once more. She did not seem surprised to meet him again at that hour. Leading her to a corner of the broad promenade away from the others, he declared that he had been trying all the evening to tell her that he loved her, and that he would be a most miserable man unless she would marry him. It seemed to him that she was taken wholly by surprise, and that she hesitated for a moment, and that finally she told him that she really did not know what to say, for she was wholly unprepared for his proposal, and although she liked him very well, she did not know whether she loved him at all. Payn was encouraged that she did not reject him absolutely, and he urged his suit ardently. Finally she agreed to give him his answer on Monday evening, and during the two intervening days she promised to investigate her feelings, and to discover whether she did not really love him a little already. Then she bade him go back to his dark corner, for she would not have Virgie Chubb guess what had been going on—no, not for worlds! She did not forbid him to come to see her during the two days of her self-examination, and finally she permitted him to kiss her hand. Then she left him and went back to the others. Payn sat silently in the shadow, listening to the laughter of the young ladies at the outbreaks of Dexter's easy humor. At last the matron declared that it was time for girls to go to bed; and then they went down stairs, all in high spirits, as becomes a supper party—all except the Royal Marine, to whose silence Virgie Chubb made a jocular allusion as they were passing out of hearing.

Every word of this brief conversation of his with the woman he loved was present to Payn's memory as he sat in his chair in the corner, with his cigar in his hand—a cigar extinct and only half smoked. When the clock of the Casino struck one he roused himself with an effort. He had been asleep again.

Then all at once he found himself wide-awake, and wondering whether he had been to sleep more than once—whether he had not been dreaming when he thought he saw her return, and when he told her that he loved her, and when she promised to give him a final answer in forty-eight hours. Had the Royal Marine really stood before him after the supper was over? Had he really proposed? Or was it all a hallucination on his part? Before now, more than once, his visions had taken on the sharpness of reality; and he had long lingered in doubt as to whether some of them were actual occurrences or mere phantasms of the fancy. None had been more vivid than this; none had ever had the importance of this; and none had ever puzzled him as this did.

It was very late when at last he went to bed, worn out with perplexity and vexed by a problem he found insoluble. Finally he recalled the well-known habit of dreams to repeat themselves; and he determined to submit the question to this test, and to abide by the result. If he should dream again the whole interview with Hectorina, his proposal and her promise of a decision on Monday, then it had been but a dream the first time; it was untrue; it had not happened. If, on the other hand, he did not dream it again, then it was true; it had happened; she knew that he loved her; and she would give him his answer in forty-eight hours.

Having thus resolved, he tumbled into bed. But he did not dream at all, as he was not able to sleep at all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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GLACIAL GROOVES, CENTRAL PARK.

SOME RECORDS OF THE ICE AGE ABOUT NEW YORK.

BY T. MITCHELL PRUDDEN.

A GREAT many years ago—exactly how many I never could find out, because the men who have told me piecemeal the story which I am now rehearsing were never very certain themselves whether it was ten or fifty or a hundred thousand years ago, and were withal so pleasantly liberal with their centuries that it somehow seemed mean to urge the matter, but at any rate a great many years ago—one might have visited unattended the far northern regions toward which Peary and Nansen are struggling, and thought no more of it than as a somewhat long and toilsome summer journey.

The way northward would have led through forests much the same as those which grace New England and the Middle States to-day, or with an aspect even more tropical than these, and many smaller plants, suggesting those familiar to us now, would have brightened his path.

Even over distant Greenland and into those desolate regions where so many brave and hardy explorers have perished he might have wandered, finding all as warm and bright and teeming with life as are our own latitudes to-day.

One thing, however, would have made such an undertaking adventurous, if not dangerous, and that is the hideous and gigantic animals which roamed over the country in those times. Great flying beasts, huge hulks of flesh like overgrown elephants, colossal lizards, and all manner of uncanny breathing things would have relieved the stroll northward of too tame and pastoral a tendency. In a word, a long time ago the temperate regions of our earth, with plants whose families at least still flourish, and monstrous, uncouth animals now happily extinct, extended over the arctic regions.

But for some reason or other, or for a number of reasons together, reasons which it would lead us too far afield to consider now, this warm, sunny, plant-clad region about the north pole began to grow colder. And, as century after century passed, gradually, but relentlessly, the snow began to accumulate. At first it didn't melt away as early in the spring as it was wont to do, and there seemed to be more of it, and it got packed into solid masses of ice in the valleys and the cooler places. By-and-by there was snow all the year round, and more and more ice formed. The animals were driven southward and the plants died off. Finally ice and snow covered everything and formed great masses hundreds of feet thick.

The worst of it was that this was not confined to the far-away regions about the north pole. The ice sheet crept slowly southward like a white shadow; over Greenland, over British America, over

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northern Europe. Great bodies of water, lakes, rivers, and inland seas, were frozen solid, and still the white terror crept slowly on: down over New England, over New York State, over the region of the Great Lakes, over Ohio and into Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and over many of the Northwestern States.

This ice mantle was hundreds, in places thousands, of feet thick. Our great hills, the White Mountains, the Adirondacks, and the Catskills, were either altogether covered up, or just showed their tips, like tiny islands in the great white solid sea.

Now it was so cold over all the northern part of North America that this ice mantle once formed staid there for thousands of years. But it wasn't still by any means. When ice and snow collect in great masses, filling up valleys and covering the land, it has an enormous weight, and although ice seems so solid and firm and brittle, it actually does, when on slopes or when pressed upon from behind, flow like thick molasses or asphalt, only very slowly. But its motion, when in such huge masses, is irresistible, so that great rocks are torn away from the cliffs and carried off, sometimes on top of the ice rivers, sometimes at the bottom, sometimes buried deep out of sight. Often rocks are broken and ground to fine powder as they are held fast at the bottom of the ice mass and pushed along the solid rock surfaces beneath. Furthermore, these rock surfaces over which the great moving ice masses slide, no matter how rough and jagged they may be, are rounded off and ground smooth, or, by the stones which the ice mass holds and grinds against them, they are deeply grooved and scratched.

Such great slowly flowing ice masses are, as everybody knows, called glaciers, some moving a few inches, some many feet in a day. The lines of the grooves and scratches which glaciers leave in the surfaces over which they have passed indicate the direction in which, at the time they were made, the ice and its stone graving tools were moving.

Although glaciers flow downward through the valleys, they do not advance much, as a rule, at the bottom, because here it is usually so warm that the ice melts and the glacier becomes a stream or river and flows away to sea. The Swiss glaciers and those of our great Northwest are, for the most part, only forlorn remnants of the greater ice masses of long ago, and year by year are dwindling away.

At one place in the Selkirk Mountains, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, in a series of valleys once filled to their brims with ice, one may count from a favorable outlook scores of glaciers, unnamed and mostly untrod. Some, like the great Illecillewaet, are still large and imposing, and still grinding away at the earth's crust, tearing off great rocks, rolling and crushing them along the top and sides and bottom, and sending daily tons of powdered rock wreckage down the turbid stream to join the Fraser River. But most of the glaciers here have, like frightened ani-

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mals, taken to the hills, and hang as great snow banks among the crags, or stretch their feet timidly down into the tops of the desolate valleys which erst they themselves have sculptured.

To one, even not very venturesome, who would like to learn the ways and haunts of these remnants of the old ice age, a few days spent in the environs of the comfortable hotel at Glacier will be found abounding in interest.

A GLACIER-PLANED ROCK SURFACE WITH GROOVES AND SCRATCHES, CENTRAL PARK.

The rocks and detritus which glaciers carry and heap up in ridges along their sides or at their feet are called moraines. Those along their sides form the lateral, those at their feet the terminal, moraines.

When the foot of a glacier stays for a long time at about the same place, the melting ice, dropping year by year its store of shattered rock brought down from the back country, may make very large terminal moraines. Or, if it melts and retreats rapidly, the old glacier valley may be left scantily rock-strewn.

For many miles a great glacier may carry rocks which it has ravished from the cliffs, and when at last it melts and leaves them, rounded and scratched, far from their kindred rocks, scattered over the desolate surfaces or piled in the moraines, they tally well with the names which geologists have given them—"erratic bowlders," or "erratics," waifs, and aliens.

The masses of transported rock which the larger glaciers still are piling up along their sides and at their ends in some parts of Switzerland or on our Alaskan seaboard are sufficiently imposing under any circumstances, and make in a measure comprehensible the gigantic forces in the ice, silent, persistent, and relentless, which have sculptured the mountains.

But if the reader should chance, as was once the writer's hap, to spend a night astray among the towering masses of rock ruins which the Zmutt Glacier in the Alps carries on its back in witness of its prowess as a world-sculptor, and in the lulls of the great glacier's groans, as it yields to the pressure of the greater snow and ice masses far up the valleys, should be brought now and again, body and heart, to a sudden halt by the crashing and booming of enormous avalanches, seemingly just above him on the high slopes of the Matterhorn, he will be more vividly impressed with the power wielded by great masses of ice and snow than by any array of figures with which the physicist may juggle in the lecture-room by daylight.

Still, if one be endowed with a soul craving for figures, he may find solace in the knowledge that the old glaciers which once covered our northern North America with a layer in places at least 5000 feet thick would press downward, bowlder-shod and moving irresistibly southward, with a weight not far from 150,000 pounds to a square foot. With such a graving tool did the old ice age carve its records on the rocks.

But now a change has come upon the forces, terrestrial or celestial, which have wrought such havoc on our globe, and the long winter is drawing to a close. At first the snow and ice melt a little faster than they form, and the forbidding rock-clad edges of the great white mantle draw slowly backward. The retreat of the ice is not continuous nor steady, and for how many hundreds or thousands of years the fierce struggle between heat and

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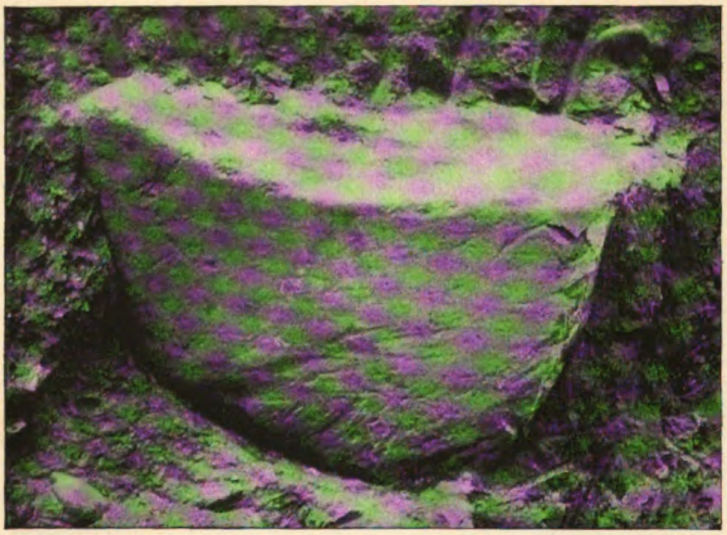

A SCARRED AND SCRATCHED "ERRATIC" IN A GLACIAL GRAVEL-BED NEAR MORNINGSIDE PARK.

cold for the mastery of the continent may have lasted no man can say.

At last, however, in the region of North America which we now inhabit the sun was victor. But he looked down upon a desolation which language can but feebly describe. Gone are the forests which through earlier ages had struggled for a foothold on the hills; swept away southward or destroyed are the forbidding monsters which wandered here. No green or growing thing has outlived those frigid centuries, or withstood the scraping and scarring of the rocks. Sharp crags and ragged peaks upon the hills are worn and ground away, and old landmarks forever effaced. Some of the great inland lakes are deepened, some are gone, while new ones here and there are formed by the damming up or obliteration of the old watercourses by the vast masses of débris which the vanishing glacier has left.

And now the life forces must begin their work anew over this scene of desolation. The ice mantle has left not only loose rocks and bowlders scattered and piled in masses over the land, but great gravel and clay beds here and there witness the thoroughness of the work. But the manufacture of soil suited to higher plant life must be slowly accomplished under the influence of lower forms.

And so the plants crept slowly back over the bare scarred rocks; at first the lichens and their lowly brethren, then the hardier plants which had clung desperately to life along the borders of the ice mantle for so many weary shivering years; and at last, as the longer summer claimed its own, the full tide of green and blossoming forms poured up over the reconquered realm, bringing with them insects, birds, and beasts.

But Greenland, save for its scant verdant fringes, still shivers in the grasp of its age of ice not vanished yet. And if one would know how the regions which we have just described, and now inhabit, once looked, he has but to read the thrilling stories of the hardy seekers for the north pole, and especially the tale of Nansen's wanderings over the great ice plateau of Greenland, whose mountain-tips are even now but just beginning to peer out over the dreary wastes of ice and snow. The plants and the animals have come back to our region because they or their descendants had only to return by land over easy paths to the home from which they were driven. But the warmer, inhabitable, sea-girt borders of Greenland are still only scantily endowed with living forms of animals and plants after all these centuries, because there has been no way open to them to travel home again, after their long exile, save through the perilous chances of the sea.

But we must hasten to fulfil the promise which the title of this paper bears, and seek for the traces of this old ice age about New York.

The rocks which underlie New York were not the very first to peer above the nearly universal sea ages ago when the world was slowly forming, but they followed on so soon that even for rocks they may be regarded as patriarchal. And any observant wanderer about the unbuilt regions of upper New York, or stroller in the parks, will see, where the rocks are exposed in masses, that their layers are curled and twisted and folded into such fantastic shapes that there must have been some wild and boisterous periods hereabouts while the world was building, or slowly working its way toward stabil-

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ity. He will further see that the rock surfaces must once have been tossed up into sharp and jagged peaks and crags. But now all their surfaces are smoothed down and rounded off as if some titanic scraper had been dragged over them. Rounded knolls, projecting bosses, smooth sloping surfaces—such greet the eye everywhere. Even the great looming summit of the Palisades across the river shows upon the top no ruggedness or roughness, but rounded smooth surfaces. All this has been accomplished by the great moving ice mantle which for so many centuries swept across the land.

If the stroller in Central Park, or in the parks and unbuilt regions farther inland, or over the Palisades, will examine attentively the exposed rounded rocks where they swell upward in large sloping masses, or here and there peep through the sod, he will find nearly everywhere the grooves and scratches made by the old glaciers' graving tools so many centuries ago. Where the old rocks have been long exposed these grooves and scratches are usually somewhat obscure, but where the rocks have been more recently laid bare, in park or street or house making, they are still distinct and unmistakable.

The great ice mass hereabouts was moving in a general southeast direction, and so in general run the grooves and scratches in the rocks. Notwithstanding the hardness and firmness of the granitelike rock on which New York rests, glacial grooves twelve inches deep may in places readily be found, witness to the enormous pressure and propulsive force of the old ice mass. The children have long since discovered that some of these grooves in Central Park are fine places for sliding and ball-rolling.

But many of the glacial traces about New York are buried up by the soil which has been slowly forming over them since the end of the great ice age. If, however, one lingers in his wanderings hereabouts where the ground is being cleared for building, he will observe, almost everywhere, where much soil and earth and gravel are being dug out and carted off to clear the rock surfaces in preparation for blasting, that larger and smaller rounded rocks are found embedded in the gravel. They are usually too round and awkward in shape to be useful in the masonry even of the foundations of buildings. Many of them are too large to be shovelled into the carts and carried away with the dirt and gravel. And so one usually sees them rolled off on one side, out of the way, on the bared rock surfaces, until these are freed from soil, when they too

FOLDED ROCK LAYERS IN CENTRAL PARK.

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are hoisted up and dragged off to some convenient dumping-ground where land, as they say, is being "made."

If one looks a little closely at these despised bowlders he will find that many of them are of entirely different character from any of our native rocks. Sometimes they are rock called trap, like that which makes the Palisades; sometimes rock like that which is at home in regions many miles to the north and west of New York. And they are rounded and smoothed in a way which indicates an enormous amount of wear and rubbing sometime somewhere.

It is curious, turning back in the books to the record of a time only a few decades ago, to read the speculations of the learned as to the origin and nature of these erratic bowlders, which, from their noteworthy shape and their structure, often so different from that of the rocks over which they lie scattered, early attracted attention. Some thought that they must have been cast up out of a distant volcano in an earlier time, and fell scattered here. For some they were rounded by the wash of Noah's flood, and swept by its fierce torrents into alien regions. Others sank — in theory — the earth's crust hereabouts for many feet, and — in theory still — let enormous icebergs from some distant arctic region drift over here, and melting, drop their ice-borne freight of rocks. Some would have it that the earth was once surrounded by a separate rocky shell which somehow came to grief, and left its shattered remnants sown broadcast. Others, still more dramatic, worked up their facts and fancies to the point of assuming collision with a comet. The record graven on the rocks told the true story at last, however, when the people got ready to read it.

These rounded rocks or bowlders — these erratics, waifs, and aliens — are, as we well know to-day, the torn-off and transported fragments of rock masses which the great ice mantle brought down here from the back country during the cold weather so long ago, and incontinently dropped when the climate changed and the sun swept its borders back toward Greenland and the pole. Many of these erratics still bear bruises and scratches testifying to their fierce encounters with the old bed-rock along which the relentless ice mass ground them in their journey toward the coast. Here they have lain, these stony aliens, through all the long ages, buried up with other glacial wreckage, covered in by soil later formed, sharing their secrets with the rootlets of vanished generations of plants and trees — until at last another alien, Italian or Celt mayhap, breaks in upon their seclusion with pick and shovel, and rolls them ignominiously away. Then at the scarred rock surfaces the steam-drill pecks viciously, puny successor to the gigantic sculptor of the old ice age, whose records it and its explosive allies soon erase.

Many of the rounded rocks which the thrifty farmer has piled together about the borders of his fields throughout New England to form fences are waifs of the old ice age, stranded with the other wreckage as the ice mantle stole backward to the north.

In some parts of our Northern States it has been possible, in journeying backward over the path of the old ice mantle, to find the very hills and crags from which the erratic bowlders were torn so long ago.

Some of the bowlders which the ice brought down from the hills were very large, and though weighing hundreds of tons were dragged from their places in the earth's foundations and carried away for miles. While many of these larger bowlders are partly or wholly buried up by sand and gravel — the smaller grist of the great ice mill — many were stranded high upon the bare rock, where they stand perched to-day like patient sentinels watching the centuries.

In some places these great ice-borne stones were left, as the ice vanished, so delicately poised on their narrow edges, or on some projecting knob or ridge of the underlying rock, that, though weighing many tons, they may be swayed or tilted by the pressure of a hand. These so-called "rocking-stones" are not at all uncommon over the path of the great ice mantle, and New York city has its own example in the Bronx Park, so nicely poised on a flat rock surface, still faintly glacier-grooved, that, though weighing several tons, it may be easily rocked back and forth.

But the old ice age left a monument near New York more striking than its scattered bowlders, more readily seen than its graven records. An enormous ridge of broken rock fragments, mostly covered now with soil, marks the line of one of

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the terminal moraines of the great ice mantle. Eastward it is seen in the hills of Cape Cod, of Nantucket, and of Martha's Vineyard. From Montauk Point at the seaward to the great city at its western end the high land of Long Island is an ice-built ridge of jumbled rock fragments stolen from the northern hills.

Its curious subsidiary spurs, its symmetrical knolls and hummocks, its scattered hollows in which here and there a lakelet nestles—all tell the story of a great glacier's long presence and slow retreat.

The geologists tell us that the great inland region about and beyond our Great Lakes before the ice age sent its waters largely down the Hudson River. When the ice retreated and the water from this inland region began in its more impetuous way to seek the sea, it found its old channel blocked by glacial débris, and sought a new outlet, now the Niagara River and the St. Lawrence.

The Hudson River, as we call it, along the western shore of the island of Manhattan, is now a majestic estuary rather

A GROUP OF ALIENS ON HARLEM HEIGHTS.

This colossal ridge of shattered rock is broken through at the Narrows, giving access to the sea to the great streams which pour into New York Bay; crosses Staten Island, forming imposing highlands there; and then bears away in a sinuous line across New Jersey and on to the west. Along this line for century after century the old ice mass made its terminal dumping-ground, and as it wore and tore down the distant mountains and scooped out the great valleys to the north and west, it brought the wreckage down upon its back, or in its depths, and "made ground" for the future Empire State.

than a river, and is deep enough for all the uses of great ships. But its present bottom is formed of the rock wreckage of an earlier day, which has largely filled up a chasm once several hundred feet deep, through which the old river ran.

So colossal was the sheet of ice which came sweeping down from the northwest over the top of the Palisades in the ice age that this ancient chasm of the Hudson River—a veritable cañon once—changed its course no whit. For the direction of the grooves and scratches seen everywhere on the exposed surface of the Palisades, and pointing obliquely across

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the river's course, run in the same direction as do those on the rocks over which the city stands.

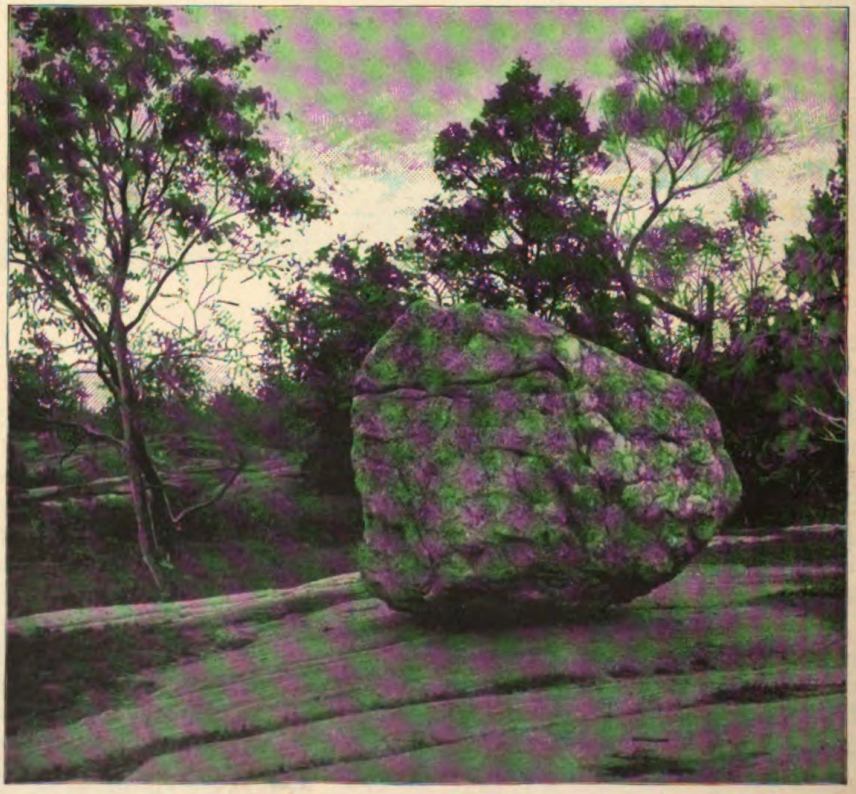
It not infrequently happens that steamers and ships bound for New York, when not quite certain of their whereabouts as they approach the coast, are compelled to seek what help they can by consulting the nearest land, which, under these conditions, is the sea-bottom. The sea-bottom along our coast has been so often and so carefully "felt" that we know a great plateau extends out beyond the coast-line for some eighty or ninety miles, where it suddenly falls off into the great depths of the Atlantic. The place on which New York stands was, it is believed, once much higher than it is now, and was separated from the North Atlantic border by some eighty or ninety miles of low sea-coast land, now submerged, and forming this great continental plateau. Indeed, the New Jersey and adjacent coast is still sinking at the rate of a few inches in a century.

For us to-day the Hudson River ends southward where it enters New York Harbor. But a channel, starting ten miles southeast of Sandy Hook, and in a general way continuing the line of the Hudson, runs across the submerged continental plateau, where finally, after widening and deepening to form a tremendous submarine chasm, it abruptly ends where the plateau falls off into the deep sea.

This chasm near the end of the submerged channel is, if we may believe the story of the plummet, twenty-five miles long, a mile and a quarter wide, and in places two thousand feet in vertical depth below its submerged edges, themselves far beneath the ocean's surface.

This "drowned river" is probably the old channel of what we call the Hudson River, along which a part of the melting glacier sent its flood during and at the close of the Age of Ice.

And so at last—rounded and smoothed rock surfaces, where once sharp crags towered aloft; glacial grooves and scratches on every hand; erratic bowlders, great and small, cumbering the ground; a typical rocking-stone delicately poised by vanished forces long ago; a terminal moraine so great that it forms picturesque landscape features visible many miles away—these are some of the records of the great Ice Age which one may spell out in a holiday stroll about New York.



THE ROCKING-STONE, BRONX PARK.

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A NEW ENGLAND PROPHET.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

AT half past six o'clock a little company of people passed down the village street in the direction of the Lennox farm-house.

They advanced in silence, stepping along the frozen ridges of the road. It was cold, but there was no snow. There was a young moon shining through thin white clouds like nebulæ.

Now and then, as the company went on, new recruits were gathered from the scattered houses. A man would emerge darkly from a creaking gate, with maybe a second and third dark figure following, with a flirt of feminine draperies. "There's Deacon Scranton," or "There's Thomas Jennings and his wife and Ellen," the people would murmur to each other.

Once a gleam of candle-light from an open door lay across the road in advance, and wavered into darkness with a slam of the door when the company drew near. Then a solitary woman came ponderously down the front walk, seeming to jar the frozen earth with the jolt of her great feminine bulk. "There's Abby Mosely," somebody muttered. Sometimes two young girls fluttered out of a door-yard, clinging together with nervous giggles and outcries, which were soon hushed. They moved along with the others, their little cold fingers clinging together with a rigid clutch. It was as if a strange, solemn atmosphere surrounded this group moving along the country road in the starlit night. Whoever came into their midst felt it, and his emotions changed involuntarily as respiration changes on a mountain-top.

When the party reached a windy hill-top in sight of the lighted windows of the Lennox house in the valley below, it numbered nearly twenty. Half-way down the hill somebody else joined them. He had been standing ahead of them, waiting in the long shadow of a poplar, and they had not discerned him until they were close to him. Then he stepped forward and the shadow of the tree was left motionless. The young girls half screamed, he appeared so suddenly, and their nerves were strained. The elders made a solemn hushed murmur of greeting. They knew as soon as he moved that he was Isaac Penfield. He had a martial carriage of his shoulders, he was a captain in the militia, and he wore an ash-colored cloak, which distinguished him.

The young girls cast glances, bolder from the darkness, toward his stately ash-colored shoulders and the proudly set pale gleam of his face. Not one of them who had not her own lover but had her innocent secret dreams about this Isaac Penfield. Now, had a light shone out suddenly in the darkness, their dreams would have shown in their faces.

One slender girl slunk softly around in the rear darkness and crept so close to Isaac Penfield that his ash-colored cloak, swinging out in the wind, brushed her cheek. He did not notice her; indeed, after his first murmur of salutation, he did not speak to any one.

They all went in silence down the hill, and flocked into the great yard of the Lennox house. There was a red flicker of light in the kitchen windows from the great hearth fire, but a circle of dark heads and shoulders hid the fire itself from the new-comers. There was evidently a number of people inside.

Deacon Scranton raised the knocker, and the door was opened immediately. Melissa Lennox stood there holding a candle in a brass candlestick, with the soft light streaming up in her fair face. She looked through it with innocent, anxious blue eyes at the company. "Won't you walk in?" she said, tremulously, and the people passed into the south entry, and through the door on the left into the great Lennox kitchen. Some dozen persons who had come from the other end of the village were already there.

Isaac Penfield entered last. Melissa did not see him until he stepped suddenly within her radius of candle-light. Then she started, and bent her head before him, blushing. The candle shook in her outstretched hand.

Isaac Penfield took the candle without a word and set it on the stairs. Then he took Melissa's slim right hand in his, and stood a moment looking down at her bent head, with its parted gloss of hair. His forehead was frowning, and yet he half smiled with tender triumph.

"Come out in the front yard with me a moment," he whispered. He pulled her with gentle force toward the door,

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and the girl yielded, after a faint murmur of expostulation.

Out in the front yard Isaac Penfield folded a corner of his ash-colored cloak around Melissa's slender shoulders.

"Now I want you to tell me, Melissa," he whispered. "You are not still carried away by all this?" He jerked his head toward the kitchen windows.

Melissa trembled against the young man's side under the folds of his cloak.

"You are not, after all I said to you, Melissa?"

She nodded against his breast, with a faint sob.

"I hoped you would do as I asked you, and cut loose from this folly," Isaac Penfield said, sternly.

"Father — says — it's true. Oh, I am afraid—I am afraid! My sins are so great, and I cannot hide from the eyes of the Lord. I am afraid!"

Isaac Penfield tightened his clasp of the girl's trembling figure, and bent his head low down over hers. "Melissa, dear, can't you listen to me?" he whispered.

Suddenly the kitchen door opened, and a new light streamed across the entry.

"Melissa, where be you?" called a woman's voice, high-pitched and melancholy.

"There's mother calling," Melissa said, in a frightened whisper, and she broke away and ran into the house.

Her mother stood in the kitchen door. "Where have you been?" she began. Then she stopped, and looked at Isaac Penfield with a half-shrinking, half-antagonistic air. This stalwart young man, radiant with the knowledge of his own strength, represented to this delicate woman, who was held to the earth more by the tension of nerves than the weight of matter, the very pride of life, the material power which she was to fear and fight for herself and for her daughter.

"I thought I would step into your meeting to-night, if I were permitted," Isaac Penfield said.

Mrs. Lennox looked at him with deep blue eyes under high, thin temples. "All are permitted who listen to the truth with the right spirit," said she, and turned shortly and glided into the kitchen. Melissa and Isaac followed.

The company sat in wide semicircles, three deep, before the fire. In the open space between the first semicircle and the fire, his wide armchair on the bricks of the broad hearth, half facing the company, sat Solomon Lennox. Near him sat his deaf-and-dumb son Alonzo. He held up a great slate so the firelight fell upon it, and marked upon it with a grating pencil. He screwed his face with every stroke, so it seemed that one watching attentively might discern the picture itself from his changing features.

Alonzo Lennox was fourteen years old, but he looked no more than ten, and he had been deaf and dumb from his birth. The firelight gave a reddish tinge to his silvery blond hair, spreading out stiffly from the top of his head over his ears like the thatch of a hut. His delicate irregular profile bent over the slate; now and then a spasm of silent merriment shook his narrow chest, and the surrounding people looked at him with awe. They regarded it as the mystic ecstasy of a seer.

Melissa and her mother had slid softly through the semicircles to the chairs they had left. Isaac Penfield stood on the outskirts, towering over all the people, refusing a seat which somebody offered him. He threw off his ash-colored cloak and held it on his arm. His costume of fine broadcloth and flowered satin and glittering buttons surpassed any there, as did his face and his height and his carriage; and, more than all, he stood among the others raised upon a spiritual eminence, unseen, but none the less real, which his ancestors had reared for him before his birth. The Penfield name had been a great one in that vicinity for three generations. Once Penfields had owned the greater part of the township. Isaac's father, and his grandfather before him, had been esquires, and held as nearly the position of lords of this little village as was possible in New England. Now this young man was the last of his race, living, with his housekeeper and an old servant, in the Penfield homestead; and the village adulation which had been accorded to his ancestors was his also in a large measure.

To-night, as he entered, people glanced at him, away from Alonzo and his slate, but only for a moment. The matter under discussion that night was too solemn and terrible to be lost sight of long.

In about ten minutes after Isaac Penfield entered, the boy gave a shout, grating and hideous, with a discord of human thoughts and senses in it. A shudder passed over the company like a wind.

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Alonzo Lennox sprang up and waved the slate, and his father reached out for it. "Give it to me," he demanded, sternly, as if the boy could hear. But Alonzo gave another shout, and leaped aside, and waved the slate out of his father's reach. Then he danced lightly up and down on the tips of his toes, shaking his head and flinging out fantastic heels. His shock of hair flew out wildly, and looked like a luminous crown; the firelight struck his dilated eyes, and they gleamed red.

The people watched him with sobbing breaths and pale faces, all except Isaac Penfield and one other. Isaac stood looking at him, with his mouth curling in a scornful smile. Solomon Lennox stood aside with a startled air, then he caught the boy firmly by the arm and grasped the slate.

Alonzo grinned impishly in his father's face, then he let go the slate, and sank down on his stool in the chimney-corner. There he sat submissive and inactive, except for the cunning, sharp flash of his blue eyes under his thatch of hair.

Solomon Lennox held the slate to the light and looked at it, while the people waited breathless, their pale intent faces bent forward. Then he handed the slate, without a word, to the man at the end of the first semicircle, and it was circulated through the entire company. As one passed the slate to another a shuddering thrill like an electric shock seemed to be passed with it, and there was a faint murmur of horror.

Isaac Penfield held the slate longest, and examined it closely. Drawn with a free hand, which certainly gave evidence of some inborn artistic skill aside from aught else, were great sweeping curves of wings upbearing an angel with a trumpet at his mouth. Under his feet were lashing tongues as of flames, with upturned faces of agony in the midst of them. And everywhere, between the wings and the angel and the flames and the faces, were, in groups of five, those grotesque little symbols of the sun, a disk with human features therein, which one sees in the almanacs.

After Isaac Penfield had finished looking at the mystic slate he passed it to Solomon Lennox's elder brother, Simeon, who sat at his right. The old man's hard shaven jaws widened in a sardonic grin; his small black eyes twinkled derisively over the drawings. "Pretty pictures," he said, half aloud. Then he passed the slate along with a contemptuous chuckle, which was heard in the solemn stillness all over the room.

Solomon Lennox gave a furious glance in his brother's direction. "This is no time nor season for scoffers!" cried he. And his voice seemed to shock the air like a musket-shot.

Simeon Lennox chuckled again. Solomon's right hand clinched. He arose; then sat down again, with his mouth compressed. He sat still until the slate had gone its rounds and returned to the boy, who sat contemplating it with uncouth delight; then he stood up, and the words flowed from his mouth in torrents. Never at a loss for subject-matter of speech was Solomon Lennox. By the fluency of his discourse he might well have been thought inspired. He spoke of visions of wings and holy candlesticks and beasts and cups of abomination as if he had with his own eyes seen them like the prophet of old. He expounded strange and subtle mathematical calculations and erratic interpretations of history as applied to revelation with a fervor which brought conviction to his audience. He caught the slate from his deaf-and-dumb son, and explained the weird characters thereon. The five suns were five days. Five times the sun should arise in the east, as it had done from the creation; then should the angel, upborne on those great white wings, sound his trumpet, and the flames burst forth from the lower pit, and those upturned faces in the midst of them gnash with despair.

"Repent, for the day of the Lord is at hand!" shouted Solomon Lennox at the close of his arguments, and his voice itself rang like a trumpet full of all intonations and reverberations, of awe and dread. "Repent, for the great and dreadful day of the Lord is at hand! Repent while there is yet time, while there is yet a foothold on the shore of the lake of fire! Repent, repent! Prepare your ascension robes! Renounce the world, and all the lust and the vanity thereof! Repent, for the day of judgment is here! Soon shall ye choke with the smoke of the everlasting burning, soon shall your eyes be scorched with the fiery scroll of the heavens, your ears be deafened with the blast of the trumpet of wrath, and the cry against you of your own sins! Repent, repent, repent!"

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Solomon Lennox's slight figure writhed with his own emotion as with internal fire; the veins swelled out on his high bald forehead; his eyes blazed with fanatical fire. Aside from the startling nature of his discourse, he himself was a marvel, and a terror to his neighbors. His complete deviation from a former line of life produced among them the horror of the supernatural. He affected them like his own ghost. He had always been a man of few and quiet words, who had never expressed his own emotions in public beyond an inaudible, muttered prayer at a conference meeting, and now this flood of fiery eloquence from him seemed like a very convulsion of human nature.

When a great physical malady is epidemic there are often isolated cases in remote localities whose connection with the main disturbance cannot be established. So in this little New England village, far from a railroad, scarcely reached by the news of the day, Solomon Lennox had developed within himself, with seeming spontaneity, some of the startling tenets of Joseph Miller, and had established his own small circle of devoted disciples and followers. It was as if some germs of a great spiritual disturbance had sought, through some unknown medium, this man's mind as their best ripening place.

After Solomon had arisen one night in conference meeting and poured forth his soul to his startled neighbors in a strain of fiery prophecy, Millerite publications had been sent for, and he had strengthened his own theories with those of the original leader, although in many respects his maintained a distinct variance.

The effect of Solomon's prophecies had been greatly enhanced by the drawings of his deaf-and-dumb son. Alonzo Lennox's slate, covered with rude representations of beasts and trumpets and winged creatures—the weird symbolic figures of the prophet Daniel—had aroused a great tumult of awe and terror in the village. And the more so because the boy had never learned the language of the deaf and dumb, and had no ordinary and comprehensible means of acquiring information upon such topics.

To-night, as his father spoke, he kept his blue eyes upon his face with such a keen look that it seemed almost impossible that he did not hear and comprehend every word. Unbelievers in this new movement were divided between the opinion that Lonny Lennox had heard more than folks had given him credit for right along, and the one that he understood by some strange power which the loss of his other faculties had sharpened.

"The boy has developed the sixth sense," Isaac Penfield thought as he watched his intent face upturned toward his father's; and he also thought impatiently that he should be cuffed and sent to bed for his uncanny sharpness. He grew more and more indignant as the time went on and the excitement deepened. He watched Melissa grow paler and paler, and finally press her slender hands over her face, and shake with sobs, and made a sudden motion as if he would go to her. Then he restrained himself, and muttered something between his teeth.

Old Simeon Lennox watched him curiously, then he hit him in the side with a sharp elbow. "Made up your mind to go up in our family chariot on the last day?" he whispered, with a hoarse whistle of breath in Isaac's ear. Then he leaned back, with a long cackle of laughter in his throat, which was unheard in the din of his brother's raging voice and the responsive groans and sobs.

Isaac Penfield colored, and kept his eyes straight forward and his head up with a haughty air. Presently the old man nudged him again, with the sharpness of malice protected by helplessness. "Guess," he whispered, craning up to the young man's handsome, impatient face—"guess you 'ain't much opinion of all this darned tomfoolery neither."

Isaac shook his head fiercely.

"Well," said the old man, "let 'em go it," and he cackled with laughter again.

After Solomon Lennox had finished his fervid appeal, two or three offered prayers, and many testified and confessed sins, and professed repentance, and terror of the wrath to come, in hoarse, strained voices, half drowned by sobs and cries.

It was nearly midnight before Solomon Lennox declared the meeting at a close, and recommended the brethren and sisters to repair to their homes, not to sleep, but to pray, and appointed another session for the next forenoon, for these meetings of terror-stricken and contrite souls were held three times a day—morning, afternoon, and evening. In those days the housewives' kitchen tables were piled high with unwashed dishes, the hearths

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were unswept and the fires low, the pantry shelves were bare, and often the children went to bed with only the terrors of the judgment for sustenance.

In those days the cattle grew lean, and stood lowing piteously long after nightfall at the pasture bars. Even the horses turned in their stalls at every footfall and whinnied for food. Men lost all thought for their earthly goods in their fierce concern for their own souls.

The people flocked out of Solomon Lennox's kitchen, some with rapt eyes, some white-faced and trembling, huddling together as if with a forlorn hope that human companionship might avail somewhat even against divine judgment. The deaf-and-dumb boy went sleepily out of the room and upstairs with his candle, leaving his slate on the hearthstone. Isaac Penfield stood a few minutes looking irresolutely at Melissa, who sat still with her hands pressed tightly over her face, as if she were weeping. Her mother stood near her, talking to Abby Mosely, who was Simeon Lennox's housekeeper. The woman was fairly gasping with emotion; her broad shawled bosom heaved.

"Repent!" cried Mrs. Lennox, loud, in her ears, like an echo of her husband. "Repent; there is yet time! There are five days before the heavens open! Repent!" Her nervous hands served to intensify her weak, straining voice. They pointed and threatened in the woman's piteous, scared face. Isaac started to approach Melissa; then her mother half turned and seemed to shriek out her warning cry toward him, and he tossed his gray cloak over his shoulders, strode out of the room, and out of the house.

Old Simeon Lennox lingered behind the others.

"I'm a-comin' right along, Abby," he called to his housekeeper when she started to leave the room. "If ye go to bed afore I come, mind ye put the cat out, so she won't get afoul of that pig meat in the pantry." Simeon spoke with cool disregard of the distressed sobs and moans with which the woman was making her exit.

"D'ye hear what I say, Abby?" he called, sharply, when she did not reply.

The housekeeper groaned a faint assent over her shoulder as she crossed the threshold.

"Well, mind ye don't forgit it," said Simeon. "for I tell ye what 'tis, if that cat does git afoul of that pig meat, there'll be a jedgment afore Thursday."

The old man clamped leisurely across the room, drew an arm-chair close to the fire, and settled into it with a grunting yawn.

"Fire feels good," he remarked. His voice was thick, for he had tobacco in his mouth.

"Woe be unto you, Simeon Lennox, if you can still think of the comfort of your poor body which will soon be ashes," cried his sister-in-law. She waved before him like a pale flame; her white face seemed fairly luminous.

Simeon shifted his tobacco into one cheek as he stared at her. "You'd better go to bed, Sophy Anne; you're gittin' highstericky," said he, and chewed again.

"Woe be unto you, fer the bed you shall lie on, unless you repent, Simeon Lennox!"

"Look at here, Sophy Anne," said Simeon, "ain't you got no mince pies in the house?"

Mrs. Lennox looked at him, speechless, for a moment.

"If you have," Simeon went on, "I wish you'd give me a piece. I 'ain't had no mince pie fit to eat I dun'no' when. Abby Mosely wa'n't never much of a cook, and sence she's tuk to goin' to your meetin' here three times a day, it's much as ever's I get anything. It ain't no more'n fair, Sophy Anne, that you should give me a piece of mince pie, if you've got any."

Mrs. Lennox broke in upon him with a cry which was almost a shriek. "I shall make no more pies in this world, Simeon Lennox. Woe be unto you! Woe be unto you if you think of such things in the face of death and eternal condemnation!"

Solomon Lennox had followed the departing people into the yard. His exhorting voice could still be heard out there, for the doors were open.

Simeon looked around and shivered. "If you 'ain't got no mince pie, I wish you'd shet that door, Sophy Anne," he said.

Sophia Anne Lennox stood looking at him for a minute. He chuckled in her face. She snatched a candle from the shelf and went out of the room with an air of desperation.

Melissa rose up and crept after her, her face like a drooping white flower, gliding so closely in her mother's wake that she seemed to have no individual motion of

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her own. Simeon looked hard at her as she went.

"Sophy Anne is wiry," he said, when his brother came in. "She'll go it all right if the wires don't snap, an' I reckon they won't; but you'd better look out for Melissy. She can't stan' such tearin' work as this very long. She'll have a fever or somethin'."

"What matters that?" cried Solomon. "What matters any tribulation of the flesh when the end of all flesh is at hand?" His voice was hoarse with his long clamor. He leaned over and shook a nervous fist impressively before his brother's face.

Simeon chewed on, and looked at the fist without winking. "You don't mean to say, Solomon Lennox," said he at length, "that you believe all this darned tomfoolery?"

His brother looked at him with solemn wrath. "Do I believe revelation and the prophets?" he cried. "Woe be unto all scoffers, even though they be my own flesh and blood!"

"Now, Solomon, I'll jest stump ye to point out any passage in the Scripturs that says, up an' down, square an' fair, that the world's comin' to an end next Thursday. I'll jest stump ye to do it."

"There are passages that point to the truth, and I have repeated them to-night," replied Solomon, hotly.

"Passages that ye've had to twist hindside foremost, an' bottom-side up, an' add, an' subtract, an' divide, an' multiply, an' hammer, an' saw, an' bile down, an' take to a grist-mill, afore you got at the meanin' you wanted," returned his brother, contemptuously. "That ain't the kind of passage I'm after. There's too much two-facedness an' double-dealin' about the Scripturs, anyway, judgin' by some of you folks. What I want is a square up an' down passage that says, without no chance of its meanin' anything else, 'The world is comin' to an end next week Thursday.' I stump ye to show me sech a passage as that. *Ye can't do it!*"

The habits of a lifetime are strong even in strained and exalted states, acting like the lash of a familiar whip. Solomon Lennox was the younger brother; all his life he had borne a certain docility of attitude toward Simeon, which asserted itself now.

The fervid orator stood for a moment silent before this sceptical, sneering elder brother. "I'd like to know how you account for Lonny's drawin's," he said at length, in a tone which he might have used when bullied by Simeon in their boyhood.

"Drawin's," drawled Simeon, and sarcasm itself seemed to hiss in the final s—"dr-r-awin's! The little scamp is sharp as steel, an' he's watched an' he's eyed till he's put two an' two together. It's easy enough to account for the drawin's. The air here has been so thick lately with wings an' wheels an' horns an' trumpets an' everlastin' fire that anybody that wa'n't an idgit could breathe it in. An' I miss my guess if his mother 'ain't showed him the picturs in the big Bible mor'n once when you've been talkin', an' pointed out the hearth fire an' the candlesticks an' the powder-horn. Sophy Anne's sharp, an' she's done more to learn that boy than anybody knows of, though I've got my doubts now as to how straight he's really got it in his mind. Lord, them drawin's ain't nothin'. Solomon Lennox, you can't look me in the face an' say that you actilly believe all this darned tomfoolery!"

Solomon for these few minutes had been on the old level of a brotherly argument, but now he arose suddenly to his latter heights.

"I believe that the end of the world is near, that the great and dreadful day of the Lord is at hand, accordin' to prophecy and revelation," he proclaimed, and his eyes shone under his high forehead as under a majestic dome of thought and inspiration.

Simeon whistled. "Ye don't, though. Look at here, Solomon; tell ye what I'll do. I'll put ye to the test. Look at here, you say the world's comin' to an end next Thursday. Well, it stands to reason if it is, that you 'ain't got no more need of temporal goods. S'pose—you give me a deed of this 'ere farm?"

Solomon stared at his brother.

Simeon shook his fist at him slowly. "*Ye won't do it*," he said, with a triumphant chuckle.

"I *will* do it."

"Git Lawyer Bascombe to draw up the papers to-morrow?"

"*I will.*"

"Me to take possession by daylight next Friday mornin', if the world don't come to an end Thursday night?"

"*Yes*," replied Solomon, hurling the word at his brother like a stone.

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Simeon got up and buttoned his coat over his lean chest. "Well," said he, "I've had pretty hard luck. I've lost three wives, and I've been burnt out twice, an' the last house ain't none too tight. I'll move right in here next Friday mornin' at daylight. Mebbe I'll get married again."

"Much good will the heaping up of barns an' storehouses do when you hear the voice of the Lord saying, 'Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be required of thee,'" returned his brother; but he spoke the fervid words with a certain feebleness. All his life since he was a boy had Solomon Lennox toiled and saved to own this noble farm. The bare imagination of giving it up to another cost him much, although he firmly believed that in a week's space it would be only a modicum of the blackened ashes of a world. He stood the test of his faith, but he felt the scorch of sacrificial flame.

"It ain't me that's the fool," said Simeon, shrugging himself into his great-coat. "I ain't goin' to hang back with my soul when it's required of me, but I ain't goin' to keep chuckin' of it in the face of the Lord afore He's ready for it, like some folks I know. Them's the fools. When 'll you be down to Lawyer Bascombe's to-morrow, Solomon, to deed away these barns an' storehouses that you 'ain't no more use for?"

"I'll be down there at nine o'clock to-morrow mornin'."

"All right; you can count on me," said Simeon. He went out, and Solomon bolted the door after him promptly. But he had no sooner returned to the kitchen than there came a sharp tap on the window, and there was Simeon's hard leering old face pressed against the pane. "You'll—have—to—fetch Sophy Anne down there to-morrow," he called. "She'll—have to sign that deed too, or it won't stan'."

"All right," shouted Solomon, and the face at the window, with a parting nod, disappeared.

Lawyer Bascombe's office was in the centre of the village, over the store. A steep flight of stairs at the right of the store led to it. Up these stairs, at nine o'clock the next morning, climbed Solomon Lennox and his wife Sophia Anne, with pale devoted faces, and signed away all their earthly goods as an evidence of their faith.

In some way the matter had become known in the village. When Solomon and Sophia Anne came down the stairs there was quite a crowd before the door, standing back with awed curiosity to let them pass. Simeon Lennox did not leave at once after the signing of the deed. When he appeared in the doorway with a roll of paper in his hand the crowd had dispersed.

Without any doubt this act of Solomon Lennox and his wife materially strengthened their cause. When it became known that they had actually signed away their property in their confidence that days of property-holding were over, even scoffers began to look serious. That evening the meeting at Solomon Lennox's house numbered a third more than usual. The next evening it was doubled, and the best room as well as the kitchen was filled. Solomon stood at the foot of the stairs in the entry between the rooms and exhorted, while the deaf-and-dumb boy's slate circulated among the awe-stricken people.

Isaac Penfield came to no more meetings, and he did not see Melissa again until Tuesday. Late Tuesday afternoon she went up to the village store with a basket of eggs. The days of barter were nearly over, as she had been taught to believe, but there was no molasses in the house, and the poor deaf-and-dumb boy was weeping for it with uncouth grief, and could not be comforted by the prospect of eternal joys. When Melissa came out of the store with the bottle of molasses in her basket, Isaac Penfield's bay mare and chaise were drawn up before the platform, and Isaac stood waiting. Melissa started and colored when she saw him.

"Get in, please," he said, motioning her toward the chaise.

She looked at him falteringly.

"Get in, please, Melissa; I want to speak to you."

The bay mare was restive, tossing her head and pawing with one delicate fore foot. Isaac could scarcely keep her quiet until Melissa got into the chaise. When he took the reins she gave a leap forward, and the chaise swung about with a lurch. Isaac threw himself back and held the reins taut; the mare flew down the road, pulling hard on her bits; the chaise rocked high on the frozen road. Melissa sat still, her delicate face retired within the dark depths of her silk hood.

Isaac did not speak to her until they

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reached the foot of a long hill. "I want to ask you something," he said then, with a wary eye still on the straining shoulders of the mare. "I want to ask you again to give this up."

Melissa did not speak.

"Won't you promise me?"

"I can't," she said, faintly.

"You can if you will." Suddenly Isaac leaned over her. "Won't you promise *me*, Melissa?"

She shrank away from him. "I—can't. I believe father."

"Melissa, you don't."

"I do," said she, with a despairing sob.

Isaac Penfield bent his face down close to hers. "Can't you believe me as well as your father? Melissa, look at me."

Melissa bent her head down over her hands.

"Look at me, Melissa."

She raised her head slowly as if there were a constraining hand under her chin, and her eyes met his.

"Can't you, Melissa?"

Fair locks of hair fell over Melissa's gentle cheeks; her soft mouth quivered. It seemed as if her piteous blue eyes were only upheld by the look in the young man's, and as if all the individual thought and purpose in her face and her whole soul were being overcast by his imperious will, but she shook her head.

"Can't you, Melissa?"

She shook her head again.

Isaac Penfield's face turned white. He touched the whip to the mare, and she gave a sharp bound forward. They had not much further to go. Neither of them spoke again until Isaac assisted Melissa out of the chaise at her own gate.

"Good-by, Melissa," he said then, shortly.

Melissa looked up at him and caught her breath. She could not speak. Isaac sprang into his chaise, and was out of the yard with a sharp grate of wheels, and she went into the house.

Her mother was setting chairs in order for the evening meeting. She looked up sharply as Melissa entered.

"Who was that brought you home?" said she.

"Isaac Penfield," replied Melissa, turning her face from her mother's eyes.

"I hope you ain't letting your thoughts dwell on anything of that kind now," said her mother.

"I met him as I was coming out of the store, and he asked me to ride. I sha'n't ever see him again," Melissa returned, faintly.

The deaf-and-dumb boy had been dozing with gaping mouth in his chimney-corner. Now he waked, and caught sight of his sister and the basket, and hastened to her with a cry of uncouth hunger and greediness.

"In a minute, sonny," Melissa said, in a sobbing voice; "wait a minute." She held the basket aloof while she removed her hood and shawl.

"You may see him on his way to the outer darkness," said her mother, with solemn vindictiveness.

"Mother, he has repented; he is a member of the church," Melissa cried out, with sudden sharpness.

"Repentance avails nothing without faith," returned her mother, setting down a chair so heavily that the deaf-and-dumb boy started at the concussion and looked about him wonderingly.

"He has repented; he is a member of the church; he is safe," Melissa cried again.

"I tell you he is not," said her mother.

Melissa went into the pantry with her brother at her elbow, and prepared for him a plate of bread and molasses. The tears fell over her cheeks, but Alonzo noticed nothing. His greedy eyes were fixed on the food. When it was ready for him he sat down on his stool in the chimney-corner and devoured it with loud smacks of his lips. That was all the evening meal prepared in the Lennox house that night. After the chairs were set in order for the meeting, Melissa and her mother sat down close to the fire and sewed on some white stuff that flowed in voluminous folds over their knees to the floor. Solomon came in presently, and seated himself with the great Bible on his knees. He read silently, but now and then gesticulated fiercely, as if he read aloud.

The meeting began at half past six. About quarter of an hour before, the outer door was heard opening, and there was a shuffling step and a clearing cough in the entry.

"It's your uncle Simeon," whispered Mrs. Lennox to Melissa, and her mouth took on a severer tension.

Solomon frowned over the Holy Writ on his knees.

Simeon advanced into the room, his heavy boots clapping the floor with a

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dull clatter as of wood, dispelling the solemn stillness. His grinning old face, blue with the cold, was sunk in the collar of his great-coat. He rubbed his hands together as he approached the fire.

"Well, how are ye all?" he remarked, with a chuckle, as if there were a joke in the speech.

Nobody replied. Simeon pulled a chair up close to the fire and sat down.

"It's tarnal cold," said he, leaning over and spreading out his old hands to the blaze.

"The brands are all ready for the burning," said his sister-in-law, in a hollow, trembling voice. She drew a long thread through the white stuff on her knee.

Simeon turned suddenly and looked at her with a flash of small bright eyes. Then he laughed. "Lord bless ye, Sophy Anne, I forgot how tarnal hot you folks are calculatin' to have it day after to-morrow," said he. "Well, if you fail in your calculations, an' the cold continues, I shall be mighty glad to come in here. My house is darned cold this weather, and Abby Mosely ain't particular 'bout the doors; seems to me sometimes as if I was settin' in a hurricane the heft of the time, and as if my idees were gettin' on a slant. Abby thinks she's goin' up Thursday, and I wish in thunder she would. I wouldn't have her another day, if she wa'n't a lone woman and nowheres to go. She ain't no kind of a cook. Look at here, Sophy Anne—"

Mrs. Lennox sewed on with compressed lips.

"Sophy Anne, look at here. You 'ain't got no mince pies on hand now, have you?"

"No, I 'ain't."

"Well, I didn't much s'pose you'd made any, you've been so busy gettin' ready to fly lately. Look at here, Sophy Anne, don't you feel as if you could roll me out a few meat pies to-morrow, hey?"

Mrs. Lennox looked at him.

"I dun'no' when I've eat a decent meat pie," pursued Simeon. "Abby Mosely keeps the commandments, but she can't make pies that's fit to eat. I 'ain't had a mince pie I could eat since my last wife died. I wish you'd contrive an' roll me out a few, Sophy Anne. Your mince pies used to go ahead of Maria's; she always said they did. If the world don't come to an end day after to-morrow, I'd take a sight of comfort with 'em, and I'll be darned, if it does come to an end, if I don't think I'd have a chance to eat one or two of 'em before the fire got round to me. Can't ye do it, Sophy Anne, nohow?"

"No, I can't."

"Can't ye roll me out jest half a dozen mince pies?"

"I will never roll out a meat pie for you, Simeon Lennox," said Sophia Anne, with icy fervor.

"Ye never will?"

"No, I never will." Sophia Anne's stern eyes in their hollow blue orbits met his.

Simeon chuckled; then he turned to his brother. "Well, Sol'mon, s'pose you're flappin' all ready to fly?" he said.

Solomon made no reply. He frowned over the great volume on his knees. The deaf-and-dumb boy had set his empty plate on the hearth and fallen asleep again, with his head tilted against the jamb. Melissa sewed, her pale face bent closely over her work.

"Hear ye are goin' to fly from Penfield's hill?" said Simeon.

Still Solomon said nothing.

"Well, I s'pose that's as good a place as any," said Simeon, "though 'tain't a very high hill. I should 'most think you'd want a higher hill than Penfield's. I s'pose you'll be kind of unhandy with your wings at first, an' start off something like hens. But then I s'pose a few feet more or less won't make no odds when they get fairly to workin'. I heard the women was makin' flyin'-petticoats. Them what you're to work on, Sophy Anne, you and Melissy?"

Sophia Anne gave one look at him, then she took a stitch.

"Abby Mosely's to work on one, I guess," said Simeon. "She's ben a-settin' in a heap of white cloth a-sewin' for three days. I came in once, an' she was tryin' of it on, an' she slipped out of it mighty sudden. All I've got to say is she'll cut a queer figure flyin'. She's pretty hefty. I miss my guess if she don't find it a job to strike out at first. Now I should think you might take to flyin' pretty natural, Sophy Anne."

Mrs. Lennox's pale face was flushed with anger, but she sewed on steadily.

"As for Melissy," said Simeon, in his chuckling drawl, "I ruther guess she could fly without much practice too. She's built light; but it strikes me she'd better have a weddin'-gown than a flyin'-petti-

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coat. Young Penfield goin' to fly with you, Melissy?"

Solomon Lennox closed the Bible with a great clap. "I'll have no more of this!" he said, with a shout of long-repressed fury.

"Now, Solomon, don't ye get riled so near the end of the world," drawled his brother, getting up slowly. "I'm a-goin'. I ain't goin' to be the means of makin' you backslide when ye're so nigh the top of Zion's Hill. I'm a-goin' home. I don't s'pose I shall get no supper on account of Abby's hurryin' up on her flyin'-petticoat. Sure you ain't goin' to make them meat pies for me, Sophy Anne?"

"Yes, I be sure."

The brother-in-law thrust his sharp old face down close to Sophia Anne's. "Sure?" he repeated.

Sophia Anne started back and stared at him. There was something strange in his manner.

The old man laughed, and straightened himself. "Well, I'm a-goin," said he. "Good-by. Mebbe I sha'n't see ye again before ye fly. Hope ye'll light easy. Good-by."

After Simeon had closed the door, he opened it again, and thrust his sharp features through a narrow aperture. "Look at here, Solomon," said he. "Mind ye leave the key in the door when ye go out to fly Thursday night. I want to come right in." Then Simeon shut the door again, but his malicious laugh could be plainly heard in the entry.

He did not go straight home as he had said, but up the road to Lawyer Bascombe's office. When he returned, the meeting in his brother's house was in session, and the windows were dark with heads against the red firelight. Old Simeon stared up at them, and laughed aloud to himself as he went by. "Sophy Anne won't make me no meat pies. She's sure on't," he said, and laughed again.

The next day all the ordinary routine of life seemed at a standstill in the village. The storekeeper had become a convert, and the store was closed, and the green inside shutters up. Now and then a village loafer lounged disconsolately up, shook the door on its rattling lock, stared at the shuttered windows, then lounged away, muttering. The summer resting-place of his kind, the long, bewhittled wooden bench on the store platform, could not be occupied that wintry day. The air was clear, and the dry pastures were white and stiff with the hoar-frost; the slants of the roofs glistened with it in the sun. The breaths of the people going to and from Solomon Lennox's house were like white smoke. The meeting began at dawn. Children were dragged hither at their parents' heels cold and breakfastless. Not a meal was cooked that day in the houses of Solomon Lennox's followers. All the precious hours were spent in fasting and prayer. Toward night the excitement deepened. There was present within the village a spiritual convulsion as real as any other convulsion of nature, and as truly although more subtly felt. Even they who had scoffed and laughed at this new movement from the first, and were now practically untouched by it, grew nervous and ill at ease toward night as from the gathering of a storm. The air seemed charged with electricity generated by the touch of human thought and faith with the Unknown. The unbelievers pressed their faces against the window-panes, shading their eyes from the light within as the dusk deepened, or stood out in their yards watching the sky, half fearful they should indeed see some sign or marvel therein.

But the night came on, and the stars shone out in their order as they had done from the first, and there was no sign but the old one of eternal love and beauty in the sky. The moon arose at nine o'clock, nearly at her full. That, from some interpretation of symbolical characters on the deaf-and-dumb boy's slate, had been fixed upon as the hour of meeting upon Penfield's hill. The solemn and dreadful moment which was to mark the climax of all creation was expected between that hour and dawn.

At half past eight white-robed figures begun to move along the road. People peeped around their curtains to see them pass; now and then belated children ran shrieking with terror into the houses at the sight of them.

Beside the road, close to the gate which led to the wide field at the foot of Penfield's hill, under the shadow of a clump of hemlocks, Isaac Penfield had been waiting since quarter past eight o'clock. When the white company came in sight he drew farther back within the shadow, scanning the people eagerly as they passed.

Solomon Lennox and Deacon Scranton let down the bars, and the people passed

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through silently, crowding each other whitely like a flock of sheep. Sophia Anne, the deaf-and-dumb boy holding fast to her hand, was among the first.

Isaac had expected to see Melissa close to her mother; but she had become separated from her and came among the last.

Her slender figure was hidden in her flowing white robes, but there was no mistaking her gently faltering gait and the delicate bend of her fair uncovered head.

Isaac stepped forward suddenly, threw his arm around Melissa, and drew her back with him within the shadow of the hemlocks. Nobody saw it but Abby Mosely, Simeon Lennox's housekeeper, and she was too panic-stricken to heed it intelligently; she went panting on after the others in her voluminous white robe, and left Melissa alone with Isaac Penfield.

Isaac pressed Melissa's head close to his breast, leaned his face down to hers, and whispered long in her ear. She listened trembling and unresisting; then she broke away from him weakly, "I can't, I can't," she moaned. But he caught her again, and whispered again with his lips close to her soft pale cheek, and frequent kisses between the words.

"Come, now, sweetheart," he said at length, and attempted to draw her with him into the road; but she pulled herself away from him again, and stood warding him off with her white-draped arms.

"I can't, I can't," she moaned again. "I must go with father and mother,"

"I tell you they are wrong; can't you believe me?"

"I—must—go with them."

"No; come with me, Melissa."

Melissa, still with her arms raised against him, looked away over the meadow, full of moving white figures. The moon shone out over it, and it gleamed like a field of Paradise peopled with angels. Then she looked up in her lover's face, and suddenly it was to her as if she saw therein the new earth of all her dreams.

Solomon Lennox and his followers kept on to Penfield's hill, which arose before them crowned with silver, and Isaac Penfield hastened down the road to the village, half carrying Melissa's little white-clad figure, wrapped against the cold in his own gray cloak.

Early the next morning a small company of pallid shivering people crept through the village to their homes. Many had weakened and deserted long before dawn, chilled to their very thoughts and fancies by their long vigil on the hill-top. Young girls ran home, crying aloud like children, and men half dragged hysterical wives rigid with chills. Solomon Lennox and his wife remained until the dawn light shone; then he beckoned to her and the whimpering deaf-and-dumb boy, and led the way down the hill without a word. He never looked at the rest of the company, but they followed silently.

The Penfield house was about a quarter of a mile from the pasture bars. When they reached it, Isaac stood waiting at the gate. He went up to Solomon, who was passing without a look, and touched his arm with an impatient yet respectful gesture. "You and Mrs. Lennox and Lonny had better come in here, I think," he said.

Solomon was moving on with dull obstinacy, but Isaac laid his hand on his arm. "I—think you have—forgotten," he said. "I am sorry, but—your brother Simeon has—taken possession of your house."

Solomon stared at him dully. He did not seem to comprehend. Sophia Anne looked as blue and bloodless in her white robe as if she were dead. She had scarce more control of her trembling tongue than if it were paralyzed, but her highly strung feminine nerves gave out vibrations still.

"Has Simeon took possession?" she demanded, fiercely.

Isaac Penfield nodded. "I think it would be pleasanter for you to come in here now," he said. Then he hesitated, and colored suddenly. "Your daughter is in here," he added.

Sophia Anne gave a keen glance at him. Then she turned in at the gate with a sharp twitch at the arm of the deaf-and-dumb boy, who was making strange cries and moans, like a distressed animal. "Come, father," she called, impatiently; and Solomon also entered the Penfield gate with a piteous, dazed air.

In the great south room of the Penfield house were Melissa and Mrs. Martha Joyce, the housekeeper. Mrs. Joyce was mixing something in a steaming bowl; Melissa sat still, gazing at the fire. She was dressed in a blue satin gown and fine lace tucker, which had belonged to Isaac Penfield's mother. Madam Penfield had been nearly Melissa's size, and the gown

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fitted her slender figure daintily. She sat with her fair head bent, the color coming and going in her soft cheeks, as if from her own thoughts. Her little hands were folded in her blue satin lap, and on one finger gleamed a great pearl, which Madam Penfield had used to wear.

When the door opened and her parents entered, she half started up, with a great blush; then she sank back, trembling and pale.

Isaac Penfield crossed over to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder. "She is my wife," he said. "We were married last night."

Sophia Anne made a faint gesture, which might have expressed anything. Solomon staggered to a chair without a look. In truth, when they entered the warm room, and the long strain of resistance against cold and fatigue ceased, exhaustion overcame them. Mrs. Joyce administered hot porridge and cordials, and Melissa knelt down in her blue satin and rubbed her mother's benumbed hands.

Solomon took whatever was offered him, meekly, like a child. His face was changed; the look which it had worn during the greater part of his life, the expression of himself within his old worn channel, had returned.

He was sitting by the fire, sipping cordial, when his brother Simeon came in; he had not even noticed the brazen clang of the knocker.

Simeon came tiptoeing around in front of his brother, thrust down his face on a level with his, and peered at him with a sharp twinkle of black eyes. Then he looked at Sophia Anne, and chuckled. "'Pears to me wings didn't work very well," said he.

Simeon had a roll of paper in his hand. He went to the desk, and spread it out ostentatiously. Then he began to read in a high, solemn voice, with an undertone of merriment in it. "Know all men by these presents," began Simeon Lennox, and read straight through the deed, with all its strange legal formalities, by which his brother Solomon had conveyed his worldly goods to him.

Sophia Anne writhed in her chair as Simeon read. She was on a rack of torture, and every new word was a turn of the screw. Solomon set his tumbler of cordial on the hearth, and rested his head on his hands.

After Simeon had finished reading the deed, he paused for a moment. Sophia Anne gave a dry sob.

Then Simeon cleared his throat, and continued: "The foregoing I do hereby declare null and void, and I do hereby remise, release, sell, and forever quitclaim, for myself and my heirs, by these presents, the aforementioned premises, with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, to the said Solomon Lennox, his heirs and assigns forever, in consideration that Sophia Anne, the wife of said Solomon Lennox, shall, during the term of her natural life, unless she be prevented by sickness from so doing, make, mix, season, and bake for me with her own hands, with her best skill, according to her own conscience, seven mince pies during every week of the year, with one extra for every Independence and Thanksgiving day, and that the said Sophia Anne, the wife of the said Solomon Lennox, shall hereunto set her hand and seal."

Simeon looked at Sophia Anne. She stared back at him, speechless.

"Well, what ye goin' to do about it, Sophy Anne?" said Simeon.

Sophia Anne still looked at him as if he were a blank wall against which her very spirit had been brought to a standstill.

"Goin' to sign it, Sophy Anne?"

Sophia Anne got up. Her knees trembled, but she motioned back Isaac Penfield's proffered arm. She went to the desk, sat down, took the quill, dipped it carefully in the inkstand, and shook it lest it blot. Her lean arm crooked as stiffly as a stick, her lips were a blue line, but she wrote her name with sharply rippling strokes, and laid the pen down.

"Sure ye won't make them mince pies, Sophy Anne?" said Simeon.

Sophia Anne made no reply. She put her elbow on the desk, and leaned her head on her hand. Simeon looked at her a moment, then he gave her a rough pat on her shoulder and turned and went to the window, and stood there, staring out.

Melissa was weeping softly; Isaac stood beside her, smoothing her hair tenderly. The deaf-and-dumb boy's fair head hung helplessly over his shoulder. He had fallen asleep with the tears on his cheeks.

The morning sunlight shone broadly into the room over them all, but Solomon Lennox did not seem to heed that or anything that was around him, sitting sadly within himself: a prophet brooding over the ashes of his own prophetic fire.

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WHERE TIME HAS SLUMBERED.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

"MEBBY Mrs. Cap'n will have one," or, "You'd better go and see Mrs. Cap'n," or, "If there's any sich thing around, mebbe Mrs. Cap'n 'll have it." These things were so often said to the hunter from New York, who was down in West Virginia partly for deer, and largely for relics of a by-gone era, that he determined to see "Mrs. Cap'n," and to know more about her. There seemed to be little to know, and that was told readily in answer to his questions, for it was evident that she was the most conspicuous woman on the mountain on which she lived. All the mountain folk knew her or knew about her, but at the same time it became clear to the stranger from New York that there was some little mystery—something kept back. It was said of her that she was "more forehanded" than most women, that she was very industrious, that she was proud, and "kep' her head well up," and that she had been a widow through the best part of her life—a widow so stricken by her bereavement that no man had since been able to make any impression upon her affections, though the best men in that section had tried. That in itself was peculiar enough to make her conspicuous.

Freely as this was told, it was often accompanied by a manner that led the stranger to fancy there was more to learn. His failure to break through this reserve whetted his curiosity, and one day he went straight to the woman herself in her cabin. The cabin, externally, was very like all the rest—a little log house with a stone chimney projecting from one end, with a roof made of those large shingles that they call "clapboards" down there, with a row of three small window-panes set in the end opposite the chimney for an extra window, in addition to the real window that was beside the doorway, and that was also like a window in the daytime, and was usually left open to serve as such. Over and in front of the door was a rude, ramshackle porch. It was made of a few boards held up at the outer ends by a beam laid across two posts. It was apparently maintained to protect a flooring of rough logs sunk in the ground, but it could shelter them only from such rare rains as fell straight down from overhead, so that perhaps its best service was to accommodate several bunches of dried or drying "yarbs." They hung at just the right height beneath the porch to hit a visitor's hat, and cause him to glance quickly around for the assailant who had made a target of his head-gear. The house or cabin stood in a little clearing of much trampled and furrowed dirt, with its chimney end toward the road, and its door and porch facing the rest of "Mrs. Cap'n's" buildings—a corn and tobacco house, a stable, and a pigsty—properties not altogether uncommon in those mountains, and yet not so common but that they reflected proudly upon the family as one that was pretty well-to-do as things go in that country. The corn-house and pigsty were commonplace, but the stable was one to arrest a stranger's attention. It was built on the plan of a canary-cage, with its sides almost as open as if you were expected to hand in hay by the half-bale to the horse through the space between the boards, or to pass him in a pail of water whenever he was thirsty, without bothering with the door. And even that kind of stable is commonplace in West Virginia, for that is the kind they build there, either because the climate is never severe, or possibly because a great storm would blow right through the building without carrying it away, as the winds pass through a net-work banner in the streets. But that is a mere ignorant conjecture, such as a stranger might make, since West Virginia is one of the few of our commonwealths that are free from really big American weather, with all that the term implies.

"Can I come in?" said the hunter from New York, pausing in the open doorway.

"Yaas; come in and hev a warm," said a man who sat before some blazing logs in the deep tall recess in the Dutch chimney. "Draw up a cheer by the fire and hev a warm."

"Is this Mrs. Captain's?"

"Yaas," said the man; "Mrs. Cap'n is my sister. She's up above. That's her a-shakin' things with her loom—makin' a little rag kyarpet fer Killis Kyar's folks. Sence Killis Kyar's moved into his new house on the valley road his gals is mighty ticky. And yit" (thoughtfully) "they

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ain't nothin' like's ticky as some. When I see the young folks that's so awful nice about hevin' kyarpets on the floor an' curtings on the winders and that-all, I often say to 'em, 'Ef you-all could see how yer fathers lived without none of them things, you-all wouldn't be so ticky.'"

"But you've got a carpet here—and curtains," said the stranger.

"Oh, *we* hev," said the man. "That's Mrs. Cap'n—she's different."

It was evident that she and much besides were different, as the old man said. We shall see that most mountain cabins are bare (floor, ceiling, walls, and all), but here was a floor-covering of rag carpet, and the window had a small section of a yellow lace curtain drawn across it, and the ceiling was clean, instead of being grimy with smoke like most others. And there were several tintypes grouped together not inartistically on one wall, and some gay lithographs, such as one gets at a country grocery, on the opposite wall. Two long mountain rifles, made pretty by brass-work inlaid in the stocks, ornamented two rafters, and some powder-horns and pouches and a dog-horn—the very sort of curios the hunter was seeking—hung upon other rafters. But the marvel of marvels in the cabin was one of the beds. It was a century-old "four-poster," standing so high above the floor that no man could reach the tops of the solid fluted posts, and no man would care to meet with such a mishap as to fall from the bedding to the floor. As the stranger looked about him the old man followed his eyes, and commented upon whatever they took in.

"Yaas," said he; "Mrs. Cap'n is different, you know. That's hern, that big bed. Me and young Cap'n, when he's to home, sleeps on that low bed thar" (nodding at an ordinary bed made up in a sort of low open box that sat on the floor without legs beneath it). "Them guns and things she takes fer the kyarpets and jeans she weaves, and sells 'em to strangers like you-all fer ten times what they're wuth. Them picters is hern too."

"Everybody speaks highly of her; she must be a remarkable woman," said the stranger.

"Waal, 'tain't *that*, so much," said the old man, pausing, and puffing at his pipe, and reflecting rather dreamily as he began to talk. "I reckon it's the hard times she's had, an' the way she's bore up through it. Her husband bein' killed so quick, an' her mournin' for him so stiddy. I reckon that's it."

"How was he killed?"

"The Cap'n? He was shot takin' some deserters into camp; ambushed not more'n a mile away from here. I reckon that's why folks is so set towards her. He on'y was here a short time, but he stuck to her 'bout all the time he could spare. Our house was his quarters till the General give orders to forward the hull of the army on further west. I was away, 'listed on the Confed'rit side; but I'm Union now—because the Cap'n was Union. Anyhow, 'most nine in ten 'round here was always Union. My sister was Union soon as she seen the Cap'n, tho' she hadn't been before. That's near thirty year ago, and she's been mournin' and takin' on ever since. They were jist surely cut out for one another, and were agreed to be married, an' everything was arranged—and then he was ambushed by some friends of the men he was arrestin'."

"What was his name?"

"Thar, now," said the old man, "she kin tell you that. I never could just rightly remember it. Her bein' called 'Mrs. Cap'n' by they-all just drove his name outer my head. He was from Ohier—I know *that*—and had a name you couldn't take hold of easy, endin' in 'berger,' or—no, maybe it wasn't just 'berger' neither."

At this point a cessation of the regular thud-thud of the loom overhead gave notice that Mrs. Cap'n was resting. A moment later her voice sounded down through the square hole at the top of the ladder that served for the stairs to the second story.

"Pole!" the voice said; "what does he want, Pole?"

"Well, I declare; that's so," said the old man; "what did you want—anything 'sides a warm? I reckon maybe you'd like a cold slice."

"No," said the stranger; "I came to see if I could buy an old gun, like one of those I see you have there. I heard your sister had one or two."

"Reckon you'd better come down, Tish," said the old man. "He wants one o' your rifles, maybe."

With much deliberation and extraordinary disturbance of mind over her skirts, which were as contumacious as they might be expected to be when forced through a

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two-foot hole and down a ladder nailed against a wall, Mrs. Letitia Cap'n (for Tish is the diminutive of Letitia in those mountains) came down into the main room. Except that she was not as shy as most mountain women in the presence of a strange man, she was very like the rest—a spare angular woman of middle age, in a dress that was as simple as a woman's dress could be, and that consisted of a plain waist of pink calico, and a plain skirt of the same stuff that no more than reached to her shoe-tops. She differed from the other women whom the stranger had seen thereabouts in that she wore a white apron—a superfluity trifling in itself, and yet impressive in the effect of neatness and self-respect that it produced. Perhaps, too, she was more comely than her neighbors in the sight of the mountain men. They could make closer comparisons than a stranger might. To this stranger who now regarded her she had, in common with the rest, the colorless lips, the pinched features, and the lack-lustre eyes of all the typical, badly nourished, overworked, dyspeptic mountain folk. At the suggestion of an offer of his right hand by the stranger, she put both her long bony hands behind her back—not rudely, but from a blending of awkwardness and shyness. The bartering for the gun being over, the stranger remarked that he and her brother had been speaking of "the Captain." Something very like a spark of life lighted up the woman's eyes when the subject was introduced, and she stepped to the wall and took down two pictures—both tintypes.

"This is Cap'n's picture," said she, handling one tenderly, and offering it with a little enthusiasm, as something certain to be admired, though it was a wretchedly bad piece of workmanship. It was a photograph of a soldier in uniform.

"And hain't this one like him?" she asked, putting the other card in the stranger's hand. He saw no resemblance to one in the other, but understanding that even a bad picture may convey a perfect portraiture to the mind of one who knows the face that is hinted at, he avoided her question, and asked whose was the second portrait.

"It's young Cap'n's—my son's," said she, very proudly; "and I can see the Cap'n growing up in him all over again when I look at him. To me it's just like the Cap'n had come back, fer they're both the same age. Young Cap'n is about twenty-nine, and so was his father when he was killed."

The stranger looked at the tintypes more closely. To him the face of the soldier appeared that of a vain and weak man. The low brow, the immense mustachios curled up at the ends, the small eyes, and the abnormal breadth of the face at the cheek-bones suggested something that quite startled him—the possibility that the Captain had been such a man as might, had he lived, have broken the heart of the woman who now held his memory so sacred.

"Young Cap'n's on the railroad—telegraph operatin'," said she. "When he comes home I see him and his father together. You hain't from Ohier, be yer? No? 'Cause there wuz a man from Ohier 'bout ten year ago—I just can't happen to think out his name—and he told 'round that the Cap'n was married a'ready when he 'listed fer the war. Pole here—my brother—might 'a' found out what the man knew, if he'd a-been more keerful. I was sorry fer what you done, Pole, and you know it—gittin' down your ole rifle and huntin' the man outen the country, the way you done."

"I'd like to 'a' raised my ole gyurl rifle on that critter till his head darkened the sight," said the old hunter. "That's all me and my old gyurl wanted that time, Tish. Reckon I was too keerful with Bird Jiney too, mebbe."

"I don't say you was, Pole," Mrs. Captain replied, "fer Bird Jiney was ornery."

She then explained to the stranger that a neighbor of the name of Jiney—a man so contemptible that even his folks were "mean" (a hard thing to say of any one)—had "dar'd" to speak slightingly of her and her widowhood, and that, after giving him fair warning to leave the country, her brother had met him on a mountain road, and jerking him from the back of his horse, had dropped him over the edge of a cliff. Mrs. Captain added that Jiney had not been killed, but, after his broken bones had healed, had gone away "to some of them cities in old Virginia" to start life over again. After an interval of several years he had sent her the bed on which she had slept ever since—the huge semi-royal four-poster close by—far and away the most impressive, pretentious, and costly article of household furniture in the county. Mrs. Captain

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had accepted the gift as a peace-offering, she being a very thrifty woman, and the bed being a thing that could not be sent back without great expense. After that she had expected Bird Jiney to limp back into the neighborhood among his friends and family, but he had never been heard from again.

It was evident that brother Pole's energy in protecting his sister was enough to account for the brake on the gossiping tendencies of the neighbors. He made it "unhealthy," as they say out West, to talk too much about Mrs. Cap'n, even though no one had anything but praise to speak of her.

"They-all round here says I'm proud, mebbe," Mrs. Captain continued; "but I'm only proud fer my husband. If he'd 'a' lived I'd 'a' been better off than any of they-all, and since he died I'm bound to work and save money, and live's near as I kin to the way he'd have had me. If I'm puttin' on, I'm on'y puttin' on fer Cap'n—hain't I, Pole? Mebbe he's where he kin see me and the kyarpet like he told me he had in Ohier, and the curting and—and the bed—and kin see me workin' and doing my best."

"She don't keer fer herself," said the old man; "she on'y thinks of him and young Cap'n. I never see anything like it."

"And I don't keer if you're f'om Ohier er not," she went on; "fer, tell the truth, your voice did naturally remind me of Ohier, somehow. I don't keer if Cap'n *was* married 'fore he 'listed in the war."

"Tish!" said the brother, warningly.

"No, Pole; mebbe it don't sound fittin'—and it ain't fittin'—fer any one to say that; and we know he *couldn't* 'a' been married; but yit if Cap'n had a wife in Ohier I pity her with all my heart. He might have had her, Pole, *but I just certainly had his love.*"

The stranger who told me of that adventure, as we sat before a log fire in a West Virginia tavern, told it to illustrate something of the peculiarity of the mountain people—not so much by the woman's history, for that was peculiar even there, but by the setting and accessories of the tale. After that I looked in many a cabin in the hope that I might see the great bed, which stood transfigured in my mind as a sort of altar, but I never saw it or the woman, who, without acknowledging or even realizing her fault, retrieved it so completely afterward.

The mountain districts of West Virginia are as strange in their primitive population as in their tossed and tumbled surface. The cities and larger towns and many of the cultivated valleys compare favorably with those of other States, and it is not of them that I am writing. But the greater part of the State is made up of mountains, and it is there that we see how unique are her people and their ways. New Mexico, with its glare of sands and its half-Mexican population, is more foreign, but it is not so picturesque nor nearly so peculiar as this abiding-place of a genuine and pure American population, whose civilization has stood still for more than a century. We go to Europe to seek what is less strange; indeed, it is a far journey to such another anachronism as West Virginia. Those reformers who fancy that legislation is a short-cut to virtue, and that nature can be altered by a change of statutes, might almost find their dreams realized in West Virginia; for when that State was cut off from old Virginia, leaving the old Mother of Presidents with her original boundaries on the West, the progress of two centuries and a half seemed also to have been cut off. And West Virginia began, thirty years ago, where old Virginia did, with a civilization that is to-day what might be expected of thirty years of settlement in a rough country.

It is not strange that travellers should find the scenery and flora of the Alleghanies so similar from Pennsylvania to Georgia that a blindfolded man taken to any part of them and uncovered could never tell in which State he stood. The mountain altitudes regulate the climate, and that makes all the rest nearly uniform. But it is strange to find the people so much alike from end to end of the great chain of mountains—to find them all so backward and simple, all so tall and spare and angular, all speaking so nearly the same dialect, all living in cabins of nearly one pattern, and copying one another even in such little details as lead them to use one sort of broad-strap harness that one sees put upon no other horses than theirs. To be sure, the valleys run parallel up and down the ranges, but there are passes from east to west, and through some of these are run latter-day railroads, with Pullman coaches, "diners," and the accompaniments of telephone and telegraph. And there are old railroads, too,

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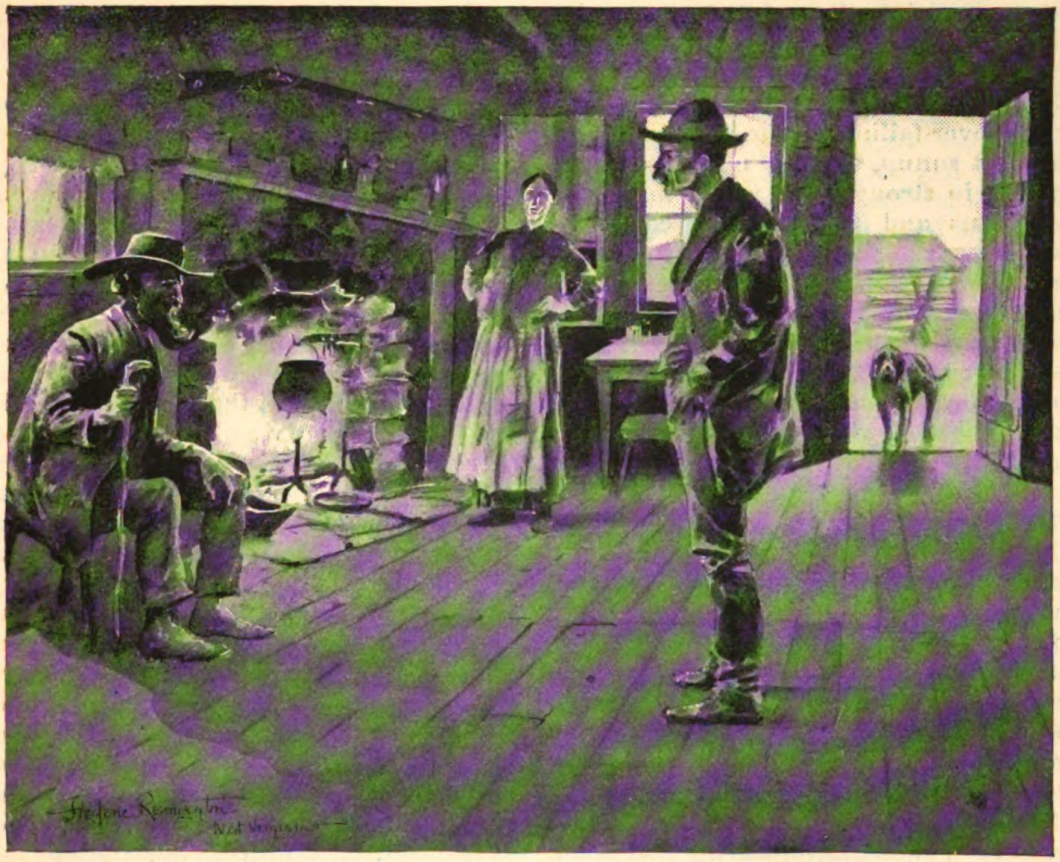

INTERIOR OF A MOUNTAIN CABIN.

which long ago broke through the fastnesses, and carried the nineteenth century in their wake. Yet the old life turned not aside. It still follows the trend of the valleys. And the new life hurries through as if it was conveyed "in bond," as we send goods through Canada to Chicago. At any point on the frontier or in the heart of West Virginia you step from your Pullman to the wagon that awaits you, and the length of a morning's "constitutional" finds you in the dominion of a belated century. The time is right by your watch, but your pocket-calendar is a hundred years too far ahead. It is true that the present era jars the past in places. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, which bisects the State, is modern even to elegance, but thousands of the people near its steel threads have never ridden over a mile of it. That very modern statesman W. L. Wilson hails from there; but the life in the mountains is so ancient that George Washington, were he back on earth, would say, after a tour of the whole country, "At last, here I find a part of the world as I left it."

I went into West Virginia over the Pennsylvania border last summer, and put up at a mountain-spring resort. There was a clashing of two centuries there. The arch city maiden in white flannel was there trimming her hat with butterflies, sticking a hat-pin into them at twenty places, "so as to find their hearts and kill them without hurting them too much," and at night she banged out Sousa's last two-step in a way that filled the old woods with the breath of a Michigan Avenue boarding-house. But in the early morning, when her flannel suit hung over a chair, and her "white sailor" sat the top of the bedroom pitcher with a rakish cant to one side, the squirrels and the locusts and katydids had the forests to themselves, and the early stirrers on the mountain roads were the old-time West-Virginians, as simple and genuine as fresh air.

Observing that the strangers at the Springs came from unthought-of dis-

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tances to drink the sulphur water that bubbled up in the meadow by the hotel, they too paid the tardy century the compliment of drinking its catholicon. But with never-failing shyness they always came at sunup, without noise or bustle, though in strong force, to fill their pails and cans and blickeys and carry the liquid away. They and the nineteenth-century boarders were impressed and cozened by the same fact: the water smelled so bad and tasted so nasty that it must certainly be good medicine. I never will forget how the mountaineers interested me. The women came sidewise, bobbing lightly up and down on the horses, with both feet side by side on the animal's ribs. The capes of their calico hoods waved prettily in the breeze. The teamsters knew better than to sit on the jolting wagons that pounded over the rocks in the roads, so each saddled the left-hand horse of his team and rode at ease, while the horses tugged up the hills with a force that had to be met and eased by means of the harness of broad straps which is the horse-gear of the entire Appalachian world. The little boys brought trousers that did not know their shoes, never having met them, and jackets that mimicked the trousers by being too short—in the sleeves as well as the body. The little girls were bare at both top and toe, as befitted creatures that did not have to go into the thorn and bramble thickets, as the boys had to do in order to be boys. But their tubular cotton drawers desired to see as much of life as possible, and therefore reached below their little dresses. All alike were simple, honest, unobtrusive, and shy. Nothing but a "bush-meeting" seemed powerful enough to bring them out in force, but at that they opened their shells like clams at high-water—for everywhere, from one end of the mountains to the other, they are deeply religious. They are "Baptis'" and "Methodys" wherever I saw them. Mr. Remington and I met one in the Potts Creek Valley, over near the old Virginia line, who had been out to Oregon, and was doing well there, but came back to Potts Creek "because they didn't respect the Sabbath out West."

There are church buildings in the villages, but the villages are few and far apart, and in this particular place the custom was for some preacher to spring as it were out of nowhere and to announce a bush-meeting by means of a written placard nailed to a tree by the spring. It was to be held at two o'clock in a certain patch of woods, so commonly and frequently the scene of such meetings that the rude benches made of planks nailed to tree stumps were always there, and kept in good order, apparently by a devout mountaineer who lived in the nearest cabin. The meeting lasted less than an hour, but the people made it the affair of a day. They came from as far as the news of the meeting had been carried by the equestrians and wagoners who had reined up at sight of the placard and halted "to see what's a-goin' on." Some, therefore, had been obliged to set out soon after breakfast—and that would not make a long journey where six miles of road may loop over the top of a tremendous mountain, up which the horses crawl, and the more humane men lead instead of riding them. Before noon the wagons began to come in. Bars were let down at various points near the camp-ground, and the teams were tethered to the trees in half a dozen scattered parts of the woods. The wagons were such as one sees all over the land, made in Racine, Wisconsin, or South Bend, Indiana, or Cortland, New York. Out of them came men and women, girls and boys, and even babies. By noon nearly all the worshippers were on hand—strolling from hitching-place to hitching-place to see who had come, and to gossip with friends and acquaintances. It is wonderful how far and wide men are known to one another in these mountains. The people are sociable in the extreme. We would call them "shiftless" as a race, for it is a fact that they have inherited the discouragement of their ancestors, who must have early given up the effort to wrest more than a bare living out of agriculture in a territory that is rich only where it is mined for coal and iron and stone.

Wherever nature refuses a living in return for fair effort, humanity becomes stagnant or demoralized, and in West Virginia, still the great game-preserve for the Middle and Atlantic States, the rod and gun were early found to be more profitable companions than the plough and shovel, so that a race of hunters developed there—hunters with the patience and philosophy that the Indian emphasizes, and that lead all such men, white, red, or black, to snub Dame Fortune if she comes with that heavy tax of care and

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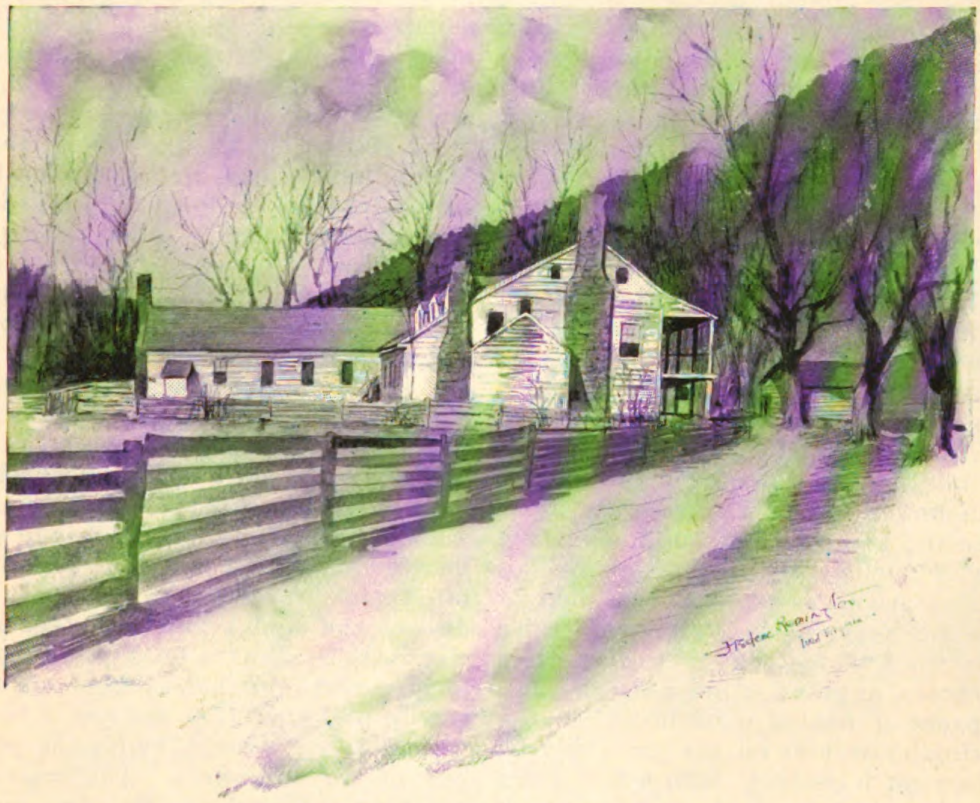
responsibility which we call civilization, and which the woodsman sees through as if it were plate-glass, and regards as bringing very little at a very great cost.

Therefore these mountain folk take a great deal of time and pains to know one another, and having this wide acquaintance, they solder it to their lives with incessant gatherings like this bush-meeting. go 'round 'mong the neighborhood women." Then there was "allers some of the neighborhood chillun and her chillun passin' to and fro; an' on'y night before last there was a corn-shuckin' and a dance here; on'y it wasn't so big but what the beds was left standin', 'stid of bein' sot out, same as when we hev a big dance; an' my man's got some corn to shuck yit."



THE OLD TAVERN IN THE VALLEY.

They hold "log-rollings" and "corn-shuckings" and dances and shooting-matches and "gander-pulls," and one thing or another, to make up a circle of gatherings that reaches around the whole year, and closes around every life in each district. I paid a visit one day at the tip-top of a mountain and at the end of a trail that hadn't one other cabin by its side. To me the cabin seemed a mere accentuation of a solitude I had scarcely believed possible. I remarked to the woman of the cabin that I should have thought she would be very lonely. Lonely? That showed my ignorance. Why, there never passed a day on which some of the "neighbors" did not drop in, and at least once or twice a week she would "git to

To return to the out-door church service, the interchange of visits was followed by a return of each party to its wagon for a picnic dinner upon whatever had been brought along—cold corn pone principally. When all the worshippers gathered at the bush-meeting it was seen not to be very different from a Northern camp-meeting, such as one sees in New Jersey particularly. The men wore soft felt hats and long beards, and seemed never to have combed their hair. The women had on broad-brimmed black straw hats, such as I was told a mountain woman is able to keep and use for "Sunday best" for a quarter of a century. The boys looked boldly at the girls, and the girls looked slyly at the boys out of the tails of their

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eyes. The sudden rattling of a wagon among the trees, followed by a loud "Whoa there!" occasionally sounded above the prayer and song. Some of the men who came without women stood away from the worshippers, smoking, and talking as countrymen converse, in broken sentences wide apart, with the fractures filled up by vigorous tobacco-chewing. The preacher was a woman — a "Mrs. Lawson of Kentucky, the celebrated evangelist." She brought a young man with her to "open with prayer," and to pass around his hat, and after his prayer she delivered an address, which, if it were right to pass judgment upon it, I should declare to be the most noisy and the least thoughtful sermon or talk that I ever heard. There was singing before and after her address, and it was noticeable that though the young man had to sing nearly the whole first verse entirely alone, the people afterwards sang the remaining verses, though there was not a book or printed copy of the hymn in the forest.

In the eastern part of the State, nearer to Virginia, I found that the circuit-rider still ministers to the religious welfare of the mountain folks. There are neat little white and green church buildings in the valleys, but they are opened only once a month. About as often as that, and in some cases regularly, the circuit-rider sends word of his coming to the elders or deacons, or puts the notice in the country paper if one is published near the meeting-house, and on the given day he appears on horseback, with a few extra belongings and his Bible and song-book rolled up behind him on his saddle. Wherever he preaches he has a large meeting, and he "boards 'round" with the religious families in the old time-honored way. But to end the glimpse I got of the State in the summer requires a mention of the mountaineer laundress at "the Springs." Her name was "Miss" Sony Bowyer—"Miss" meaning Mistress, and "Sony" being the abbreviation of the not uncommon name of Lasonia. She was down at the spring with her pitcher for the day's drinking water.

"I'd like to send up my washing to you this afternoon," said I.

"I'd ruther you wouldn't, not to-day," said "Miss" Bowyer. "It would just certainly muddle me. You see how it is: I'm ironin' the Adamses now, and I hate ter mix the families up. I'm so afraid there'll be some mistake, so I wash and iron each family separate. To-day I'm ironin' the Adamses, and in the morning I'll wash the Browns. In the afternoon I'll iron the Browns, and by Wednesday I'll take up— What's your name? Ralph? Yes, by Wednesday I'll be able to wash the Ralphs."

Virginia, according to the historians, was settled in 1607; and West Virginia, the territory west of the mountains, was invaded by settlers nearly a century and a half later—in 1750. "Many a young man," as I read somewhere, "married the girl of his choice, and, with axe in belt and rifle on shoulder, accompanied by his bride, started out to locate on a purchase of land he had made in the wild but beautiful new country." Beautiful it is to-day, and very largely wild. The picturesque young pioneer felled trees, made logs, and put up a cabin, raising a chimney of rough stones at the end of the shanty against the arrival of the winter, if not to provide for immediate culinary needs. He hung his rifle and pouch and powder-horn on the rafters, and his wife got a spinning-wheel and loom somehow from old Virginia. As schools did not follow him into the woods he grew up with a mind as placid as a mill-pond, unruffled by any of those dreams and doubts which in other minds elsewhere became the fathers and mothers of progress. All that, says the historian, was in and after 1750, and yet it is very little different now in by far the greater part of West Virginia. The cabins are precisely the same as the first pioneer would have built when he let go his faithful bride's hand and began to swing his axe. The flintlock rifle, nearly seven feet long, that he first shouldered, he ordered cut down, and cut down again, in Richmond and Baltimore, as his carelessness allowed the saltpetre to corrode the pan; and at one time or another he allowed the gunsmith to tear off the flintlock and make his piece a "cushion" gun—that being what he calls a rifle that fires by means of a percussion-cap. Even the Winchester is creeping into the cabins now. The young bride, reproduced in her progeny, is slowly giving up the use of her spinning-wheel and loom, because there is no profit in the wondrous jean she makes, at less than a dollar a yard, and yet factory jean brings only a few cents. Nevertheless, there is still some

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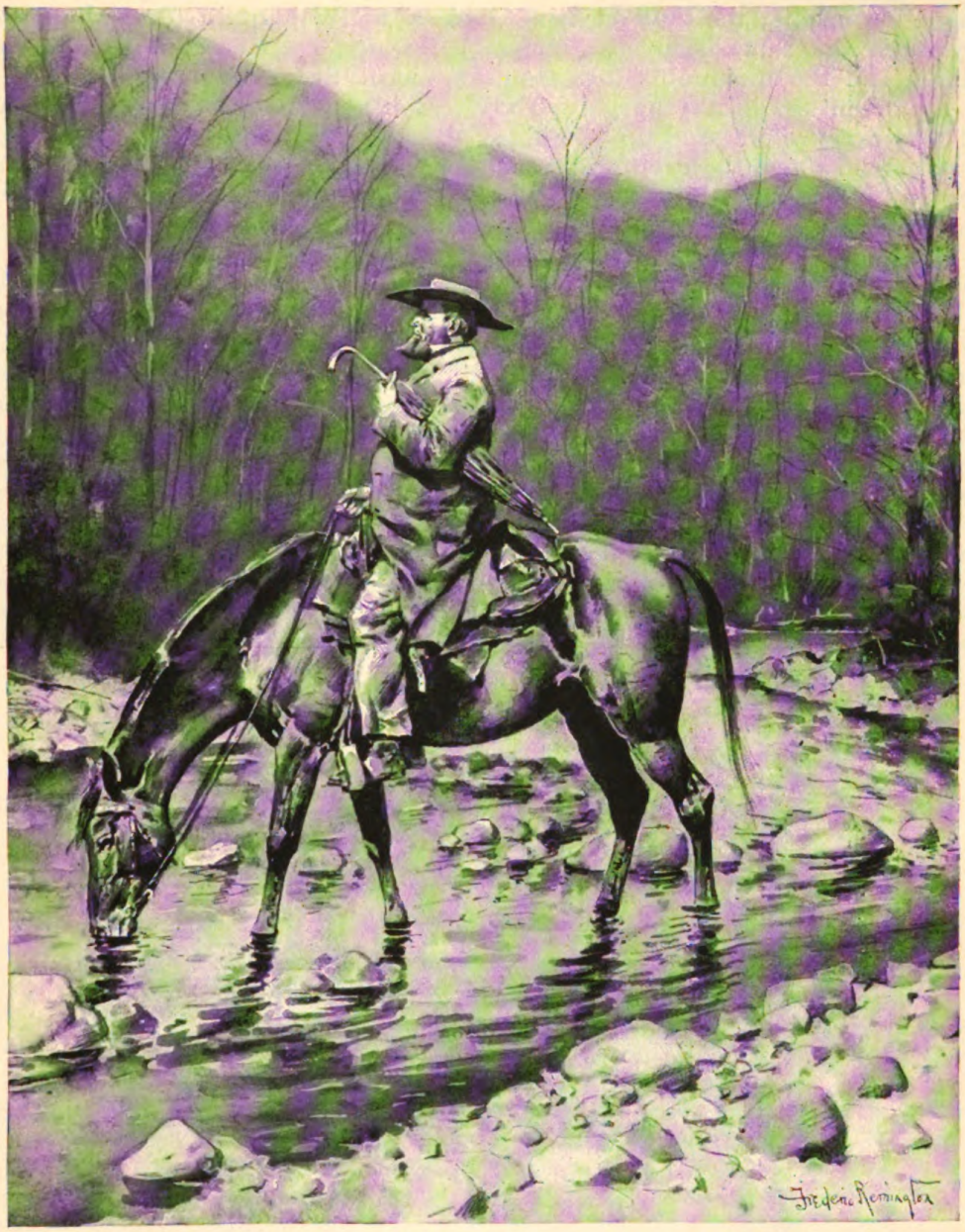

THE CIRCUIT-RIDER.

call for her art to-day. Plenty of mountain folk are wearing homespun stuff from their bodies outward, and I saw two spinning-wheels and two looms at work in one small valley, besides hearing of at least one other pair of these last-century machines in a cabin I did not visit.

The greatest difference between the present time and the long ago is seen in the presence of numerous free schools all over the mountains, and already they are awakening the people.

I made notes of the primitive out-door and in-door scenes in the parts of West Virginia where I wandered, and perhaps nothing that I could do would serve the purpose better than to smoothly transcribe them without their losing the freshness of the views they reflect. The scenery, I wrote, is the same from the middle of Pennsylvania to Georgia — the same rounded, wooded mountains; the same green, often fertile valleys, checkerboarded with farms; the same stone-strewn watercourses brawling down the hill-sides; the same frequent, almost general, for-

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ests; the same few roads and many trails; the same log cabins; the same clearings. Everywhere the same deep blue hangs overhead, and the mountains turn from near-by green to distant purple. The wood fires everywhere send up thin blue veils of smoke above the cabins, and the scenes in which humanity figures are played by characters that are everywhere very much alike. Perhaps in the North there are more covered bridges, but the rule, over the entire mountain system, is for the horses and wagons to cross the streams by means of fords over "branches" and creeks that are floored with great thicknesses of shaly, flat, smooth stones. The pedestrians get over the streams by means of foot-bridges, some of which are mere tree trunks resting on cross-bucks, and some of which are quite ornamental though simple suspension-bridges, with certainly one hand-rail, if not two, beside the planking.

A FOOT-BRIDGE, WEST VIRGINIA.

It's a horseback country. There are main roads and there are wagons to use upon them, but they are both "valley improvements," the products of the greater fertility of the lowlands, where the "quality" lived as planters before the war and worked large tracts with slaves, or where the small farms of the poor whites begat a prosperous middle class between the quality folk and the mountaineers. But a great population lives on the mountain-sides and mountain-tops, along bridle-paths that are mere trails, and these are not at all fit for wagoneering.

It has never occurred to any one to clear most of these trails. They run up and down the steepest inclines that a horse can climb, and they wind through forests and jungles of low growth so dense that I had to buy canvas "chaps" or leggings to ward off the thorns. Nevertheless, I met men, and even women, on these trails who were dressed just as they would be at home, and who got through without tatters—how, I don't know. Often the vegetation was so thick that if my companions or I halted for even less than a minute, those who kept on were totally lost to view. This wildness is on the steep hill-sides. Wherever there is a bench or a plateau one comes upon a clearing here and there, with fields sown in oats, potatoes, and buckwheat, and perhaps a little tobacco, to be rolled into twists for home consumption and for barter with the "neighborhood men."

It is on the wagon roads that one meets the greater number of people, but the roads are not exactly Parisian boulevards. Those roads that cross the mountains have a queer way of going into partnership with the streams. Sometimes they run up the streams, so that at high-water a

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MOUNTAIN WOMEN.

farmer fording his way looks like a human Neptune floating in his wagon, while his horses, up to their bellies in the crystal water, show neither legs nor flippers. Sometimes the stream abandons its bed and takes to the roadway for a piece, each such interchange by the one or the other being made to get a clear right of way through the tree-cluttered, bowlder-strewn region. Down in the valleys the roads are latticed in by the very tallest fences that are anywhere used by farmers. They are called snake-and-rider fences, and the snake part is made of from seven to eleven rails laid zigzag, one pile of bars set this way and the next pile set the other way, with at least one "rider," and sometimes two, perched on tall crossed poles above the snake-work. Thus does West Virginia pay generous tribute to the agility of her mountain-bred cattle, poor and thin to look at or get milk or beef from, yet able to bound about like self-propelling rubber-balls.

Between these towering gridiron fences one meets the people. Ah! those generous, hospitable, manly, frank, and narrow-minded people! Now it is two women that one meets — a mother and daughter, both on one horse, the mother on the saddle and the daughter behind her on an old shawl. They sit as if the horse was a chair, with their four shoes in a row, and their big hoods bobbing in unison. Next comes a farmer astride his steed, with a sack of meal in front of him, the wind blowing the front of his soft hat up against the crown, and the horse's sides working his trouser-legs up so as to show his blue and white home-knit woollen stockings. All along the sides of the road are pigs—the Africans of the brute creation—grunting contentedly, and eating, and clinging to the places where the sun is hottest. Deer-

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hounds skulk along wherever there are houses—the instruments of a short-sighted people for the ruin of the game which brings them not merely food, but the generous patronage of holiday huntsmen from all over the North and East. And here comes a wagon with its driver a-horseback, driving two of the four horses that are hitched by a net-work of broad black leather bands to a rumbling green box-wagon, loaded either with lumber, stone, or corn, you may be sure. The district doctor, certain to be the only "citified" man in a rude district, comes lolloping along on a better horse than his neighbors own, with his medicines in a leather roll on the back of his saddle, under his coat tails.

"What sort of cases make up your practice, doctor?"

"Dyspepsia and child-birth—that is about all," he says, speaking the good English he learned at home in old Virginia and in college.

"And gunshot wounds?"

"Only accidental ones, and those very rarely," he replies.

"What of the morals of the people back in the mountains, doctor?"

"They have their own code, sir; one that differs slightly from that of more polished folk, but it is honest. They do not regard it as criminal to make moonshine whiskey. They make it because that is the only way they can get it. Marriages which you would say might better have been hurried are not uncommon, but here they preserve good names unharmed. There is little or no laxness beyond that. There is very little vagabondage of any sort. We have no tramps, no thieves, except a few who filch corn and meat rather than beg for it. Ambushing has not been practised for a long time, and only one murder has been committed in many years in the very large district in which I practise. Dog-poisoning by private hunters is the worst crime that is rampant. By-the-way, here comes a private hunter now."

THE UNITED STATES MAIL IN THE MOUNTAINS.

It was Daniel Boone come back, in woollen clothes instead of buckskin, and in a soft felt hat instead of a 'coon-skin cap. His tall lithe figure came rapidly, for his strides were long and light—a natural man who thought nothing of striding like that from sunrise until long after dark. Over his shoulder he carried a long old-fashioned rifle, and slung from his neck by a strap and leather thong were his powder-horn, his shot-pouch (with its deer-horn "charger" for measuring the powder, and its bent-wire hook crowded with cotton "patches" to wrap around the bullets). He had moccasins on

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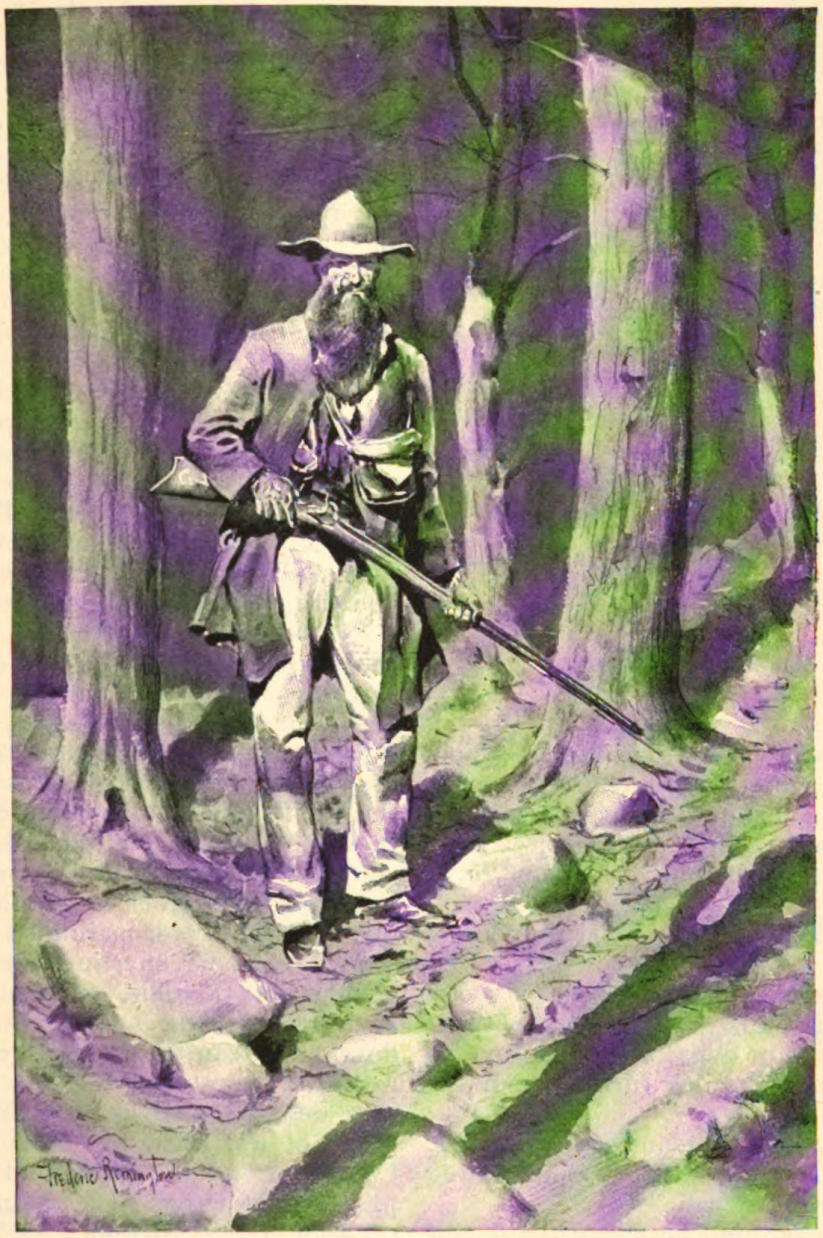

A PRIVATE HUNTER.

his feet, and his trousers were tied tight around the ankles with brown twine. He was called a "private hunter" because he hunted by and for himself, without the dogs that are unleashed for strangers by men who hunt for pay. Pretty nearly every mountain man is a "private hunter."

"You private hunters hate the dogs, and drop poisoned meat about to kill them." I so spoke.

"Ya-a-s," said the private hunter. "Reckon some of 'em does."

"Why?"

"'Cause the dogs is driving the game away. Every season we has to go further and further away, and the deer gits sca'cer and sca'cer."

"I'll tell you what you do," said I. "Poison all the dogs you can. I am sorry to give you that advice, because the dogs are better than the men who use them—in fact, a good dog is better than any man. But keep on poisoning them."

The private hunter went off marvelling, for he knew that the jolly doctor by my side had the best dogs in the country. So did I.

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OLD MOUNTAIN TYPE.

"Strange advice to give," said the doctor, looking after the hunter, "for we've been saying that the dog-poisoner is the meanest varmint in the woods. I hunt with dogs myself, but I reckon you're right."

"Why do you do it? You surely know better."

"Oh, merely because everybody else does. It's got so that we cannot get deer without the dogs; and even then we have to go ten miles further from the railroad."

"'Eve tempted me and I ate,'" said I. "Well, soon you will go without eating —venison, at any rate."

We rode on, and presently the doctor met a patient. The meeting was peculiar, since it took place when both men were in the middle of a rushing stream, whose waters brawled over their stony course, and sent up little tongues that licked the knees of the horses. The patient wore a big soft hat and overcoat, and carried a pail in what should have been his free hand.

"Doctor," said he, "I've got a misery. They-all say you kin cure me. Kin you cure me, doctor?"

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

"I've got a smotherin' feelin', doctor," said the man, making up a face expressive of great distress. "'Pears like water washing 'round in my stummick." Here he made a rotary movement covering his whole trunk, from his chin to his legs, to show what he appeared to regard as his stomach. "Old Charley Jones says you kin knock 'em out. Kin you do it, doc? They're smotherin' spells. I've been takin' pills. Dun'no' what they are, but they're right black; only they don't go for the misery. Kin you cure me, doc?"

"Oh, I think so," said the doctor.

"Well, if you kin git to go up to my place and bring some better pills, I'll be right glad, doctor."

To describe the in-door life of the people we will begin with their picturesque little cabins. They are nearly all log cabins, often of one room, occasionally of two, and never of three. Each has a heavy chimney on one end, built of the stones picked off the ground near by. The chimneys are all alike, broad at the base to allow for the fireplace, and either daubed with mud inside and out, or left in the rough on the outside. The fireplace is made of slabs of stone, and usually two large stones project into the room to keep the fire from the flooring. The thrifty folk maintain little door-yards, in which a few simple old-fashioned flowers grow without order or arrangement. Each place, whether it be a mere clearing or a tidy yard, maintains the man's dogs, a starving, snarling, barking breed of mongrel hounds, made up of ribs, spine, and an open mouth. Show me the dogs, and I can give you the commercial rating of a people. I have never yet seen dogs so mean and so numerous as those of the Swampy Cree Indians of Canada, therefore I know that those people are poorer than even the negro farmers along the Mississippi.

But let us step into a few West Virginia cabins. The door is the principal source of daylight, but some have daylight streaming in through many uncared-for cracks or chinks between the log walls. The draughts are such that one would think the bedclothes had to be nailed down to keep them on the beds in such cabins. Some cabins have regular windows, and others revel in a few panes of glass let into one wall. The lofts over the main room of each cabin are reached in different ways, but I did not see one that had a pair of stairs. There is not room for stairs, or talent enough to build a pair. Sometimes a ladder outside the house serves the purpose, and

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often as I reined up before a cottage I saw the women and girls—all as shy as deer—scamper out and up the ladder. If their curiosity was strong they came down again by-and-by, in their best but very cheap gowns, and it was delightful to see in them the same femineity that is observable on Madison Avenue, displayed in the way they smoothed down their dresses, disciplined their hair with their fingers, and tiptoed to glance into a cracked bit of mirror over one another's shoulders.

The rule is to reach the loft by a ladder inside, at the foot of the bed, but there are cabins so primitive that when the woman takes you up to show you her loom she calls to her eldest girl child, "Nance, git the pegs and set 'em in fer we-all to go up." Then the girl finds a number of rough-whittled wooden pins twice the size of clothes-pins, and fits them into the line of holes in the logs under the loft-hole. Such cabins are seldom found except in the true wilderness parts of West Virginia, the parts farthest from the railroads. In those parts we see truly preserved the mode of life of the picturesque pioneer of 1750, whom the historian describes as stalking into West Virginia with his gun, his axe, and his bride. In such cabins one finds beds made in the hollow trunks of trees, which have pegs set in the corners for legs to raise them up. It is said that the under-bedding is often nothing more than a mass of autumn leaves. The women in these most primitive homes make the corn-pone bread in dug-out troughs skilfully bitten out of a cucumber or poplar log with the husband's axe, and I have been told that travellers have frequently seen the youngest baby seated in one end of such a trough while the mother kneaded the dough in the other end.

To return to the average typical house, the routine of life is pursued in the one room. In one corner is the dining-table, in another is the closet or bureau, and in the others are the beds. The dreadful absence of privacy, or, to put it better, the incessant publicity, which shocks us so when we read of tenement-house life in New York, obtains in all the mountaineer homes, where land is abundant to a greater degree than it is scarce and hard to acquire in the metropolis. In these cottages other phases of life are as peculiar. A pail, a wash-bowl, and a dipper set out-of-doors serve for the requirements of the toilet. I am told that the people never wash their bodies, and I judge that the men rarely comb their hair. The women "slick" theirs over with water and a comb. The children simply "grow up" in a long juvenile fight against heavy odds of dirt and tangles.

Over the yawning fireplace in each cabin one sees the beginning of the high colonial mantel which we so eagerly borrow for our houses—a tall narrow shelf bearing a line of bottles and cans. There or on a closet or bureau one is certain to see a cheap Connecticut clock, and under the tall old-fashioned principal bed is apt to be seen the most important article in a mountain household—the cradle. Never

A NATIVE SPORTSMAN.

thought of till the last minute, and there being no money to buy a thing that can be made at home, the cradle is usually a heavy pine box on a pair of eccentric rockers, so that it is apt to rock as a snake travels—one end at a time. In very tidy cabins the walls are covered with newspaper to keep out the draught; the wife

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has a little cupboard for her cups and dishes, her pepper, sugar, and salt, and a bureau for her clothing. Several times I saw some fresh flowers in a broken cup on the bureau, and a few noisy-looking chromos, usually presenting scenes of courtship, or pictures of women in gorgeous attire, stuck about on the walls. A lamp is a rare thing in a mountain cabin. Living there is simpler than the rule of three. When daylight fails, the people go to bed. If they sit up, they do so in the light of the logs in the fireplace. If they need to find anything which that light does not disclose, they pick out a blazing pine knot from the fire and carry it about as we would carry a lantern or a lamp. The pine knots smoke so prodigiously that the ceilings of these cabins are as black as ebony: not a bad effect from an artistic point of view, for the dead black is soft and rich, and shows off everything against and beneath it, particularly the brass-trimmed gun that is certain to hang on a rafter just in front of the door.

The mountain folk are often "squatters" on the land. A man plants two or three acres—rarely as much as ten acres—in corn, and if he has two apple-trees that bear fruit he is very lucky. He has the corn ground into meal by paying a tithe of it to the miller, and takes it home sitting on it on his horse. His wife makes it into big rocklike "dodgers" or pone-cakes with salt and water and "no rising." It gives out towards February, as a rule, and then come the annual hard times. Then the woman collects "sang" and herbs, and packs up bark for those who ship it to the distant tanners. "Sang" is a staple source of income in the mountains. It is so called as a nickname for ginseng, a root that is becoming more and more rare, and fetches $2 50 a pound now, whereas it used to fetch only fifty cents. It looks a little like ginger, and the authorities disagree as to whether it is the real ginseng of China, or, indeed, whether it is at all related to it. If it is not, it is used in China as a cheap substitute for that mysterious, most expensive drug, which the Chinese believe to be able to prolong life, and even to restore virility to the aged.

These should be the most ruggedly healthy of all us Americans. Their mountain air, sweetened by the breath of the pine forests, is only excelled in purity by the water they drink. They live simply and without haste or worry, as we know it would be better for us all to do. They are not an immoral or dissipated people. And yet they never know a day of health or bodily content. Dyspepsia is a raging lion among them all. This is because of the bad, the monstrously bad, cooking their food gets. That demon combination of the darky and the frying-pan which rules the entire South produces a mild and delectable form of cookery compared to the kind that gnaws the vitals of the West-Virginians. Smoking-hot, half-cooked corn-dodger is their main reliance, and it is always helped down with a great deal of still hotter and very bad coffee. Those who get meat at all get salt meat.

Let us drop in upon a mountaineer's home—one of the tidy sort, where they have apple-trees, and the woman has made a few pots of dark and lumpy apple-butter. The logs are blazing on the simple black andirons, and the kettle is sputtering as it swings on the pot-hook over the flames. As a preliminary to the meal the man takes down the bottle of "bitters" from the mantel-piece and helps himself to a goodly draught. He makes the bitters himself of new proof moonshine whiskey, tinctured with cucumber fruit, burdock or sarsaparilla root.

"I wuz down to the Springs," says the man, "an' I heard one o' them loud-talkin' city women fussin' a great deal 'bout the evils of drink. I wouldn't 'a' minded her ef she'd a-leaved me 'lone, but she kep' talkin' at me. After a bit I just let her have what was bilin' in me. 'I allers 'low,' says I, 'that whiskey is a good thing. A little whiskey and sarsaparil' of a mornin' fer me and the ole woman,' says I, 'an' a little whiskey an' burdock every mornin' fer the chillen—why, it's a pervision of natur' fer turnin' chillen inter men an' women, and then keepin' 'em men an' women after you've turned 'em that way.' Gosh! she didn't like me—that woman didn't."

The wife, as a first step, takes a tin can and goes out to milk the cow. A tomato-can serves for the milking of the average mountain cow, and the women hold the can with one hand and milk with the other. The appearance of the cow and the size of the can suggest the idea that it might be better to milk the wild deer, if one could catch them. Milking over, the woman comes in to cook the meal. Any

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A MOUNTAINEER'S CABIN.

one can tell what meal she is preparing by the time of day. There is no other way, as all three meals of the day are precisely alike. She puts a handful of coffee-beans into a skillet, and holds them over the fire until they are coaled on the outside like charcoal. She empties the skillet into a coffee-grinder on the wall, and holds the coffee-pot under the grinder while she grinds the beans. She puts some corn meal into a box-trough or a dug-out trough, throws in a little water and salt, and works the dough with her fingers until it feels of the right consistency, when she takes it out in handfuls patted into cakes that are ornamented with her finger-marks. These she puts into a little iron oven shoved up close to the fire. She pours cold water into the coffee-pot, and presses that into the embers and close to the burning logs. Then she slices some bacon, and puts it into a long-handled frying-pan, where it is soon burned without being cooked. As soon as the coffee boils the work is done, and she says, "Your bite is ready; sit by." Earthen-ware plates, steel knives, two-pronged forks, cups and saucers, and a dish of apple-butter are already on the table, with the milk-can, and another can which holds the sugar. A storekeeper in that region once tried to introduce forks with three prongs, but the people were not ready for such a revolution. "We want a fork that 'll straddle a bone," they said.

I wish there was room for descriptions of their dances, their old-fashioned shooting-matches and log-rollings, and of that queerest of all sports, the gander-pull, the fun of which consists in hanging a gander by the legs or in a bag from a tree limb or a gallows, and then greasing his neck, and offering him as a prize to whoever can grip his head and pull it off while riding beneath him at full speed. The old houses of the "quality folk" and their formal lives and warm hospitality shine like gems in this rough setting. The stealthy activity of the "moonshiners," who have the moral as well as the financial support of the people, would form a good part of still another chapter. But these subjects are not so new as the broader view of the simple habits and surroundings of these backward people who live as did the founders of our republic.

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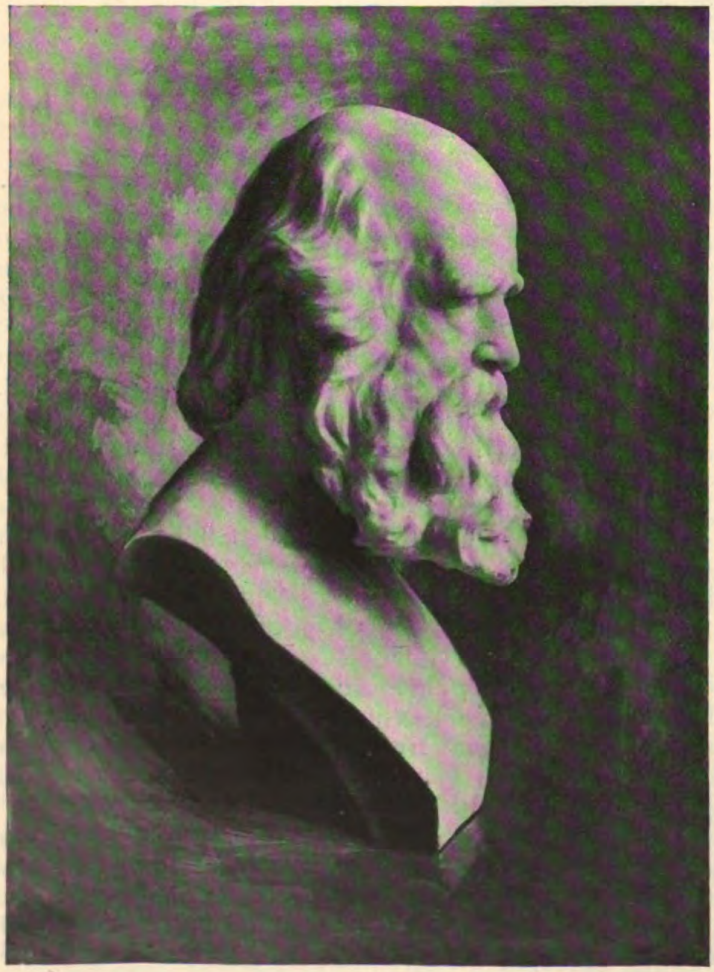
THE ORIGIN OF A GREAT POEM.

BY JOHN WHITE CHADWICK.

IN the western part of Hampshire County, Massachusetts, there is an extensive area, some thirty miles square, as yet unspoiled by the invasion of the locomotive and the electric car. The peculiar charm of this region is its road-side loveliness. Here are hundreds of miles up hill and down dale and along the pleasant valleys, for the most part overarched with the lithe branches of the hemlock, beech, and maple, but frequently open to the meadows, or to wide views from the ridges of the long-backed hills. This is "a land of streams," hundreds of them modest tributaries of the Westfield River, which flows into the Connecticut under another name; but as the Westfield, or the Agawam, it is always beautiful, and the walk or drive along its banks is of all our walks or drives the best, reaching its climax in a five-mile stretch from West Chesterfield towards Huntington, without one house to mar the privacy, the road and river hugging each other all the way, as if *they* were lovers too. Young people who cannot tell a lie, when asked how long it takes to go round the River Road, as this particular stretch is called *par excellence*, have been known to hesitate, and to give answers varying from three hours to five or six. But the road along the Westfield either way from this for a dozen miles or more is only a little less enchanted and enchanting, and the stretch from West Cummington to East, the main village, is one of the bits that the casual visitor is least likely to forget, and to which the course of men upon familiar pleasure bent most frequently returns.



BUST OF BRYANT, PROFILE VIEW.
In possession of Parke Godwin.—Launt Thompson, sculptor.

As you drive along this stretch, not far from that divergence of the road which took Bryant to Plainfield on that December day (1815) when he saw the water-fowl of his immortal song, you come upon a little house which is intrinsically more interesting than any other in the vicinity. Its gambrel-roof, as well as its general flavor of decay, marks it as already venerable. Its situation is picturesque, the hills rising steeply at the back, the meadows sloping pleasantly from the road-side before it to the Westfield's winding stream. It looks as a house ought to look which has a history and fame; yet if you should ask any of its numerous inhabitants — a colored family of most picturesque gradation and variety—what makes it famous or historic, you might get no intelligent

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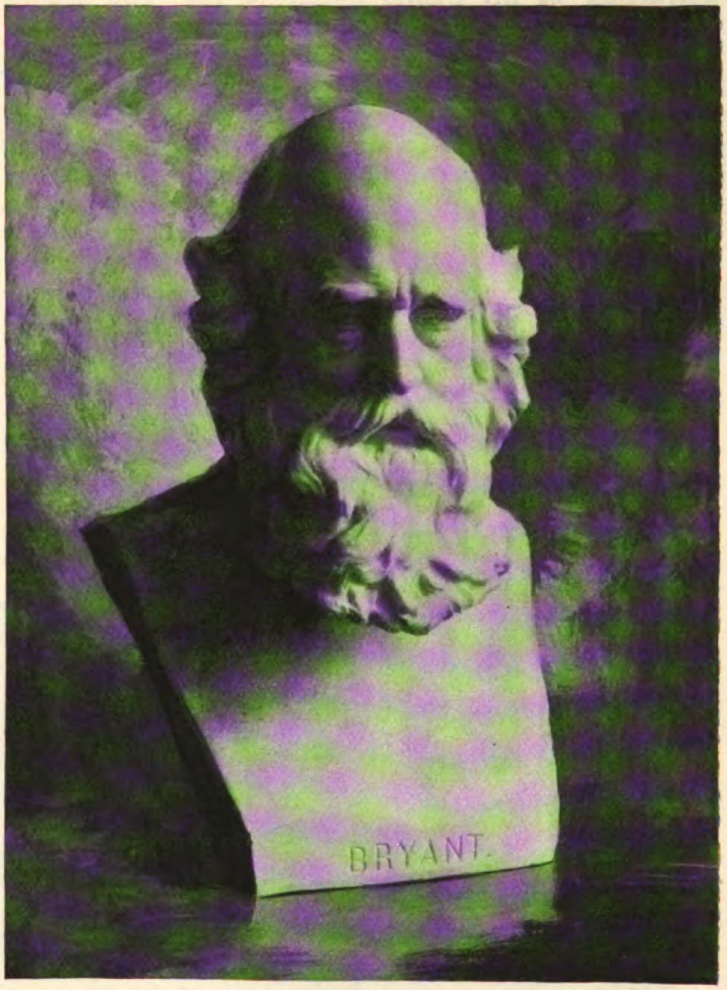
answer. It may be doubted if any of them has ever read Bryant's "Thanatopsis"; yet it was written under their lowly roof, between their narrow walls. There is no other building in America that stands for so much in the early history of American literature as that old weather-beaten house. There is not a building in America that deserves more tender preservation.

It did not always have the local independency which it now enjoys, or seems to, with its homely comfortable air. It has come down in the world from the original Cummington, which was one of the hill towns of western Massachusetts, its altitude higher by several hundred feet than that of the present town, which lazily extends itself along the river where the high hills upon the south and west make short the afternoons. Once the little house I celebrate was Dr. Peter Bryant's office and an addition to his house—the house now called "the Bryant Homestead." This the poet remodelled, saving it by raising it up and putting another story under it. Perhaps he would have brought back the office in which he had written "Thanatopsis" from the valley, but that his doing so would have been a difficult business. *Facilis descensus; sed revocare!* When the descent was made it was made upon the snow with the help of many oxen, not to assist its motion, but to retard its downward course. It is eloquent for Bryant's modesty that he made no attempt to repossess the house which has such significant associations with his early and perpetual fame, but it should be the indefeasible possession of the town of Cummington or some literary guild, that would keep its homeliness unspoiled, while saving it from ruinous decay.



BUST OF BRYANT, FRONT VIEW.

Bryant was not born in the present Bryant homestead. At the time of his birth, November 3, 1794, this was the home of his maternal grandfather, Ebenezer Snell, who came to Cummington in 1774. Dr. Peter Bryant married his daughter Sarah in 1792, and in 1799 they came to live in the upper house, presumably after the death of Mother Snell. The house in which Bryant was born has like an insubstantial pageant faded, and left not a rack behind. But there is a granite monument, as upright and simple as the man, to mark the spot. Of greater interest and importance is the burying-ground nearly opposite, which was overshadowed by the village meeting-house in one of the several pauses of its changeful history. The New England proverb, "Sot as a meetin'-'ouse," had no application but the most ironical to this one, the sat-

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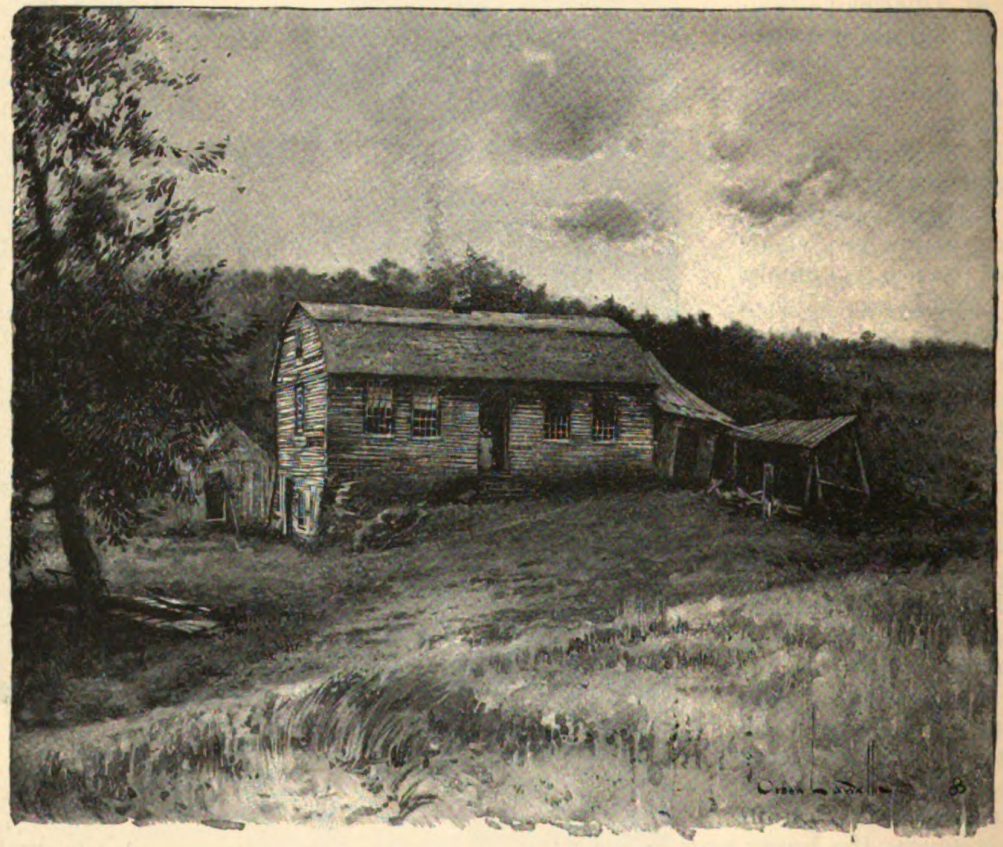
isfactory placing of which was the most distracting of all public questions for the early Cummingtonians. Rev. James Briggs, the minister, had no such roving tendency. He preached in Cummington all his life long on a salary of $200 a year (but then he was a thrifty farmer into the bargain); and he was the "aged man upon his bier" for whom Bryant wrote "The Old Man's Funeral." The other "hoary man who rose and said, 'Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?'" was Parson Hallock, of Plainfield, with whom Bryant went to school, as did also, about 1819, young John Brown, now generally known as "Old John Brown," a relative of the Plainfield parson. Living for five years so near the burying-ground, it is easy to believe that Bryant's fancy took a sober coloring from the grassy mounds and moss-grown monuments, which now appear like croppings of the micaceous slate which is a notable feature of the town's geology. In looking for the sources of "Thanatopsis" surely that burying-ground is not to be passed over as the least important. The situation of the poet's birth-place is even more impressive than that of his later home. It faces the same ancient rock-ribbed hills across the valley of the Westfield, but is nearer to them, on the brow of a steep hill, while from the homestead there is at first a gradual slope of cultivated fields.



THANATOPSIS HOUSE, CUMMINGTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

Bryant was well born if ever man or poet was, and in the traits discoverable in his father and mother we see a beautiful foreshadowing of his own character and tastes. It is in the mother that we find his practical energy and efficiency; in the father his meditative habit, but also his predilection for political affairs. Apparently to the mother also we must look for that quick, hot, Washingtonian temper, which he never quite subdued, and which in middle age drove him to flog a rival editor on a street corner in New York. Both parents had the desire for books and intellectual culture, but the father had the better opportunity to gratify his wishes.

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That the mother had any would be strange to those who should see the journal that she kept of her household activities. Some glimpses of this journal have been afforded me by Mr. John H. Bryant, the youngest brother of the poet, born July 22, 1807, and still enjoying a very green and invincible old age. The amount of work that Mrs. Bryant accomplished will seem miraculous to many women of this generation; not to all. The following entry was made November 5, 1794, two days after the poet's birth: "Clear, wind N.W. Made Austin a coat. Sat up all day. Went into the kitchen. Mr. Dawes died; buried at 9 in the evening. Nothing done." Mr. Dawes was, I believe, the grandfather of Senator Dawes, and he had died of small-pox. The "Nothing done" means, "No funeral services." December 3, 1811, she sets down that, with much washing and mending, she has cut out a coat for Cullen. Four days later she sets down the completion of the coat; and December 9th, "Cullen went to Worthington to tarry awhile," wearing, of course, the *toga virilis*. He went to Worthington to begin the study of law with Judge Howe in the fine old colonial mansion which still stands there at the parting of the ways to Cummington and Peru. Cullen had entered Williams College in September, 1810. He had been honorably dismissed in May, 1811, hoping to go to Yale, so beautiful to his Federalist imagination, but not accomplishing his heart's desire. At some time in the interim between his leaving Williams College in May and his going to Worthington in December the boy of sixteen summers wrote the poem which many excellent judges consider the most remarkable poem ever written by a boy of that age.

Though written in 1811, it was not published until 1817, when it appeared in the September number of the *North American Review*. The reader of these notes would do well to go and find it there. Upon the musty yellowed page it has a flavor which no reprint, not even a fac-simile, could reproduce. Dr. Bryant found the manuscript in his desk, where the boy had tucked it away, most modestly unconscious of its worth. There is no tradition of his reception of the printed copy; and no wonder, for by this time the satisfaction of seeing himself in print had lost all its novelty. He had first tasted it ten years before, in the *Hampshire Gazette*—the poem, a school address, which found its way into the "Young Declaimer" of the time. Moreover, in 1808, the too appreciative father had published his son's "Embargo," a satire, very terrible, of five hundred lines, on the commercial policy of Jefferson. Other publications followed in a second edition of "The Embargo" and elsewhere, but there is little in them that forecasts the great sad meditation upon death. Dr. Bryant carried a copy of that with copies of other poems to Boston, where he was serving at the time a Senatorial term in the State Legislature. He left his copies with Mr. Willard Phillips, one of the three editors of the *North American Review*—the others, Richard H. Dana the elder, and Professor Edward T. Channing, a brother of William Ellery, the most famous of his family name. Mr. Phillips was not at home when Dr. Bryant called, and hence arose a serious misunderstanding. Dr. Bryant, having copied the poems, was conceived to be their author; and while Mr. Phillips found out his mistake in a few months, Professor Channing was laboring under it a year later, and Dana as late as 1821. When Mr. Phillips read "Thanatopsis" in the secret councils of the editorial trinity, Dana protested that he had been imposed upon, that no one in America could write such verses. Whereupon Mr. Phillips took him round to the State-house to see Dr. Bryant. "A good head," said Dana, "but I do not see 'Thanatopsis' in it."

Prefacing the poem in the *North American* there were four stanzas on death, so much inferior to "Thanatopsis" and the following "Fragment" that many readers no doubt stumbled on the threshold, and little knew what they had missed beyond. The "Fragment" was not unworthy to stand with "Thanatopsis," for it was the notable "Inscription to the Entrance to a Wood," an appreciation of the joyousness of natural things to which Bryant did not frequently attain. But if some stumbled on the threshold, others were more fortunate—among them Dr. William Ellery Channing; but there was no general discovery that a major poet had at last appeared upon the scene. "Thanatopsis," as originally printed, differed considerably from the text on which Bryant set the seal of his maturest approbation. As first printed it contained only forty-nine lines, whereas the latest

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text has eighty-one, and the changes in the original part from first to last number eleven. These were made gradually in successive editions of the collected poems; but the additions were completed in the first meagre, or rather choice, collection of 1821. The additions did not much affect the body of the original poem. They were, with one significant exception, confined to an introductory and concluding part, which some have thought a positive deduction from the unity and simplicity of the poem as it was at first conceived. The significant exception was,

> "and poured round all
> Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,"

—one of the phrases we could ill afford to lose. That he had never seen the ocean before 1811 is most probable, and it was his habit from his earliest years to sail as near as might be to the experienced fact. The poem as originally printed in the *North American*, including the remarkable punctuation, was as follows:

> Yet a few days, and thee,
> The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
> In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
> Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
> Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
> Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
> Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again,
> And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
> Thine individual being, shalt thou go
> To mix forever with the elements,
> To be a brother to th' insensible rock
> And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
> Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
> Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
> Yet not to *thy* eternal resting-place
> Shalt thou retire alone—nor could'st thou wish
> Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
> With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
> The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
> Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
> All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills
> Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods—*the floods* that move
> In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
> That *wind among the meads, and make them green*,
> Are but the solemn decorations all,
> Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
> The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
> Are *glowing* on the sad abodes of death,
> Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
> The globe are but a handful to the tribes
> That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
> Of morning—*and the Borean desert pierce*—
> Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
> *That veil Oregan, where he* hears no sound
> Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
> And millions in those solitudes, since first
> The flight of years began, have laid them down
> In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
> So shalt thou rest—and what if thou *shalt fall*
> *Unnoticed by* the living—and no friend
> Take note of thy departure? *Thousands more*
> Will share thy destiny.—*The tittering world*
> *Dance to the grave. The busy* brood of care
> Plod on, and each one *chases as before*
> His favorite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
> Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
> And make their bed with thee!———

I have indicated by italics the words and phrases of the poem as at first printed which were altered afterward from time to time: in line 15, "thy" to "thine"; in line 24, "the floods" to "rivers"; in line 26, "wind among the meads," etc., to "make the meadows green"; in line 30, "glowing" to "shining"; in line 34, "and the Borean desert pierce" to "traverse Barca's desert sands," and finally to "pierce the Barcan wilderness"; in line 36, "That veil Oregan, where he hears no sound" to "Where rolls the Oregan and hears no sound" (he retained the spelling "Oregan" in several later editions, but changed the accent from the second syllable to the first); in lines 41, 42, "shalt fall Unnoticed by" to "withdrawn In silence from"; in line 43, "Thousands more" to "All that breathe"; in lines 44, 45, "The tittering world Dance to the grave. The busy" to "The gay will laugh When thou art gone. The solemn"; in line 46, "chases as before" to "as before will chase." In 1821 we find Bryant's Boston friends regretting some of his textual changes, but hardly, I think, those which have been noted here. Some of the original forms have been very persistent in the memories of our older generations.

It must be confessed that the seventeen lines which were afterward prefixed to the original poem breathe a more cheerful spirit than the lines they introduce. The addition down to the closing invocation is in perfect keeping with what goes before, but the last nine lines lift up the heart from death's wide mastery to happy confidence in the immortal life.

It cannot be claimed for Bryant that the sources of his poem were entirely in his own experience of outward things and his own thoughts of our mortality. Of these he had too many for his years. They were continually pressing on his heart and forcing it into lugubrious meditation upon "graves and worms and epitaphs." It is an aggravating circumstance that an autobiographic fragment from the poet's hand stops short upon the verge of

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the one great event of his minority. But it goes far enough to inform us what kind of poetry he was reading in the summer of 1811. He was reading the poems of that most melancholy poetaster Henry Kirke White, and learning by heart his "Ode to the Herb Rosemary"—an ode for undertakers to admire. At the same time he was reading Bishop Porteus's poem on "Death," and Blair's "Grave," and remarking the superiority of the latter. Did these things create the mood out of which "Thanatopsis" came? It seems likelier that in reading them he was merely pouncing on his own; that they gravitated to his mood and made it darker than it was before. But Shakespeare did not justify his royal borrowing more completely than did Bryant his of all—it was not much—he foraged from the fields of Porteus and White and Blair. The first profited him nothing, except as a warning of the way he must not go. If he got any specific help from White it was not from the "Ode to the Herb Rosemary," but from the lines "Written in Prospect of Death," which celebrate death's triumph and men's swift forgetting—

"Fifty years hence and who will hear of Henry?"

—the most prophetic line he ever wrote. It is probable that White's titles "Thanatos" and "Athanatos" put Bryant up to manufacturing a Greek title for his own poem. The jocund ghoulishness which pervades Blair's "Grave" was for Bryant another warning of what he must avoid. But the poem has much intellectual force, and many a telling phrase; and not only is Bryant's catalogue of those who have gone down to death a splendid condensation of Blair's, much more general than that and much less concrete, so missing something and yet gaining much, but "Thanatopsis" in its entirety is simply an expansion of a passage in Blair's poem:

"What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwalled,
Strewed with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones!
The very turf on which we tread once lived;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring; in their turns
These too must cover theirs."

The aggressiveness of the shambles and the charnel-house in this passage does not prevent our finding here the thought which suffered a sea-change in Bryant's mind into something passing rich and strangely beautiful. But while we are not unmindful of any literary help to which he was indebted in the making of his poem, nor ungrateful for it, the fact remains that all that is best in "Thanatopsis" came from his individual character and his personal experience.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

THE appearance of Mr. George du Maurier, a life-long artist, as the author of *Trilby* is a most interesting phenomenon. It is not less remarkable because this change in the medium of expression is made at an age when the exuberant joy in living is supposed to be tempered into placidity, if not weariness. That a man in advanced years should ripen in his art, and express himself in it with more knowledge, subtlety, and breadth, is not strange. It is what we have a right to expect of maturity, if the original forces of genius have not been squandered. But that he should pass, in appearance suddenly, from one art to another, and in that other earn a fame that is even wider and dearer to the world than his former reputation, does not fall within our ordinary experience of human versatility. It is true that all the arts are sympathetically allied—that, as the saying is, all art is one—and that it sometimes seems almost chance that directs the method in which genius shall express itself. But the habit of expression becomes as strong as any other habit, and usually keeps a man in the channel in which he has achieved success. Indeed, it commonly incapacitates him for business in any other.

But has this transfer on Mr. Du Maurier's part been sudden, or is it so singular as it seems at first sight? As an artist, Mr. Du Maurier has always been a delineator of life, of the life that now is, and

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his drawings have always told a story. They have depicted, it is true, social life, been full of fancy and insight, but never ideal, and so clearly have they told their story, by the aid usually of witty legends, also his own invention, that they have hardly escaped the charge of being "literary." In the long series of his drawings in *Punch*, the story of the fashions and fads of London life and of English country life for the last quarter of a century has been so completely told that the historian of manners—perhaps of morals—cannot afford to ignore this kindly cynical procession across the artist's stage. When Mr. Du Maurier lays down the pencil and takes up the pen is he so very much changing his method of expression?

But *Trilby* has other and more important suggestions for literary workers than this—suggestions in the art of expression that may well be carefully studied by all young writers whose literary joints are not stiffened into mannerism. And it is not altogether a question of style. How comes it that this artist of the brush, with two steps only—the reminiscent, physiological, tentative step in *Peter Ibbetson*, and the vivid, absolutely lifelike step in *Trilby*—stands in the very front rank of all the British writers who represent life with the ideal sympathy of the poet? How does he do it, and do it with such absence of apparent effort, and with no more of self-consciousness than Raphael exhibited when he drew a line following a curve of the most exquisite known beauty? What is his secret? Is it freedom of mind, freedom from artificial literary rules, absolute freedom from conventionality, without the too common attendant of that—lack of taste and of a sense of artistic values? Is it in his charming spirit, kindness of heart, toleration bred of deep experience of human nature (which is very different from the bogus agnostic toleration of evil sometimes assumed by the apprentices in art), and his frank delight in the enthusiasm and sentiment of life? What a pity that Thackeray could not have lived to read *Trilby*, and to extend to his brother artist that royal welcome he always gave to art which is simple and without pretence!

Something of all this the reader of *Trilby* doubtless feels, something surely in the artist's manner that captures and enthralls him—especially in the chapters, the wonderful chapters, in which the author gives a hint to all singers of the power there may be in the simplest song; but there is something more than feeling, as there is in all true art—a technical perfection, at least a technicality, which is worthy of critical attention. Without technical knowledge and training, however acquired, even genius cannot fully express itself. In *Trilby* the effect is produced by apparent artlessness. Let the person without art try to do the like! There must, it is needless to say, be labor in any work of art, but the spectator must not see nor share in that labor. The effect upon him must be spontaneous. In all the great canvases of the world, notably in the great portraits, the figures seem to be thrown upon the canvas frankly and without effort, without that self-consciousness which the sitter commonly gets into a photograph of himself. Only genius, aided by high skill in drawing and the use of color—in a word, technical knowledge—can do this. Now Mr. Du Maurier has carried this supreme art of the painter into *Trilby*. He has flung upon his large canvas a section of palpitating life, real life, with all its sentiment and pathos and ideality. Perhaps he himself could not explain how he did it. But there it is. Of course he knew it and felt it, felt it so to his fingers' ends that he did not have to reason about it; but this feeling would have been of little avail but for the discipline of art which enabled him to produce this apparently effortless effect as surely as Titian produced it on his immortal Venetian canvases. Anybody can live, and many can live naturally. It is only art that can represent life naturally.

II.

There is a remnant of doubt in some minds whether the high education of women will render them less attractive. Has education made men less attractive? There is also a singular remnant of doubt as to education generally. It finds expression in a certain popular distrust of the value of highly educated men in public affairs. To be liberally educated, to be a trained scholar in literature or science, is still popularly suspected as a disqualification in politics and in many practical affairs. There is more of this suspicion in the United States than in any other civilized country, and it is remarkable that there should be when it is here

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that the common-school system is more extensively developed than anywhere else. In England the popular estimate of a statesman or a politician is increased by the amount of his intellectual training. It is not thought that culture even disables him for public affairs. The leaders are apt to be university men, or men who have been laborious students in specialties, writers for reviews and lesser periodicals, even men popular in light literature. Mr. Gladstone not only devotes time to classical and archæological subjects, but he turns Latin poetry into English verse; Lord Beaconsfield was a romantic novelist; Lord Salisbury is a writer for periodicals; Mr. Balfour is distinctly scholastic in his training. In short, possession of the distinctive literary quality is in England no disqualification for public life. In the United States from the beginning a considerable proportion of the men in public life, in Congress, have been college men, and a great proportion of them lawyers; our state and political papers can invite comparison with those of any other nation. But, notwithstanding this, politics has so far fallen into the control of "practical" men, and to a great extent of illiterate men, that high education is made to seem a disqualification for public life, and there is apt to be a popular sneer for the "scholar in politics," as there is for the "gentleman in politics." And this notwithstanding the repeated experience of the country that ignorant economic legislation leads to disaster, and that illiterate and low-bred politics always comes to shame—to a break-down that sends its practitioners to jail or on a hasty trip to Europe, unless, indeed, they fortunately die opportunely, and then they have a gorgeous public funeral.

There is no more reason, in fact, why woman should not be educated than why politicians should not be educated, and that quite aside from the question whether women are to become politicians. The lingering doubt about it, if doubt remains, has a deeper root than the fact of education. No one can doubt for a moment that the present "uprising of woman" is both a sign and a means of advance in civilization. The impulse is felt by the sex generally; with some it takes the form of a desire to know more, with others of a desire to do more. The coming of women within the last twenty-five years into so many occupations that were formerly reserved for men has not been upon any theory; it has been an unconscious movement in our social evolution; and it is certain to go on until the sex finds the limit of its capacity, if there is any more limit to it than to that of men. The underlying consideration in this movement, however, is this: Is woman attempting to develop her womanhood, or to develop into what is called manhood? And this is the underlying question in any scheme of education. There is no question of inferiority or superiority. The biologists agree that there is no difference between the quantity (proportionally) of the brains of men and women, and probably not of the quality. But they also agree that there is a radical physiological difference between a man and a woman, which must necessarily affect their functions in the social organism. There is a quality of femineity and a quality of masculinity. Has woman yet more than begun to develop her power of femineity? Has she at any time, anywhere, at all tested what she can do as a woman in the full education and development of her feminine powers? In the past military ages, out of which we have not yet escaped, man has pretty fully developed his virility, his masculine power. He has developed it also to a high degree in literature and art. What woman can do as a woman, in the full development of her femineity is not so well known. Does she propose to copy the career of man, to be less a woman and more a man, or to cultivate as they have never been cultivated the unknown capacities of her sex? This is the real question underneath all the educational movement. Perhaps she cannot tell what she will do until she has fully trained her peculiar powers by every means of education now opening to her. Perhaps the wise woman is not eager to take a man's duties before she has thoroughly mastered her own. It is a satire on humanity that every ignorant man thinks himself fit to govern his fellows. Are women anxious to broaden this satirical condition? All the poets have always said that the noblest creation is the very noble woman. There have been enough of them for an example. Think what the world would be if a majority of the women more nearly approached the noble standard of their sex!

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III.

The reaction against forms, religious and scholastic, has about spent itself in this country. Both in the church and the university there is an increased disposition to return to the traditions and the symbols which are significant and helpful. In the scheme of modern education, free and universal, it is seen that it was not wise to break with the past and to throw away the accumulated stores of experience and expression. Especially in these days of the popularization of education—in itself the most hopeful thing in our social evolution—is it necessary to emphasize the dignity of scholarship, to clothe the higher learning in the robes of distinction, and to invest it with the ceremonials of respect and honor. There is nothing undemocratic in this, nothing of the exaltation of a privileged class. It is the office of democracy to dignify labor and learning, rather than descent and privilege, and to mark the royalty of its own creation in scholarship, in literature, in science, in all the liberal arts. To exalt the college and the university is to raise everywhere the respect for education. Perhaps the spirit of militarism will never pass away from the world, and its gorgeous trappings will never cease in our minds to give a certain dignity to the exhibition of legal force; but the day is at hand when the liberal arts and learning will have equal consideration and be attested by fitting ceremony.

It is not by any means a mere matter of gowns and caps and hoods, of brilliant scholastic robes and stately processions, with music and the banners of learning. These are symbols of a great reality, of a great force in the social evolution, the more evident the more it is marked by insignia of honor. It is no doubt in recognition of the honorable position of the university at the head of our system of education that is moving Yale University to a marked change in her Commencement ceremonies. They are to have the university instead of the academy stamp. The plan outlined does away with the "exhibition" feature altogether. It is the business of the university to offer facilities for study, and to give degrees to those who pass its examinations, and prizes for excellence in various intellectual and art contests. This is her certificate of the proficiency of students to the world, and it should have a certain scholastic formality and dignity. It has nothing in common with the usual high-school exhibitions, where the parents and friends of the youths on exhibition are to be pleased with the prodigies of nascent genius. These exhibitions have their place and their uses, but their place is not in the universities and the great colleges. We are sure of a response from universal experience when we say that there is nothing much more wearisome to all who participate in it than the common Commencement exercise. Rarely has a student a message to give, or that he could give in the few moments he is allowed on the stage. The performance is not only mainly perfunctory; it is unjust to those who take part in it. It is not an adequate showing of one's training, or what he knows, or what he can do when he begins to apply his powers to a real situation; it is mainly an empty ceremony. The college or university furnishes occasions for real contests, for real displays of research, of oratory, of ability in writing and in scholarship, and these powers are recognized by prizes, fellowships, and other honors, but the Commencement day is not properly one of these. That is the day for the verdict of the university, when it exhibits itself and awards its honors.

One feature of the proposed new programme is to be a dignified and perhaps scholastically clad procession to the University Hall. Instead of the common "band," with "Johnny comes marching Home," and selections from *Martha*, and "Pop goes the Weasel," will be a choral performance of men's voices, trained and drilled, of some anthem or chorus of a dignified character, written for the occasion, and with regard to the character of the occasion. The President of the university will make the address, which will be an authoritative statement of the progress of the university. The regular degrees and prizes of all departments of the university will then be conferred with befitting order and ceremony. The candidate for every honorary degree, who must be present, will be presented by a separate orator, who will briefly state the reasons for which the university should confer this degree upon this person. It is predicted that under this arrangement there will be fewer honorary degrees conferred than are now given, for reasons which no one concerned would care to

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state publicly. And there will be an honor in their reception which does not now attend their casual announcement. Yale is not the first of our great schools to do away with "Commencement speaking," but her proposed ceremonial will mark a new advance in university dignity and respect for scholarship.

IV.

Perhaps it is in the hope of gaining light on the question of woman suffrage—its desirability for women, and for the best social evolution—that many people are reading Mr. Havelock Ellis's studies, physiological and psychological, of "Man and Woman." The scientific observations are not yet carried far enough to determine all the essential differences, but they are sufficient to overthrow Mr. Herbert Spencer's inference that woman is "undeveloped man," and any one else's inference that man is undeveloped woman. But while the science is in the present state, the acknowledged differences of the sex will be seized upon by one side as an argument for woman suffrage, and by the other as a reason against it. Take, for instance, metabolism. The difference in the quality of the blood of men and women is fundamental and of vast importance. Men have more red corpuscles in their blood than women. The functional power of the blood is, however, measured by the amount of hæmoglobin, and women average eight per cent. less hæmoglobin than men. The specific gravity of the blood is higher in men than in women. Nor are these mortifying facts offset by the discovery that the plasm in women has a somewhat higher specific gravity than in men. There is a compensation in the observation that in old women the specific gravity rises, and this rise may be a factor in the greater longevity of women; a direct bearing upon the result that once a voter she would be longer a voter—a sexual disadvantage which men might try to equalize by taking away the ballot from the aged. But the whole subject is involved in difficulties. It is admitted that women are more precocious than men, and that their development is earlier arrested. Logically they ought to be made voters earlier than boys, but would it be fair that they should enjoy the suffrage both earlier and later?

Continuing the same subject, we find that the heart of the male animal beats more slowly than that of the female, depending greatly upon the animal's size. The pulse rate of the elephant is 28; of the horse, 42; of the dog, 75; of the mouse, 120. Women have a more rapid pulse-beat than men; after the age of seven their beats average about ten in the minute more than men. This approach of the pulse rate of the woman to the mouse has no scientific connection with the fear of woman for that harmless animal—a subject which has not received the attention it deserves. Like the matter of respiration, it may have something to do with clothing. The "vital capacity," as the breathing power is called, is decidedly less in women than in men. Man's respiration is diaphragmatic; woman's is costal. Men produce more carbonic acid than women, and one result of this difference is that women have a less keen need of air; they have a better chance of surviving exposure to charcoal fumes. From this we might jump to the conclusion that women are better adapted to bear the air of a political caucus. But this would be a hasty generalization on an insufficient basis, for we do not yet know what the normal woman is. Recent investigations of civilized women and uncivilized—that is, to put it roughly, those who wear and who do not wear corsets—is leading to a revision in regard to the difference of sexual breathing in normal conditions. The evidence goes to show that the sexual differences in respiration are not natural, but are the results of the artificial restrictions of dress usually worn by women. If this is so, the suffrage movement will take on a wider sweep. The object of the sex being vital capacity for public affairs, it will be argued that the corset stands in the way of the ballot, and a grave question presents itself to the Constitutional Convention of New York of an amendment which shall sweep dress constrictions out of the Empire State.

There are other considerations quite as important as these, which cannot well be handled except in a scientific physiological treatise. There is the fundamental difference in the voice and the thyroid gland. This does not affect the mere act of voting by ballot, but it has relations to other functions of public life, civil or military. And this is not so easily changed, even by a long process of selection, as the respiration. The affectabil-

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ity of women and their emotionality will also have to be discussed. This makes women angels, and makes them the other thing. It may decrease in social evolution, but it is physiologically fundamental, and can never be reduced to the male standard, and perhaps it is not desirable that it should be. The interest it has in this discussion is the introduction of emotionality into politics. It is said that women have shown a great aptitude for politics, more than they have for art, in which they lack two prime qualities for creation—subjectivity and initiative. The excess of emotionality is accounted for by the fact that the heart and lungs are larger in men than in women, and that the abdominal viscera are relatively larger in women than in men. These differences in the thoracic and abdominal cavities are in harmony with the opinions of the older writers. The muscular energy depends largely upon the strength of the heart and the lungs. Anciently the manly virtues of courage and endurance were placed in the breast, the womanly virtues of love and pity elsewhere. The Biblical expression of "bowels of compassion" expressed a physiological as well as a psychological fact; the liver was formerly regarded as the organ of love. The question raised is in regard to the probability of the introduction of a greater emotional element into politics, and the harm or the benefit of it. The object being a good and stable government, it may be assumed that none of us desire an increase of katabolism.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of July.—The Lexow investigation committee of the State Senate sat during June. It obtained evidence that members of the New York police department protected gamblers, keepers of disorderly houses, and "green goods" men, and shared the profits, and that merchants were generally assessed by the police for the use of sidewalks.

The coal strike which affected Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and other States in lesser degree, practically ended June 18th. The losses were estimated at $20,000,000.

The American Railway Union, on June 26th, declared a boycott of Pullman cars, as an expression of sympathy with striking Pullman employés, the Pullman company having refused to submit the dispute to arbitration. A great blockade of railway freight and passenger trains resulted in Illinois and Indiana, with its centre at Chicago. Mails were delayed. The strike spread, and in two days railway traffic was practically suspended from Chicago to San Francisco. The United States courts in Chicago, on July 2d, issued sweeping injunctions against strikers, and regular troops under General Miles were ordered to Chicago to suppress rioting, which broke out on July 6th, when 225 cars were burned. President Debs of the Railway Union was placed under arrest. On the 8th President Cleveland issued a proclamation calling upon all good citizens to refrain from aiding or countenancing the strike, and commanding persons engaged in unlawful combinations and assemblages to disperse. On the following day he issued a second proclamation against mob violence in California, where United States troops were fired upon and a train carrying them was wrecked. With the aid of the standing army rioting was put down and railway traffic was resumed. The strike was practically ended by July 15th.

The Constitution of the Hawaiian Republic was proclaimed on July 4th.

A revolution in Corea drove the King into exile in Japan, and during June Japan landed a large number of troops on Corean soil. China resented this invasion, and war was narrowly averted.

President Marie François Sadi Carnot of France was stabbed by an anarchist named Santo Cesario while riding in his carriage at a fête in Lyons on Sunday, June 24th, and died in a few hours. The body was removed to Paris, and on the following Sunday a state funeral was held. The city was draped in black, imposing religious ceremonies were held at Notre Dame, and the body of the dead President was placed in the Pantheon. The National Assembly met at Versailles on the 27th, and elected M. Casimir-Perier President on the first ballot. His election was generally regarded as assuring the peace of Europe and a continuation of the Carnot policy.

DISASTERS.

June 15th.—Two hundred men were killed by a series of explosions in coal mines at Karwin, Austria.

July 11th.—Severe earthquake shocks in and near Constantinople destroyed many buildings and caused the death of about 200 persons.

OBITUARY.

June 14th.—At London, John Duke Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, aged seventy-three.

June 18th.—At Englewood, New Jersey, William Walter Phelps, Judge of the Court of Appeals of New Jersey, ex-Member of Congress, and ex-Minister to Germany, aged fifty-five years.

June 22d.—At Winnipeg, Alexander Tache, Archbishop of St. Boniface, aged seventy-one years.—At New York, Alfred Post Burbank, the reader, aged forty-eight years.

July 5th.—At London, Sir Austin Henry Layard, the explorer, aged seventy-seven years.

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LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'ENNUIE.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

"I see a tent. I wonder what's going on inside! Let's go and see...."
"What's the good of our going in there?"
"What's the good of our stopping out here?"

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

FOG.

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH.

"YOU are late," said Judge Crabtree to his nephew, as that young man came into the office, looking wet and bedraggled.

"Got caught by the fog," he answered. "Ferry-boat drifted about, bellowing like a wild bull, pawing up the water, and dodging other boats, also bellowing and pawing."

The Judge leaned back, put his feet on his desk, and held his pen between his thumbs. Then he said:

"Speaking of getting caught in the fog reminds me of when I used to live on Staten Island myself. The only thing that can navigate a Staten Island fog is a Staten Island mosquito. They seem to be water-proof. I have an idea that they oil themselves every day, like a duck. They are also endowed with some sort of fog-penetrating eyes, which make it just as easy for them to move about when it is foggy as when it is clear. You never see a Staten Island mosquito slowing down to half-speed on account of fog, or hear of one missing his landing on the back of the summer boarder's neck. I once saw a young man steal out of the back basement door during a heavy fog and try to escape them. He was the ex-captain of a college football team. He wore a light fog-colored suit to disguise himself, and ran for the ferry-boat like a frightened wolf. It was only four blocks, but twenty-three mosquitoes made a safe landing on him, and eight others buzzed around his head, nipped at his hat-band, and hummed leisurely away, evidently having dined previously.

"But what I started to tell was a fog story, not a mosquito story. In those days the fogs were heavier than they are now, and they lasted longer. In fact—"

"Judge," interrupted his partner, "is this going to be truth or fiction?"

"Truth," replied the Judge, with decision. "But it will bring home to you as few things can that truth is stranger than fiction. As I was trying to say, the fogs then were heavier than they are now, and they were a good deal tougher, and had better wearing qualities. In fact, those fogs wouldn't blow away at all, as the present ones will, because the wind couldn't get through them. The only way they were ever dissipated was by its beginning to rain heavily, and sort of washing and melting them away and wearing them out, like rain on a snow-bank. I recollect one morning in the spring that I boarded the boat, as usual, for this city. It was about nine o'clock and extremely foggy. I remember thinking, as I came down the street to the ferry-house, that there seemed to be a faint suggestion of a light cream-colored tint to the fog, and I remarked to a neighbor whom I heard walking near me that it seemed to me as if I were moving about on the bottom crust of an immense custard pie. However, we both got on the boat, or at least I did, and I suppose he did, though I didn't hear anything more of him.

"It was impossible to see a boat's length, and all we could hear was the tolling of the Robbins Reef bell-buoy and the groaning of an occasional whistle with a frog in its throat off in the darkness somewhere. Then our whistle, also with a frog in its throat, groaned, and we got out of the slip, with a procession of piles on either side gliding back like a line of hurrying ghosts who were afraid of getting their feet wet. After a half-dozen revolutions of the paddle-wheels every man on board might as well have been blind. The captain put deck hands outside the chains, who reached over the bow and felt out in the fog for ships, islands, continents, and other obstructions; and he stood up forward of the pilot-house himself, and peered straight before him; but he might as well have looked into the coal-bunkers. We were making about half-speed, and after giving the reef a respectful berth, we headed, as we thought, for the city. About every forty seconds our whistle would groan dismally, and we could hear others out in the fog at varying distances taking on in a similar distressed manner.

"We had been out about twenty minutes when a tramp steamer, big and rusty, with the smoke-stack where the flag-staff should have been, loomed up right across our bows. We tried to back, and a peppery little tug, one of those little Skye-terrier tugs which are always getting in the way, began to ki-yi right under our stern. Then a bark at anchor, the men at the pumps pumping fog out of the hold, rose up on our port, and a hulking lighter with a sail made of sponges bumped into our starboard as it drifted out with the tide. Two or three other craft trod on our toes during the next five minutes, and we passengers just drew in a couple of quarts of fog apiece and held it till the trouble was over. But nothing serious happened. The tramp steamer went up into the fog; the bark went down into the water; the lighter rolled over and went off with its rudder for a sail; and the hot-tempered little tug, after abusing us in screams of steam and defying us in snorts of smoke, went scolding away, looking for a chance to get run over again, and we found ourselves all clear once more. But during the tangle the signal bells in our engine-room seemed to be ringing a New-Year's chime. I don't think I ever heard so many orders given to an engineer in the same length of time before nor since. But when we got out

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of the crowd the captain ordered the pilot to bear straight ahead, and the pilot signalled the engineer ahead at half-speed, and we were off again, and we passengers once more began to inhale regular quantities of fog.

"Now here comes the marvellous part of this thing. At noon we were still pushing through the fog, with no sight of New York or land. At three o'clock we were still burrowing. When it got dark at seven, as I hope for happiness, we were still at it. But this is not all. As I'm a living sinner, twelve hours later, at seven the next morning, we were still shouldering our way through that everlasting fog, with no glimpse of shore. You may better believe that there was a mad lot of folks on that boat. The crew, from the captain down to the flute-player in the Italian band, who blew fog through his flute till he wore it out, simply raved and tore, while we passengers drowned out the roar of the whistle with foggy imprecations. We abused the ferry company, denounced the weather, and found fault with all animate creation, ending by quarrelling among ourselves on politics, religion, and the size of the national debt.

"Since about five o'clock in the afternoon we had been going at a rate which fairly made us dizzy, as at that hour the captain had got desperate and ordered full speed, and directed the pilot to buzz his wheel around in first one direction and then the other, and get somewhere or anywhere. So all night the engines throbbed and groaned, and the pilot ported his helm, and starboarded his helm, and got his helm by the throat and held it half-way between, and otherwise acted insane. We concluded that we were out in the broad Atlantic, and one scientific passenger began to take observations for the Gulf Stream by jabbing his umbrella over the side and then feeling of it for warm water. Another impressionable man from New Brighton said he saw a flying-fish, and still another thought he scented icebergs.

"But the ocean idea wasn't tenable, after all, because we could still hear the whistles bellowing all around us. But at seven o'clock in the morning, just as the captain was threatening to cut away the rudder entirely and tie an Italian on the safety-valve, the fog lifted, and the difficulty became clear; and it was a simple thing, after all. While we were tangled up with the other vessels the engineer had got excited, and when signalled to go forward, had lost his head, and started the port paddle-wheel ahead and the starboard paddle-wheel astern; and for twenty-one hours we had been lying there off Bedlow's Island, spinning around like a kitten chasing its own tail."

"FOGS WERE HEAVIER THAN THEY ARE NOW."

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OWED TO SUMMER—A GRUDGE

THE poetic vernal glory
Has become an ancient story,
And, panting at my window, I apostrophize the heat.
Then I turn from indoor labors
To the study of my neighbors
And the yards and roofs and door-steps of the houses 'cross the street.

There's a group of children playing
And some silly verses saying
Apropos of London Bridge, with predictions of its fall;
While a brazen band Teutonic,
With persistency sardonic,
Plays a march composed in mem'ry of the late lamented Saul.

Swinging from a distant garret
Speaks a blasphemous old parrot,
And the air has grown cerulean where his utterances roll,
Settling spiritual questions
With most horrible suggestions
On the final destination that awaits the human soul.

Then a red-haired, blue-gowned maiden,
In a voice with pathos laden,
Is a-singing lovelorn ditties (would the Lord had made her dumb!),
And a washer-lady weary,
With a husband cross and beery,
Who is mingling thoughts of last night's wake with hopes of sprees to come.

There's a fretful baby sobbing,
And the bricks with heat are throbbing,
And the sky is dust and copper, and the roofs reflect the glare.
This is summer as I know it,
Spite the raptures of the poet
About Phyllis and green meadows and a blossom-laden air.

Let them talk of summer's beauty
Far from cities hot and sooty,
Talk of cool and mossy woodlands and broad fields of wind-blown wheat;
But to me, who am a fixture
Here in town, 'tis but a mixture
Of red bricks—and screaming babies—and profanity—and *heat*. ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

MR. MULTY'S STORY.

"SPEAKIN' of stories gittin' started," remarked old Mr. Multy, as he rearranged the piles of brown wrapping-paper into a more comfortable cushion on the top of the nail-keg, "it doos beat all. It come mighty nigh goin' hard with ol' Jim Johnsin once on account of a story growin' a little."

"Tell us about it," said the young new clerk, to whom most of the corner-store stories were as yet new.

"Well, you see," began Mr. Multy, "old Dekin Swaller come home to dinner one day, an' he happens to say to Mrs. Swaller, 'I met young Slimmers to-day, an' he said that he heerd that Jim Johnsin was thinkin' of buyin' the widder Spriggins place.'

"Jes as soon as the dekin had gone down town agin Mrs. Swaller puts her shawl on an' steps across to Anastashy Soper's, an' says: 'What do you s'pose I heerd this mornin'? Jim Johnsin has bought the widder Spriggins place. I wonder if he's goin' to take the widder along with the rest of the prop'ty?'

"'Jes 's like as not,' says Anastashy; 'an' his wife not dead yet six months!'

"Soon as Mrs. Swaller 'd gone, Anastashy skipped over to ol' Mrs. Grumpy. She had to talk loud to the ol' lady account o' her deefness, an' even then Mrs. Grumpy didn't ketch quite all she said, an' had to guess some.

"Anastashy says: 'Have you heerd the news? Jim Johnsin's goin' to marry the widder Spriggins for her prop'ty.'

"'How?'

"'Jim Johnsin's goin' to marry the widder Spriggins for her prop'ty.'

"'No! Is 'e?'

"'That's what they say. I allus heerd he thought a good deal of the widder 'fore his first wife died.'

"'Yes, that's so. What they goin' to do with Jim's two childern?'

"'I don't believe the widder 'll have 'em 'round. They'll prob'ly have to send 'em to the orphan asylum.'

"'How?'

"'*Orphan asylum.*' An' Anastashy she happened to think she'd left three pies in the oven, an' she skipped back home 'fore the old lady could half git the thing straight. She had roomatics so bad she couldn't git out to carry the news along, an' she was on nettles till young Mrs. Fred Gadabout come in, an' then she says, all of a tremor, 'Did you hear the news? Jim Johnsin's goin' to marry the widder Spriggins to git the farm the old man Spriggins worked so hard to pay for.'

"'Goodness gracious!'

"'How?'

"'*Goodness gracious!*'

"'Who did?'

"'I say, GOODNESS GRACIOUS!'

"'Yes, I guess so. An' Jim's two childern has gone clean crazy 'bout it, an' they're talkin' 'bout sendin' 'em to the 'sylum.'

"'You don't tell me!'

"'How?'

"'*You don't tell me!*'

"'I haven't heerd, but there's been talk that Jim thought a good deal of the widder 'fore his first wife died, an' that maybe he pizened her.'

"'Mercy! He ought to be hung!'

"'How?'

"'*They ought to hang him!*'

"'Well,' says the old lady, kind o' chucklin' knowin' like to herself—'well,' says she, 'if he marries the widder Spriggins *he'll wish they had.*'" CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

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THE BRITISHER IN ROME.

TO WHAT BASE USES MAY WE COME AT LAST!

BOBBY. "You know the tomb of Cæcilia Metella?"
TOMMY. "No, I don't think I do."
BOBBY. "Why, yes, you do. It's where the hounds meet."

A VIVID DESCRIPTION.

OLD John was a shoemaker, an Irishman, and an ardent admirer of the Duke of Wellington. To describe the battle of Waterloo was his chief pleasure. He always wound up the narrative, sitting with his hammer poised, his spectacles pushed back on his forehead, and his whole appearance indicating the utmost enthusiasm, with the words: "An' the Duke sez, sez he, 'Up, Gyards, an' at 'em!' an' wid that, simultaneously, at the same time, all to oncet, the Gyards upped an' atted at 'em. An' that settled it."

HE KEPT HIS PROMISE.

"Now promise me," said Mrs. McBride, as her husband went to the banquet, "that you will turn your wineglasses upside down."

"I promise you," he replied.

When he returned, Mrs. McBride was waiting for him, and her very first question was, "Did you turn your wineglasses upside down, as you promised you would?"

"Yes," was the reply, in rather suspicious tones; "I turned 'em upside down a dozen times or more, m' dear."

WILLIAM H. SIVITER.

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BOOKWORM BALLADS.

A PAINFUL DISCOVERY.

'Twas evening, and I sat me down to pen a bit of rhyme.
I heard a faint suggestion of a sigh from time to time;
And when I looked about me to discover whence it rose,
I saw my little bookworm wipe a teardrop from his nose.

"Come hither, little Wormy," quoth I—"come and tell to me
The causes of your sorrow. Has some person injured thee?
I tell you very frankly, without any haw or hem,
If there be folks who've hurt you, I shall straightway injure them."

He crawled across the table, and he sat upon my knee.
"I'm weeping, gentle master, from a pang of jealousy."
And then he had a spasm that quite rent my heart in twain,
And teardrops fell about me like a soft midsummer's rain.

"You're jealous, little fellow? You are jealous, do you say?
Now what can be the reason for that jealousy, I pray?
There's not a bookworm like you anywhere that's known to me,
So why should you be writhing with the pangs of jealousy?"

"I've read that book of Blankleigh's," he replied, "you bought last night.
It's filled my soul with envy and my heart with mad affright.
I've learned, O much-loved master, and it loosens all my joints,
That when it comes to boring, Mr. B. can give me points!"

THE MICROSCOPICALLY MINUTE

EXTRACTS FROM A FORTH-COMING AMERICAN NOVEL.

JOHNSTONE BARTLETT stood by the mantel, nervously turning a moon-stone ring on the third finger of his left hand. Occasionally he glanced toward the door and drew a deep breath, expelling it slowly. Suddenly Dorothy Blake entered.

"Johnstone," she said, as she laid a leather-bound book of poems on the table, "I have kept you waiting."

"A few moments," answered Johnstone, raising his eyes, and turning the ring into its proper position; "but you know it is a pleasure for me to wait—for you."

The girl blushed slightly. They sat down in easy-chairs before the fire.

"You did not go to the country, then?" said Dorothy, tapping her toe on the floor and arching her eyebrows.

Johnstone was winding his watch-chain about the first finger of his left hand. He stopped, clasped the fingers of both hands together, and looked at her steadily. "No," he answered, unlocking his fingers, bending forward, and gazing into her eyes earnestly—"no, I did not go to the country." He leaned back and rested his elbow on the arm of the chair.

"I am glad," she replied, smoothing out a delicate lace handkerchief in her lap, "that you did not"—she hesitated, and folded over one corner of the handkerchief with her first finger, and looked at the fire—"that you did not go to the country."

"I am glad too," answered Johnstone, running the nail of his right thumb along the back of the forefinger of his left hand.

"Yes," said the girl, looking at the fire lower down in the grate. There was a slight tremor of her eyelashes, but Johnstone did not notice it. His left hand was closed, with the thumb inside. A flake of ashes rolled between the second and third bars of the grate.

"Very"—he stopped and breathed gently —"glad." Overhead the gas flickered slightly, but perhaps no more than usual.

Johnstone felt that his foolish dream was over. He entered the pawn-shop.

"Let me see your pistols," he said, carefully putting on a pair of rimless eye-glasses and resting the tips of his fingers on the edge of the show-case. A fly sat on the window-pane.

"Pocket size?" asked the man, rubbing his nose quietly. There was one button missing from the left sleeve of his coat.

"Yes," answered Johnstone, moving his right foot forward perhaps an eighth of an inch, and continuing to breathe without attracting the notice of the man.

"What calibre?" inquired the pawnbroker, opening his mouth slightly as he spoke, and looking quietly at Johnstone with his eyes.

"Thirty-eight." He was still breathing in a subdued manner, and his pulse beat almost noiselessly. "And be quick about it," he added, as he bent his little finger impatiently and his lips closed without a sound. The fly was crawling up the pane now, silently but certainly. His left rear foot slipped once, but he caught himself and went on. H. C.

WITH THE NAVAL RESERVE.

"When we are off on the ship for practice during the summer," said my friend, "we get lots of fun out of life. While on watch we go around amongst the sailors and get acquainted, and talk of matters nautical.

"One day, just after we had taken on board the members of the New York Reserve, I asked one of the old tars how he liked our new friends.

"'Don't like 'em at all,' he said. 'They won't talk with you, nor do anything but go around with their heads up, as if they bossed the whole affair. But now with you Boston fellers it's different. We like you first-rate; you aren't so stuck up.

"'I'll tell you jest how it is,' he added, confidentially. 'Them New-Yorkers is *gentlemen*.'"

R. B. C. H.

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DISAGREEABLE ACQUIESCENCE.

PARKER (*on the eve of his wedding-day*). "Gentlemen, I—I—I—er—"
BRONSON (*misogynist*). "Indeed you do, Parker. Any man who gives up bachelor joys for marriage cares errs dreadfully."

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A FAIR RETORT.

NOT long ago a resident of one of the small towns near New York came to the city to consult an eminent oculist, whose fee for a consultation is never less than ten dollars. He was rather green in appearance, so the doctor, who is something of a wag, and who was in particularly fine spirits that morning, thought he saw an opportunity to have a little fun at the expense of his rural visitor.

In the course of the examination a prism was placed before the eye of the patient in order to test the muscles.

"Why, doctor," he exclaimed, "I see two candles!"

"Indeed!" replied the doctor. "You are very fortunate."

"How so?"

"Why, just think what an advantage you have over the rest of us! You see *everything double*, and beautiful pictures, charming landscapes, and lovely faces are all repeated to you, and you must get just so much more pleasure out of them."

When the examination was concluded, and the prescription for the proper glasses written, the man, without a smile, laid a *five-dollar bill* on the table, with the remark, "There, doctor—there's *ten dollars* for you," and was gone in a moment, leaving the astonished physician to figure up the cost of his little pleasantry.

ON A VOLUME OF ESSAYS.

I'VE read this volume o'er and o'er,
And never shall I read it more.

It's full of fine typography;
Its binding's perfect unto me;

The paper likewise is quite fine—
I'd like it for a book of mine.

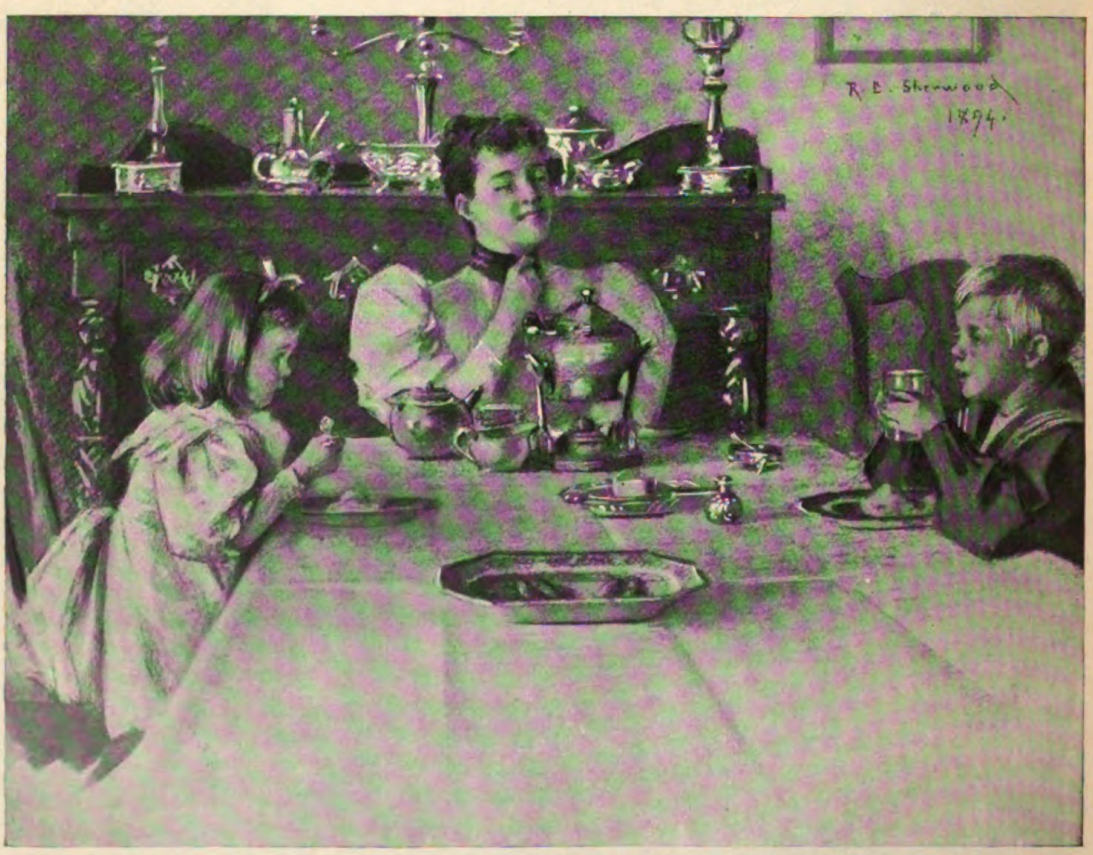
As for the Essays—well, I think
They must have ta'en a deal of ink;

And several pens were doubtless used
To make them fit to be perused.

And further, if an essay is
A "trial," as some persons wis,

This writer cannot fail to score:
I never was so tried before.

CARLYLE SMITH.



A DEFENCE.

BOBBIE. "I thought you said you weren't hungry. You've eaten more pudding than I could eat in a week."

TESSIE. "I's alleys hungry for puddin'."

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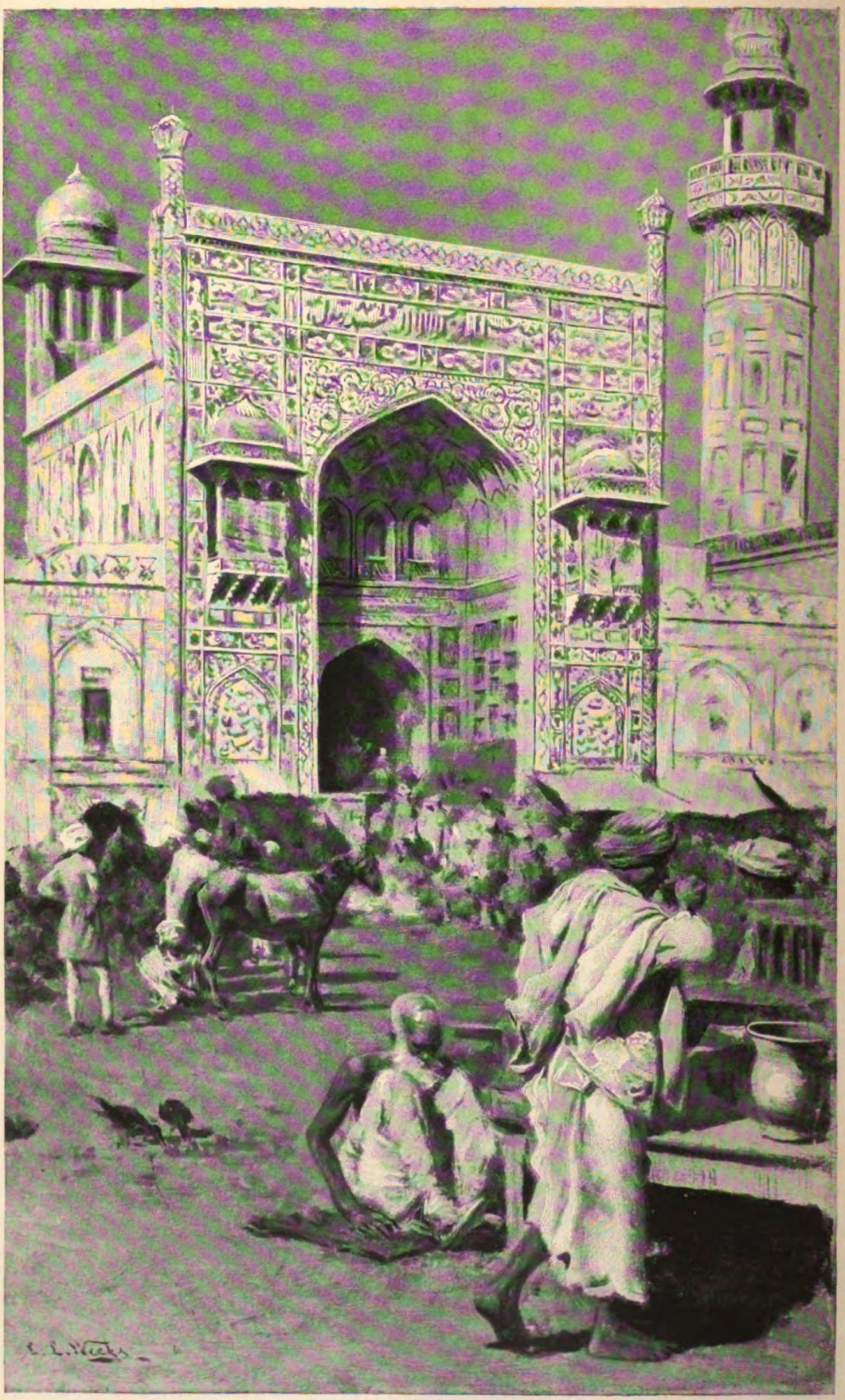

See "Lahore and the Punjaub."

GATE OF THE MOSQUE VAZIR KHAN.

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HARPER'S
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LAHORE AND THE PUNJAUB.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

I.

ONLY a few months ago, when all Paris had flocked into the streets to welcome the officers of the Russian fleet, and on the gala-night when an act from the *Roi de Lahore* was given at the Opera, by a coincidence noted at the time in the columns of the *Figaro*, the last Maharajah of Lahore lay dead in his hôtel near the Champs Élysées. He was the last of the sons of Runjeet Singh, and after the death of his father, and when the Sikh war, followed by repeated uprisings, had ended with the total defeat of Shir Singh, the power of the Sikhs as a nation was broken, the Punjaub annexed by the government of India, and Lahore ceased to be the capital of a kingdom. These events took place in 1849.

The young Maharajah was invited to take up his residence in England as a guest of the nation, and the first Lieutenant-Governor ruled in his place. Although the Sikhs gave ample evidence of their prowess at the battle of Chilianwala and in other engagements, they have since remained firmly loyal to the "British Raj," and it is to-day generally admitted that the suppression of the mutiny a few years later was mainly owing to their support, as well as to that of the other Punjaubi regiments. Upon entering India from the north one is made aware of the importance attached to the maintenance of the frontier in a permanent state of defence by the predominance of the military element. The "troopers" now land their passengers at Kurrachee; and along the railway to Lahore, at intervals of a hundred miles, there are "rest stations," provided with soldiers' quarters, adjoining the railway buildings.

In the event of the long-looked-for invasion from the north—now more of a shadowy phantom than ever, since the success of Sir Mortimer Durand's mission to the Ameer of Afghanistan—Lahore, being a rapidly growing railway centre, would become a most important point of distribution and base of supplies. It is only nineteen hours from Peshawur, in front of the Khyber Pass, through which most of the Moslem conquerors found their way to the great treasure-house of India, and it has direct railway communication with Quetta, commanding what is believed to be the only other practicable entrance.

The railway to Quetta starts from Ruk Junction (on the Northwestern Railway), and the distance between the two points is 289 miles. Quetta, surrounded by thirty-eight miles of fortifications, including small detached forts commanding different positions, and provisioned for an eight months' siege, is considered impregnable. The two or three other passes in this section have no thoroughfare for artillery, and the Bolan Pass can be easily defended by a small number of men, as there are narrow passages between steep walls of limestone where only three or four can ride abreast. The railway now goes on to New Chaman, only one hundred miles or so from Candahar.*

It was definitely settled during the recent negotiations at Cabool that the jurisdiction of the Indian government should include this point.

The ostensible object of Sir Mortimer Durand's mission was the settlement of certain questions relating to portions of the frontier hitherto left undefined, and which were a fruitful cause of disputes, as well as to promote a better understand-

* Latest advices from India state that the Ameer during the recent negotiations decided to allow the railway to be extended several miles into his territory beyond New Chaman.

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ing between the two powers. If one may judge from the tone of the press, the results of this conference have given much satisfaction in India, and an added sense of security, while the Ameer, on his side, may well congratulate himself on the importance attached to his friendship. He is also the gainer by six lakhs* of rupees, to be added to his annual subsidy of twelve lakhs, and it has been proposed to decorate him with the Order of the Bath. It is generally understood, however, that he did not offer to make any concession in the matter of railways, and the consideration of this delicate question was postponed to a more convenient season.

Although the Ameer seems to appreciate the advantages which may accrue to him from friendly relations with the Indian government, he also values his position as an independent sovereign, and, like the Sultan of Morocco, is not overanxious to be brought into closer contact with powerful neighbors.

With the Ameer as an ally, Afghanistan becomes a formidable breastwork against any advance from the north, and he probably realizes that in the event of a Russian occupation of India, he would not long be able to maintain his present independent position. Now that he is reorganizing his army according to Western standards of efficiency—arming it with machine-guns and other improvements, and has gone deeply into the manufacture of war material at his extensive factories in Cabool under European direction†—Afghanistan is becoming a power to be reckoned with in any case. It is noticeable that the men who have met and conquered the Afghans in former days, as well as in recent campaigns, speak with marked respect of their military prowess. Such average specimens of these surly hirsute sons of Anak as one meets in the bazars of Delhi or Lahore enable one to realize that they are excellent fighting material, and they look as if they might have descended directly from the primitive men of the stone age. These nomadic Afghans and Pathans from the hills of the frontier are, for the most part, peaceable peddlers of "notions," Cabool grapes, and other fruit, or they are horse-dealers and camel-drivers. Like the Persians, they are lighter in color than any race of India, but ruddy, deeply sunburnt or tanned, and begrimed with dust. Their national costume is far from graceful or elegant, consisting of a mass of dirty white cotton drapery, loose flapping skirts, a well-worn sheepskin coat, and a dark turban, called a koola, once blue, loosely twisted around a pointed cap covering a fringe of shaggy hair.

Many Afghans, Pathans, and Beloochees now take service under the English colors, and some regiments are mainly recruited among these cutthroats of the border-land. These fellows need a lot of training before they can be got into proper shape, but it is precisely this element which gives to the Indian army its peculiar stamp, its appearance of disciplined, businesslike ferocity. The Afghans and Pathans have a reputation for dash and pluck akin to that of the Irish, although they are said to lack the steady staying qualities of the Sikhs. While it is usual to undervalue the elements of physique and initiative in these days of machine-guns and smokeless powder, these qualities must ever play a prominent part in border warfare among the rugged defiles and winding passes of the northern frontier. These men of the north, while they can be regarded only as a part of the floating population, and are encountered in every large city of India, are yet numerous enough in the streets of Lahore and Amritsar, or Mooltan, to give a decided tinge to the character of the crowds. When we analyze these crowds in detail as they pass through the bazars, we shall find that the most pronounced, the most conspicuously local types, are the Sikhs. Up to the time of the annexation they were the ruling class, although far from being the strongest numerically. Originally a military race, both by inherited tradition and by natural tendency, many of them have become cultivators, since the opportunities for active service are few at present, but a large number of them form the "corps d'élite" of the Punjaubi army. A Sikh regiment on parade is a spectacle which offers some novel points of difference when contrasted with the "matériel" of most European armies with which the unprofessional observer may be familiar. When first seen in the distance they present the appearance of a long scarlet band

* A lakh at the present rate of the rupee is somewhere in the neighborhood of $30,000.

† Some of the Martinis made at the Cabool factories were recently tried on the ranges at Peshawur, and, according to the India journals, were found to be quite satisfactory.

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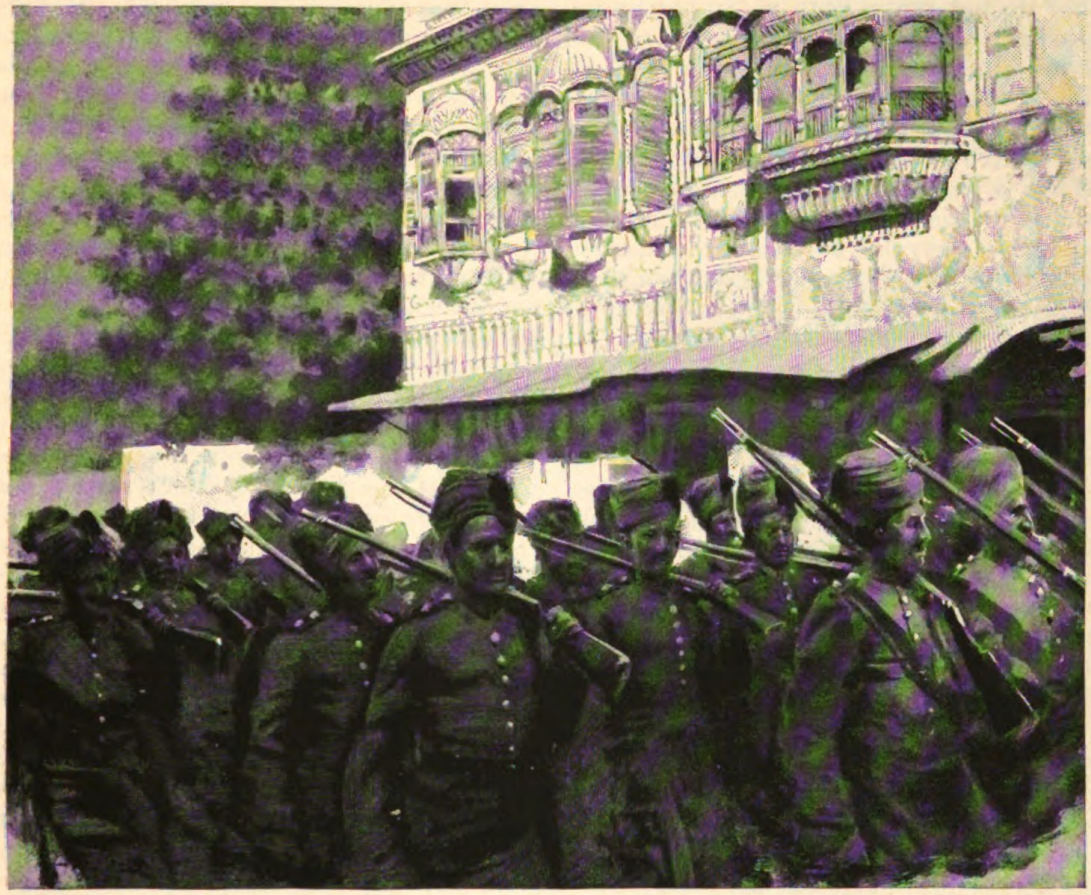

PUNJAUBI INFANTRY.

of uniform thickness, supported by slender black lines; as they approach, they are seen to be unusually tall, black-bearded fellows, uniformed in red tunics, and with great red turbans, which increase their apparent height, while close-fitting black gaiters accentuate the thinness of their legs. Whoever has watched the drill of the Grenadier Guards in London may form an idea of the precision which seems to be the standard of the Sikhs. They may be, perhaps, a shade more rigid in their "good form," with an appearance of greater effort, due to the fact that European discipline is as yet to them like a strange garment to the wearer. The observer will not be slow in realizing that he has before him not only a different race, but a different species of the human animal. As in Europe there does not exist at the present day a strictly military caste, the conscripts who people the casernes are drawn at haphazard from workshops, farms, and from the slums of cities, and do not impress one, save in the case of a few bodies of picked men, as having any special aptitude for the calling of arms. These men, tall, sinewy, and athletic, supple and feline in their movements, are evidently endowed with a peculiar fitness for their vocation, and look as if little were needed to arouse their traditional instincts. In the average regiments of the Punjaub no men are taken under five feet six inches in height and thirty-three inches round the chest; in some regiments none under five feet seven; but judging from the strapping fellows in the Sikh regiments, their standard must be still higher. Although the Pathans and Sikhs are usually given the first rank for soldierly qualities and bearing, the "Goorkhas," of Mongolian race, from the hills of Nepal and Assam, are nearly if not quite as efficient.* Being of small and wiry physique,

* An officer who has held with honor and distinction several of the highest positions in the service has just added in a note, "I think it is a toss-up between Goorkhas and Sikhs for the first place, Pathans coming third."

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they do not make such an imposing appearance on parade, but they are fine mountaineers, full of fire and pluck in action, and at such times, when their innate ferocity comes to the surface, their officers often have difficulty in restraining them. What is known as the "Bengal army," including the old Punjaub frontier force, comprises sixty-five battalions of infantry, of which the greater part are Goorkhas, Sikhs, and other Punjaubis, two mountain batteries kept for small expeditions (with mules), and twenty-three regiments of cavalry, of which nine are "lancers."* Each of these regiments is commanded by English officers—the commandant, two "wing commanders," four wing officers, of whom two act as quartermaster and adjutant, and one medical officer. Next come the native officers—eight "subadars" (ranking as captains), eight "jemadars," sixteen buglers, and eighty others (havildars and naiks), and then the rank and file, eight hundred sepoys. In the Punjaubi frontier force nearly all regiments are dressed in mud-colored kharki drill, blue turbans, blue or kharki knickerbockers, and white gaiters, while five regiments of Sikhs wear red coats. The British officers seem to live for the most part on excellent terms with the native officers, addressing them always (in the Hindostani equivalent) as Sir, although the subadars actually rank below the junior subaltern. All these men are volunteers or enlisted men, and the terms of enlistment are peculiar. The period of the first engagement is three years, after which the sepoy may claim his discharge if there is no prospect of hostilities, and even within that time it is often granted for adequate reasons. Each sepoy gets seven rupees a month, with a gradual increase after three years' service and good conduct. Out of this he has to pay for his own food, which costs him three and a half rupees per month, but he receives thirty rupees on enlistment to help purchase his uniform, and five rupees annually to keep it up. He has also two suits a year provided by government, besides blankets and other articles, and he has also a chance to make a little money by musketry prizes and in other small ways, although he does not usually manage to save much of his pay.

The total annual cost of a native regiment, including the pay of the British officers, and all other expenses, is well under two lakhs of rupees, and it may be considered the cheapest infantry in the world. The "sowar," or native trooper in the cavalry, is rather more of a swell than the infantry sepoy, since he must be a capitalist before he can serve the "British Raj." He has first to deposit two hundred rupees towards the purchase of his horse, and his pay is thirty-one rupees per month, out of which he has to find everything. Thus the regiment mounts itself, and none of the horses belong to government. The position of an ambitious young officer, especially if he be desirous of passing into the staff corps, entails steady work, for in any case he has to become an accomplished linguist. As Hindostani only is spoken in the regiment he must pass the "higher standard" in that language, with written exercises in a character resembling the Sanscrit; "Urdu," which is written in Persian characters; and if there are Pathans in his regiment he is expected to pass an examination in their dialect, as well as to learn something of the Punjaubi dialect, which, however, is a "voluntary."

* Roughly estimated, the Bengal army is constituted as below:

Cavalry.—Twenty-three regiments, composed of 14 light cavalry, 9 lancer regiments. Of these 4 only are called Punjaubi cavalry, though the composition of the rest includes a large number of Punjaubis. Nineteen regiments with 8 troops each (152), classed thus:

	Troops.
Hindostani Mohammedans from Bengal	28
Punjaubi Mohammedans	26
Independent tribes from beyond northwest frontier, *i. e.*, Pathans	3
Border tribes within British territory (Pathans), Mohammedans between the Indus and the Khyber Pass	12
Sikhs (Punjaubis)	39
Dogras (Punjaubis)	12
Hindostani Rajpoots	8
Hindoos from Bengal proper	24
Total	152

Infantry.—Sixty-five battalions, of which 16 only are recruited from Bengal, the Northwest Provinces, and Oude. Nine are pure Sikh regiments; 13 Goorkha regiments; 27 Punjaubi regiments. These 27 Punjaubi regiments are generally half Hindoo and half Mussulman.

Artillery.—Two mountain batteries with mules.

The term "Punjaubi" as here used includes Pathans (trans-frontier and cis-frontier), (all Mussulmans), Punjaubi Mohammedans, Sikhs, Dogras (Hindoos).

The Indian army at present consists of three main forces—the Bengal, Bombay, and Madras armies. The Bengal army is quartered in Bengal, Assam, the Northwest Provinces, and the Punjaub, while Quetta, for some reason, is garrisoned from the Bombay army.

These different divisions have just been made into an army corps, all under one commander-in-chief in India, *i.e.*, the Bengal, Madras, Bombay, and Northwest Frontier forces.

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The native officers have either risen from the ranks, or are more rarely commissioned directly from the Viceroy if sons of deserving men. In the long list of camp-followers attached to each regiment many peculiar vocations are represented, such as sweepers, water-carriers or served in the Egyptian war. We happened to be on a steamer which was one of the first to pass through the canal when it was opened to traffic after the close of hostilities, and while strolling about in Suez in the company of an officer of the Madras army, we chanced upon

GOING TO THE REVIEW.

"bhisties," a Mohammedan moollah, a Sikh priest, and a Hindoo priest; also two native schoolmasters, one to teach English and the other Hindostani. Most of the enlisted men are farmers, recruited in the country and in villages, and never in towns; they are allowed to visit their homes at stated intervals, with free passage by rail, and in other ways their servitude is rendered comparatively light; there are also liberal pension arrangements, and each regiment has its own reserve. Many of these regiments, besides the Sikhs and Goorkhas, have achieved distinction in foreign campaigns, and among others the Bengal Lancers, who a couple of these troopers. My companion was anxious to inform himself as to the part they took at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, having the glory of the Indian contingent at heart. He proceeded to question them in Hindostani, and they answered as if on the witness-stand. According to their statements, corroborated afterward in Bombay, it was they who had routed and cut down the flying remnants of Arabi Pasha's army. A few days later, while we still lingered on at Bombay, in spite of the October heat—for the city was new to us then and full of a strange exotic charm—the troop-ships arrived with all the Indian contingent, and during the

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fêtes which followed we had the opportunity of admiring their agility and skill in lime-cutting, tent-pegging, and kindred sports. We afterwards met them larking about fraternally with kilted Highlanders and Goorkhas, or squatting over the camp-fires in their company.

Whether the "sowar" belongs to the blue-coated cavalry of the Punjaub, or to the "lancers," in faded blouse and carelessly wound turban which have seen honorable service, he is never without a certain wild picturesqueness, which suggests a not remote relationship to the Bedouin, and when off duty he falls easily into the elastic and supple attitudes of his race.

An authority on military matters is said recently to have favorably compared a Bengal Lancer regiment with the Lifeguards and other bodies of the finest cavalry in the world; while, according to the *Times of India*, another unimpeachable judge, who has had the best opportunities of forming an opinion, pronounces any good regiment of Indian cavalry to be quite equal to the Cossacks of the Imperial Guard.

II.

One may reach Lahore by through express from either of the two great ports of western India, Bombay and Kurrachee. The journey from Bombay, the most interesting of the two routes, as it passes through such cities as Baroda, Ahmedabad, Ajmeer, Jeypore, and Delhi, can be made in less than sixty hours, and covers 1238 miles of railway. On the other hand, the route from Kurrachee, which is much shorter, being but 821 miles, has only one important city on the way, Mooltan, although one may stop, as the writer did, at Kotree, and visit Hyderabad (Scinde) across the Indus. But he will have to leave his comfortable divan in the railway carriage at 2 A.M., and finish the night on a lounge in the waiting-room of the station. Let us suppose, then, that he adopts the latter plan, having arrived by steamer at Kurrachee. His baggage is opened in the great iron sheds at the landing, where the examination, although rigid as a matter of form, is lenient enough except in the matter of liquors and fire-arms.

Just outside the custom-house he will find a long row of "gharries," of the species known as landau, each provided with a pair of smart and generally well-conditioned horses; the red-turbaned "gharry wallahs," or drivers, are even more demonstrative here than elsewhere, for fares are low and competition keen; they will come to blows over his luggage, which is usually awarded to the victor. As one is driven along the straight and dusty avenue thronged with bullock carts and wagons conveying bales of cotton and other merchandise to and from the docks, he will realize that while Kurrachee is a keen commercial rival of Bombay, it still lacks much of the charm of the older city. Everything in the way of architecture is as yet new and raw; the gardens, filled with dense tropical growth, appear to have been recently planted, for the cocoanut and other palms are stunted, and many trees lean away from the sea, as if tired of struggling against the winds. There are none of the tall and graceful towers of foliage which adorn the coast further down, for this is the beginning of the comparatively desert country of Scinde, and glimpses of pale sand hills may be seen beyond the tree-tops. Yet there are flowers everywhere, and morning-glories twine over the ornamental iron fences and trim hedge-rows. There is a travellers' bungalow near the business centre, and a hotel near the railway station of the cantonment, where guests are lodged in various detached and galleried structures provided with doors which will not shut, as is usually the case in Indian hotels; but this is a feature to which the new-comer soon becomes resigned, and it cannot always be said to imply negligence on the part of the managers, for the wood of doors and sashes shrinks with each dry season, and swells again with the monsoon weather.

After the silence of unprogressive Persia, there was a sense of companionship in the snorting of the iron horse, and the rattling and jolting of the long freight-trains, which were continually manœuvring a few rods from the back doors of this establishment. The stranger in India will be impressed with the fact, and still more potently should he have had any recent experience of eastern Europe and the Turkish Empire, that this government does not occupy itself in the least with the concerns of the casual traveller: whatever his nationality may be, he is free to come and go as he likes; nothing is said about passports, no printed form is brought to him to be filled out with his

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age, profession, etc., and he is not followed by gensdarmes or haunted by spies; he is not obliged to register himself at a police station, and he may sketch, photograph, or do anything in reason. In short, there are none of the arbitrary and fussy little restrictions and annoyances which are the rule elsewhere. There are certain fortresses in the north, and even at Lahore, where he may not sketch without permission, which could probably be obtained without difficulty, as it would seem in any case that much is left to the common-sense and discretion of the officials. Aside from the fact that Kurrachee is a rapidly growing port and a distributive centre, expected by its sanguine citizens to leave Bombay far behind, there is little to interest the stranger beyond its winter climate, which is a shade cooler than that of Bombay. One does not need an overcoat, nor a "punka" on the other hand, and there is no chill at sundown or in the morning air. Away from the crowded hive where the native population quarters itself, and which has much of the teeming and dirty picturesqueness of similar sites in Bombay, as well as the same close and musky odors, the European city, if wanting in the architectural magnificence of the older city, is at least planned and laid out on the same generous scale as regards space. The banks, public buildings, and government offices are massive, rectangular, arcaded structures of pale yellow stone, each standing alone in a waste of gravel, or planted, each like a country house, in its own grounds; but there are a few streets where the shops stand close together and elbow each other as in European towns. The new "Scinde Club" might be taken as an example of the Indian club-house in general. The spacious lunch-room on the first floor may be left open to the sea-breeze or closed by glass screens, and this apartment opens on a wide terrace. The reading-room is as solemnly quiet as that of a London club; there is a conservatory or fern-house, sleeping-rooms for members, and everywhere an atmosphere of substantial comfort and luxury. In the park which lies at the end of the fashionable drive there is a circular plot of greensward surrounding a tank with an ornamental iron fountain in the centre; the edge of the water is defined by a border of vivid white and yellow flowers in pots, which tell forcibly against the dusky thickets of low cocoa-palms. A well-dressed Mussulman, standing on the turf near the fountain, had spread his prayer-rug on the grass, preparatory to his evening devotions, conversing meanwhile with his two friends, who are lounging on an iron bench across the gravel walk. He then concentrates his thoughts on higher things with the air of rapt self-forgetfulness which all Mohammedans command at such moments, resuming the conversation when the brief function is over.

The writer's time in Kurrachee was largely taken up with preparations for the trip inland and with interviewing English-speaking servants, who came provided with written characters more or less fraudulent, as any "munshi" can write a first-class recommendation for eight annas, and Kurrachee is proverbially a bad place to start from in this respect. We elected to set out for Lahore on the night after the troop-ship *Crocodile* had arrived and had disgorged her floating population. There are two stations at Kurrachee, the city and the cantonment, and as most of the new-comers were lodged in the neighborhood of the latter station, which was just across the road from our hotel, it seemed wiser to take our chances at the city terminus, particularly as the railroad superintendent had posted a notice advising that course. Notwithstanding the confusion and chaos of steamer trunks and porters, we managed, with the help of my fellow-traveller, who was going on to Simla, to find an empty compartment, and by the time the train was taken by storm at the upper station we were comfortably extended on our divans. This rush of travel only lasts for a day or two after the arrival of a trooper or a mail-steamer, and at other times there is plenty of room in the first-class sections.

The line which runs up to Lahore, communicating with the south of India by way of Delhi or Ferozepoor, is now known as the Northwestern Railway, broad gauge, and follows the line of the Indus River for the greater part of the way. At Ruk Junction the military road runs northward to Quetta and the frontier of Beloochistan, and at Musserabad another military route, following the Indus to the northeast, makes a shorter alternative route to Peshawur by way of Rawal-Pindee.

Hyderabad, the principal city of Scinde,

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lies just across the Indus from Kotree station, which we reached at 2 A.M. Having concluded to stop over and visit the town, I got down with my baggage, expecting to find Motee, the newly engaged servant, on the platform. Not finding him among the sleepers in the third class, I made myself fairly comfortable in the waiting-room of the station, trusting that he had been carried on and would turn up the next day. The station-master, whose acquaintance I made in the morning, very kindly took me down to the landing on his "trolley," or hand-car, and detailed an employé from the freight-office to accompany me to Hyderabad. Along the bank of the river, bordered by a dense growth of date-trees, lay moored the "Indus flotilla," a line of white double-decked river steamboats. Some of them formerly ascended the stream to Mooltan, but the service has been discontinued since the building of the railway. A large steam ferry-boat, crowded with deck passengers, took us across to the high sandy bank opposite.

Seen from this point, the shelving red bank, dotted with camels, bullock-carts, and carriages, with venders of fruit and sweetmeats, the broad yellow flood and the distant palm-fringed shores, recall in their general features the environs of the Nile at Ghizeh. Hyderabad itself, only a short drive from the bank, has but one main thoroughfare, and its appearance seems to indicate a greater degree of poverty than is usual in towns of similar size and importance. Persia has stretched a long arm across the Indus, for the pale, rose-tinted mud walls of the houses, the tombs of the Ameers, high-domed, and walled with porcelain, and the sloping towers of the citadel, would all be in keeping with any Persian landscape. There are one or two excellent schools for natives under government supervision, which were founded by Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy. In one of the little side alleys, where we had been attracted by the never-failing lure of bric-à-brac, and in an unpretentious little house, we found a merchant prince who dealt in marvels of needle-work. He was seated, when we entered, against the white wall at the door of an inner chamber, behind a lofty and most imposing "hubble-bubble" mounted on a silver stand, after the local fashion. While his servants unfolded pile after pile of embroideries and curtains, he entertained us with his impressions of the remote localities which he had visited, and talked to us of London and Madrid, of Paris and Zanzibar and Cape Town, and of the store under Shepheard's Hotel, from which he derived much of his revenue; but what impressed us particularly was a command of French and Spanish, rare among Hindoos.

At Kotree, upon returning to catch the mail-train, Motee reappeared in a most penitent frame of mind. His friends at Kurrachee had given him a magnificent "send-off," and at the moment when the train had stopped on the previous night he was sleeping off the effects of extensive libations, and had been carried on a few hundred miles. The compartment which now fell to my lot had a species of piazza, where we could place a camp-stool and enjoy the landscape. At sunrise, after a chilly night, we cross the Indus by an imposing suspension-bridge; the stream is both wide and rapid at this point, and in the middle rises a rocky island crowned with a ruined fortress ornamented with panels of blue faience. A broad metalled road winds along the opposite shore of the river, under a fringe of tall date-palms, and the town of Roree on the other side rises steeply from the water; its lofty balconied houses of red clay and the angularity of its outline recall the cholera-smitten town of Yezdikast, on the way to Shiraz. It is one of those places where one is tempted to stop and look about; but to yield to this kind of temptation is seldom expedient or wise, for the chances are that should one find a travellers' bungalow, it would probably be at a distance of several miles from the spot which attracted him, and destitute of either cook or larder.

Beyond Roree we enter upon far-stretching plains floored with white clay, sprinkled with groups of dusty, waving tamarisk-trees, with here and there a marsh covered with dense low bushes and thickets of yellow jungle-grass, with tall plumes bending before the wind, and there are occasional mud-holes and pools of yellow water. All is vast, melancholy, and monotonous. At long intervals a thin cloud of dust indicates a distant road and passing bullock-carts. Everything in the compartment is covered with a layer of fine dust, which is blown up from the embankment and sifts through the window-sashes. This is the usual

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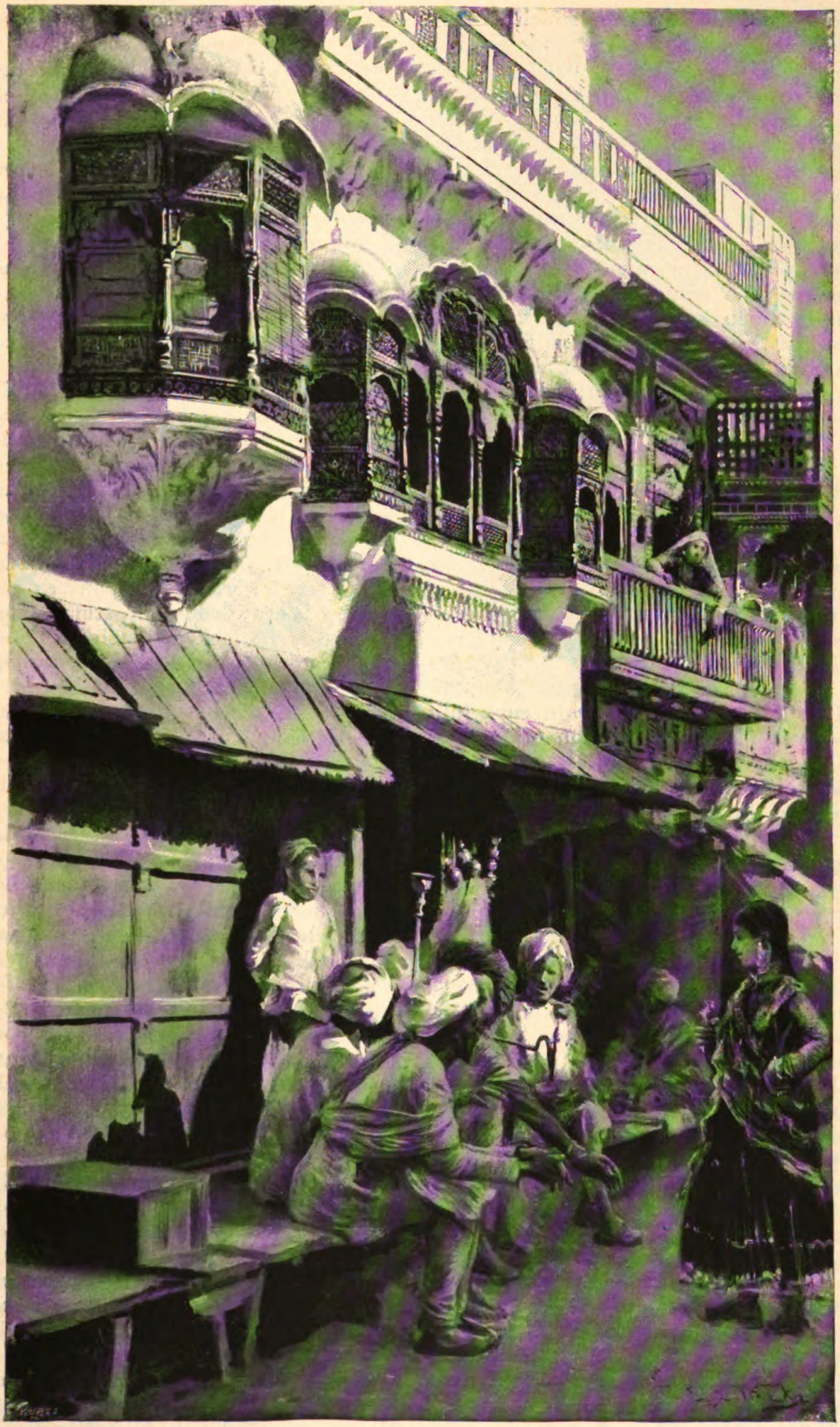

A LAHORE STREET—MORNING.

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character of the landscape which borders one of the great rivers like the Sutlej or the Indus, and it is not devoid of a certain sterile grandeur, like the approach to the sea on some desolate Northern coast. First the villages and cultivated fields cease, and then comes a broad tract of waste lands, alternately clayey and sandy, dotted with forlorn and stunted tamarisks, looking as if they had passed much of their life under water. Then there is often a wide extent of clay and sand dunes, which has all the illusion of a desert, with its apparently limitless horizon and its mirage. Then all at once the ground slopes abruptly down to a broad river-bed of sand or gravel under the high trestle-work of the railway, and far below a few thin blue channels of water seem to lose themselves in the glaring waste. What at first appeared to be the opposite bank dotted with low bushes proves to be a long island, beyond which is another waste of sand and water. In the season of the monsoon all this territory is often covered by the yellow rolling flood.

III.

It is night when the train runs into the great fortresslike station of Lahore, built with an eye to possible military necessities; the arching expanse of glass roof, and the multitude of gas-jets twinkling dimly in the smoky gloom aloft, suggest a somewhat reduced edition of Charing Cross Station; this chance impression is strengthened by the brilliantly lighted news-stand and book-stall of Wheeler and Co., well furnished with light literature, from the period of Ainsworth to the fatalistic Tolstoï, and by the "nickel-in-the-slot" machines. But there is a note of piquant contrast in the three tall Indian falconers, with great buzzard-like hawks, nearly as large as eagles, which strugglingly balance themselves on the shoulders or turbans of their masters, who stand on the platform environed by portentous piles of bedding, and hunt in their clothing for "pice" to pay the luggage coolies. A few Europeans are pacing the platform in heavy ulsters. Upon the steps of the bridge which crosses the tracks to the other side of the station a party of "Rewari" ladies, with plump brown arms incased in rings of glittering metal, with swinging skirts and heavy anklets, richly costumed and pungently perfumed, are stooping down, intent upon scraping up a mass of some brown, greasy edible which they had spilt upon the steps. A railway official in uniform is conversing with the mob of third-class native passengers carrying strange packets of every conceivable shape; they are confined like prisoners behind the cross-bars of a strong wooden grating, and presently, when the train is ready, the official turnkey will let them loose. So intermingled are Europe and Asia that it is not easy to determine which is the discordant note—this underground railway British book-stall, and the sign of "Bass's Ale," or the hooded hawks and the brown ladies with the tinkling anklets. Outside the station carriages are numerous, and you may go to your hotel shiveringly in an open barouche labelled "first class," or get into a shigram, which closes like a coupé, but is labelled "second class," avoid the risk of a chill, and court the risk of being turned away from the hotel "for want of room," as every hostelry is crowded at Christmas-time.

There is no lack of hotels at Lahore, considering the smallness of the transient population, and, as usual, they are all situated in the civil station, as the European settlement is called. These hotels offer no points of difference in their outward appearance, save their conspicuous signs, from the bungalows of private citizens, which are planted at intervals along the broad avenues. As the European suburb is unusually large, these highways, shaded by tall trees of the tamarisk family, have a rather wearisome sameness, and this impression of monotony is partly due to the sombre hues of the foliage. Journeying along in a "shigram" at some distance from the outer walls of the Indian city, towards the quarter called Anarkali, we follow a road bordered by tall banana-trees. In the early morning the ground is white with hoar-frost, and most of the huge leaves which arch over us are brown and shrivelled; the dull red rays of the rising sun slant through the mist or silvery-gray vapor which lies along the ground. The sight of this tropical but frost-bitten luxuriance does not seem quite in accord with one's preconceived notions of a climate where there are at least eight months of hot weather, where the season of burning winds and wet "tatty mats" begins in March, preceded only by a few dull and languorous days which follow the cessa-

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OPEN-AIR RESTAURANT, LAHORE.

tion of frost. These rose-tinted rays of light, the silvery mist behind the fresh green or dull gray of the leaves, have a strange charm, but there is a suggestion of malaria in the damp raw chill, largely due to the plentiful irrigation, which turns every field or garden-patch into a stagnant pool. While the English community of Lahore, as elsewhere in India, has elected to live away from the native city, and while the original nucleus of this settlement was planted, for sanitary and other reasons, far from the city walls, it has gradually filled up the intervening space, so that the usual neutral ground or no man's land has ceased to exist. In the crowded suburb of Anarkali, which we must traverse in order to reach the post-office, the bazars extend out from the city gate to the European civil lines. This quarter, where the architecture is chiefly Indian, with that yellow and stuccoed suggestion of Portuguese influence which still survives, is given over for the most part to "Europe shops," kept by English-speaking natives, Eurasians, and occasional Parsees. These shopkeepers are mainly clad in what might be called an adaptation of the European dress to Indian needs, and in their shops and warehouses everything in the way of clothing, household articles, jewelry, furniture—new and second-hand—as well as provisions, wines, and other luxuries, can be purchased usually at rates as cheap as in England, for there is close competition. As the government has not yet resorted to a tobacco monopoly (which is a dangerous experiment in Eastern countries), almost every variety of tobacco and cigarettes may be found in the show-cases of these shops—Vanity Fair, Old Judge, as well as Egyptian, and the Kaiser and Hind cigarettes of Malta. The cheapest, and naturally most popular, cigars are the Trichinopoly and Manila cheroots, which are good and remarkably low in price. In every little "medical hall" kept by an anglicized native there is always a stock of the standard remedies, such as quinine, phenacitine, and antipyrrhine, put up in convenient shape, and often these packages bear the label of some well-known American firm. For-

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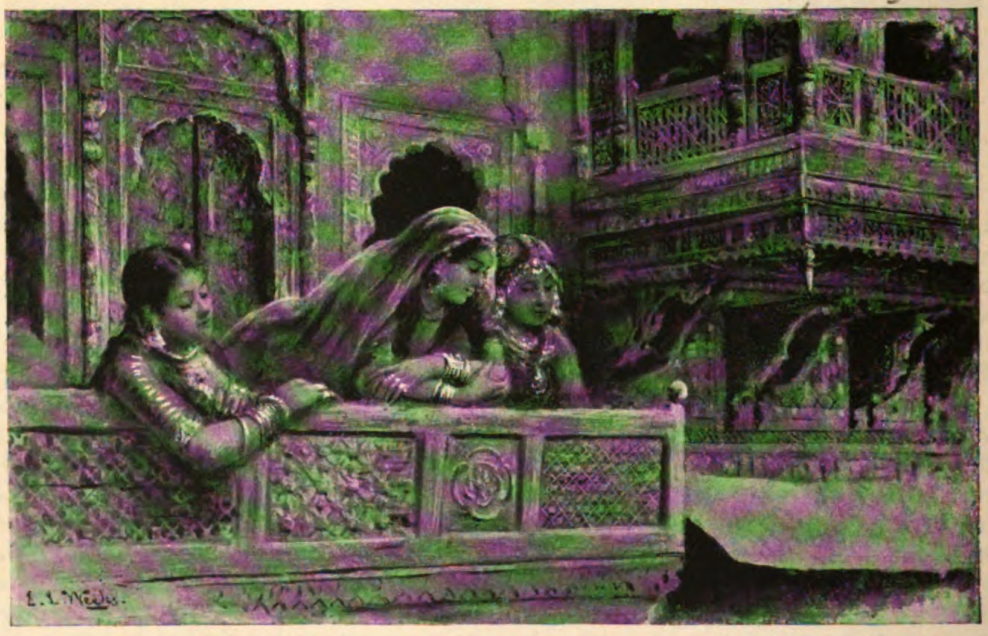
tunately for the health of a community which supposes itself to be possessed of common-sense, the sale of these simple remedies is not, as in Austria and some other Continental nations, restricted by law, and a physician's order is not necessary for the purchase of a box of quinine pills.

A significant feature, not only of Lahore, but of every other large community in India, is the abundance of second-hand shops crammed with furniture of every description, smart and new or broken down and decrepit, which naturally results from the periodical migrations to which people connected with the civil or military service are frequently subjected. As they are liable to be sent at brief notice to the remotest parts of the great empire, it is seldom worth while to transport all their household effects with them, at great expense, over thousands of miles of railway or by camel and bullock trains. Few English names appear on the signs in this suburb, but "Cheap Jack" and "Cheap Shop" are considered by the native merchant to be of lucky omen, and "Europe Shop" still holds its own in popularity. "Budruddin Hassan" suggests by association of ideas the trade of the pastry-cook, and in front of one shop, of which the exact location is not now quite clear to the writer's memory, there is a piece of very delightful English, which reads thus: "All kinds of Syrup, Jelly, Pickles, and Medicine Selling Company." Over these shops and lower stories there are often balconies of carved wood, such as one sees within the walls, and they are usually occupied by young ladies of the nautch-dancing sisterhood, who are keenly alive to the value of a scarlet or a yellow blossom in their blue-black hair, but unfortunately some of them do not realize that the effect of rice powder on a transparent brown skin is rather disastrous. The principal street from the city gate, where great trees and dusty thickets occupy the space once filled by the moat, and where there is a crowd of small traders, snake-charmers, fakirs, and showmen with tents and booths throughout its entire length to the opposite end, where it merges into the European quarter, gives one the impression of a sort of Oriental Bowery. Beyond this there is more space and greensward, enclosed by low rails, and the principal post-office, with empty mail-vans standing outside. Every morning, before the early mail is distributed to the public, a trooper in scarlet uniform gallops from the post-office to Government House with the mail-bag for the inmates. In this vicin-



CARVED BALCONIES.

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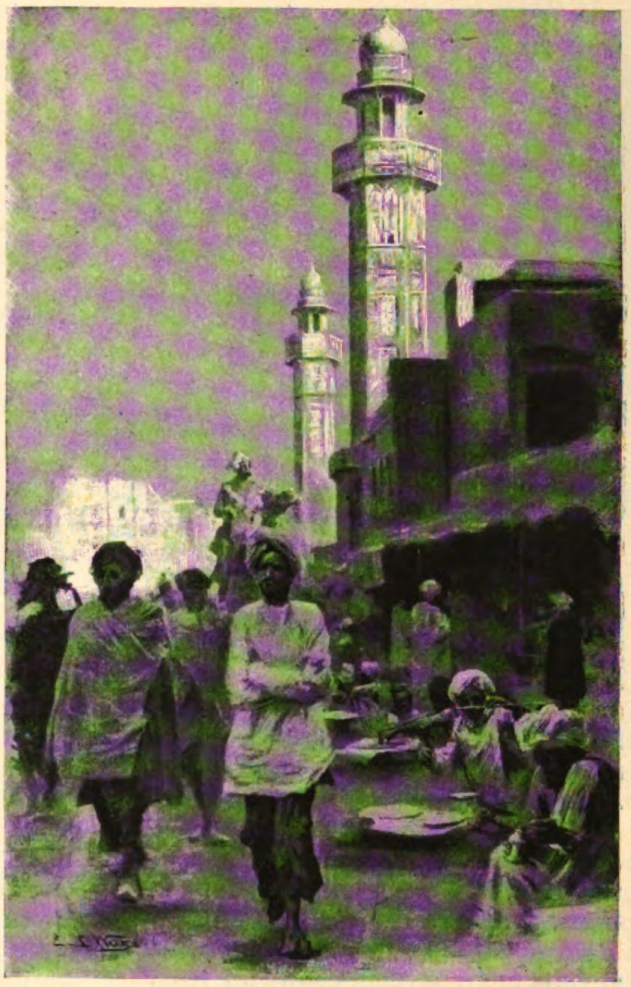
ity are situated most of the principal municipal and government buildings, the Mayo School of Arts in connection with the new Art Museum—and few similar institutions in any country can boast of a finer installation, or one more in keeping with its main object, the encouragement of Indian industrial art. Here are the churches—one of which was once the tomb of Anarkali, a favorite of the emperor Akbar; and the cathedral, which is Gothic, like many similar edifices in India, is quite as much at home in its environment as are the Greek temples in London. The tomb intended to perpetuate the memory of Anarkali is not the only instance in Lahore of that thrifty disposition of the modern Romans to utilize these monuments of a more poetic age. Upon one occasion when in quest of information I was directed to the office of the railway superintendent, and found him installed in the tomb of some worthy of Persian ancestry, to judge from the noble arch incrusted with tiles which rose above the recess in which his employés were at work; and there are several other examples of equally successful adaptation.



MINARETS OF THE MOSQUE VAZIR KHAN.

The principal English shops and warehouses are not often situated in buildings constructed especially for commercial purposes, but in the ordinary domestic bungalows standing alone in neglected compounds; and as the bulkier articles, such as trunks, perambulators, or household furniture, are kept outside on the verandas, one might fancy that these temples of commerce were all dwelling-houses, and that the inmates were forever on the point of moving out or of just getting settled.

Government House, the seat of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, stands in attractive grounds near the fine park known as the Lawrence Gardens, on the outskirts of the civil station. The flower beds and parterres which adorn the public and private grounds in this neighborhood are more luxuriant and varied than the winter gardens of the Riviera. In the early morning, as well as at night, they are frequented by jackals, which show their appreciation of the gardener's art by trotting about through the shrubbery. An open-air fête had been held in one of these gardens in the afternoon, and when the last guests had departed, many of them in furs and ulsters, and while we were standing before the chimney fire within, the conversation was interrupted by the howls of a band of these nocturnal ramblers just outside the doors.

IV.

A tramway line, which passes the railway station and the rows of little tenements built for the employés, runs on through a long street where the "cheap eating-house" flourishes, and between the shops of artisans, dyers, and tinkers, end-

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TAILOR'S APPRENTICE, LAHORE.

ing at the city gate. This edifice, one of those stuccoed sulphur-tinted monuments of the Georgian order which at one time were sown broadcast over the length and breadth of India, gives access to a narrow winding street, flanked by tall houses. A great deal of business and gossip is going on at all hours in this street, and the little shops are of that universal type which prevails in all Moslem countries, from the Atlantic to the Great Wall of China, and which existed in all probability in Pompeii as in modern Venice. From a cavernous arch at the end we emerge into the square facing the mosque Vazir Khan; like the great place at Ispahan, it contains little to remind one of Europe, and the transition from the trim avenue, the horse-cars, and the red pillar post-boxes at intervals is strangely abrupt. The mosque is almost purely Persian, but for the two jutting windows on each side of the tall and deep recess above the entrance. The entire front of the gateway is a brilliant mosaic of the kind known as "kashi-work," and the four massive towers, as well as the façade of the inner court, repeat the same scheme of blue and yellow and faded green. Age has but mellowed the tone of the whole edifice, and the great Persian letters of the inscription over the main entrance are still resplendent in vivid turquoise blue.* The frescoed walls within the niche, of which the ornamentation above is less deeply indented than in the Persian examples of similar work, have taken on a rich bituminous and smoky tone like an old painting; and the dado above the square platform on each side of the steps, which is of marble, once white, threaded with slender black lines forming interlaced stars and hexagons, has been toned by age and the contact of many garments to a golden brown. The venerable Mussulmans privileged to pass their lives on the steps and the lounging-place on either side may be seen there at any hour of the day, and after an absence of several years I recognized the same faces among them. They constitute a species of club, or rather an Oriental "Cercle des Decavés," and are seemingly content to sit and see the world go by without taking a very active part in its endless movement. When not

* "Remove thy heart from the gardens of the world, and know that this building is the true abode of man."

TAILOR'S SHOP, LAHORE.

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asleep or otherwise employed they appear to be absorbed in vague speculations upon the infinite, but, like their European imitators, are doubtless dreaming of mere material things. It is their custom to begin the day with a sort of dress parade —a minute investigation of their tattered raiment. Having completed their inspection, they proceed to select a sunny exposure if in winter, or when the hot winds blow they retreat into the dim brick-vaulted corridor provided for their comfort by the munificence of an imperial Vizir,* and proceed to do nothing. A few of the elect, whose heads are well thatched with a shock of black hair, and with faces tanned to the color of burnt sienna, have literally gone to the dogs, and grovel in the dust at some distance from the steps among the canine frequenters of the sacred spot; their unique garment being of the same color as the ground, they are scarcely distinguishable from it. If they are professional mendicants, as they seem to be, they pursue their calling in a gentle and unobtrusive manner, and without the aggressive energy displayed by their brethren of Naples.

There is, in truth, a good deal of life and movement to be seen from the crumbling steps of Vazir Khan; there are two domed edifices which may have once been tombs or fountains, but which now shelter various trades beneath the rude thatched awnings projecting from their eaves. Tailors and tailors' apprentices stitch all day at piles of dilapidated garments in their shadow, and cobblers busy themselves with heaps of dusty old shoes, and in the middle of the square there are open-air restaurants, where great kettles of tinned copper stand upon platforms elevated above the ground and surrounded by rough benches; sooty frying-pans sizzle on little clay furnaces, and the keepers of these restaurants sit enthroned among their cooking utensils and diligently fight the swarms of flies with long-handled brushes. In the middle of the day the benches are crowded with customers, who have the appearance of being peasants from the outlying country, or Pathan peddlers; and most of them being voluminously swathed in white, they look not a little like the patrons of similar places in Morocco. A great deal of horse-shoeing and veterinary practice is carried on in one corner, under a great tree, and there

DYER'S SHOP.

is always a sound of hammering and clashing of metal from the smoky arches behind. Occasionally two men drag up a struggling ram to the corner steps of the mosque; having seated themselves, they proceed to divest him of his fleece, and after finishing their work, confide their own heads to the barber, who plies the shears under a straw awning close by. The great open court of the mosque is seldom thronged except at noon; a few school-boys con their books under the eye of a master in one corner, and an occasional beggar strolls in, and stretches himself out to sleep on the pavement among the pigeons. To those who have been reared in other lands, in the fear of the stern sacristan and the autocratic suisse, there is something broadly democratic in the faith of Islam as it is practised to-day. While in most countries still under Mussulman dominion the unbeliever is rigidly excluded from the mosque,* the humblest of the faithful may find there a

* Built in 1634 by the Vizir of Shah Jehan.

* The stranger is made welcome to-day in any of the mosques of India, and there are but few where he is even expected to don the traditional slippers.

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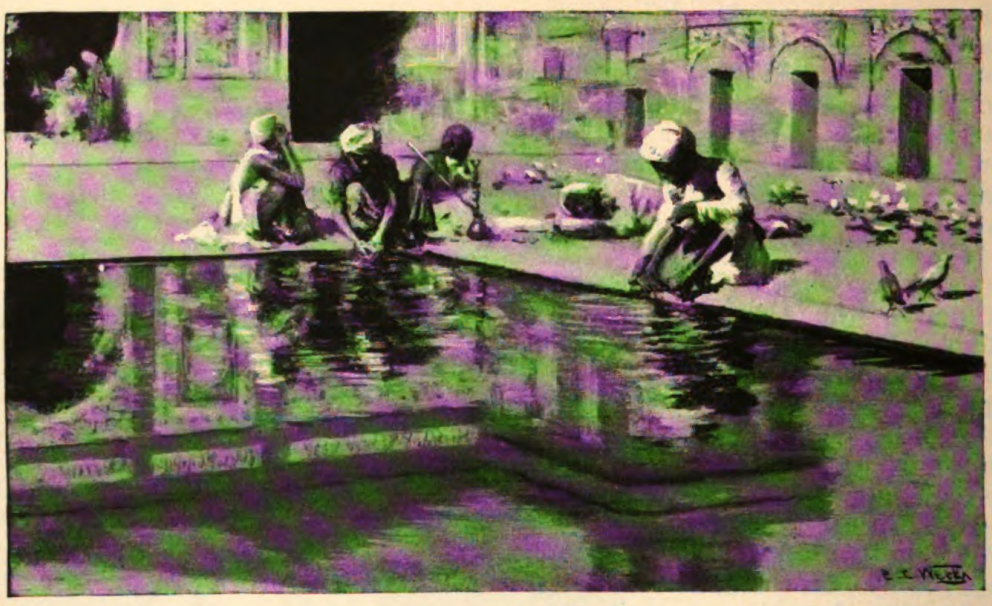

COURT OF THE MOSQUE VAZIR KHAN.

refuge from the weather, sleep in the protecting shadow of its cloisters. and bathe in the water of the tank. Without descending again into the square, we may pass through the long corridor and down the little steps at the end, and we are in the gayest street of Lahore; in its display of carved and weather-beaten wood-work, of balconies and jutting windows, each house exhibiting the individual taste and fancy of its designer, it is probably unequalled in any city of the East. The dark brick wall of the mosque, relieved by brilliant panels of unglazed tiles, and pierced by a window here and there, shadows for some distance the street, which expands beyond into a little square, littered in the afternoon with the baskets of small hucksters, and the sunny wall of the house which rises across the way is a thing to study and to enjoy. Its oriel-windows are delightfully irregular in size and shape, and the intervening spaces, from the eaves down to the ragged little shop roofs and tattered awnings, once gaudily painted with intermingled combinations of arabesque designs, gods, and animals, have been toned to a mellow golden hue by the sun; dilapidated cane mats hang at some of the windows, and the shadow of a great tree flickers on the wall in the afternoon.

A few steps further on and the wealth of old wood-work becomes fairly prodigal; the side streets, as well as this main artery, give one the impression that each householder has vied to outdo his neighbor in throwing out these crowded ranks of beautiful windows, and in covering every inch of wall with decoration and with color. Where the windows do not project they are made interesting by complicated stucco mouldings, by panels of painted flowers, by courses of glazed red and blue bricks, and they usually open upon a long wooden balcony, high enough for one to sit and look down through the interstices of the wooden gratings. Even the under sides overhanging the street, and the brackets, are richly painted, and often mirrors are inserted in the centres of elaborate rosettes. Peacocks of tinted stucco perch on the white domes of the windows, and peacocks of painted wood, twisted into the shape of brackets, uphold the rows of great square "moussarabies." At one end of this marvellous street there is a perspective of golden domes, and at the other end tower the lofty minars of Vazir Khan. Beyond the group of gilded domes, and near the extreme end of the street, there is a house front most lavishly decorated by the painter's brush. A corner of the largest window was tenanted by a young lady, doubtless a professional beauty in her world, for she certainly had the calm assurance of bearing characteristic of the order. At certain hours of the day she held a little salon or "conversazione," languidly keep-

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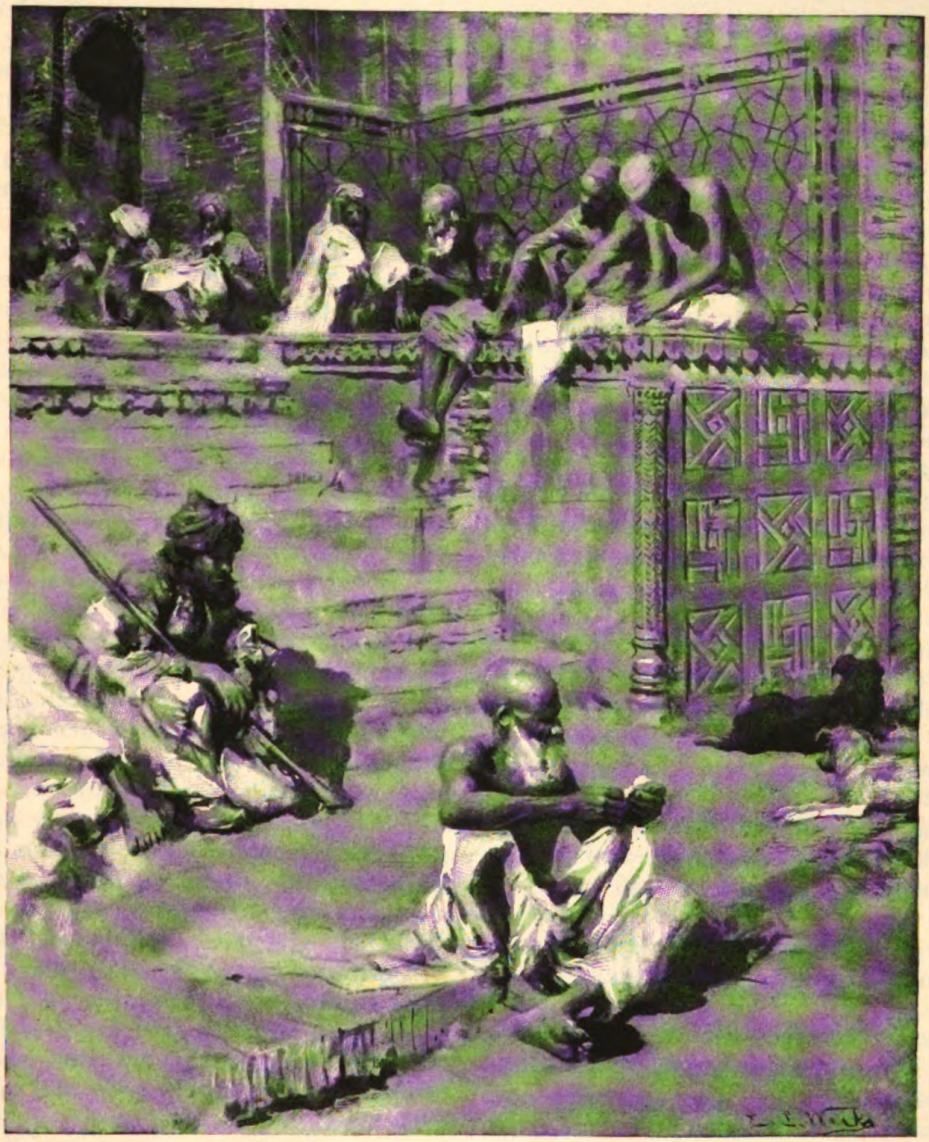
ing her place in the corner, while the turbaned heads of her guests could be seen leaning back against the window-sill on the other side. A companion usually joined her, and sometimes they would both trip swiftly down the steep stairway



STEPS OF THE MOSQUE VAZIR KHAN.

to the street, and after exchanging confidential remarks with their friends the shopkeepers across the way, which left them in a state of choking and inarticulate mirth, they would climb into one of the crazy one-horse vehicles known to Anglo-Indians as "jingling Jimmies," and drive hurriedly off. On these occasions they appeared in elaborate street costumes, with transparent shawls of delicate tissue worn loosely over the long silken tunic, microscopically embroidered, and the ankle-tight silk trousers, which here replace the swinging skirts of Rajpootana. The Jumma Musjid, or Great Mosque, rises beyond an open desert space near the end of this street. Its four tall minars of red stone are its most striking feature, and near by is the imposing domed mausoleum of Runjeet Singh, and the entrance of the great fortress enclosing the royal palaces. Parts of them

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were built during the reigns of Akbar and Jehanghir, and other portions completed by Shah Jehan and Aurungzebe. High up on the red fortress walls above the moat there are square panels of brilliant tile-work, with yellow elephants, horsemen, and figures of warriors and gods on a blue ground. There are beautiful things within the walls, as in the deserted palaces of Agra and Delhi, marble preciously inlaid with flowers of colored stones, and in the "Shish Mahall" the glittering Persian mirror-work.

But chapters might be devoted to description which, after all, would convey to the reader's mind but an inadequate idea of this decayed splendor. One would have to go very carefully over the ground to form the vaguest conception of how the place once looked, as it is now so encumbered with barracks, magazines, and "public-works" buildings, and in the innermost retreats, once sacred to the emperors, the red-coated British private now smokes his pipe. The old gardens in the neighborhood of Lahore, such as "Shalimar," where ancient mango-trees are still green and vigorous, where the marble terraces are weather-worn and broken, the canals choked with weeds, and where only a few mouldering gateways still retain patches of lustrous "kashi-work," have a charm which they may have lacked when freshly laid out in the days of Shah Jehan.

Perhaps the most impressive of all is that which surrounds the grand mausoleum at Shah Darrah, beyond the river Ravi. There are alleys of wild palms, orange and mango trees, and forgotten corners near the broken walls where tall yellow canes have sprung up. It would be impossible to forget the first impression of the lonely mausoleum, the vast extent of tessellated pavement, overgrown with dry grass, and the four lofty minars at the corners; from the high level of the terrace the landscape, which stretches away on every side, is empty and objectless, but bathed in the tranquil afternoon light it gives one the illusion of eternal summer. In the short winter the sunny days are full of glow and color; as few of the trees lose their leaves, there is but little to suggest decay, and the charm of this and of other gems of Indian landscape is free from that somewhat depressing quality known as sentiment in painted interpretations of nature.

V.

It is seldom that two cities of almost equal size and importance, such as Lahore and Amritsar,* are placed so near together, for the distance between them is but thirty miles. Amritsar, being the cathedral city of the Sikhs, is in its way a great religious centre, as well as an important commercial entrepôt. It is a "city of polemics," and is often chosen as a tilting-ground where wordy tournaments take place between the professors of diverse creeds, where those who have gathered to discuss in a spirit of calm and temperate investigation the merits of each respective faith often end in fierce controversy. Of late Christians and Moslems have been hurling defiance at each other, and as a sequel to one of these philosophical debates, the Mussulman controversialist ended by working himself into a frenzy, and threatening his opponent with dire and endless punishment. Amritsar seems to have more of the bustle and roar of commerce than Lahore. The narrow streets, darkened by tall brick houses, made picturesque with ornate windows like those of Lahore, are crowded with heavily laden bullock-carts and buffalo "teams," blocked with long camel trains, jammed with droves of donkeys, and among the hurrying crowds one discerns a new element in the tall gaunt men with Mongolian faces, wrapped in long wadded gowns, and wearing fur caps and high boots. They abound in certain "serais,"† where they may be seen at prayer on the broad platform in the middle of the courts, as in the caravansaries of Ispahan, or wandering about in the bazars with dazed and distracted mien, as if stunned by the din of the city. They are evidently of a different breed from the stout, squat Mongolians from the hills one meets in other northern towns, and have probably come from Toorkistan; one connects them instinctively with Central Asia because of their samovars and loose-sleeved wadded caftans.

At the end of a narrow and crowded lane one comes suddenly upon an open space, and below the railing at its edge lies the far-famed Lake of Immortality, enclosed by palace walls and screened by verdure, with the "Golden Temple" rising from an island in the middle. But before descending the steps the pro-

* The population of Lahore at present is 176,854; Amritsar, 136,766.

† Caravansaries.

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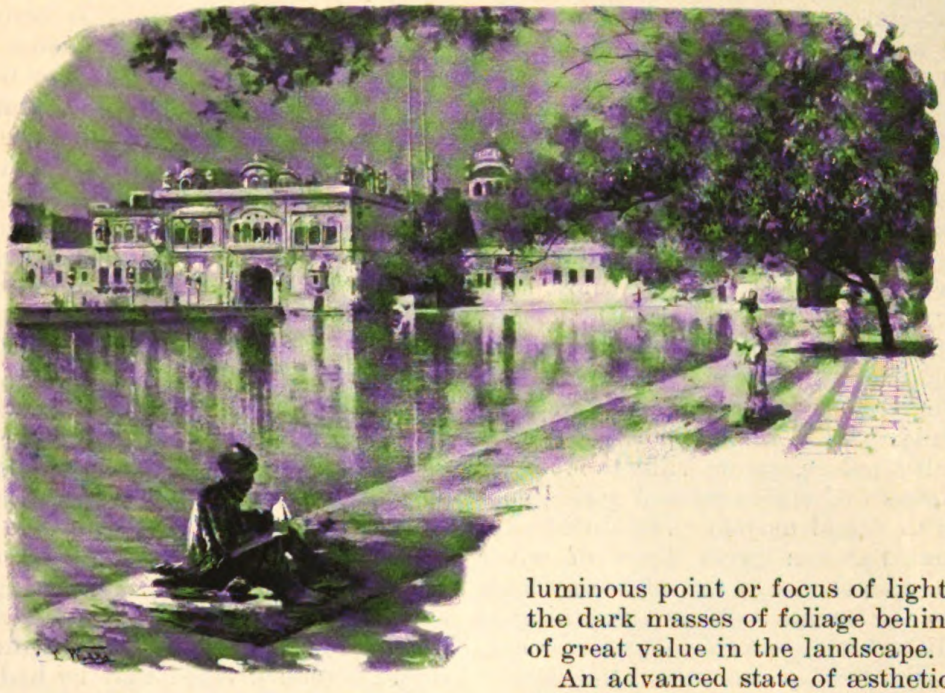

ENTRANCE GATE OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF AMRITSAR.

fane visitor must halt at the police station, and select a pair of slippers from the pile provided for the use of strangers. The uniformed Sikh policeman who is detailed to accompany each visitor first points out a large sign with parallel columns in many languages, enumerating at length the things which one may not do on hallowed ground. The sanctity of the place could not have been more jealously guarded when the Sikhs were the ruling power. From the border of the tank, which lies in the afternoon shadow, the Golden Temple gives one the impression of a glittering jewel, or of some rare old Byzantine casket wrought in enamel and gold and studded with gems. Small and compact, glowing with color and scintillating with light, its mirrored image reaching far down into the purple depths of reflected sky, it has at first sight a glamour of unreality, like an opium vision of De Quincey, or the "pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan." Two colors predominate, the gold of the upper part and the clustered domes, and the white marble of its base, toned and softened by the faint color of its inlaid flowers; the curtained doors and windows add flashes of scarlet. In its environment of deep-toned dusky purple sky and water it has the intensity of a luminous point or focus of light, and the dark masses of foliage behind are of great value in the landscape.

An advanced state of æsthetic culture may, it might be admitted, prove a drawback to the complete and unreasoning enjoyment of this and of similar things in India, particularly if one is biassed and hampered by preconceived notions of what is correct according to the canons of conventional good taste in matters of classical, or of Renaissance, or Gothic art.

The lake is surrounded by a tessellated marble pavement, varied in pattern, and shut in from the noise of the city by white palace walls, with balconies and window-seats overlooking the water, and by great trees. On one side there is a wilderness of dark foliage belonging to distant gardens; among the trees are a few gleaming kiosks and domes, and rising above them are three tall towers, the most distant of which is of massive form, and decorated with panels of tiles and mosaic. Along the inlaid pavement of the margin groups of priests, worshippers, and fakirs of an order peculiar to the Sikh religion are slowly pacing, and discoursing, let us hope, of higher things, and not of the "pice" which they have extracted from their confiding followers. Sometimes we come upon a priest or pundit seated under a tree or on a little marble seat at the water's edge and deeply absorbed in a ponderous book. Near the foot of the steps by which we descend there is usually a schoolmaster seated on the pavement, surrounded by a circle

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of small students. A few artisans who manufacture wooden spoons, combs, and other souvenirs of the shrine are allowed to ply their trades in shady corners around the tank, and the great baskets of the flower-sellers heaped high with roses and other flowers, among which great masses of odorous yellow jasmine predominate, add a note of yellow and orange, recalling the color of the temple. These merchants are for the most part busily engaged in weaving long chains of the fragrant yellow blossoms, which are bought by the pilgrims as offerings.

In order to reach the island sanctuary one must pass through a portal which is in itself a palace, covered, like the temple, with plates of embossed and gilded copper, with inlaid marble and painted panels, and through great doors of silver which give access to the causeway leading to the temple. Here everything is of polished white marble—the pavement, the low latticed parapets, and the slender chiselled columns supporting gilded lanterns. Along this causeway passes continually a throng of worshippers and pilgrims, making the journey on their knees from shrine to shrine. Within the temple, under a canopy of crimson velvet and on crimson cushions, sits the priest, reading with monotonous intonations from the sacred book, and facing him at a little distance sits a circle of the devout under the central dome, which is enriched, like the walls, with faded color and mosaics. Through the open doors, partly covered by scarlet portières, streams the blue light from the rippling water. Pigeons fly in and out over the heads of the worshippers, and there is always a noise of cooing and of wings. When one returns by the white causeway bordered by gilded lanterns through the silver gates to the mainland, he sees before him another and higher temple, with golden domes, and from a gallery in the second story, where behind red curtains and awnings there is a glimmer of color and tarnished gold, the Granth* is read in the morning to the accompaniment of strange music played by an orchestra seated below on the mosaic pavement and in the shadow of tall trees. At this hour banners are hoisted on the two flag-staffs which rise from the court. There is much which is impressive in the ritualism of the Sikhs, and it is free from a certain element of Hindoo worship which strikes Western observers as being grotesque or barbaric. The influence of the Greeks in northern India is now believed to have been both slight and transient, and it would be going quite beyond the mark and venturing into fathomless depths to attempt the tracing of any connection, however remote, between this open-air school of Sikh philosophy and those of Greece. But the more modern race seems to have inherited the taste of the older one in the matter of poetic surroundings.

While painting within the precincts of the temple I had excellent opportunities of studying the ways of the people. The chief of the temple police, who often accompanied me and pointed out the things of interest, was a fine type of the martial Sikh—erect and rigid in his bearing, with a bristling fan-shaped black beard, and huge snowy turban, partly concealing his ears. I soon divined that he had a lingering hope of being handed down to posterity on canvas, so I presented him with a sketch of himself when we parted, by which he was much gratified, but at the same time somewhat puzzled and perplexed. As the canvas was small, I was obliged to leave out his hands, which, I fear, he considered an unaccountable oversight. The folding easel and camp-stool, which were at first regarded with polite curiosity and afterwards with gradually increasing mistrust by the devout promenaders, gave rise to rather an amusing incident. I noticed that passing couples and groups of priests and fakirs would gaze intently at those unusual objects, and then pass on, talking earnestly together. Two of them finally stopped, and upon looking up I saw that they were having an animated discussion with my servant, who reluctantly interpreted what they were saying. It seemed that they had taken exception to the unfortunate camp-stool, for by some law of their religion nothing of the nature of a chair was allowed within the enclosure. I at once folded up the camp-stool, and the maker of wooden combs who was working close by offered me the box in which he kept his tools as a substitute, while the gharry wallah went out to the carriage and brought back the cushions. The two priests seemed quite satisfied when the letter of the law, if not its spirit, had been fulfilled, and courteously allowed the ea-

* The sacred book of the Sikhs.

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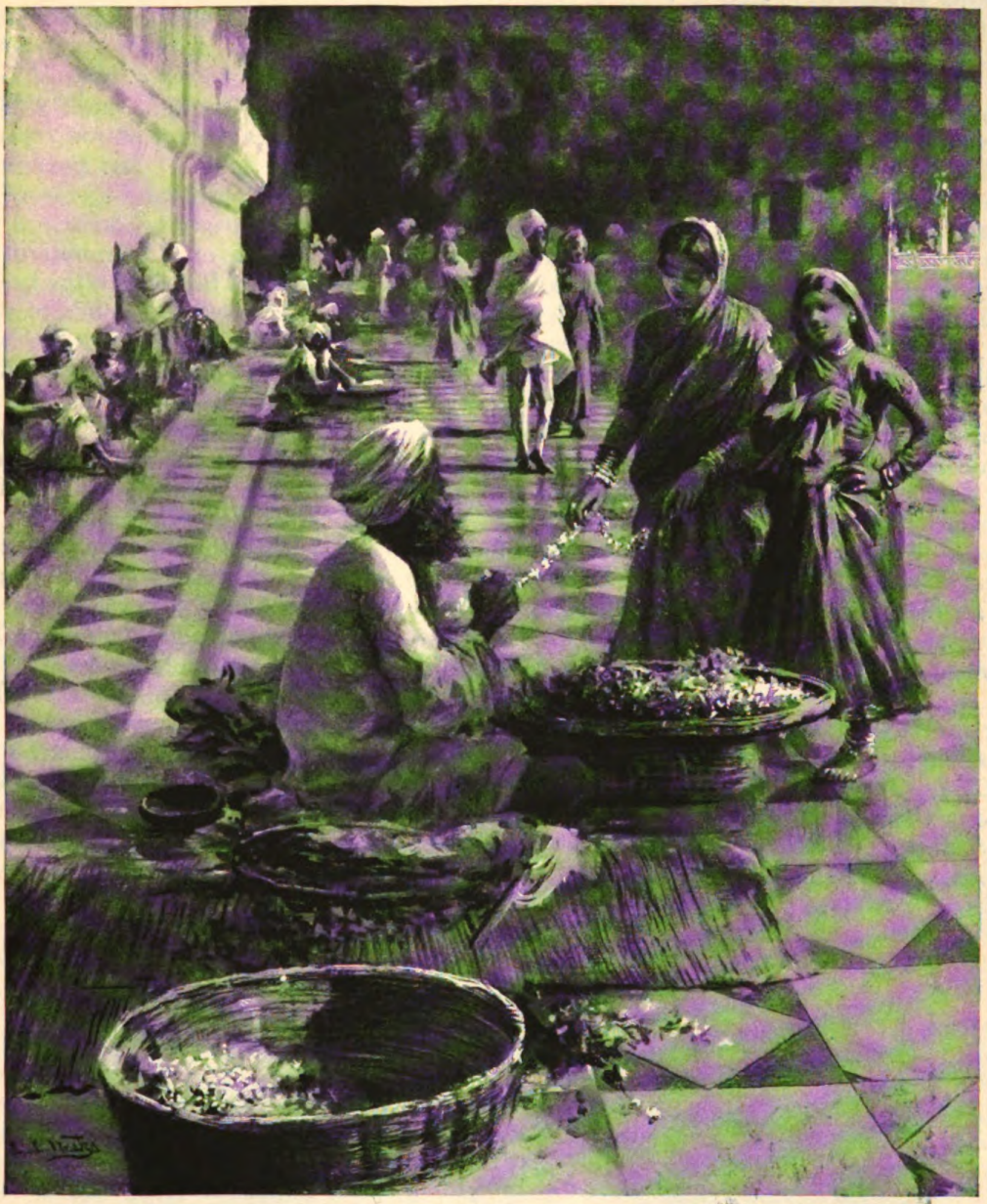

FLOWER-SELLERS IN THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.

sel to remain when its mysterious mechanism had been made clear to them. Some of the fakirs, of an order peculiar to the place, wore tall pointed caps, bristling with a warlike panoply of steel blades and sharp-edged rings, such as formerly encircled the steel casques of the Sikh warriors, and are now twisted into the red turbans of the Sikh infantry. Two little girls who stopped to look on were daintily and elaborately arrayed in holiday dress, and the elder, nine or ten years old at a venture, leading her little sister by the hand, wore a turquoise ring on each of her ten brown toes. All these personages, pacing slowly and noiselessly along the tank, with always the same background of illuminated water, are like the figures in a decorative frieze, and one cannot but question whether another shrine exists so happily surrounded, and where all discordant elements are more completely shut out. The impression which one receives at first, and which remains in one's mind as a

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lasting souvenir, is that of a blaze of color and light, in which nature has furnished the complementary notes, the purple of the sky, and of the water ruffled by long wind streaks of azure, and the dusky green of the foliage, which so enhance the value of the white and gold and scarlet; and at the same time the knowledge that every architectural detail which meets the eye is of costly and precious workmanship does not detract from the charm.

But there is one incongruity, one slightly jarring note, and that is the obtrusive brick clock-tower which dominates the enclosure at the entrance. Built in a style which might be termed Early New England Gothic, it must have reminded many an American wanderer of the fire-engine house in his native village, or the ambitious but inexpensive church tower of sanded wood. Far from being intended as a gratuitous insult to the Sikhs, it was most probably a generous donation on the part of the European community, meant to serve as a perpetual object-lesson in architecture, and as a dignified protest against barbaric excess of ornament.

The religion of the Sikhs originated about the end of the fifteenth century, and according to Mr. J. A. Baines, to whom we are indebted for the admirable census of India (1891), "was due to the teaching of one of the most influential sectarian leaders of a quasi-unitarian revival amongst the lower classes of Brahmanism"; and although mainly Brahmanic, the Sikh religion shows traces of the influence of Islam. Mr. Baines further says: "The political objects of the Sikh leaders obscured the doctrinal, and culminated in the establishment of the kingdom of Runjeet Singh. In the present day peace has relaxed the bonds of discipline, and the distinction between Sikhs and the rest of the Brahmanic community is mainly ritualistic....For example, it was found by experience that at the census the only trustworthy method of distinguishing the creed was to ask if the persons in question repudiated the services of the barber and the tobacconist, for the precepts most strictly enforced nowadays are that the hair of the head and face must never be touched, and that smoking is a habit to be absolutely avoided."

To go deeply into the distinguishing marks of these bewildering castes and their subdivisions would perplex an ethnological expert, and the casual amateur is too often distracted by the sensuous outward beauty of things to enter deeply into such questions of abstract analysis.

SCHOOL OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.

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THE HAPPIEST HEART.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

WHO drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame;
The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet
And left to heaven the rest.

SALVATION GAP.

BY OWEN WISTER.

AFTER cutting the Gazelle's throat, Drylyn had gone out of her tent, secure and happy in choosing the skilful moment. They would think it was the other man—the unknown one. There were his boot-prints this fine morning, marking his way from the tent down the hill into the trees. He was not an inhabitant of the camp. This was his first visit, cautiously made, and nobody had seen him come or go except Drylyn.

The woman was proprietor of the dance-hall at Salvation Gap, and on account of her beauty and habits had been named the American Beer Gazelle by a travelling naturalist who had education, and was interested in the wild animals of all countries. Drylyn's relations with the Gazelle were colored with sentiment. The sentiment on his part was genuine; so genuine that the shrewd noticing camp joked Drylyn, telling him he had grown to look young again under the elixir of romance. One of the prospectors had remarked fancifully that Drylyn's "rusted mustache hed livened up; same ez flow'rs ye've kerried a long ways when yer girl puts 'em in a pitcher o' water." Being the sentiment of a placer miner, the lover's feeling took no offence or wound at any conduct of the Gazelle's that was purely official; it was for him that she personally cared. He never thought of suspecting anything when, after one of her trips to Folsom, she began to send away some of the profits—gold, coined sometimes, sometimes raw dust—that her hall of entertainment earned for her. She mentioned to him that her mother in San Anton' needed it, and simple-minded Drylyn believed. It did not occur to him to ask, or even wonder, how it came that this mother had never needed money until so lately, or why the trips to Folsom became so constant. Counting her middle-aged adorer a fool, the humorous Gazelle had actually once, on being prevented from taking the journey herself, asked him to carry the package to Folsom for her, and deliver it there to a certain shot-gun messenger of the express company, who would see that it went to the right place. A woman's name and an address at San Antonio were certainly scrawled on the parcel. The faithful Drylyn waited till the stage came in, and handed over his treasure to the messenger, who gave him one amazed look that he did not notice. He ought to have seen that young man awhile afterwards, the package torn open, a bag of dust on his knee, laughing almost to tears over a letter he had found with the gold inside the wrapping. But Drylyn was on the road up to Salvation Gap at that time. The shot-gun messenger was twenty-three;

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Drylyn was forty-five. Gazelles are apt to do this sort of thing. After all, though, it was silly, just for the sake of a laugh, to let the old lover learn the face of his secret rival. It was one of those early unimagined nails people sometimes drive in their own coffins. An ancient series of events followed: continued abject faith and passion on the miner's part; continued presents of dust from him to the lady; on her part continued trips to Folsom, a lessened caution, and a brag of manner based upon her very just popularity at the Gap; next, Drylyn's first sickening dawn of doubt, jealousy equipping him with a new and alien slyness; the final accident of his seeing the shot-gun messenger on his very first visit to the Gap come out of the Gazelle's tent so early in the morning; the instant blaze of truth and fury that turned Drylyn to a clever calculating wild beast. So now her throat was cut, and she was good and dead. He had managed well. The whole game had shown instantly like a picture on his brain, complete at a stroke, with every move clear. He had let the man go down the hill—just for the present. The camp had got up, eaten its breakfast, and gone out to the ditches, Drylyn along with the rest. Owing to its situation, neighbors could not see him presently leave his claim and walk back quickly to the Gap at an hour when the dance-hall was likely to be lonely. He had ready what to say if the other women should be there; but they were away at the creek below, washing, and the luxurious, unsuspecting Gazelle was in bed in her own tent, not yet disturbed. The quiet wild beast walked through the deserted front entrance of the hall in the most natural manner, and so behind among the empty bottles, and along the plank into the tent; then, after a while, out again. She would never be disturbed now, and the wild beast was back at his claim, knee-deep, and busy among the digging and the wetness, in another pair of overalls just like the ones that were now under some stones at the bottom of a mud-puddle. And then one very bad long scream came up to the ditches, and Drylyn knew the women had returned from their washing.

He raised his head mechanically to listen. He had never been a bad man; had never wished to hurt anybody in his life before that he could remember; but as he pondered upon it in his slow, sure brain he knew that he was glad he had done this, and was going to do more. He was going to follow those tracks pretty soon, and finish the whole job with his own hand. They had fooled him, and had taken trouble to do it; gone out of their way, made game of him to the quick; and when he remembered, for the twentieth time this morning, that day he had carried the package of gold-dust—some of it very likely his own—to the smooth-faced messenger at Folsom, Drylyn's stolid body trembled from head to foot, and he spoke blind, inarticulate words.

But down below there the screams were sounding. A brother miner came running by. Drylyn realized that he ought to be running too, of course, and so he ran. All the men were running from their various scattered claims, and Salvation Gap grew noisy and full of people at once. There was the sheriff also, come up last evening on the track of some stage-robbers, and quite opportune for this, he thought. He liked things to be done legally. The turmoil of execration and fierce curiosity thrashed about for the right man to pitch on for this crime. The murdered woman had been such good company, so hearty a wit, such a robust songstress, so tireless a dancer, so thoroughly everybody's friend, that it was inconceivable to the mind of Salvation Gap that anybody there had done it. The women were crying and wringing their hands—the Gazelle had been good to them too—the men were talking and cursing, all but Drylyn there among them, serious and strange-looking; so silent that the sheriff eyed him once or twice, though he knew nothing of the miner's infatuation. And then some woman shrieked out the name of Drylyn, and the crowd had him gripped in a second, to let him go the next, laughing at the preposterous idea. Saying nothing? Of course he didn't feel like talking. To be sure he looked dazed. It was hard luck on him. They told the sheriff about him and the Gazelle. They explained that Drylyn was "sort of loony, anyway," and the sheriff said, "Oh!" and began to wonder and surmise in this half-minute they had been now gathered, when suddenly the inevitable boot-prints behind the tent down the hill were found. The shout of discovery startled Drylyn as genuinely as if he had

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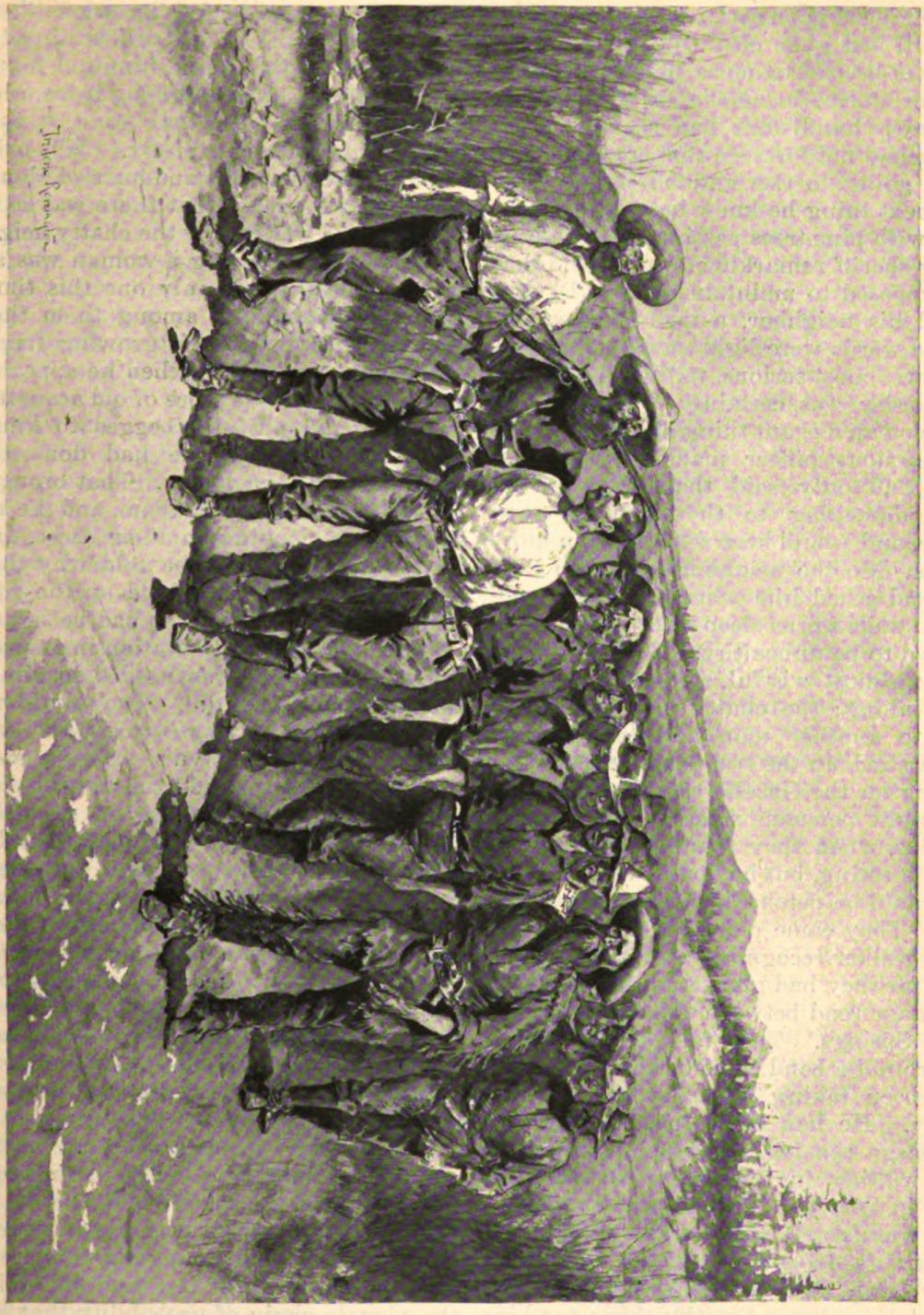

THE SHOT-GUN MESSENGER.

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never known, and he joined the wild rush of people to the hill. Nor was this acting. The violence he had set going, and in which he swam like a straw, made him forget, or for the moment drift away from, his arranged thoughts, and the tracks on the hill had gone clean out of his head. He was become a mere blank spectator in the storm, incapable of calculation. His own handiwork had stunned him, for he had not foreseen that consequences were going to rise and burst like this. The next thing he knew he was in a pursuit, with pine-trees passing, and the hurrying sheriff remarking to the band that he proposed to maintain order. Drylyn heard his neighbor, a true Californian, whose words were lightest when his purpose was most serious, telling the sheriff that order was certainly Heaven's first law, and an elegant thing anywhere. But the anxious officer made no retort in kind, and only said that irregularities were damaging to the county's good name, and would keep settlers from moving in. So the neighbor turned to Drylyn and asked him when he was intending to wake up, as sleep-walking was considered to be unhealthy. Drylyn gave a queer, almost wistful, smile, and so they went along; the chatty neighbor spoke low to another man, and said he had never sized up the true state of Drylyn's feeling for the Gazelle, and that the sheriff might persuade some people to keep regular, when they found the man they were hunting, but he doubted if the sheriff would be persuading enough for Drylyn. They came out on a road, and the sleep-walker recognized a rock and knew how far they had gone, and that this was the stage road between Folsom and Surprise Springs. They followed the road, and round a bend came on the man. He had been taking it easily, being in no hurry. He had come to this point by the stage the night before, and now he was waiting for its return to take him back to Folsom. He had been lunching, and was seated on a stone by a small creek. He looked up and saw them, and their gait, and ominous compactness. What he did was not the thing for him to do. He leaped into cover and drew his revolver. This attempt at defence and escape was really for the sake of the gold-dust he had in his pocket. But when he recognized the sheriff's voice, telling him it would go better with him if he did not try to kill any more people, he was greatly relieved that it was not highwaymen after him and his little gold, and he put up his pistol and waited for them, smiling, secure in his identity; and when they drew nearer he asked them how many people he had killed already. They came up and caught him and found the gold in a moment, ripping it from his pocket; and the yell they gave at that stopped his smiling entirely. When he found himself in irons and hurried along, he began to explain that there was some mistake, and was told by the chatty neighbor that maybe killing a woman was always a mistake, certainly one this time. As they walked him among them they gave small notice to his growing fright and bewilderment, but when he appealed to the sheriff on the score of old acquaintanceship, and pitifully begged to know what they supposed he had done, the miners laughed curiously. That brought his entreating back to them, and he assured them, looking in their faces, that he truly did need to be told why they wanted him. So they held up the gold and asked him whose that had been, and he made a wretched hesitation in answering. If anything was needed to clinch their certainty, that did. They could not know that the young successful lover had recognized Drylyn's strange face, and did not want to tell the truth before him, and hence was telling an unskilful lie instead. A rattle of wheels sounded among the pines ahead, and the stage came up and stopped. Only the driver and a friend were on it, and both of them knew the shot-gun messenger and the sheriff, and they asked in some astonishment what the trouble was. It had been stage-robbers the sheriff had started after, the driver thought. And—as he commented in friendly tones—to turn up with Wells and Fargo's messenger was the neatest practical joke that had occurred in the county for some time. The always serious and anxious sheriff told the driver the accusation, and it was a genuine cry of horror that the young lover gave at hearing the truth at last, and at feeling the ghastly chain of probability that had wound itself about him.

The sheriff wondered if there were a true ring in the man's voice. It certainly sounded so. He was talking with rapid agony, and it was the whole true story that was coming out now. But the chat-

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ty neighbor nudged another neighbor at the new explanation about the gold-dust. That there was no great quantity of it after all, weighed little against this double accounting for one simple fact; moreover, the new version did not do the messenger credit in the estimation of the miners, but gave them a still worse opinion of him. It is scarcely fair to disbelieve what a man says he did, and at the same time despise him for having done it. Miners, however, are rational rather than logical; while the listening sheriff grew more determined there should be a proper trial, the deputation from the Gap made up its mind more inexorably the other way. It had even been in the miners' heads to finish the business here on the Folsom road, and get home for supper; pine-trees were handy, and there was rope in the stage. They were not much moved by the sheriff's plea that something further might have turned up at the Gap, but at the driver's more forcible suggestion that the Gap would feel disappointed at being left out, they consented to take the man back there. Drylyn never offered any opinion, or spoke at all. It was not necessary that he should, and they forgot about him. It was time to be getting along, they said. What was the good in standing in the road here? They nodded good-day to the stage-driver, and took themselves and the prisoner into the pines. Once the sheriff had looked at the driver and his friend perched on the halted stage, but he immediately saw too much risk in his half-formed notion of an alliance with them to gallop off with the prisoner; his part must come later, if at all.

But the driver had perfectly understood the sheriff's glance, and he was on the sheriff's side, though he showed no sign. As he drove along he began thinking about the way the prisoner had cried out just now, and the inconsiderable value of the dust, and it became clear in his mind that this was a matter for a court and twelve quiet men. The friend beside him was also intent upon his own thoughts, and neither said a word to the other along the lonely road. The horses soon knew that they were not being driven any more, and they slackened their pace, and finding no reproof came for this, they fell to a comfortable walk. Presently several had snatched a branch in passing, and it waved from their mouths as they nibbled. After that they gave up all pretence at being stage-horses, and the driver noticed them. From habit he whipped them up into shape and gait, and the next moment pulled them in short, at the thought that had come to him. The prisoner must be got away from the Gap. The sheriff was too single-handed among such a crowd as that, and the driver put a question to his friend. It could be managed by taking a slight liberty with other people's horses; but Wells and Fargo would not find fault with this when the case was one of their own servants, hitherto so well thought of. The stage, being empty and light, could spare two horses and go on, while those two horses, handled with discretion and timeliness, might be very useful at the Gap. The driver had best not depart from rule so far as to leave his post and duty; one man would be enough. The friend thought well of this plan, and they climbed down into the road from opposite sides and took out the wheelers. To be sure these animals were heavy, and not of the sort best for escaping on, but better than walking; and timeliness and discretion can do a great deal. So in a little while the driver and his stage were gone on their way, the friend with the two horses had disappeared in the wood, and the road was altogether lonely.

The sheriff's brain was hard at work, and he made no protest now as he walked along, passive in the company of the miners and their prisoner. The prisoner had said all that he had to say, and his man's firmness, which the first shock and amazement had wrenched from him, had come to his help again, bringing a certain shame at having let his reserve and bearing fall to pieces, and at having made himself a show; so he spoke no more than his grim captors did, as they took him swiftly through the wood. The sheriff was glad it was some miles they had to go; for though they went very fast, the distance and the time, and even the becoming tired in body, might incline their minds to more deliberation. He could think yet of nothing new to urge. He had seen and heard only the same things that all had, and his present hopes lay upon the Gap and what more might have come to light there since his departure. He looked at Drylyn, but the miner's serious and massive face gave him no suggestion; and the sheriff's reason again destroyed the germ of suspicion that some-

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"I'D LIKE TO HAVE IT OVER."

thing plainly against reason had several times put in his thoughts. Yet it stuck with him that they had hold of the wrong man.

When they reached the Gap, and he found the people there as he had left them, and things the same way, with nothing new turned up to help his theory, the sheriff once more looked round; but Drylyn was not in the crowd. He had gone, they told him, to look at *her;* he had set a heap of store by her, they repeated.

"A heap of store," said the sheriff, thinking. "Where is she now?"

"On her bed," said a woman, "same as ever, only we've fixed her up some."

"Then I'll take a look at her—and him. You boys won't do anything till I come back, will you?"

"Why, if ye're so anxious to see us do it, sheriff," said the chatty neighbor, "I guess we can wait that long fer ye."

The officer walked to the tent. Drylyn was standing over the body, quiet and dumb. He was safe for the present the sheriff knew, and so he left him without speaking and returned to the prisoner and his guard in front of the dance-hall. He found them duly waiting, the only change was that they had a rope there.

"Once upon a time," said the sheriff, "there was a man in Arkansaw that had no judgment."

"They raise 'em that way in Arkansaw," said the chatty neighbor, as the company made a circle to hear the story —a tight, cautious circle—with the prisoner and the officer beside him standing in the centre.

"The man's wife had good judgment," continued the narrator, "but she went and died on him."

"Well, I guess that *was* good judgment," said the neighbor.

"So the man, he had to run the farm alone. Now they raised poultry, which his wife had always attended to. And he knew she had a habit of setting hens

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on duck eggs. He had never inquired her reasons, being shiftless, but that fact he knew. Well, come to investigate the hen-house, there was duck eggs, and hens on 'em, and also a heap of hens' eggs, but no more hens wishing to set. So the man, having no judgment, persuaded a duck to stay with those eggs. Now it's her I'm chiefly interested in. She was a good enough duck, but hasty. When the eggs hatched out, she didn't stop to notice, but up and takes them down to the pond, and gets mad with them, and shoves them in, and they drowns. Next day or two a lot of the young ducks, they hatched out and come down with the hen and got in the water all right, and the duck figured out she'd made some mistake, and she felt distressed. But the chickens were in heaven."

The sheriff studied his audience and saw that he had lulled their rage a little. "Now," said he, "ain't you boys just a trifle like that duck? I don't know as I can say much to you more than what I have said, and I don't know as I can do anything, fixed as I am. This thing looks bad for him we've got here. Why, I can see that as well as you. But, boys! it's an awful thing to kill an innocent man! I saw that done once, and—God forgive me!—I was one of them. I'll tell you how that was. He looked enough like the man we wanted. We were certainly on the right trail. We came on a cabin we'd never known of before, pretty far up in the hills—a strange cabin, you see. That seemed just right; just where a man would hide. We were mad at the crime committed, and took no thought. We knew we had caught him—that's the way we felt. So we got our guns ready, and crept up close through the trees, and surrounded that cabin. We called him to come out, and he came with a book in his hand he'd been reading. He did look like the man, and boys!—we gave him no time! He never knew why we fired. He was a harmless old prospector who had got tired of poor luck and knocking around, and over his door he had painted some words: 'Where the wicked cease from troubling.' He had figured that up there by that mountain stream the world would let him alone. And ever since then I have thought my life belonged to him first, and me second. Now this afternoon I'm alone here. You know I can't do much. And I'm going to ask you to help me respect the law. I don't say that in this big country there may not be places, and there may not be times, when the law is too young or else too rotten to take care of itself, and when the American citizen must go back to bed-rock principles. But is that so in our valley? Why, if this prisoner is guilty, you can't name me one man of your acquaintance who would want him to live. And that being so, don't we owe him the chance to clear himself if he can? I can see that prospector now at his door, old, harmless, coming fearless at our call, because he had no guilt upon his conscience —and we shot him down without a word. Boys! he has the call on me now; and if you insist—"

The sheriff paused, satisfied with what he saw on the faces around him. Some of the men knew the story of the prospector—it had been in the papers—but of his part in it they had not known. They understood quite well the sacrifice he stood ready to make now in defending the prisoner. The favorable silence was broken by the sound of horses. Timeliness and discretion were coming up the hill. Drylyn at the same moment came out of the dead woman's tent, and looking down, realized the intended rescue. With his mind waked suddenly from its dull dream and opened with a human impulse, he ran to help; but the sheriff saw him, and thought he was trying to escape.

"That's the man!" he shouted savagely to the ring.

Some of the Gap ran to the edge of the hill, and seeing the hurrying Drylyn and the horses below, also realized the rescue. Putting the wrong two and two together, they instantly saw in all this a well-devised scheme of delay and collusion. They came back, running through the dance-hall to the front, and the sheriff was pinioned from behind, thrown down, and held.

"So ye were alone, were ye?" said the chatty neighbor. "Well, ye made a good talk. Keep quiet—we don't want to hurt ye."

At this supposed perfidy the Gap's rage was at white heat again; the men massed together, and fierce and quick as lightning the messenger's fate was wrought. The work of adjusting the rope and noose was complete and death going on in the air when Drylyn, meaning to look the ground

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over for the rescue, came cautiously back up the hill and saw the body, black against the clear sunset sky. At his outcry they made ready for him, and when he blindly rushed among them they held him, and paid no attention to his ravings. Then, when the rope had finished its work, they let him go, and the sheriff too. The driver's friend had left his horses among the pines, and had come up to see what was going on at the Gap. He now joined the crowd.

"You meant well," the sheriff said to him. "I wish you would tell the boys how you come to be here. They're thinking I lied to them."

"Maybe I can change their minds." It was Drylyn's deep voice. "I am the man you were hunting," he said.

They looked at him seriously, as one looks at a friend whom an illness has seized. The storm of feeling had spent itself, the mood of the Gap was relaxed and torpid, and the serenity of coming dusk began to fill the mountain air.

"You boys think I'm touched in the head," said Drylyn, and paused. "This knife done it," said he. "This one I'm showing you."

They looked at the knife in his hand.

"He come between me and her," Drylyn pursued. "I was aiming to give him his punishment myself. That would have been square." He turned the knife over in his hand, and glancing up from it, caught the look in their eyes. "You don't believe me!" he exclaimed, savagely. "Well, I'm going to make you. Sheriff, I'll bring you some evidence."

He walked to the creek, and they stood idle and dull till he returned. Then they fell back from him and his evidence, leaving him standing beneath the dead man.

"Does them look like being touched in the head?" inquired Drylyn, and he threw down the overalls, which fell with a damp slap on the ground. "I don't seem to mind telling you," he said. "I feel as quiet—as quiet as them tall pines the sun's just quittin' for the night." He looked at the men expectantly, but none of them stirred. "I'd like to have it over," said he.

Still no one moved.

"I have a right to ask it shall be quick," he repeated. "You were quick enough with him." And Drylyn lifted his hand towards the messenger.

They followed his gesture, staring up at the wrong man, then down at the right one. The chatty neighbor shook his head. "Seems curious," he said, slowly. "It ought to be done. But I couldn't no more do it—gosh! how *can* a man fire his gun right after it's been discharged?"

The heavy Drylyn looked at his comrades of the Gap. "You won't?" he said.

"You better quit us," suggested the neighbor. "Go somewheres else."

Drylyn's eyes ran painfully over ditch and diggings, the near cabins and the distant hills, then returned to the messenger. "Him and me," he muttered. "It ain't square. Him and me—" Suddenly he broke out, "I don't choose him to think I was that kind of man!"

Before they could catch him he fell, and the wet knife slid from his fingers. "Sheriff," he began, but his tone changed. "I'm overtakin' him!" he said. "He's going to know now. Put me alongside—" And they were able to fill in the rest.

THE ROYAL MARINE: AN IDYL OF NARRAGANSETT PIER.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

Part II.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MORNING SERVICE AT THE CHURCH.

THE next morning, at a quarter before eleven, when the bell ceased to ring in the unfinished tower, the little stone church at Narragansett Pier was crowded to the doors, as it always is in the month of August. The day was hot with a mellow summer heat, but an occasional breeze which blew lazily from behind Point Judith rustled the branches of the young maples beside the church, and rippled the varying greenness of the ivy which clad the rough stone walls of the sacred edifice. Within the building there was an increasing flutter of fans.

Miss Hectorina Carroll sat with her brother and her grandmother in a pew on the centre aisle, almost exactly on a line with the organ, in front of which Mr. Warren Payn had taken his place

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long before the congregation began to arrive. In the pew behind her were Miss Marlenspuyk and Judge Gillespie, and also Mr. Mather Hitchcock and his mother. On the other side of the aisle Miss Virgie Chubb occupied the foremost pew, having next to her, and to relieve the flippant levity of her floating draperies, the solid figure of Mr. Cable J. Dexter. Not far from these were Mr. Hill-Bunker with Mr. Beeckman Bleecker's married sister, and Mr. Beeckman Bleecker with the unmarried sister of Mr. Hill-Bunker. Here and there throughout the church were scattered most of the girls whose acquaintance Warren Payn had made during his four weeks' stay at the Pier.

But he was not conscious of them. The Royal Marine had been one of the first to arrive, and as the musician had seen her enter the door he had turned to the organ, resolutely refusing to meet her eye. In the state of doubt in which he found himself he simply did not dare to look her in the face. He did not know whether he had told her that he loved her or not; he did not know whether she had listened to him or not; he did not know on what footing he stood; indeed, he seemed to walk in slippery places, and to go in danger of an irreparable fall; he felt himself to be tied in a tangle of doubt and difficulty.

As the service advanced he became calmer. Though he did not look at the Royal Marine, he asked himself whether or not she had seen him, half hidden as he was at the side of the church. When the time came at last for his Te Deum, and the organist slipped out from before the instrument and offered the place to him, he wondered whether she had noticed the substitution. Of course he had told her about his Te Deum—what can young men talk about but their own deeds?—and she had been kept informed of the difficulties which had arisen to delay its performance. She had been enlightened as to all the peculiarities of all the singers of the amateur quartet who were to render it. She was familiar with the conceit of the tenor, with the selfishness of the soprano, with the jealousy of the contralto, and with the stupidity of the bass. She had been indignant at their want of appreciation for his music, and she had not laughed heartily at his account of the wiles whereby he had soothed the vanity and the susceptibility of the singers.

As the quartet stood up beside him he put her out of his thoughts for the moment, and concentrated his attention on the execution of his composition. As often happens, the singers did better than he had expected; even the bass remembered for once the suggestions which he had forgotten regularly at every rehearsal. And the composer's share of the work was excellent; his music was fresh and firm; it was scholarly, and yet modern; it was truly dramatic, as a Te Deum ought to be, without being in any way operatic and theatrical, as so many Te Deums are; it was not great, for Warren Payn was not a great composer, but it was not commonplace; it had a certain individuality, not to call it originality. It had also what much modern music composed for the services of the church lacks absolutely—it had fervor; and while the singers were rendering it far better than the composer had hoped, he felt relieved of all his own worries and anxieties. For the moment at least he was lifted out of himself.

But after the Te Deum was ended, when he had given up the seat at the instrument to the organist, and when the service went on, the artistic excitement which had buoyed him up faded away, and he was reduced again to a condition of miserable doubt. Even when the good old bishop went into the pulpit and gave out his text, "Love one another," and began to deliver the sermon, Warren Payn was not able to concentrate his attention on the wise words of the prelate, who was addressing himself directly to the modern men and women he saw before him, and who set forth a lofty ideal of life in the plainest and most common-sense manner. The composer had a seat by the organ, and he had right before him and not twenty feet away the profile of the woman he loved. At first he scarcely ventured to glance at her, but when he saw that she was intent on the preacher, and unconscious of anybody else, he was emboldened to let his eyes rest on her longingly. She was listening to the sermon, gazing steadily at the bishop. Her lover gazed steadily at her, listening but little.

As she sat there before him, while the summer sunlight filled the church, he thought that he had never seen her looking more lovely or more lovable. She sat

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erect in the pew, her firm full figure carrying her head vigorously and gracefully. Her large eyes were fixed on the bishop, and her color came and went in response to the simple eloquence of the sermon. Her dress—of which her lover took but little note, save that he had a confused impression of a medley of green and brown and white, one tender tint melting into another and mingling with it inextricably—set off the freshness of her young complexion. The delicate tones of her attire made him see a sudden likeness to a flower, the calyx being her broad white straw hat with its warped and flaring brim. To the man whose eyes were fixed upon her with loving devotion she seemed as pure as the blossom of a vine in the spring-time, and he noted with delight the tiny tendrils of hair which escaped from her broad braids, and curled carelessly about her neck here and there and down over her forehead.

When he had made an end of staring—that is, when he was suddenly stricken with remorse at the rudeness of which he had been guilty—he glanced about, wondering how it was that every one in the church was not also looking at her. The young musician flushed with indignation when he discovered that Mr. Dexter had settled himself sideways so that he could see Miss Carroll without the trouble of turning his neck, and that the Westerner was taking advantage of this attitude most of the time. Further back and on one side Warren Payn saw Mr. Hill-Bunker and Mr. Beeckman Bleecker, and he saw that they were both looking at the Royal Marine as often as they dared. Little Mat Hitchcock, too, rarely took his eye off her. When Payn detected these things he was annoyed that he had to share the sight of her with others. He wished that he had the right to tell them all that she belonged to him, and that if they wished to gaze at her beauty they must ask his permission; and he did not know whether he would grant the privilege or refuse it.

The sermon drew to its conclusion. The Royal Marine was still listening with unflagging interest, only now and again taking her attention from the preacher to keep her Majesty's Midshipmite in order, and to remind him of the sanctity of the edifice wherein they were. Perhaps she was not wholly unconscious of the admiring glances cast upon her, for she was aware that her gown and her hat were both becoming to her; but she did not pay these tokens of admiration the return compliment of seeming to see them. She kept her eyes fixed on the bishop; not once did they wander toward the organ, where the man who loved her was sitting in self-torment. He dreaded to meet her eye, and yet he could not understand how it was that she never once glanced in his direction all that morning. He wished that he could go to her boldly and demand her reasons for refusing to look at him. Then he remembered the meeting on the bridge of the Casino the night before—if, indeed, there had really been any meeting—and all his doubts came back upon him again with redoubled force. He did not know how to approach her, and therefore he did not dare make an effort to speak to her. He was sure, in fact, that he ought to avoid speaking to her. A shiver of fear seized him, and he resolved to keep away from her until he could find out just what had happened the night before.

Then the bishop brought his sermon to an end at last, and the rector gave out a hymn. While this was being sung Warren Payn saw Miss Marlenspuyk looking at him intently. She was close behind the Royal Marine. He understood at once what she meant. She had promised to help him to a quiet talk with the woman he loved. She had agreed to lure away Grandma, so that he could walk home from church with 'Rina, and propose to her then and there. But this agreement was made before he had gone to sleep on the bridge of the Casino. When he had made it he wanted to be left alone with the Royal Marine; now there was nothing he was more afraid of. Unfortunately it was impossible to convey to Miss Marlenspuyk across the crowded pews of the church any information as to this complete change of his wishes. She was firmly convinced, of course, that he still desired a chance to tell the young lady that he loved her. Being so convinced, she would surely so manœuvre as to accomplish her purpose. She was arbitrary, as the lover knew; and she was adroit; and what she had determined to do was likely to be done. She would certainly arrange an interview between him and the Royal Marine, despite his utmost endeavor. If he came within her reach after service it would be impossible for him to escape her. She would carry out his

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supposed desires unfailingly and unflinchingly, no matter how he might struggle to prevent it.

While the congregation were singing the doxology he came to a resolution. He dared not face 'Rina then, and as the only way to prevent Miss Marlenspuyk from bringing about a meeting he made up his mind to remain in church until the congregation had dispersed. He determined not to leave his harbor of refuge near the organ until he was assured that the coast was clear. Therefore when there was a general movement after the benediction he sat still. He refused to catch Miss Marlenspuyk's eye, or to accept the invitation it conveyed. He was glad that the old maid and Judge Gillespie and the Royal Marine and her Majesty's Midshipmite and Grandma all made ready to move down the centre aisle together. If Miss Marlenspuyk had been nearer to him he knew he would have been unable to resist her. As it was, she seemed surprised that he did not come forward at once to join them, and she made excuses for delay, so as to give him ample opportunity. Then, when at last the little group started toward the door of the church, Miss Marlenspuyk put up her glasses for a final glance in his direction. To all these mute but obvious entreaties he remained insensible, and the party passed down the aisle, and left him still at the organ in apparent unconsciousness of their presence. It seemed to him that there was an expression of surprise which flitted for a moment across the face of the woman he loved as she saw that he failed to come forward to join her.

As Cable J. Dexter and Virgie Chubb passed before the organ they both looked at the musician and smiled quizzically. That smile puzzled him. What did it mean? What did they know? They had been at the Casino the night before, and perhaps they had overheard his proposal —that is, if he had proposed. Their smile could not mean that they suspected the strange dilemma in which he was placed. That was impossible, of course; and yet there was something in their expression which he could not explain. In his perplexity he turned and looked after them, and framed in the stone doorway, standing in front of the broad wooden doors decorated with iron anchors, recalling those on the skirt of the yachting-dress in which he had first seen her, was the Royal Marine, who had paused to say good-morning to *La Marguerite*.

In haste he turned his back to the door, and addressed himself to the quartet, who had also lingered. He thanked them for the trouble they had taken with his Te Deum; and he listened politely to the suggestion of the soprano that if she ever sung it again there were two bars of her solo that she hoped he would transpose for her, as she at least was not afraid of taking a high note. Then, when they also were gone, soprano and tenor, contralto and bass, the composer delayed the organist in needless talk for ten minutes longer, for fear that Miss Marlenspuyk might have devised some means of detaining the Royal Marine.

When at last he ventured forth, and was walking swiftly toward his hotel, looking neither to the right nor to the left, he almost stumbled over her Majesty's Midshipmite.

"Excuse me," he stammered out, scarcely daring to raise his eyes for fear that the boy's sister might be near at hand.

"Oh, it's Mr. Payn!" said the boy. "How are you?"

"I'm very well, thank you," he responded.

"You don't look well," the boy returned. "You look scared."

"Do I?" he asked, helplessly.

"'Deed you do," was the response of her Majesty's Midshipmite, who had on the sailor suit in which Payn had first seen him, and the same sailor hat, with H.M.S. *Victory* stamped in gold on its band.

"I'm in a hurry," explained the young man.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Payn," the boy continued, "Sister 'Rina was asking about you this morning."

"About me?" echoed the composer, stopping abruptly in his walk. "What —what did she say?"

"She was talking to Miss Chubb—Virgie Chubb, you know—"

"Yes, I know, I know," the young man repeated.

"And she said," the boy went on—"she said she wanted to know whether you were awake yet. Had you been getting up late, Mr. Payn?"

But the boy got no answer to his question, for Mr. Payn was striding away impatiently.

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CHAPTER V.

MISS MARLENSPUYK'S READING HOUR.

WARREN PAYN freed himself from her Majesty's Midshipmite as swiftly as he could, and as courteously, for he remembered always that the boy was her brother. Then he walked rapidly toward the beach. He knew that the Royal Marine never "went in" on Sunday, and a glimpse of the Casino clock told him that the bathing-hour was almost past. On his way to the water he met the bathers swarming back to their hotels for the early Sunday dinner. By the time he was ready for his swim the beach was almost deserted, save for a few belated excursionists. The surf was high and fierce, just what he would have wished it to be, and after he had battled with it for nearly half an hour, he felt as though he had washed himself free of many doubts. Refreshed by his watery exercise, he was able to take a dispassionate view of his strange position.

While he was dressing he made up his mind to go and tell the whole story to Miss Marlenspuyk. He was in dire want of advice, and he felt also the irresistible pressure of a desire to have a confidante. And he knew no one to whom he could go but the old maid, who had always befriended him, and who, indeed, had introduced him to the woman he loved. Besides, Miss Marlenspuyk was a very clever woman, and her advice was likely to be worth taking. Having determined to consult her and to act according to her suggestions, the composer finished his toilet and walked to the Casino. In his present frame of mind he was not willing to sit through the long hotel dinner, and to talk to his neighbors at table on the usual personal topics, so he went into the Casino and dined by himself. Then he smoked a cigar on one of the rear verandas, undisturbed by any one. At last the time came when he knew Miss Marlenspuyk, having finished her dinner also, would have settled down to read the Sunday papers, which she used to call her Half-Hour with the Worst Authors.

He found her alone in her favorite corner at one end of the veranda of her hotel. She was seated in a little rocking-chair; she had on her neat little gold spectacles; she held in her hand one sheet of a Sunday newspaper, and the other sheets lay in waves about her feet. It was obvious that she had been reading the latest news from Europe, and that some princeling or kinglet had been getting himself into trouble.

"I don't see," she began, as the musician drew up a chair and took his seat beside her—"I don't see why the people of Europe should be bothered with the personal peculiarities of their royal families. I never could understand why one of the higher anthropoid apes could not be trained to discharge all the functions of a constitutional monarch—could you?"

He looked at her as though he did not apprehend what she was saying. He was so engrossed with his own perplexity that he could not listen to anything else.

"Miss Marlenspuyk," he began, drawing his chair a little closer, and speaking in subdued tones, "can I tell you a story?"

"Wait till I've taken my glasses off," the old maid responded, "and then you can tell me anything."

"Thank you," he began.

"Indeed," she interrupted, "there are several things I want you to tell me very much. Why did you avoid me this morning when I was keeping my promise to you—when I had Grandma under control, so that you could walk with 'Rina and ask her to marry you? I'd like to know what explanation you have to offer of your extraordinary conduct. Even before I hear it, I want to tell you that I think you are a most negligent and dilatory wooer. Perhaps you can explain your strange behavior. I hope you can; but I assure you I shall be very exacting and hard to please. Giving you this solemn warning, by way of encouragement, I'll let you have the floor—as they say in Washington."

Having said this, she took off her spectacles, and put them into a little leather case marked with her monogram. Then she folded the portion of the newspaper she had on her lap, and laid it on the chair which supported her feet. Picking up the other sheets of the paper from the floor of the veranda, she folded them also, one by one, and placed them on top of the first portion. When she had made an end of this she looked up at the young man who was sitting silent beside her.

"Well?" she said at last, with a rising inflection.

"Well," he echoed, hesitating, "I don't really know where to begin—"

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"So I perceive," she interrupted.

"But I suppose," he gained courage to say—"I suppose I had best begin at the beginning—"

"You had best begin somewhere," she declared, "or you will never be able to end at the end."

"The real beginning is this, I think," he responded. "I'm absent-minded, and I'm given to day-dreams, and so sometimes I don't really know whether I've done something or whether I've only dreamed it."

"As a girl, I used to dream that I could fly," said the old maid; "but when I waked up I always knew I couldn't. In fact, I've never been in doubt about any of my dreams. But what have you been dreaming about now, and how did any dream prevent your proposing to the Royal Marine this morning when I had cleared the way for you?"

"That's just it," he explained, piteously. "I've dreamed that I've proposed to her—or at least I may have dreamed it, or I may have done it; I don't know."

Miss Marlenspuyk turned and faced him, and looked him full in the eye.

"Well," she said at last, "I think you had best begin at the very beginning and tell me the whole story."

So he told her the whole story, and she listened intently, not interrupting him once. When he had made an end of his tale she drew a long breath.

"Do you mean to tell me," she asked, "that you really don't know whether you have proposed marriage to Miss Hectorina Carroll or not?"

"That's just it," he urged. "I was so dazed from dozing that I'm uncertain whether I was asleep or awake at the time when I thought I was proposing to her."

"Why, I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" she declared.

"No," he admitted, with a pitiful pride. "I suppose it is a unique experience."

"Unique?" she repeated. "I should think so! Of course I know that every man is the hero of his own dreams, but then—"

Apparently words failed her, for she broke off abruptly.

He sat silent, not knowing what to say.

"Well," she began again at last, "they say it's impossible to have both tact and truth, and I've prided myself that I had at least tact; but I must say that you have put yourself into a most puzzling predicament. What are you going to do?"

"That's just what I came to you to find out," he said, imploringly. "You are my only friend, and you are so clever, and I will do exactly what you tell me."

"But I don't know what to tell you," she responded.

"Perhaps I had best go straight to 'Rina," he suggested, "and throw myself on her mercy, and ask her whether I have proposed to her—"

"Certainly not!" declared Miss Marlenspuyk—"that is, if you do want to marry her."

"Of course I do!" he assured her.

"No girl would marry you," the old maid returned, "after you had confessed to her that you really didn't know whether you had proposed to her or not. You can see that for yourself. You must not ask her. Indeed, you mustn't see her—you must keep out of her sight until we can find out whether you have asked her to marry you or not. You say she didn't accept you?"

"She didn't accept me—no," he answered; "but she didn't reject me either. She asked for time—and if I have time too, I'm sure I can persuade her to love me, can't I? But I can't if you won't let me see her."

"Do you suppose she would consult Grandma?" asked Miss Marlenspuyk.

"I don't know," he replied. "She's very independent, you see. She does her own thinking. But then she may have told her grandmother, perhaps."

"If she has told Grandma," the old maid declared, "I can find out, for Mrs. Carroll won't keep a secret from me—that is, if I really want to know it. If she has told Grandma, then we are all right, because you will know that you were awake when you proposed to her, and that she is to give you an answer to-morrow, and you can put forth all your powers of persuasion in the mean time. But if she hasn't told Grandma, then we are no better off, because we don't know whether she is merely keeping her own counsel, or whether you did propose in your sleep, after all. Still, we have a chance, and I will seek out Mrs. Carroll at once."

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"Thank you," said the young man, deeply grateful.

"But we must not count on that; for, as you said, the Royal Marine is very independent," Miss Marlenspuyk went on. "And there really isn't anybody else to help us out; for when you proposed—that is, if you did propose at all—nobody heard you but 'Rina, and we can't ask her. Who else was at the supper?"

Payn gave her the name of Mr. Dexter's guests.

"Virgie Chubb—I don't like her; she has no manners at all," said Miss Marlenspuyk. "But she is fond of hearing herself talk. Perhaps I could cross-question her without getting a crooked answer."

"Do you think she overheard me propose?" asked the young man, recalling the quizzical expression in the faces of Mr. Dexter and Miss Chubb as they had passed him in church that morning. He flushed red at the thought of his conversation with the woman he loved having been heard by *La Marguerite*. And yet at the same time he would have been glad if he were absolutely sure that she had overheard, for it would release him from his uncomfortable uncertainty.

"I think she is quite capable of listening," said the old maid, "whether she heard anything of importance or not. So is that Dexter man—though he is a man, after all, and twice too good for her. I will say for her, however, that she has the grace to be a little afraid of me. She knows who I am, of course, and she will be greatly complimented if I stop and speak to her this evening after tea. So if she knows anything I can find that out. And perhaps, as you say, she did overhear your proposal—that is, of course, if you did propose at all, which is what we want to discover."

Warren Payn could not but wince a little every time Miss Marlenspuyk impaled him on the horns of his dilemma.

"You are very good to me," he said, dolefully.

"I'm really very much interested in your case," she replied; "it is so extraordinary that I want to know the end of it, just as if it were a sensational novel."

He looked at her plaintively.

"What am I to do," he asked at last, "while you are doing all these things for me?"

"Do?" she answered. "You must keep out of the way of the Royal Marine, for one thing."

"But I've an engagement with her for this afternoon," he cried, sorrowfully. "We are all going to the Rocks together at five o'clock—she and I and half a dozen more."

"You had best let her and half a dozen more go to the Rocks without you for once," Miss Marlenspuyk replied. "In fact, you had best go away for twenty-four hours."

"Leave the Pier?" he said, sadly. "Where must I go?"

The old maid was touched by his willingness to obey her.

"You need not go far," she answered. "Go to Newport. And you need not stay long; come back to-morrow afternoon."

"But what reason can I give for going, and for breaking my engagement to walk on the Rocks?" he asked.

She reached forward and picked up the folded Sunday newspaper on the chair before her.

"Didn't you tell me that you had promised to explain to Mr. Joshua Hoffman all about the new organ you want for St. Martha's?" she inquired.

"Yes," he answered. "What of it?"

"I suppose you haven't read any of the papers this morning?" she queried. "If you had you would have seen that Mr. Joshua Hoffman is now at Newport, and that he leaves there to-morrow, and that he starts on Tuesday for Europe, to be gone all winter. Now, go back to your hotel, and write a non-committal note to the Royal Marine, telling her that you have to go over to Newport at once to see Mr. Hoffman, but that you will return in the morning, and that you hope to see her to-morrow evening. So it will be all right, whether you have proposed or not, and whether she has promised to give you an answer to-morrow evening or not."

"I see," he said, with a flash of reviving hope.

"Then," she went on, "after you have sent that note, you take a horse and go over to Newport. I suppose you had best see Mr. Hoffman if you can, and tell him what he wants to know. But go to the Ocean House, and as soon as I have had a chat with Grandma and a talk with *La Marguerite* I will telegraph you. Perhaps the telegram will put you out of your misery, and perhaps it won't. But I will

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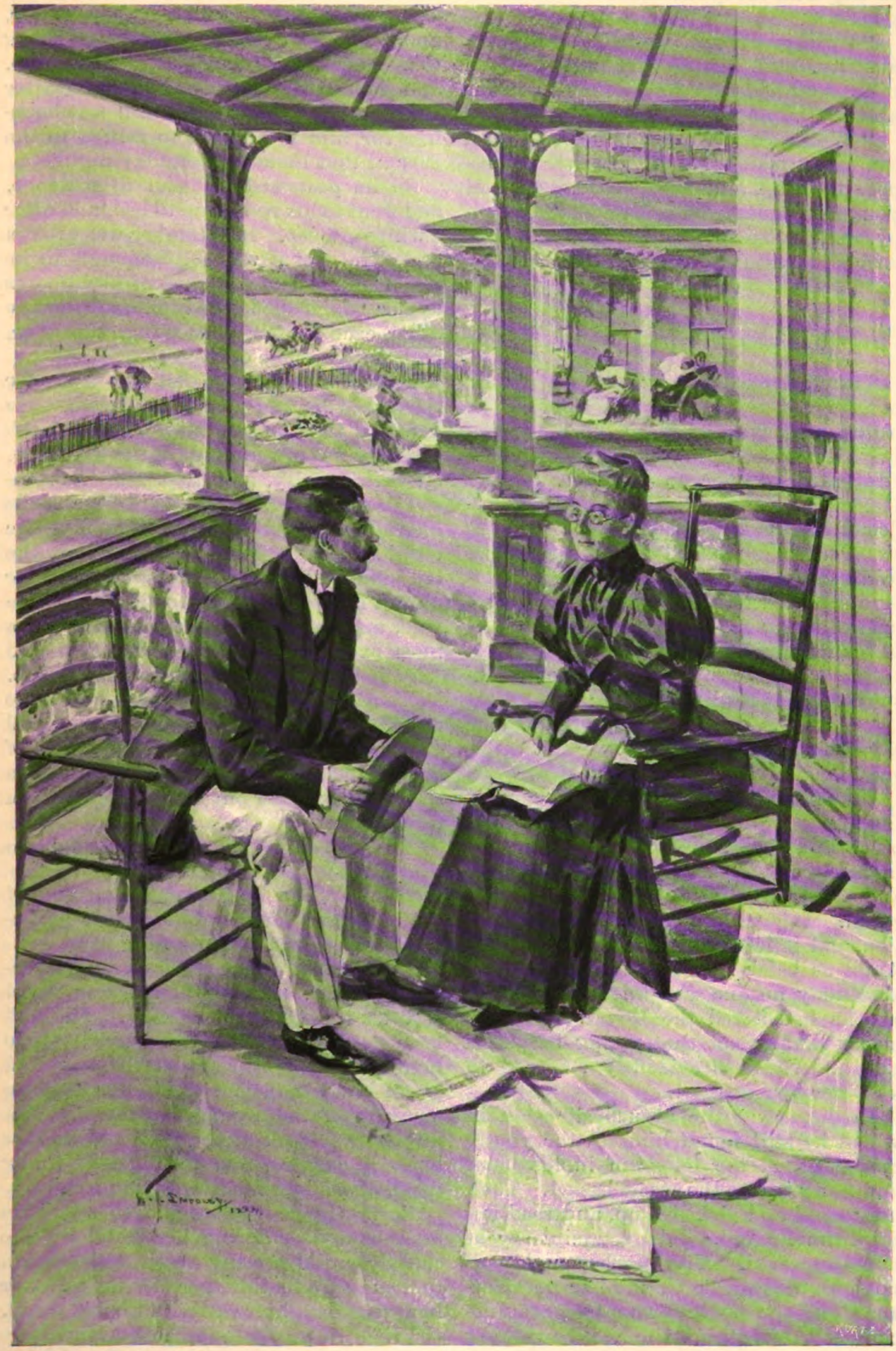

"'SHE DIDN'T ACCEPT ME—NO,' HE ANSWERED."

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do my best for you. Now be off with you!"

"I will go at once," he said, rising with alacrity. "I will do anything you tell me. And how can I ever thank you for all the trouble you are taking for me?"

"Well," the old maid answered, "you can repay me easily. If you ever do propose to 'Rina, and she accepts you, and you are married, you must make her happy, and I shall be doubly paid. She is a dear girl, and I am very fond of her."

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONCERT AT THE CASINO.

THE vast verandas of the Ocean House at Newport were almost deserted at ten o'clock that Sunday night, when Warren Payn returned from a prolonged and ineffectual endeavor to find Mr. Joshua Hoffman. The musician went to the office of the hotel for the key of his room, resolved to go to bed and try to sleep. With the key the clerk handed him a telegram, which he tore open with feverish haste, hoping that it would put him out of his misery at last.

The telegram was from Miss Marlenspuyk, and it read as follows:

"Grandma knows nothing. The Daisy says she heard you snore. Don't think she heard anything else."

Unconscious of his acts, Payn dropped the flimsy paper on the desk of the hotel office, and stared the hotel clerk straight in the eye. Then he recovered himself, and picked up the telegram and read it again. It gave him no certain information, and it left him in darkness and in doubt as before. Apparently there was absolutely no one who knew whether or not he had asked the Royal Marine to marry him except that young lady herself, and she was evidently resolved to keep her own counsel.

In disgust at the absurd situation in which he still found himself, the young man crushed the telegram in his hand and flung it into the waste-basket. Then he stooped and picked it up, and read it a third time. As he did so a faint ray of hope appeared. Miss Marlenspuyk was not sure that Virgie Chubb had not overheard his proposal. The telegram declared, "Don't think she heard anything else." But this was only the old maid's opinion. Perhaps she was in error. Perhaps The Daisy knew more than she was willing to let Miss Marlenspuyk guess. There was a dim and remote chance here, and, feeble as it was, the composer clung to it eagerly. He looked at his watch, and found that it was nearly a quarter after ten; and he knew that it was hopeless for him to attempt to return to the Pier at that hour on a Sunday night.

So he possessed his soul in patience, and went to his room and to bed, and after a while to sleep. His slumber was broken and fitful, yet it was solid enough in its fragments to allow a troop of nightmares to ride rough-shod over him, one after the other, each swifter of pace than the other, and more terrible of aspect.

Toward morning he fell into a deeper sleep, and he had a strange dream. He dreamed that he saw Miss Virgie Chubb growing out of the sands of the sea-shore, an actual daisy, and that Miss Marlenspuyk stood over her, plucking the petals one by one, and saying, "He did—he didn't." Payn knew at once that the old maid was trying to discover whether or not he had proposed to the Royal Marine, and in his dream he thought it a most excellent device, and he wondered why it had not occurred to him before. With a lively desire to learn whether he did or he didn't, he watched the fatal operation upon *La Marguerite;* but, of course, before any final decision was reached he waked out of his sleep, still in uncertainty.

After breakfast he attempted again to find Mr. Hoffman, and this time he succeeded. When he had made an end of the business which was his excuse for being in Newport, the morning was well-nigh gone. Payn rode back to Narragansett Pier, arriving at his own hotel just as the dinner-bell rang. He had been gone a little less than twenty-four hours, and his trip across the bay had given him a sufficient excuse for keeping away from the woman he loved. But now he was back at the Pier, and he was bare of excuses, and he did not know what it was best for him to do next.

Naturally he went again to see Miss Marlenspuyk, entering her hotel by the side door, and peering about the veranda to make sure that neither Mrs. Carroll nor her granddaughter was with the old maid.

When at last he approached Miss Marlenspuyk her first words encouraged him.

"You needn't look so scared," she said; "the Royal Marine isn't here. Really I

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feel sorry for you—but I suppose people with the artistic temperament are always more emotional. Sometimes I find myself doubting whether the game of life is worth the candle—and I'm sure it isn't, if you burn the candle at both ends, as you are doing now. You look as white as a ghost with the dyspepsia."

"How is she?" he asked; "and where is she?"

"She is very well," Miss Marlenspuyk answered, "and she has gone with Grandma to spend the day with a Southern friend who has a house half-way down to Point Judith—so you can't see her till to-morrow."

"Then I don't believe I proposed to her," he returned, promptly. "Because, if I did, she agreed to give me an answer to-night, and if she had made that agreement I'm sure she wouldn't break it by going away for the evening."

"I thought you didn't want to see her till you had found out absolutely whether you had spoken or not," Miss Marlenspuyk retorted.

"I don't know what I want," he answered. "Of course I want to see her, for I'm not happy out of her sight. And then, again, while I'm in this uncertainty I'm afraid to go near her, for fear some stupid blunder of mine may spoil all my chances. It's a very embarrassing situation, isn't it?"

"It is indeed," she responded, sympathetically. "I wish I had been able to help you out of it. But Grandma didn't know anything—that I'm sure of—and *La Marguerite* wouldn't tell me anything, if she knows it—and I'm sure I don't know whether she does or not."

"LA MARGUERITE."

"I'll talk to her myself," the musician declared. "I'll get it out of her somehow. I think she will be so glad to tease me that if she knows anything she will be quite incapable of keeping it to herself."

"Yes," said Miss Marlenspuyk, reflectively, "I suppose you could coax an underbred girl like that to talk about anything—even about her own eavesdropping."

"And then, even if I don't learn anything from her, I'm going to make an end of this suspense," he went on. "I can't stand it any longer. I've got to do something. I've got to know the truth—I don't mean about my proposal—I mean

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about 'Rina. I've got to know whether she loves me or not. I'm so worried now that I'm getting desperate."

"I can understand that, you poor boy," she said, commiseratively. "Yet they say that eels get used to being skinned, and that the lobsters no longer mind being boiled to death. You have been in hot water so long now that I thought perhaps—"

She caught his eyes fixed on her reproachfully, and so she broke off.

"If she refuses me now," he declared, "after all this, I don't know what I shall do!"

"I can tell you what to do this afternoon," the old maid responded. "Go and play tennis—play hard—play until it is too dark to see the balls. That's where you men have the advantage of us poor women. You can take violent exercise and drive away care, while all we can do is to sew—and sewing is so insipid. I've seen the time when I felt like running the needle into my heart."

It was a relief for him to laugh lightly at her vehemence, as he rose from the chair beside her.

"Your advice is good," he returned, "as it always is; and I'll take it, and take the exercise. I wish I could get little Mat Hitchcock to play with me. I'd make it uncomfortable for him to-day; and he fancies himself at tennis too!"

She smiled in her turn. "There," she said, "run along now and play. And if you get any information out of *La Marguerite*, let me know at once, won't you?"

"Of course I will," he responded, taking his leave.

She watched him as he walked away with the springing step of youth. She smoothed her white hair, and sighed gently, then she adjusted her glasses, and took up her sewing again.

As it happened, the first man whom Warren Payn met as he came out on the tennis-grounds of the Casino was little Mat Hitchcock, who promptly accepted his challenge. They were both good average players, neither of them of tournament rank, but that afternoon they played the best tennis of their lives. The first set was the hardest fought, and Payn won it finally, 10–8, and he won all the others—7–5, 6–4, 6–3, 6–3, 6–0. This love-set was too much for little Mat; he lost his temper, and threw his racket on the court indignantly, and said that he had never seen such luck in his life, and that it was simply disgusting.

So the musician went to his hotel tired, of course, but in a far happier frame of mind. He took a bath, and had a sharp appetite for his supper.

After the usual evening repast in August at the Pier—bluefish and blackberries—he lighted a cigarette, and strolled leisurely back to the Casino. He wished to be there early, because the leader of the little orchestra had asked his permission to include in the programme of that evening a selection from *Montezuma*, Warren Payn's only comic opera, which had been sung during a brief season at one of the New York theatres three or four years before.

At the very moment when the composer was lighting a second cigarette, Miss Marlenspuyk, in the parlor of her hotel, was surprised by a visit from the Royal Marine.

"But I thought you were not going to be back till late to-night!" she cried, in astonishment.

"It looked a little like it was going to rain after supper," the young lady answered, "and Grandma reckoned she'd rather be back here. But now we are here, Grandma allows it won't rain, and she wants to know if you'll go over to the Casino with us this evening."

Miss Marlenspuyk hesitated for a moment, wishing that she could devise some indirect means of ascertaining just how the composer stood in the Royal Marine's opinion.

"Do come," the girl went on, laying her hand affectionately on the old maid's arm. "I'd love to have you, and Grandma is always chirped up after she's been talking to you about your old friends in the So'th."

"I shall be delighted to come, my dear," Miss Marlenspuyk responded, rising. "I'll send for my shawl."

While they were waiting for this the young woman and the old walked up and down the long veranda on one side of the hotel. And suddenly Miss Marlenspuyk had an inspiration.

"Excuse my asking such a question, 'Rina, my dear," she began, linking her arm in the girl's, "but have you and Mr. Payn quarrelled?"

"Quaw'led!" echoed 'Rina. "The idea! Why, I haven't seen him for two days."

"Ah!" Miss Marlenspuyk responded.

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THE CASINO.

"Not since the hop at the Casino on Saturday night?"

"Not since the hop," the young lady repeated. Then she checked herself and smiled. "That is to say," she went on, "I haven't spoken to him since the hop, but I've seen him since. I saw him in church yesterday, and I saw him Saturday night after the hop, out on the bridge, where we all went for a breath of fresh air after the supper."

Miss Marlenspuyk had become so interested in the composer's extraordinary dilemma that it was with an almost perceptible shade of anxiety that she asked, "Didn't he speak to you then?"

The girl laughed out, and hers was a silvery, happy laugh.

"Why, Miss Ma'lenspuyk," she cried, "how could he? He was fast asleep—and, do you know, I thought I almost heard him snaw!"

Miss Marlenspuyk laughed also. She had the answer to the enigma now. There was only one person in the world who knew whether Warren Payn was asleep or awake when he thought he had asked 'Rina Carroll to marry him, and that one person had declared that he was asleep when she had seen him last.

"But what made you think we had quaw'led, Miss Ma'lenspuyk?" the girl began.

The bell-boy brought her shawl to the old maid, who took it and thanked him graciously. Then turning to the Royal Marine, and ignoring altogether the girl's question, she said: "Can you excuse me a moment, my dear? I must write a note before I go."

"I'll wait for you out here on the po'ch," the young lady answered.

Miss Marlenspuyk bade the bell-boy follow her. She went into the office of the hotel, and taking out one of her visiting-cards, she wrote on it, hastily: "I have seen the lady. It is all right. You were dreaming."

Sealing this in an envelope, she directed it to Mr. Warren Payn, and told the

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bell-boy to take it at once to the musician's hotel.

As the boy sped down the steps, glad to run an errand for her, the old maid joined the Royal Marine on the veranda, and they started to get Grandma and to go together to the Casino.

But of course Miss Marlenspuyk's reassuring message did not find Warren Payn at his hotel, and, in fact, it did not come into his hands until near midnight, when he returned to his room after a most exciting and memorable evening.

When the bell-boy left the envelope at the hotel, the musician had been for ten minutes in the billiard-room of the Casino, perched on a high chair near one of the windows which opened on the broad upper gallery. Thus placed he could hear the music distinctly, and he could watch a billiard match between two of the best players at the Pier that summer.

While one of the players was chalking his cue preparatory to a most difficult carom, Payn heard the long laugh of Miss Virgie Chubb. Gazing hastily out of the window, he saw that *La Marguerite* was promenading with two other girls. He resolved to seize the opportunity.

To the great surprise of Miss Chubb, whom the composer had hitherto rather avoided than sought, he joined the three girls and insisted upon talking to her, succeeding at last in cutting loose from her companions and in bearing *La Marguerite* off for a promenade with him alone. He was in good spirits; he felt as though the hour was favorable, and as though the end of his perplexity was at hand. So he rattled along, leading Virgie on further and further, and briskly keeping up his end of the conversation. All the while he was seeking how he should begin his inquisition into her knowledge of his acts two nights before.

Before he could plan an attack, chance gave him an opening.

"Last time I saw you up here on this floor of the Casino you weren't so talkative," said *La Marguerite*, with one of her loud laughs.

"That was the night before last, wasn't it?" he returned, eagerly.

She nodded, still laughing.

"Well," he pursued, "if I wasn't talking, what was I doing?"

"You were snoring!" she cried. "That's what you were doing. You were asleep in the moonlight, out there over the bridge. Come along now, and I'll show you the place." She took his arm, and he suffered himself to be led.

But when they came to the top of the stairs they found themselves face to face with another couple, Mr. Caleb J. Dexter and Miss Hectorina Carroll. Following behind them half-way down the stairs were Mrs. Carroll and Miss Marlenspuyk.

Payn stepped back in astonishment. Over the Royal Marine's shoulder he could see Miss Marlenspuyk nodding and smiling and making strange signs. He felt sure that she was trying to convey to him some important information, although he could not make out what it was. He watched her lips closely as they moved in silent speech, but his eyes did not help him to her meaning any better than his ears.

And while he was thus engaged the Royal Marine stood before him, wondering at the extraordinary contortions of his visage, as he unconsciously imitated the movement of Miss Marlenspuyk's mouth. She wore the same yachting costume in which he had first seen her, with the V. R. and the crown on her sleeve; but as he did not see her at all he did not remark her costume. She stood alone, for when the two couples had come together Virgie Chubb had abandoned Payn promptly, and had immediately taken possession of Dexter. The Chicago grain-operator looked at the musician with an amused smile; then he winked; then he offered his arm to *La Marguerite*, and they walked off together, leaving Payn standing helpless by the side of the woman whom he loved, and to whom he longed to speak.

On the landing below Mrs. Carroll and Miss Marlenspuyk had been detained by three old ladies who were going down stairs, and who broke at once into a most animated conversation, from which the old maid tried vainly to detach herself. At last she made a final and despairing gesture to the musician, and began to answer the questions which two of the old ladies poured out upon her.

Then Warren Payn saw that he should have to rely wholly on himself. "Shall we take a little walk too?" he asked.

"I began to think you were never going to speak to me again," she said, as they moved away toward the bridge side by side, and keeping step to the music of a march which was floating out from the orchestra on the lower veranda—the first

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notes of the selection from his opera of *Montezuma*.

"I—I—I was so surprised, you know," he stammered—"so surprised to see you here. I thought you were not going to be back this evening."

"Oh, I meant to be back all the time, you know," she returned, quickly—"as soon as I heard that they were going to play the tunes from your opera." Then, as though afraid that she might have said more than she had intended, she added, with even greater rapidity, "Besides, Grandma wanted to come back herself; she thought it looked like it was going to rain."

"It was very good of you to want to listen to my music," he responded, expanding joyously, as he always did in her presence. "But who told you about it? I meant to take you by surprise."

"Oh," she laughed, merrily, "a little bird told me—a little bird that is ve'y fond of music."

By this time they had come out on the broad bridge, and the waters of the bay lay spread out before them bathed in the molten moonlight.

"I don't think Grandma is a ve'y good judge of the weather—do you?" she went on, "if she was afraid of a sto'm to-night."

"If your being here is the result of her miscalculation," he said, "I will recommend her for Old Probabilities' place whenever she wants it."

The splendid upper promenade was almost deserted, and when they came to the balcony at the end there was nobody at all within sound of their voices. The young man knew that the time had come, and at the moment of need he had a sudden inspiration.

"It would be nice," she declared, "to have Grandma for the Clerk of the Weather if she could give us nights as lovely as this whenever she pleased."

The orchestra on the ground-floor of the Casino was still playing the arrangement from *Montezuma*, and they now began the serenade from that opera—the tenor love-song which had almost carried the piece into popularity, and which still survived the oblivion of the rest of the score.

So it was to the accompaniment of his own music that the composer spoke again.

"Miss 'Rina," he said, and the tone in which he spoke betrayed his purpose to the girl who was listening, "did you ever have the feeling that something you think you are seeing or saying or doing for the first time has happened to you before?"

"Often and often," she answered, with an effort to seem unconcerned. "And I've heard people say it's because our brain has two halves—just like it was a silver dollar."

"I have a feeling now," he went on, gravely, "as though I had said already what I am going to say to you now."

She knew then that the proposal was inevitable, and although he had hesitated for a moment, she said nothing.

"I feel as though I had already told you that I love you." Then he paused again, and the clear sweet notes of his song rang out on the silvery air from the orchestra beneath them. "It seems as though I had always loved you, and that I must have told you of it many times." Still she kept silent. "'Rina," he continued, steadily, "will you be my wife?"

"I don't know what to say," the girl answered at last. "I didn't think you were going to talk this way—at least not yet awhile."

"But you are going away so soon," he urged, "and I must have your answer now."

"I can't make up my mind all at once," she said; "you must give me time."

Then he wondered whether this too were also a dream.

"I can't wait!" he replied. "I've been waiting all summer, for my mind was made up as soon as I saw you."

"Let me have a week. Oh, you must!" she cried. "Give me two or three days, anyhow."

And again he doubted whether he was awake or asleep.

"I don't see why you can't decide now," he declared. "What do you need two days for? You don't hate me now, do you?"

"Oh no," she answered, frankly. "I couldn't do that."

"Then you do love me a little, don't you?" he urged.

She did not reply. But when he promptly put his arm about her she yielded, and let him kiss her, just as the music came to an end.

Half an hour later he took his promised bride back to her grandmother. She

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"HE HAD A SUDDEN INSPIRATION."

found Miss Marlenspuyk sitting with Mrs. Carroll in a sheltered nook of the lower veranda.

By the faces of the young couple the old maid saw what had happened, and, greatly to the surprise of Grandma, she drew the girl to her and kissed her on the forehead.

"And you thought we had quaw'led," said the Royal Marine, while her grandmother wondered at what was going on under her eyes but beyond her comprehension.

And while the granddaughter was explaining, Miss Marlenspuyk was congratulating Warren Payn.

"I see," she said, "it was *Romeo and Juliet*, after all, and not a *Midsummer-Night's Dream.*"

THE END.

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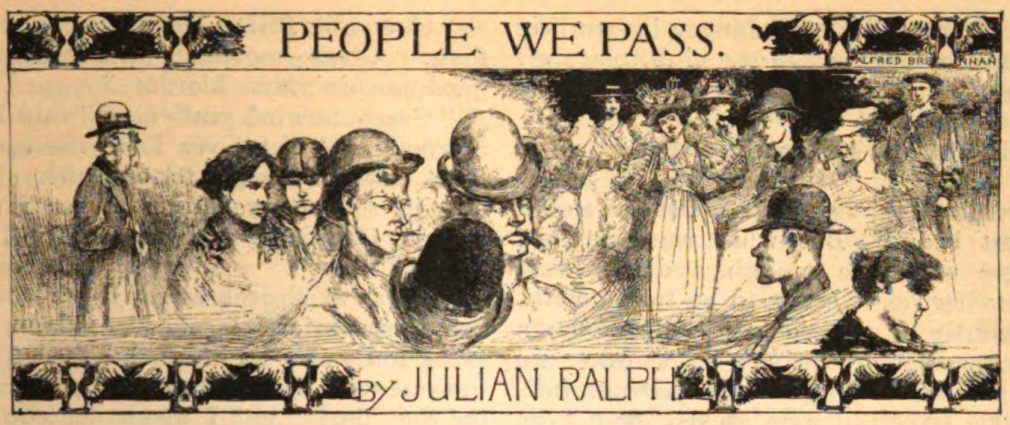
PEOPLE WE PASS.



By JULIAN RALPH.

A DAY OF THE PINOCHLE CLUB.

THE Pinochle Club over Rag Murphy's café, near the Big Barracks tenement, is one of scores of New York city clubs that are so little like our great social clubs as to be but one notch above the thousands of unorganized bands of men who daily meet in our saloons—the clubs of the people. The touch of politics is needed to convert a saloon coterie into a district club, and that touch the Pinochle Club enjoys. The club-room was an unattractive, bare-walled apartment, containing a few walnut card-tables and chairs. Pinochle—a German card game—was little played there. Poker was the main source of fun and of the club's income. A hole in one wall, fitted with a sliding-door to a dumb-waiter, admitted the drinks and cigars from Rag Murphy's gorgeous "café"—which is New-Yorkese for dram-shop. Murphy was political "captain" of that election district.

In all such places the young men spend most of their time when not at work and when out of work. The tenements are too crowded for use except for the necessities of eating and sleeping. The saloons are preferred to any substitutes which religion or philanthropy has yet devised, because in them the men are treated respectfully as independent beings who pay their way, and because no rules or Bible texts on the walls reflect upon their civilization or morality. There they get credit between Saturday and Saturday, or even loans of money. There they gamble, drink as the best of our ancestors used to, skylark, sing, dance, and gossip. The luckiest are those who make a pretence of club organization and ally themselves with the political rulers, who owe them everything, and pay them generously, asking only for a "solid vote" from all once a year. What the Church does for them for the next world their political party does in this. To many the "party" seems the more substantial friend, for it provides work and wages, coal and food, and loans of money, and it procures a tangible forgiveness of sins by literally pulling its votaries out of the prisons and the hands of the police.

The treasurer of the Pinochle Club, Yank Hurst, was ruining himself with drink, and aggravating his troubles with jealousy. He had for his sweetheart Cordelia Angeline Mahoney, the prettiest girl in the ward, but she was tired of him. As Cordelia approached the corner nearest her home in the Big Barracks tenement, coquettish, stylish, with a swish and a swing to her skirts, Yank stepped forward with the hesitating, nervous, spasmodic movement of a heavy drinker.

"You left me wait here half an hour," said he.

"I'm only out on an arrand *now*," said Cordelia, meaning that otherwise he would have waited indefinitely. Even then she looked away from him, and stood on one foot and then on the other, impatient to pass on.

"Are you tryin' to t'row me down, Delia?" Yank asked.

"Ah, what's hurting you, *Mr.* Hurst? I never gave you any rights over me."

"It's me er no one, 's I've told you before," said Hurst—"me er no one, mind you."

"Ah, what would any girl do with a man that's always full, like you?" And she swept by contemptuously, and an instant later rolled her brown eyes at a self-satisfied letter-carrier, who, without know-

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ing it, put his life in danger by smiling at her in full view of the club treasurer. Luckily Yank was too disturbed to notice the flirtation.

He had got his dismissal, but he could not realize it. He was going to follow Cordelia and insist upon his status as her "best beau." But what was the use? There was time enough, and he would show her he was not to be trifled with. Presently he walked to the club-room, a block away, muttering: "It's me er no one, an' she'll find it out. Always full, am I? Well, if I get sacked for it" (he was a stereotyper for the *Daily Camera*), "Senator Eisenstone 'll have to get me a city job. Damn him," said he, thinking with what I may call the joint mind of the whole club, "I wonder is he dead, that he leaves his *dee*strict like he does?"

That was on a Saturday evening. At ten o'clock on Sunday morning the Pinochle members began to gather in front of Murphy's to see the girls go to and from late mass. Those who came along one by one and joined the group were good-looking German Americans and Irish Americans, with sturdy necks and deep chests and reasonably frank faces. They knew little of American history and less of true public morality, but they were good according to their lights; moderately temperate, still more law-abiding, and aiming to do six days' work a week as mechanics, store porters, barbers, truckmen, clerks, and laborers. It would astonish most Europeans to see that they dressed well, in clothes of the prevailing cut and materials. Every one was known by his given name or nickname. "H'are yer, Limpy?" "Hullo, Bill!" "Morning, Tommy;" "Ve gates, Dutch?"—thus the new-comers were saluted. And each replied, politely, "Good-morning, gents."

"Is dat mug been around? Dat mug dat chucked us der slack las' Sunday?" So one inquired as he joined the group.

He broached a subject keenly interesting to all of them, and would have gained the attention of every man in the party were it not that the women were beginning to pass on their way to church.

"You mean the hayseed on the *po*lice? Ah, there, Julia! Oh, my! Get on to Julia's new dress!"

"Dat's dandy, Julia. Say, Julia, will you wear dat to de chowder wid me when—"

"Cheese it, Bill! Here's her old woman. Good-mornin', Mrs. Moriarty; good-mornin', Mrs. Riordan."

"Good-marnin', gintlemen," said Mrs. Moriarty. "Can't yez l'ave the corner long enough to go to church? Ye'd oughter set betther manners to yer fri'nds, Johnny Callahan; and you too, Tim Donahue."

"I was at church already—two hours ago, Mrs. Moriarty," said Callahan.

"I don' know as he's a hayseed," said the one who first spoke of the policeman on that beat, "but I mean der cop dat give us der chase inside when we was standin' here las' Sunday."

"Cert'nly he's a hayseed," said Callahan. "Couldn't you tell it by the look of him? The *po*lice had to get votes for something er other, and they gave out places on the force to the farmers in the Legislature, and this feller that gave us the chase was got on by a farmer that's a Senator from the northern end of the State. He hain't been 'round yet."

"What 'll we do?" Dutch Kollock inquired. "Will we down him? Dey can't do narting to us. I'm willin' to tear de clo'se off his back if youse fellers 'll jump in an' t'ump him. We got pull enough fer dat, hain't we?"

"Now that don't go—see?" said Callahan. "When Rag Murphy can't keep that feller off of us, what's the good of talking about our pull?"

A pull, the reader understands, is political influence, such as redresses a man's own grievances and permits him to wrong others with impunity. The possession of "the pull" has created a political aristocracy in New York.

"I don't want no scrapping anyhow," said Tim Donahue. "This ain't no tough mob. We're the cream of the ward. Slugging people don't go—see?"

"Naw," said two or three, heartily. "We're dead decent, we are."

"If that hayseed gives us trouble," said Callahan, "I'll take it—like medicine. But what pull—ah! morning, Miss Vleimer; mornin', Rosey Mulvey—ah, there, my size!—what pull have we got? You can't see it without a telerscope. The Senator went to Germany an' left us in the cold for two months. Two of our fellers got chucked out of the appraiser's stores, and Jennings got fired from the post-office. Now the Senator's stuck on a rich lady in Harlem, and he's always

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there, like Harlem Bridge. And here we are, chased around like bums in the Park."

"I suppose if der Senator catches on to a *lady*, his old friends won't be good enough fer him. What does he want to get married out of der *dee*strict fer, anyhow?"

"Fer der shoog, I guess," said one, who abbreviated the word "sugar," which stands for money in their lexicon.

"It's for money; ain't it funny?" sang a light-hearted juvenile in the background.

"Well," said Callahan, "I tell you, fellers, Rag Murphy don't like the way things is goin'—the hull district is gittin' dead sore."

"Oh, rats!" said Tim Donahue. "Hello! Look, gents, here comes Cordelia Mahoney. Ain't she a loo-loo? She's—oh, my! Wait till I win a smile off her pretty face, an' I'll get good luck for a week. Say, fellers, thump me if Chop Miller ain't with her! If Yank Hurst gets on to that, he'll be hot in the collar."

"Yank's dead crazy after Miss Mahoney."

"Yes, and she don't care a nickel for him. Say, there'll be music if Yank gets on to Chop Miller being with her. Good-mornin', Miss Mahoney; hello, Chop, old man!"

"Well, as I was a-sayin'," Donahue continued, "the Senator is all right. He's back home, an' he'll fix things to the Queen's taste. I know the Senator, an' he knows us. He knows he was nothin' but Motser* Mose when we took him up and gave him his start, in the Assembly. Didn't the club turn down Mat Kelly when he was Assemblyman? We was Republicans then. Kelly got the big head, and neglected the boys, and wouldn't go to our ball, but sent a hundred dollars instead. Well, Murphy took up Mose Eisenstone against Kelly, and we mopped the *dee*strict with him, all turning Democrats to elect him. We don't forget that, and he can't afford to—see?"

Nevertheless, the talk that followed showed that the obtuse activity of their new persecutor on the police force disturbed them, and that their political patronage had been weakened by ill luck due to their leader's absence. It behooved the Senator to return and let the district feel his directing and friendly hand. One knot of gossips showed a keener interest in the appearance of Cordelia Mahoney with Chop Miller, the rival of Yank Hurst. Though Hurst was treasurer, he was not generally liked. He was too much inclined toward "toughness"—that lawless pugnacity which distinguishes a great mass of New York street youth apart from all other bodies of the poor in the other capitals of the world. But Hurst was one of the Senator's favorites, and had what the Senator wanted him to have in return for close personal service to the great man.

The girls and women soon came back from church, thick and fast. They made a pretty flutter in the street. Unlike the tenement men, they do not call for praise coupled with apologies or weakened by reservations. Like all women, they have their higher atmosphere of morality and polish, to which their sterner companions neither penetrate nor aspire. As usual, they showed their peculiar fondness for red, green, and pink dresses, and for fresh hats and bonnets bravely decked with false flowers and green leaves. Alas! only the little girls were prettily shod. Their mothers and elder sisters exposed foxy and spreading shoes. But who looked so far from their faces, so certain to reveal the types of all styles of the beauty of our theatrical and social queens?—some of these types being prettier, by-the-way, in the rough than in the more delicate forms.

The clubmen looked at, but without seeing it, their own peculiar neighborhood, with its towering walls of tenements fretted with fire-escapes and peppered with windows. It was not true that within their vision every tenement supported a beer-saloon, but it was nearly so. Could the reader see how much beer is drank in this typical district—how the men, women, and children wag forever between the saloons and the homes, with those cans and pitchers they call "growlers," he would wonder how so much luxury—even if it is all of one kind—could be afforded by people so poor. But they are not so poor as most of us think. Many are not poor at all; many are poor only as they make themselves so. As a rule, each family includes several wage-earners, worth to the common treasury five dollars a week apiece. The rent of each flat is little;

* From the Hebrew *matzoth*, meaning "unleavened bread," but here used as a nickname for a Hebrew.

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the cost of food is less than most of us would believe possible, for these people only eat to live. There is left plenty of money for dress, cheap life-insurance, father-land societies, for charity to organ-grinders and beggars, for the church, funerals, festivals—and beer. The beer-saloons are in the side streets, under the tenements, handy for the "growlers," and supported by the women. The full-fledged liquor-stores—beside which the famed gin-palaces of London are cheap and solemn—are on the side-street corners, maintained by the tenement men and the cross-town trade. There are no drug-shops, or furniture, carpet, or hardware stores, in such a district. They are in Grand Street and in the Bowery, serving a whole quarter of the city. The groceries are few and small and wretched; the butcher shops look like bait for flies. The smallness and idleness of even the tobacco-shops are eloquent of a protest against the bias toward beer. One shop alone in the Big Barracks neighborhood vies with the gorgeous dram-shops and outshines the beer-saloons. That is the marble-lined shop of a *delicatessen*-dealer, whose second wife works amicably beside the first wife, No. 1 having come over from Germany when the merchant became rich, but only to find that a second marriage made him so—a marriage with a wealthy widow of immeasurable amiability, the motto of whose placid life is, "All is goot so long I don't have drouble."

Something else than all this interested the Pinochlers. It was the approach of the new policeman, who, a week before, had ordered them not to loiter on that corner. A stalwart, fearless fellow, he had been handsome as well, but his good looks were now lost sight of under bits of court-plaster and several ugly bruises, mementos of a recent "razzle-dazzle." This form of initiation and test of new policemen in lawless neighborhoods had been observed in his case in another end of the ward. There he had been led to chase a rowdy into a tenement-house fixed for the occasion, with ropes across the pitch-dark stairways, coal-scuttles in the still darker halls, and a rain and fusillade of missiles and blows wherever he went, from basement door to skylight. Still, he carried his pluck undiluted.

"Come, now, young fellows," he said to the Pinochlers; "I told you not to loaf here, and I meant it. Move on, now, and don't come back."

"A-a-a-h," said one Pinochler, with the tiger snarl of the street boy, "we ain't doin' nartin'!"

"But I am," said the officer; "I'm doing my duty, and you'll have to move on."

"All right," said Donahue, "we'll sash-shay; but we belong here, an' you'll get the worst of it for chasin' us—see?"

"That 'll do, now," said the bluecoat, firmly. "Move on, and don't let me catch you here again."

"Come along, gents; come on, Dutch," said Callahan, particularly addressing Kollock, who did not budge.

"Naw—I wun't," said Kollock, rooting himself on his legs, and assuming the bull-like stare of an ugly New York loafer at bay.

The policeman touched Kollock lightly on the arm, and instantly Kollock struck him a frightful blow in the face. The officer stepped back to find and use his club, but Kollock sprang forward and dealt him another blow—that might stagger an ox. They clinched, and began a rough-and-tumble battle in a heap on the pavement, now with one on top, and now with that one under. The usual crowd, piled from the pavement to the windows and thus up to the roofs, with screaming women, with the inevitable appearance of the offender's mother—these were the accompaniments of the fight. It ended with Kollock's journey to the station-house. The Pinochlers were dumfounded. Up to that man's coming the police had deferred to them. Life and luck seemed savorless. And Senator Eisenstone was love-making miles away!

In the club-room, in the afternoon, the first-comers surprised Tommy Dugan flinging his legs about, with the place all to himself, practising a new jig step he had seen at the London Theatre. Dugan had not the first ambition of a tenement boy, which is to be a politician; but he nursed the fifth, which is to be a song-and-dance "artist." He stopped jigging when one of the new-comers whistled a bar of the "Shatchen's Song," the newest ballad by Eugene Kelly, the song-writer, who lived near by. It was being sung, with five encores, at the Vaudeville Music Hall. The instant the first notes struck the ears of the young men they were all attention. With them one must know

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the favorite song of the moment, else he might as well be a deaf-mute, or in jail.

"Say, fellers," said one, "youse dat knows de 'Shatchen's Song' all stand togedder an' cough it out, an' de rest kin sneak in on de chorus. Den we kin learn it—see?"

It was a spirited, melodious tune that welled from the throats of the clubmen. The awkward verse described the vocation of a shatchen, or marriage-broker, among the Polish and Russian Jews of the East Side.

"Say, dat's great!" cried one of the vocalists. "Tommy Dugan, come in wid de tarara—see?"

Coming in with the tarara consists in introducing that sound at the major pauses in a song, as one sometimes hears the bass in a brass band. Thus the song was repeated:

I'm Levi, the shatchen, von Hester Street;
Tarara.
I'll get you all partners that can't be beat.
I tell the girls, if a man one fancies
Tarara.
Offers marriage, just take no chances.
I say to the men, "If you ask but a kiss,
Tarara.
Don't let her whisper—that isn't biz."
Get it in writing, I say to you,
Men and girls and widows old;
Get it in writing, then you can sue.
Naught heals a heart like good yellow gold.

"Hully Moses, but dat's great!" shouted the youth who might be called the leader of the concert. "Say, now, youse fellers dat ain't singin' nor nartin', come in wid de street cries bertween de lines—de way youse done at de chowder, an' at de ball las' winter. Dat 'll be corkin' wid dis song."

Very clever mimics are the theatre-bred boys and young men of the tenements, and a keen sense of humor strengthens their performances. They can parrot every familiar street call, and on this occasion the one who called out "*War Cry*, ten cents," imitated the rich girlish voice of a young Salvation Army lass so cleverly that his associates interrupted their singing to laugh aloud. The effect of the song rendered with that strange accompaniment was like hearing a band of street singers through the noises of Grand Street on Saturday night.

Get it in writing, I say to you,
Strawberreez! Strawbaze!!
Lozengers, cent a pack!
Men and girls and widows old;
Annie rags! ould ire-run!
Ould botiles! War Cry, *ten cents!*
Orngeez! Chairs ter mend!
Get it in writing, then you can sue.
Sellee-yar, fine clams! sellee-
Yar, porgies! oh, p-o-r-gies!—
Twenny-eight Street next—
Fine clams, sellee-yar!
Naught heals a heart like good yellow gold.

"Oh, but dat's dandy!" said the leader. "We'll paralyze de gang wid dat, when dey's all here to-night."

The song and the joyous spirit of the occasion were abruptly broken off by the arrival of Yank Hurst, who darted in, slammed the door, and stood before the others, white, haggard, trembling—like a coward who has seen a ghost.

"I've cut a man," said he. "For God's sake, hide me! Give me whiskey, quick! They're after me."

He had been drinking down to the verge of delirium. He was pitiful to see and hear.

"Who'd you cut?"

"Chop Miller. Quick, they're after me. He come between me and me girl. Give me whiskey, will yer?—and put me somewhere."

As he spoke, Dutch Jake, the iceman, swung into the room and flung himself upon the wretched outlaw. Jake had a new grudge against Hurst in addition to his resentment of Hurst's treatment of his little playmate, gentle Elsa Muller, of which the facts make another story. He hit Hurst a blow which sent him across the room and against the wall like a baseball hot from a bat. An outcry of surprise and protest arose.

"Keep away, gents," said Jake. He spoke with the German pronunciation that is almost as common as the Irish. "He cut Chop Miller in ter back, like a coward, an' he sait he't serve me ter same. Now let him put up his hants." Again he struck the wretch, who did raise his hands, but only to ward off the blow that beat him back against the wall.

"He'll be in ter electric chair in Sing Sing pefore I'll get a chance at him again," said Jake, and again he hit the club treasurer, who fell like a log on the floor.

"Cheese it! Der cop's comin'," said a boy, who darted in. "He's close to der door."

Airing on a line out of the back window was a large heavy rug. Two men dragged it in and, pulling the insensible

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treasurer against a wall, threw it over him. It made a great heap that more than covered the criminal. Two or three men tore off their coats and threw them on the rug. Just as the irrepressible new policeman entered the room, Tommy Dugan lounged over to the rug heap, sat on it, and nonchalantly spat from it to the opposite surbase. The officer looked the crowd of young men over, and saw Hurst's blood on Dutch Jake's hands. He asked how it came there.

"Been scrapping," said Jake.

"Who with?"

"Wit' a frient."

"Are you Yank Hurst? Boys, is his name Hurst?"

"Naw," in a chorus.

"Do you know where he is?"

"Hain't seen him to-day."

The officer knew Dugan. He bade him name every man in the room. Dugan named all but the one under the rug. Suspecting no trickery, the officer went away.

The next notable incident was the arrival of Senator Eisenstone, happening in most opportunely. He found a gloomy assemblage, with Hurst lying like a sack across a table. The Senator would have looked well anywhere, but just there he appeared heaven-sent, radiant—like an angel.

"Fetch some wine," said he to the waiter. He was as cool as if he had been to Coney Island and brought it back with him. In the lapel of his neat new black coat he wore a carnation. His light checked trousers were newly creased, his russet shoes shone with the bloom of new leather, his silk hat caught the light so as to form a halo above his head.

"Well, boys," said he, "here goes. I hear that a new cop has been making trouble. He will be chasing goats in Mott Haven directly. I'll have him transferred. Who do you want in his place? Farrelly, eh? I'll see that he gets this post. One of our fellows locked up? Kollock? You don't say? I'll step up to the station-house and get him out. Here [to the waiter]—here's a dollar for the drinks when Kollock gets back from the cooler. And say, Barney, will you go to Hurst's old woman and give her this five dollars, and tell her not to worry about Yank? Thank you, Barney. Tell Yank's old woman I'm looking out for him."

"What 'll we do about Yank, Senator?" Callahan asked, as he drained his champagne glass.

"Keep him shady," said the district leader. "What's the matter with keeping him here a day or two, till we see is the man he cut badly hurt or not? I hear 'tisn't serious. Some of you must pull that fellow off, and let him drop the thing and not prosecute. Stake him with a little money if you have to. If he's ugly, what good 'll it do him? There were no witnesses, were there?"

"Damned a one," said Barney Kelly.

"Then Yank 'll be able to make out a case of self-defence, with all the witnesses he wants."

"'Twasn't self-defence," said Dutch Jake. "It was a mean, cowardly—"

"I understand," said the Senator; "Yank's been hitting the bottle till he was crazy—but I'll stand by him this time, anyhow. That's me, lads, and you know it."

With applause and admiration shining upon him from every face, the Senator slipped out of the club, and stopped a moment in the café to tell Rag Murphy that if he knew of any needy men in the club he could place one in the navy-yard, one on the Brooklyn Bridge, and a couple on the elevated railway—perquisites of Murphy's captaincy that would increase his political strength. Thus did the suave and genial Senator dissipate the gloom at the Pinochle Club. Thus he distracted the attention of the members from their misfortunes, and, indeed, made those sorrows seem trivial.

"I don't care," said Dutch Jake; "ter Senator's all right, but Hurst has left a stain on ter club."

"Naw, he ain't," said Tim Donahue. "Dere ain't no stain on us if the name of the club don't get into the noozepapers."

"That's so, Tim," said the others.

Ten minutes later Kollock came back from the lock-up. One eye was closed, and his clothing was sadly torn, but his thirst was normal. His return seemed a guarantee that the new policeman would disappear on the morrow, and that, somehow or other, the Senator would bring Yank Hurst out of his trouble unpunished. The Pinochle Club was itself again.

And even Cordelia Angeline Mahoney was in quite as high spirits on her way to a summer night's ball at Jones's Wood with a new admirer.

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THE STREETS OF PARIS.

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

THE street that I knew best in Paris was an unimportant street, and one into which important people seldom came, and then only to pass on through it to the Rue de Rivoli, which ran parallel with it, or to the Rue Castiglione, which cut it evenly in two. It was to them only the shortest distance between two points, for the sidewalks of this street were not sprinkled with damp sawdust and set out with marble-topped tables under red awnings, nor were there the mirrors and windows of jewellers and milliners along its course to make one turn and look. It was interesting only to those people who lived upon it, and to us perhaps only for that reason. If you judged it by the circumstance that we all spent our time in hanging out of the windows, and that the concierge of each house stood continually at the front door, you would suppose it to be a most interesting thoroughfare, in which things were always happening. What did happen was not interesting to the outsider, and you had to live in it some time before you could appreciate the true value of the street. With one exception. This was the great distinction of our street, and one of which we were very proud. A poet had lived in his way, and loved in his way, in one of the houses, and had died there. You could read the simple, unromantic record of this in big black letters on a square tablet placed evenly between the two windows of the entresol. It gave a distinguished air to that house, and rendered it different from all of the others, as a Legion of Honor on the breast of a French soldier makes him conspicuous amongst his fellows.

We were all pleased when people stopped and read this inscription to Alfred de Musset. We took it as a tribute to the importance of our street, and we felt a proprietary interest in that tablet and in that house, as though this neighborly association with genius was something to our individual credit.

We had other distinguished people in our street, but they were very much alive, and their tablets were colored ones drawn by Cheret, and pasted up all over Paris in endless repetition. Their celebrity may not live as long as has the poet's, but while they are living they seem to enjoy life as fully as he did, and to get out of the present all that the present has to give.

The one in which we all took the most interest lived just across the street from me, and by looking up a little you could see her looking out of her window, with her thick, heavy black hair bound in bandeaux across her forehead, and a great diamond horseshoe pinned at her throat, and with just a touch of white powder showing on her nose and cheeks. She looked as though she should have lived by rights in the Faubourg St.-Germain, and she used to smile down rather kindly upon the street with a haughty, tolerant look, as if it amused her by its simplicity and idleness, and by the quietness, which only the cries of the children or of the hucksters, or the cracking at times of a coachman's whip, ever broke. She looked very well then, but it was in the morning that the street saw her at her best. For it was then that she went out to drive in the Bois in her Whitechapel cart, and as she never woke up in time, apparently, we had the satisfaction of watching the pony and the tiger and cart for an hour or two until she came. It was a brown basket-cart, and the tiger used to walk around it many times to see that it had not changed in any particular since he had examined it three minutes before, and the air with which he did this gave us an excellent idea of the responsibility of his position. So that people passing stopped and looked too—bakers' boys in white linen caps and with baskets on their arms, and commissionnaires in cocked hats and portfolios chained to their persons, and gentlemen freshly made up for the morning, with waxed mustaches and flat-brimmed high hats, and little girls with plaits, and little boys with bare legs; and all of us in-doors, as soon as we heard the pony stamp his sharp hoofs on the asphalt, would drop books or razors or brooms or mops and wait patiently at the window until she came.

When she came she wore a black habit with fresh white gloves, holding her skirt and crop in one hand. The crowd would separate on either side of her. She did not see the crowd. She was used to crowds, and she would pat the pony's head or rub his ears with the fresh kid

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gloves, and tighten the buckle or shift a strap with an air quite as knowing as the tiger's, but not quite so serious. Then she would wrap the lap-robe about her, and her maid would take her place at her side with the spaniel in her arms, and she would give the pony the full length of the lash, and he would go off like a hound out of the leash. They always reached the corner before the tiger was able to overtake them, and I believe it was the hope of seeing him some morning left behind forever which led to the general interest in their departure. And when they had gone, the crowd would look at the empty place in the street, and at each other, and up at us in the windows, and then separate, and the street would grow quiet again. One could see her again later, if one wished, in the evening, riding a great horse around the ring, in another habit, but with the same haughty smile; and as the horse reared on his hind legs, and kicked and plunged as though he would fall back on her, she would smile at him as she did on the children in our street, with the same unconcerned, amused look that she would have given to a kitten playing with its tail.

The houses on our street had tall yellow fronts with gray slate roofs, and roof-gardens of flowers and palms in pots. Some of the houses had iron balconies, from which the women leaned and talked across the street to one another in purring nasal voices, with a great rolling of the r's and an occasional disdainful movement of the shoulders. When any other than a French woman shrugs her shoulders she moves the whole upper part of her body, from the hips up; but the French woman's shoulders and arms are all that change when she makes that ineffable gesture that we have settled upon as the characteristic one of her nation.

In a street of like respectability to ours in London or New York those who lived on it would know as little of their next-door neighbor as of a citizen at another end of the town. The house fronts would tell nothing to the outside world; they would frown upon each other like family tombs in a cemetery; but in this street of Paris the people lived in it, or on the balconies, or at the windows. We knew what they were going to have for dinner, because we could see them carrying the uncooked portions of it from the restaurant at the corner, with a long loaf of bread under one arm and a single egg in the other hand; and when some one gave a fête we knew of it by the rows of bottles on the ledge of the window and the jellies set out to cool on the balcony. We were all interested in the efforts of the stout gentleman in the short blue smoking jacket who taught his parrot to call to the coachman of each passing fiacre; he did this every night after dinner, with his cigarette in his mouth, and with great patience and good nature. We took a common pride also in the flower-garden of the young people on the seventh floor, and in their arrangement of strings upon which the vines were to grow, and in the lines of roses, which dropped their petals, whenever the wind blew, upon the head of the concierge, so that she would look up and shake her head at them, and then go inside and get a broom and sweep the leaves carefully away. When any one in our street went off in his best clothes in a fiacre we looked after him with envy, and yet with a certain pride that we lived with such fortunate people, who were evidently much sought after in the fashionable world; and when a musician or a blind man broke the silence of our street with his music or his calls, we vied with one another in throwing him coppers—not on his account at all, but because we wished to stand well in the opinion of our neighbors. It was like camping out on two sides of a valley where every one could look over into the other's tent.

There was a young couple near the corner, who, I think, had but lately married, and every evening she used to watch for him in a fresh gown for a half-hour or so before he came. During the day she wore a very plain gown, and her eyes wandered everywhere; but during that half-hour before he came she never changed her position nor relaxed her vigil. And it made us all quite uncomfortable, and we could not give our attention to anything else until he had turned the corner and waved his hand, and she had answered him with a start and a little shrug of content. After dinner they appeared together, and he would put his arm around her waist, with that refreshing disregard for the world that French lovers have, and they would smile down upon us in a very happy and superior manner, or up at the

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sun as it sank a brilliant red at the end of our street, with the hundreds of chimney-pots looking like black musical notes against it. There was also a very interesting old lady in the house that blocked the end of our street, a very fat and masculine old lady in a loose white wrapper, who spent all of her time rearranging her plants and flowers, and kept up an amiable rivalry with the people in the balconies above and below her in the abundance and verdure of her garden. It was a very pleasant competition for the rest of us, as it hung that end of the street with a curtain of living green.

For a little time there was a young girl who used to sit upon her balcony whenever the sun was brightest and the air not too chill; but she took no interest in the street, for she knew nothing of it except its noises. She lay always in an invalid's chair, looking up at the sky and the roof-line above, and with her profile lined against the gray wall. During the day a nurse in a white cap sat with her; but after dinner a stout jaunty man of middle age came back from his club or his bureau, and took the place beside her until it grew dark, when he and the nurse would lift her in-doors again, and he would take his hat and go off to the boulevards, I suppose, to cheer himself a bit. It did not last long, for one day I came home to find them taking down a black and silver curtain from the front of the house, and the concierge said that the girl had been buried, and that her father was now quite alone. For the first week after that he did not go to the boulevards, but used to sit out on the balcony until late into the night, with the darkness thick about him, so that we would not have known he was there save for the light of his cigar.

"SHE LOOKED DOWN UPON OUR STREET."

The step from our street to the boulevards is a much longer one in the imagination than in actual distance. Our street, after all, was only typical of thousands of other Parisian streets, and when you have explained it you have described miles after miles of other streets like it. But there is nothing just like the boulevards. If you should wish to sit at the exact centre of the world and to watch it revolve around you, you have only to take your place at that corner table of the Café de la Paix which juts the furthest out into the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Boulevard des Italiens. This table is the apex of all the other tables. It turns the tides of pedestrians on the broad sidewalks of both the great thoroughfares, and it is geographically situ-

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"THE CONCIERGE OF EACH HOUSE STOOD CONSTANTLY AT THE FRONT DOOR."

ated exactly under the "de la" of the "Café de la Paix," painted in red letters on the awning over your head. From this admirable position you can sweep the square in front of the Opéra-house, the boulevard itself, and the three great streets running into it from the river. People move obligingly around and up and down and across these, and if you sit there long enough you will see every one worth seeing in the known world.

There is a large class of Parisians whose knowledge of that city is limited to the boulevards. They neither know nor care to know of any other part; we read about them a great deal, of them and their witticisms, and café politics; and what "the boulevards" think of this or that is as seriously quoted as what "a gentleman very near the President," or "a diplomat whose name I am requested not to give, but who is in a position to know whereof he speaks," cares to say of public matters at home. For my part I should think an existence limited to two sidewalks would be somewhat sad, especially if it were continued into the middle age, which all boulevardiers seem to have already attained. It does not strike one as a difficult school to enter, or as one for which there is any long apprenticeship. You have only to sit for an hour every evening under the "de la," and you will find that you know by sight half the faces of the men who pass you, who come up suddenly out of the night and disappear again like slides in a stereopticon, or whom you find next you when you take your place, and whom you leave behind, still sipping from the half-empty glasses ordered three hours before you came.

The man who goes to Paris for a summer must be a very misanthropic and churlish individual if he tires of the boulevards in that short period. There is no place so amusing for the stranger between the hours of six and seven and eleven and one as these same boulevards; but to the Parisian what a bore it must become! That is, what a bore it would become to any one save a Parisian! To have the same fat man with the sombrero and the waxed mustache snap patent match-boxes in your face day after day and night after

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night, and to have "Carnot at Longchamps" taking off his hat and putting it on again, held out for your inspection for weeks, and to see the same insipid silly faces of boys with broad velvet collars and stocks, which they believe are worn by Englishmen, and the same pompous gentlemen who cut their white goatees as do military men of the Second Empire, and who hope that the ruddiness of their cheeks, which is due to the wines of Burgundy, will be attributed to the suns of Tunis and Algiers. And the same women, the one with the mustache and the younger one with the black curl, and the hundreds of others, silent and pantherlike, and growing obviously more ugly as the night grows later and the streets more deserted. If any one aspires to be known among such as these, his aspirations are easily gratified. He can have his heart's desire; he need only walk the boulevards for a week, and he will be recognized as a boulevardier. It is a cheap notoriety, purchased at the expense of the easy exercise of walking, and the cost of some few glasses of "bock," with a few cents to the waiter. There is much excuse for the visitor; he is really to be envied; it is all new and strange and absurd to him; but what an old, old story it must be to the boulevardier!

The visitor, perhaps, has never sat out-of-doors before and taken his ease on the sidewalk. Yet it seems a perfectly natural thing to do, until he imagines himself doing the same thing at home. There was a party of men and women from New York sitting in front of the Café de la Paix one night after the opera, and enjoying themselves very much, until one of them suggested their doing the same thing the next month at home. "We will all take chairs," he said, "and sit at the corner of Twenty-sixth Street and Broadway at twelve o'clock at night and drink bock-bier," and the idea was so impossible that the party promptly broke up and went back to their hotels.

Of course the visitor in Paris misses a great deal that the true boulevardier enjoys through not knowing or understanding all that he sees. But, on the other hand, he has an advantage in being able to imagine that he is surrounded by all the famous journalists and poets and noted duellists; and every clerk with a portfolio becomes a Deputy, and every powdered and auburn-haired woman who passes in an open fiacre is a celebrated actress of the Comédie Française. He can distribute titles as freely as the Papal court, and transform long-haired students into members of the Institute, and promote the boys of the Polytechnic School, in their holiday cocked hats and play-swords, into lieutenants

"WITH A LONG LOAF OF BREAD."

and captains of the regular army. He believes that the ill-looking individual in rags who shows such apparent fear of the policeman on the corner really has forbidden prints and books to sell, and that the guides who hover about like vultures looking for a fresh victim have

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"AND THE YOUNG ONE WITH THE BLACK CURL."

it in their power to show him things to which they only hold the key—things which any Frenchman could tell him he could see at his own home if he has the taste for such sights.

The best of the boulevards is that the people sitting on their sidewalks, and the heavy green trees, and the bare heads of so many of the women, make one feel how much out-of-doors he is, as no other street or city does, and what a folly it is to waste time within walls. I do not think we appreciate how much we owe to the women in Paris who go without bonnets. They give the city so homelike and friendly an air, as though every woman knew every other woman so well that she did not mind running across the street to gossip with her neighbor without the formality of a head-covering. And it really seems strange that the prettiest bonnets should come from the city where the women of the poorer classes have shown how very pretty a woman of any class can look without any bonnet at all.

The enduring nature of the boulevards impresses one who sees them at different hours as much as does their life and gayety at every hour. You sometimes think surely to-morrow they will rest, and the cafés will be closed, and the long passing stream of cabs and omnibuses will stop, and the asphalt street will be permitted to rest from its burden. You may think this at night, but when you turn up again at nine the next morning you will find it all just as you left it at one the same morning. The same waiters, the same rush of carriages, the same ponderous omnibuses with fine straining white horses, the flowers in the booths, and the newspapers neatly piled round the colored kiosks.

The Champs Élysées is hardly a street, but as a thoroughfare it is the most remarkable in the world. It is a much better show than are the boulevards. The place for which you pay to enter is generally more interesting than the place to which admittance is free. Any one can walk along the boulevards, but to ride in the Champs Élysées you must pay something, even if you take your fiacre by the hour. Some Parisians regret that the Avenue Champs Élysées should be so cheapened that it is not reserved for carriages hired by the month, and not by the course, and that omnibuses and hired cabs are not kept out of it, as they are kept out of Hyde Park. But should this rule obtain the Avenue of the Champs Élysées would lose the most amusing of its features. It would shut out the young married couples and their families and friends in their gala clothes, which look strangely unfamiliar in the sunlight, and make you think that the wearers have been up all night; and the hundreds of girls in pairs from the Jardin de Paris, who have halved the expense of a fiacre, but who cannot yet afford a brougham; and the English tourists dressed in

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INSIDE COLUMBIA'S.

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flannel shirts and hunting-caps and knickerbockers, exactly as though they were penetrating the mountains of Afghanistan or the deserts of Syria, and as unashamed of their provincialism as the young marquis who passes on his dog-cart is unashamed of having placed the girl with him on his right hand instead of his left, though by so doing he tells every one who passes who and what she is. It would shut out the omnibuses, with the rows of spectators on their tops, who lean on their knees and look down into the carriages below, and point out the prettiest gowns and costs much money and which lasts an hour. Sometimes it is gained by liveries and trappings and a large red rosette in the button-hole, or by driving the same coach at the same hour at the same rate of speed throughout the season, or by wearing a fez, or by sending two sais ahead of your cart to make a way for it, or by a beautiful face and a thoroughbred pug on a cushion at your side, although this last mode is not so easy, as there are many pretty faces and many softly cushioned victorias and innumerable pug-dogs, and when the prevailing color for the hair

"THE PARTY PROMPTLY BROKE UP."

faces; and it would exclude the market-wagons laden with huge piles of yellow carrots and purple radishes, with a woman driving on the box-seat, and a dog chained beside her. There is no other place in the world, unless it be Piccadilly at five o'clock in the afternoon, where so many breeds of horses trot side by side, where the chains of the baron banker and the cracking whip of a drunken cabman and the horn of some American millionaire's four-in-hand all sound at the same time. To be known is easy in the boulevards, but it is a distinction in the Avenue Champs Élysées—a distinction which happens to be red—as it was last summer—the chance of gaining any individuality becomes exceedingly difficult. When all of these people meet in the afternoon on their way to and from the Bois, there is no better entertainment of the sort in the world, and the avenue grows much too short, and the hours before dinner even shorter. There are women in light billowy toilets, with elbows squared and whip in hand, fearlessly driving great English horses from the top of a mail-phaeton, while a frightened little English groom clutches at the rail and peers over their shoulder to grasp the reins

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"AND YOU BELIEVE THE GUIDES."

if need be, or to jump if he must. And there are narrow-chested corseted and padded young Frenchmen in white kid gloves, who hold one rein in each hand as little girls hold a skipping-rope, and who imagine they are so like Englishmen that no one can distinguish them even by their accent. There are fat Hebrew bankers and their equally fat sons in open victorias, who, lacking the spirit of the Frenchmen, who at least attempt to drive themselves, recline consciously on cushions, like the poodles in the victorias of the ladies with the red hair. There are also visiting princes from India or pashas from Egypt; or diplomats of the last Spanish-American republic, as dark as the negroes of Sixth Avenue, but with magnificent liveries and clanking chains; the nabobs of Haiti, of Algiers and Tunis, and with these the beautiful Spanish-looking woman from South America, the wives of the *rastaquouères;* and mixed with these is the long string of bookmakers and sporting men coming back from the races at Longchamps or Auteuil, red-faced and hot and dusty, with glasses strapped around them, and the badges still flying from their button-holes. There are three rows of carriages down and three rows of carriages up, and if you look from the Arc de Triomphe to the Tuileries you see a broken mass of glittering carriage-tops and lace parasols, and what looks like the flashing of thousands of mirrors as the setting sun strikes on the glass of the lamps and windows and on the lacquered harness and polished mountings. Whether you view this procession from the rows of green iron seats on its either side or as a part of it, you must feel lifted up by its movement and color, and the infinite variety of its changes. A man might live in the Champs Élysées for a week or a month, seeing no more of Paris than he finds under its beautiful trees or on its broad thoroughfare, and be so well content with that much of the city as to prefer it to all other cities.

There was a little fat man in his shirt sleeves one morning in front of the Theatre of the Republic, which, as everybody knows, stands under the trees in the Champs Élysées, on the Rue Matignon, hanging a new curtain, and the fat man, as the proprietor and manager, was naturally anxious. Two small boys with their

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"AND TRANSFORM LONG-HAIRED STUDENTS INTO MEMBERS OF THE INSTITUTE."

bare legs, and leather belts about their smocks, and a nurse with broad blue ribbons down her back, and myself looked our admiration from the outside of the roped enclosure. The orchestra had laid down its fiddle, and was helping the man who takes the twenty centimes to adjust the square yard of canvas. The proprietor placed his fat fingers on the small of his back and threw his head to one side and shut one eye. We waited breathlessly for his opinion. He took two steps backwards from the ten-centime seats, and studied the effect of the curtain from that distance, with his chin thrown up and his arms folded severely. We suggested that it was an improvement on the old curtain, and one that would be sure to catch the passer's eye.

"Possibly," the proprietor said, indulgently, and then wiped his brow and shook his head. He told us we had little idea how great were the trials of an *impresario* of an open-air theatre in the Champs Élysées. What with the rent and the cost of the costumes and the employment of three assistants—one to work the marionnettes, and one to take up the money, and one to play in the orchestra—expenses did run up. Of course there was madam, his wife, who made costumes herself better than those that could be bought at the regular costumers', and that was a saving; and then she also helped in working the figures when there were more than two on the scene at once, but this was hard upon her, as she was stout, and the heat at the top of the tin-roofed theatre up among the dusty flies was trying. And then, I suggested, there was much competition? The proprietor waved a contemptuous dismissal of the claims of the four little theatres about him. It was not their rivalry that he cared for. It is true the seats were filled, but with whom? Ah, yes, with whom? He placed his finger at the side of his nose, and winked and nodded his head mysteriously. With the friends of the proprietor, of course. Poor non-paying acquaintances to make a show, and attract others less knowing to a very inferior performance. Now here with him everybody paid, and received the worth of his money many times. Perhaps I had not seen the performance; in that case I should surely do so. The clown and the donkey-cart were very amusing, and the dancing skeleton, which came to pieces before the audience and frightened the gendarme, was worthy of my approval. So the two small boys and the nurse and the baby and I dodged under the rope and waited for the performance.

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The idle man, who knows that "they also serve who only stand and wait," must find the Champs Élysées the most acceptable of all places for such easy service. There are at one corner the stamp-collectors to entertain him, with their scrap-books and market-baskets full of their precious bits of colored paper, gathered from all over the known world, comparing and examining their treasures, bargaining with easy good-nature and with the zeal of enthusiasts. Three times a week he will find this open market or exchange under the trees, where old men and little boys and pretty young girls meet together and chatter over their common hobby, and swap Columbian stamps for those of some French protectorate, and of many other places of which they know nothing save that it has a post-office of its own. At another corner there are smoothly shaven men and plump, well-fed-looking women waiting to take service on some gentleman's box-seat or in front of some lady's cooking-stove—an intelligence office where there is no middle-man to whom they must pay a fee, and where, while they wait for a possible employer, they hold an impromptu picnic, and pay such gallant compliments that one can see they have lived much in the fashionable world.

Or the idler can drop into a chair in one of the cafés chantants on an off day, when there is no regular performance, but a rehearsal, to which the public is neither invited nor forbidden. It is an entertaining place in which to spend an hour or two, with something to drink in front of you, and a cigar, and the sun shining through the trees upon the mirrors and artificial flowers and the gaudy hangings of the stage. Here you will see Mlle. Nicolle as she is in her moments of leisure. The night before she wore a greasy gingham gown, with her hair plastered over her forehead in oily flat curls, as a laundress or char-woman of Montmartre might wear them. Now she is fashionably dressed in black, with white lace over it, and with a lace parasol, which she swings from her finger in time to the music, while the other artists of the Ambassadors stand further up the stage waiting their turn, or politely watch her from the front. The girl who chalked her face as Pierrot the evening before follows her in a blue boating-dress and a kick at the end of it, which she means to introduce later in the same day; and the others comment audibly on it from their seats, calling her by her first name, and disagreeing with the leader of the orchestra as to the particular note upon which the kick should come, while he turns in his seat with his violin on his knee and argues it out with them, shrugging his shoulders, and making passes in the air with his lighted cigarette as though it were a baton. Two gendarmes, with their capes folded and thrown over their shoulders, come in and stand with the waiters, surveying the rehearsal with critical disapproval, and the woman who collects the pennies for the iron seats in the avenue takes a few moments' recess, and brings with her two nurse-maids, with their neglected charges swinging by the silken straps around their silken bodies. And so they all stand at one side and gaze with large eyes at the breathless laughing young woman on the stage above them, who runs and kicks and runs back and kicks again, reflected many times in the background of mirrors around her; and then the two American song-and-dance men, and the English acrobats, and the Italian who owns the performing dogs, and the smooth-faced French comédiennes, and all the ideal gentlemen with glasses of bock before them, sit up as though some one had touched their shoulders with a whip, and all the actresses smile politely, and look with pressed lips and half-closed eyes at a very tall woman with red hair, who walks erectly down the stage with a roll of music in her gloved hands. This is Yvette Guilbert, the most artistic and the most improper of all the women of the cafés chantants. She is also the most graceful. You can see that even now when she is off her guard. She could not make an ungraceful gesture even after long practice, when she shudders and jumps at a false note from the orchestra.

When the rehearsal is finished you can cross the Place de la Concorde and hang over the stone parapet, and watch the Deputies coming over the bridge, or the men washing the dogs in the Seine, and shaving and trimming their tufts of curly hair, and twisting their mustaches into military jauntiness; or you can turn your back to this and watch the thousands of carriages and cabs and omnibuses crossing the great square before you from the eight streets opening into it, with the wa-

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ter of the fountains in the middle blown into spray by the wind, and turned into the colors of the rainbow by the sun. This great, beautiful open place, even to one accustomed to city streets and their monuments, seems to change more rapidly and to form with greater life than any other spot in the world, and its great stupid obelisk in the centre appears to rise like a monster exclamation point of wonder at what it sees about it, and with the surprise over all of finding itself in the centre of it.

You cannot say you have seen the streets of Paris until you have walked them at sunrise; every one has seen them at night, but he must watch them change from night to day before he can claim to have seen them at their best. I walked under the arches of the Rue de Rivoli one morning when it was so dark that they looked like the cloisters of some great monastery, and it was impossible to believe that the empty length of the Rue Cambon had but an hour before been blocked by the blazing front of the Olympia, and before that with rows of carriages in front of the two Columbins. There were a few belated cabs hugging the sidewalk, with their drivers asleep on the boxes, and a couple of gendarmes slouching together across the Place de la Concorde made the only sound of life in the whole city. The Seine lay as motionless as water in a bath-tub, and the towers of Notre Dame rising out of the mist at one end, and the round bulk of the Trocadéro bounding it at the other, seemed to limit the river to what one could see of its silent surface from the bridge of the Deputies. The Eiffel Tower, the great skeleton of the departed exposition, disappeared and reformed itself again as drifting clouds of mist swept through it and cut its great ugly length into fragments hung in mid-air. As the light grew in strength the façades of the government buildings grew in outline, as though one were focussing them through an opera-glass, and the pillars of the Madeleine took form and substance; then the whole great square showed itself, empty and deserted. The darkness had hidden nothing more terrible than the clean asphalt and the motionless statues of the cities of France.

A solitary fiacre passed me slowly with no one on the box, but with the coachman sitting back in his cab. He was returning to the stables, evidently, and had on his way given a seat to a girl from the street, whom he was now entertaining with genial courtesy. He had one leg thrown over the other, and one arm passed back along the top of the seat, and with the other he waved to the great buildings as they sprang up into life as the day grew. The girl beside him was smiling at his pleasantries, while the rising sun showed how tired and pale she was, and mocked at the paint around her sleepy eyes. The horse stumbled at every sixth step, and then woke again, while the whip rocked and rolled fantastically in its socket like a drunken man. From up the avenue of the Champs Élysées came the first of the heavy market-wagons, with the driver asleep on the bench, and his lantern burning dully in the early light. Back of him lay the deserted stretch of the avenue, strange and unfamiliar in its emptiness—save for the great arch that rose against the dawn, and seemed, from its elevation on the very top of the horizon, to serve as a gateway into the skies beyond. The air in the Champs Élysées was heavy with a perfume of flowers and of green plants, and the leaves dripped damp and cool with the dew. Hundreds of birds sang and chattered as though they knew the solitude was theirs but for only one more brief hour, and that they then must give way to the little children, and later to crowds of idle men and women. It seemed impossible that but a few hours before Duclerc had filled these silent cool woods with her voice—Duclerc, with her shoulder-straps slipping to her elbows, and her white powdered arms tossing in the colored lights of the serpentine dance. The long gaudy lithographs on the bill-boards and the arches of colored lamps stood out of the silence and fresh beauty of the hour like the relics of some feast which should have been cleared away before the dawn, and the theatres themselves looked like temples to a heathen idol in some primeval wood. And as I passed out from under the cool trees to the silent avenues I felt as though I had caught Paris napping, and when she was off her guard, and good and fresh and sweet, and had discovered a hidden trait in her many-sided character, a moment of which she would be ashamed an hour or two later, as cynics are ashamed of their secret acts of charity.

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IN THE PINY WOODS.

BY MRS. B. F. MAYHEW.

A SPARSELY settled bit of country in the piny woods of North Carolina. A house rather larger than its neighbors, though only a "story and a jump" of four rooms, two upper and two lower, and quite a commodious shed on the back containing two rooms and a small entry; and when Jeems Henry Tyler increased his rooms as his family grew, his neighbors "allowed" that "arter er while he'd make er hotel out'n it." Several outhouses stood at convenient distances from the house. A rough board paling enclosed the yard. A clearing of twenty-five or more acres lay around three sides of the house, and well-to-do Industry and Thrift plainly went hand in hand about the place.

A Saturday in early autumn was drawing near its close, and the family had finished supper, though it was not yet dark. Like all country folk of their station in life, they ate in the kitchen, a building separate from the house. There were "Grandmother Tyler," a sweet-faced old woman, with silvery hair smoothed away under a red silk kerchief folded cornerwise and tied under her chin; and her son, "Father Tyler," with his fifty odd years showing themselves in his grizzled hair and beard; and "Mother Tyler," a brisk stout woman, with great strength of character in her strong features, black eyes, and straight black hair. Her neighbors declared that she was the "main stake" in the "Tyler fence."

The children were "Mandy Calline," the eldest, and her mother's special pride, built on the same model with her mother; Joseph Zachariah, a long-legged youth; Ann Elisabeth, a lanky girl; Susan Jane, and Jeems Henry, or "Little Jim," to distinguish him from his father; and last, but by no means least in the household, came the baby. When she was born Mrs. Tyler declared that as all the rest were named for different members of both families, she should give this wee blossom a fancy name, and she had the desire of her heart, and the baby rejoiced in the name of Elthania Myadora, docked off into "Thaney" for short.

They had risen from the table, and Father Tyler had hastened to his mother's side as the old lady moved slowly away, and taking her arm, guided her carefully to the house, for the eyes in the placid old face, looking apparently straight before her, were stone-blind.

"Come, now, gals," said Mother Tyler, briskly, with the baby in her arms, "make er hurry 'n' do up th' dishes. Come, Ann Elisabeth, go ter scrapin' up, 'n', Mandy Calline, pour up th' dish-water."

"Ya'as, yer'd better make er hurry," squeaked "Little Jim," from his perch in the window, "fer Mandy Calline 's spectin' her beau ter-night."

"Ye'd best shet up yer clatter, Jim, lest ye know what yer talkin' erbout," retorted Mandy Calline, with a pout, making a dash at him with the dishcloth.

"Yer right, Jim," drawled Joseph Zachariah, lounging in the doorway. "I heered Zeke White tell 'er he was er-comin' ter-night."

"Mar—" began Mandy Calline, looking at her mother appealingly.

"Shet up, you boys," came in answer. "Zachariah, ha' ye parted th' cows 'n' calves?"

"No, 'm."

"Then be erbout it straight erway. Jim—you Jeems Henry!"

"Ya'as, 'm," from outside the window.

"Go 'n' shet up the hen-'ouse, 'n' see ef th' black hen 'n' chickens ha' gone ter roost in there. She'll keep stayin' out o' nights till th' fox 'll grab 'er. Now, chillen, make 'er hurry 'n' git thoo in here. Come, Thaney gal, we'll go in th' house 'n' find pappy 'n' gra'mammy. Susan Jane, come fetch the baby's ole quilt 'n' spread it down on the floor fer 'er;" and Mother Tyler repaired to the house with the baby in her arms.

"Why, mother, ye in here by yerself? I tho't Jeems Henry was with yer."

"Ya'as, Malviny, he was tell er minit ergo, 'n' he stepped out to th' lot," replied the old lady, in tones so like the expression of her face, mildly calm, that it was a pleasure to hear her speak. "Ha' ye got the baby wi' ye?"

"Ya'as, 'm."

"I wish ye'd put her on my lap. Gra'-mammy 'ain't had 'er none ter-day."

"Ya'as, 'm, in er minit. Run, Susan Jane, 'n' fetch er cloth ter wipe 'er face

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'n' han's; they're that stuck up wi' merlasses, ter say nothin' o' dirt Therey, therey, now! Mammy's gal don't want ter hev 'er face washed? Hu! tu! tu! Thaney mustn't cry so. Where's Jeff? Here, Jeff—here, Jeff! Ole bagger-man. Come down the chimbly 'n' ketch this bad gal. You'd better hush. I tell yer he's ercomin'. Here, Susan Jane, take th' cloth. There, gra'mammy; there's jest es sweet er little gal es ye'd find in er dog's age." And the old lady at once cuddled the little one in her arms, swinging back and forth in her home-made rocker, and crooning an old-time baby song.

"Here, Susan Jane, han' me my knittin' from th' table, 'n' go 'n' tell Jim ter pitch in some pine knots 'n' make er light in here, 'n' be quick erbout it;" and Mother Tyler settled herself in another home-made rocker and began to knit rapidly.

This was the night-work of the female portion of the family, and numerous stockings of various colors and in various stages of progress were stuck about the walls of the room, which boasted neither ceiling nor lath and plaster, making convenient receptacles between the posts and weather-boarding for knitting-work, turkey-tail fans, bunches of herbs for drying, etc.

A pine-knot fire was soon kindled on the hearth, and threw its flickering shadows on the room and its occupants as the dusk gathered in.

Mandy Calline and Elisabeth, running a race from the kitchen, burst into the back door, halting in a good-natured tussle in the entry.

"Stop that racket, you gals," called out the mother; and as they came in with suppressed bustle, panting with smothered laughter, she asked, briskly, "Have ye shet up everything 'n' locked th' kitchen door?"

"Ya'as, 'm," replied Mandy Calline; "'n' here's th' key on th' mantel-shelf." She then disappeared up the stairs which came down into the sitting-room behind the back door.

"Come, Ann Elisabeth, git yer knittin'. Git your'n too, Susan Jane."

"Yer'll ha' ter set th' heel fer me, mar," said Susan Jane, hoping privately that she would be too busy to do so.

"Fetch it here," from her mother, dashed the hope incontinently.

"I think we're goin' ter ha' some fallin' weather in er day er two; sky looks ruther hazy, 'n' I heerd er rain-crow terday, 'n' ther's er circle roun' th' moon," observed Father Tyler as he entered, and hanging his hat on a convenient nail in a post, seated himself in the corner opposite his mother.

"Ha' ye got th' fodder all in?" queried his wife, with much interest.

"Ya'as; finished ter-day; that's all safe; but er rain 'ould interfere mightily wi' pickin' out cotton up in th' swamp, 'n' it's openin' mighty fast; shouldn't be s'prised ef some er that swamp don't fetch er bale ter th' acre, 'n' we'll have er right purty lot o' cotton, even atter the rent's paid out;" and Father Tyler, with much complacency, lighted his pipe with a coal from the hearth.

"Th' gals 'll soon ha' this erround th' house all picked out; they got purty nigh over it ter-day, 'n' ther'll likely be one more scatterin' pickin'," said Mother Tyler.

Here a starched rustling on the stairs betokened the descent of Mandy Calline. Pushing back the door, she stepped down with all the dignity which she deemed suitable to don with her present attire.

A new calico dress of a blue ground, with a bright yellow vine rambling up its lengths, adorned her round plump figure; her glossy black hair was plaited, and surmounted with a huge red bow, the ends of which fluttered out bravely as she stepped slowly into the room, busying herself pulling a basting out of her sleeve.

"Well, Mandy Calline," began her mother, "ef I do say it myself, yer frock fits jest as nice as can be. Looks like ye had been melted 'n' run into it. Nice langth too," eying her critically from head to foot.

"Ya'as, 'm; 'n' it's comf'ble, too; ain't too tight ner nothin'," giving her shoulders a little twitch, and moving her arms a bit.

"I guess th' boys 'll ha' ter look sharp ef that gal sets 'er cap at any on 'em," put in Father Tyler, gazing proudly at his first-born, whereupon a toss of her head set the ribbon ends fluttering as she moved with great dignity across the room to the fireplace.

"Come, let me feel, dearie," said the old lady, softly, turning her sightless eyes toward the girl, hearing her movements in her direction.

"Ya'as, gra'mammy," and stepping

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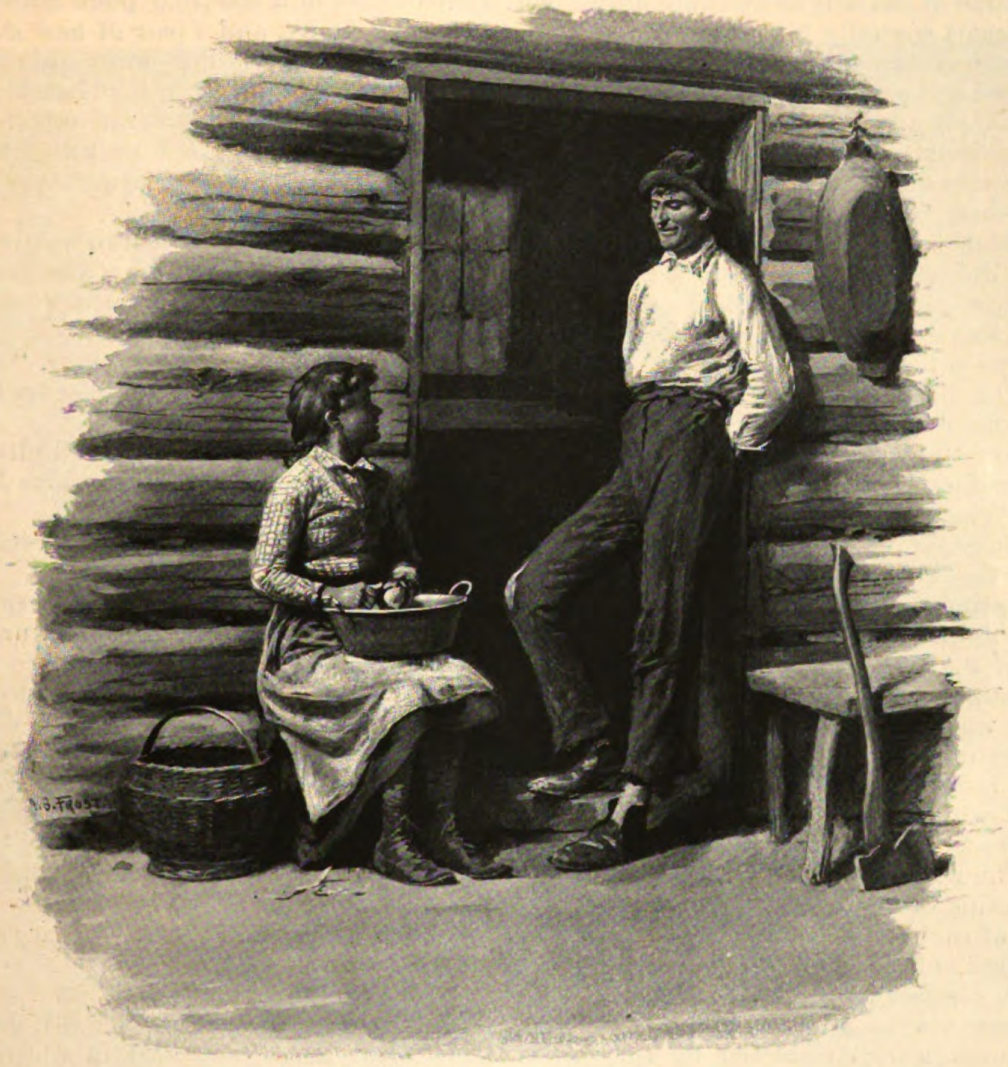

SUSAN JANE AND JOSEPH ZACHARIAH.

nearer, she knelt at her grandmother's feet, and leaning forward, rested her hands lightly on her shoulders.

The old wrinkled hands groped their way to the girl's face, thence downward, over her arms, her waist, to the skirt of her dress.

"It feels nice, dearie, 'n' I know it looks nice."

"I'm glad ye like it, gra'mammy," said the girl, gently.

"Air ye spectin' comp'ny, dearie, that ye're all dressed up so nice? 'Pears like ye wouldn't put on yer new frock lest ye wer'."

Noting the girl's hesitation, the old lady said, softly, "Whisper 'n' tell gra'mammy who's er-comin'"; and Mandy Calline, with an additional shade to the red in her cheeks, leaned forward and shyly whispered a name in her grandmother's ear.

A satisfactory smile broke like sunshine over the kind old face, and she murmured: "He's come o' good fambly, dearie. I knowed 'em all years ago. Smart, stiddy, hard-workin', kind, well-ter-do people. I've been thinkin' he's been er-comin' here purty stiddy, 'n' I knowed in my min' he warn't er-comin' ter see Zachariah."

Bestowing a kiss on one aged cheek and a gentle pat on the other, Mandy Calline arose to her feet, and lighting a splinter at the fire, opened the door in the partition separating the two rooms and entered the "parlor."

This room was the pride of the family,

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as none of the neighbors could afford one set apart specially for company.

It was the only room in the house lathed and plastered. Mother Tyler, who was truly an ambitious woman, had, however, declared in the pride of her heart that this one at least should be properly finished.

Mandy Calline, with her blazing splinter, lighted the lamp, quite a gay affair, with a gaudily painted shade, and bits of red flannel with scalloped edges floating about in the bowl.

The floor was covered with a neatly woven rag carpet of divers gay colors. Before the hearth, which displayed a coat of red ochre, lay a home-made rug of startling pattern. The fireplace was filled with cedar boughs and sweet-smelling myrtle. Two "boughten" rocking-chairs of painted wood confronted each other primly from opposite ends of the rug. Half a dozen straight-back chairs, also "boughten," were disposed stiffly against the walls. A large folding-leaf dining-table of real mahogany, an heirloom in the family, occupied the space between two windows, and held a few scattered books.

The windows were covered with paper curtains of a pale blue tint. In the centre of each a festive couple, a youth and damsel, of apparently Bohemian type, with clasped hands held high, disported themselves in a frantic dance. These pictures were considered by the entire neighborhood as resting triumphantly on the top round of the ladder of art.

Both parlor and sitting-room opened on a narrow piazza on the front of the house, Father Tyler not caring to waste space in a hall or passage.

Mandy Calline had flicked a bit of imaginary dust from the polished surface of the table, had set a bit straighter, if that were possible, one or two of the chairs, and turned up the lamp a trifle higher, when "Little Jim" opened the door leading out on the piazza, and in tones of suppressed excitement half whispered, "He's er-comin', Mandy Calline; Zeke's er-comin'; he's nigh 'bout ter th' gate."

"Go 'long, Jim, 'n' shet up; ye allers knows more'n the law allows," said his sister; but she glanced quickly and shyly out of the door.

Mr. Ezekiel White was just entering the gate. He was undoubtedly gotten up at vast expense for the occasion. A suit of store clothes of a startling plaid adorned his lanky figure, and a pair of new shoes cramped his feet in the most approved style. A new felt hat rested lightly on his well-oiled hair. But the crowning glory was a flaming red necktie which flowed in blazing magnificence over his shirt front.

Jeff, the yard dog, barked in neighborly fashion, as though yelping a greeting to a frequent visitor whom he recognized as a favored one.

"Susan Jane," said the father, "step ter th' door 'n' see who Jeff's er-barkin' at."

Eagerly the girl dropped her knitting and hastened to reconnoitre, curious herself.

"It's Zeke White," she replied, returning to her work.

"I knowed Mandy Calline was spectin' him," muttered Ann Elisabeth, under her breath.

Father Tyler arose and sauntered to the door, calling out: "You Jeff, ef ye don't stop that barkin'— Come here this minit, sir! Good-evenin', Zekle; come in."

"Good-evenin', Mr. Tyler. Is Zachariah ter home?"

"I dun'no'. Malviny, is Zachariah erroun' anywher's 'at ye know of?"

"I dun'no'; I hain't seed 'im sence supper."

"I know," piped up "Little Jim." "He said es how he was er-goin' ter Bill Jackson's. But, Zeke," he added, in a hurried aside, catching hold of the visitor's coat in his eagerness, "Mandy Calline's ter home, 'n' she's fixed up ter kill!"

At this juncture Mandy Calline herself appeared in the doorway, striving to look calmly indifferent at everything in general and nothing in particular; but the expression in her bright black eyes was shifty, and the color in her cheeks vied with that of the bow on her hair; and by this time Zekle's entire anatomy exposed to view shared the tint of his brilliant necktie.

"Good-evenin', Zekle," said the girl, bravely assuming a calm superiority to all embarrassment and confusion. "Will ye come in th' parlor, er had ye ruther set out on th' piazza?"

Zekle was wise; he knew that "Little Jim" dare not intrude on the sacred precincts of the parlor, and he answered, "I'd jest es live set in th' parlor, ef it's all th' same ter you."

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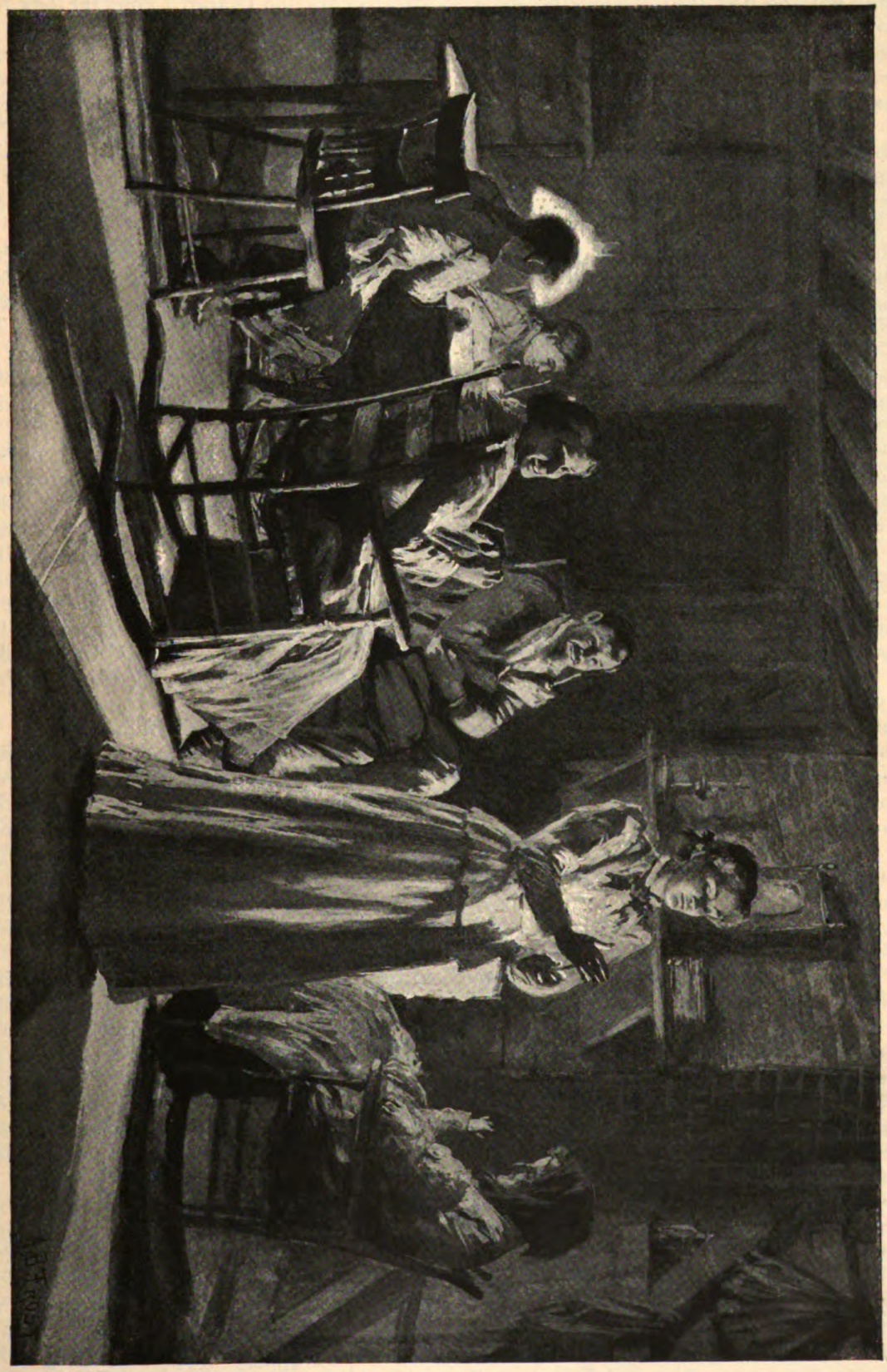

THE FAMILY.

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"Ya'as, I'd jest es live," she replied, and led the way into the room; he followed, and sat down in rather constrained fashion on the chair nearest the door, deposited his hat on the floor beside him, took from his pocket and unfolded with a flirt an immense bandanna handkerchief, highly redolent of cheap cologne, and proceeded to mop his face with it.

"It's ruther warm," he observed.

"Ya'as," she replied, from a rocking-chair in the corner facing him. Here there was a long pause; and presently she added, "Pappy said es how he tho't it mought rain in er day er two."

The family in the sitting-room had settled down, the door being closed between that room and the parlor.

"There, mother, gi' Thaney ter me," said Mother Tyler. "I know ye're tired holdin' of her, fer she ain't no light weight," and she lifted the little one away.

"Heigho, Thaney, air ye erwake yit?" questioned the father.

"Erwake! Ya'as, 'n' likely ter be," said the mother. "Thaney's one o' th' setters-up, she is."

"Give 'er ter me, Malviny. Don't pappy's gal want er ride on pappy's foot? See 'ere, now! Whoopee!" and placing the plump little body astride his foot, the leg of which crossed the other, and clasping the baby hands in his, he tossed her up and down till she crowed and laughed in a perfect abandon of baby glee. A smiling audience looked on in joyous sympathy with the baby's pleasure, the old gra'mammy murmuring softly, "It's like feelin' the sunshine ter hear her laugh!"

"There, pappy," said Mother Tyler, anxiously, "that 'll do; ye're goin' ter git 'er so wide-erwake there'll be no doin' er thing with 'er. Come, now, Thaney, let mammy put ye down here on yer quilt. Come, come, I *know* ye've forgot that ole bugger-man that stays up the chimbly 'n' ketches bad gals! There, now, *that's* mammy's nice gal. Git 'er playthings fer 'er, Susan Jane. Jim, don't ye go ter sleep there in that door. Ha' ye washed yer feet?"

"No, 'm," came drowsily from the doorway.

"Why upon th' yeth do ye wait every blessed night ter be told ter wash yer feet? Go straight 'n' wash 'em, 'n' then go ter bed. Come, gals, knit ter th' middle 'n' put up yer knittin'; it's time for all little folks ter go ter sleep 'n' look for ter-morrer. 'Pears like Thaney's goin' ter look fer it with eyes wide open."

"Malviny, ye'll have ter toe up my knittin' fer me, Monday; I've got it down ter th' narrerin', 'n' I can't do no more," came softly from gra'mammy's corner.

"Ya'as, mother, I will; I could ha' toed it up this evenin' es well es not, tho' ef I had, ye'd ha' started ernuther, 'n' ye'd need ter rest; ye're allers knittin'."

"Ya'as, but, darter, it's all I kin do; 'n' I'm so thankful I kin feel ter knit, fer th' hardest work is ter set wi' folded han's doin' nothin'."

"Well, mother, it's but sildom that I ever knowed yer ter set with folded han's," remarked her son, with proud tenderness.

"Maybe, Jeems Henry; but I never tuck no consait ter myself fer workin', because I jest nachally loved it. Yer pappy use ter say I was er born worker, 'n' how he did use ter praise me fer bein' smart! 'n' that was sich er help! Somehow I've minded me of him all day terday—of th' time when he logged Whitcombe's mill down on Fallin' Crick. 'Twas—lemme see! Jeems Henry, ye're how ole?"

"Fifty-two my las' birthday."

"Well, that was fifty-one year ergo. You was all th' one I had then, 'n' yer pappy was erway from home all th' week, 'cept from Sat'day evenin' tell 'fore day Monday mornin'. Melindy White staid wi' me; she was Zekle's great-aunt, 'n' er ole maid, 'n' people did say she was monst'ous cross 'n' crabbed, but she warn't never cross ter me. I mind me of er Sat'day, 'n' I'd be spectin' of yer pappy home. I'd git up at th' fust cock-crow, 'n' go wake Melindy, 'n' she'd grumble 'n' laff all in er breath, 'n' say: 'Ann Elisabeth Tyler, ye're th' most onreasonablest creeter that I ever seed! What in natur' do ye want ter git up 'fore day fer? Jest ter make th' time that much longer 'fore Jim Tyler comes? I know ef I war married ter th' Prisident I wouldn't be es big er fool es ye air.' But, la! she'd git up jest ter pleasure me, 'n' then sich cleanin' up, 'n' sich cookin' o' pies 'n' cakes 'n' chickens, 'n' gittin' ready fer yer pappy ter come!" And the placid old face fairly glowed with the remembrance. "'N' I mind me," she crooned on, "of th' time when ye fust begun ter talk; I was er whole

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week er-teachin' yer ter say two words; I didn't do much else. Melindy allowed that I'd gone clean daft; 'n' when Sat'day come, 'long erbout milkin'-time, I put on er pink caliker frock. I 'member it jest es well! it had little white specks on the pink; he bought it at Miggs's Cross-roads, 'n' said I allers looked like er rose in it. I tuck ye in my arms 'n' went down ter th' bars, where I allers stood ter watch fer him; he come in er boat ter th' little landin' 'n' walked home, erbout er mile; 'n' when I seed 'im comin', 'n' he'd got nigh ernuff, I whispered ter ye, 'n' ye clapped yer little han's, 'n' fairly shouted out, 'Pappy's tumin'! pappy's tumin'!' Dearie me, dearie me; I kin see 'im now so plain! He broke inter er run, 'n' I stepped over th' bars ter meet 'im, 'n' he gethered us both in his arms, like es ef he'd never turn loose; then he car'ied ye up to th' house on one arm, the other one roun' my wais', 'n' he made ye say it over 'n' over—'Pappy's tumin', pappy's tumin';' 'n' Melindy 'lowed we wer' 'th' biggest pair o' geese'; but we was mighty happy geese jest the same."

"I WAS ER WHOLE WEEK ER-TEACHIN' YER TER SAY TWO WORDS."

There was a pause. They were all listening. Then she went on. "Somehow ter-day I've felt like I use ter of er Sat'day then, kinder spectin' 'n' lighthearted. I dun'no' why; I'ain't never felt so befo' in all these years sence he died—forty-one on 'em; 'n' fifteen sence th' Lord shet down th' dark over my eyes, day 'n' night erlike. Well, well; I've had er heap ter be thankful fer; the Lord has been good ter me; fer no mother ever had er better son than ye've allers ben, Jeems Henry; 'n' ef Malviny had er ben my own darter, she couldn't er ben more like one; I've allers ben tuck keer on, 'n' waited on, 'n' 'ain't never ben sat erside fer no one. Ya'as, th' Lord's ben good ter me." She began to fumble for her handkerchief.

"But, mother, ye don't say nothin' o' what er blessin' ye've ben to us," said her son. "Ye've teached us many er lesson by yer patience in yer blindness."

"Ya'as, but, Jeems Henry, I had no call ter be nothin' else but patient; I had no call ter be onreasonable 'n' fret 'n' worry 'n' say that th' Lord had forsakened me when He hadn't. I knowed I'd only ter bide my time, 'n' I'm now near seventy-two year old. Dear, dear, how th' time goes! Seems like only the other

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day when I was married! Was that nine the clock struck?"

"Ya-as, 'm."

"Well, I b'lieve I'll git ter bed."

"Wait, mother, let me help yer," said her daughter, hastily throwing aside her knitting.

"We'll both help ye, mother," said her son, putting one arm gently around her as she arose from her chair.

"Well, well," she laughed, with soft content. "I sh'll be well waited on with two children 'stid er one; but none too many—none too many."

Zekle White had made brave progress from the chair by the door to the other rocker, drawn closely beside that of Mandy Calline; and he was saying, in tones that suggested an effort: "I've seed other young ladies which may be better-lookin' in other folkses' eyes, 'n' they may be more suiterbler ter marry, but not fer me. Thar ain't but one gurl in this roun' worl' that I'd ask ter be my wife, 'n', Mandy Calline, I've ben keepin' comp'ny wi' you long ernuff fer ye ter know that ye air th' one." He swallowed, and went on: "I've got my house nigh erbout done. Ter be sho', 'tain't es fine es this un, nor es big; but I kin add ter it, 'n' jest es soon es it is done I want ter put my wife in it. Now, Mandy Calline, what yer say—will yer be my wife?"

Mandy Calline looked shy—much like a young colt when it is going to break out of harness. She rocked back and forth with short spasmodic jerks, and twisted her handkerchief into all conceivable shapes.

"Yer don't know how sot on it I am," he went on; "'n' all day long I'm er-thinkin' how nice it 'll be when I'm er-workin', ploughin' maybe, up one row 'n' down ernuther, 'n' watchin' th' sun go down, 'n' lookin' forerd ter goin' ter th' house 'n' hev er nice little wife ter meet me, wi' everything tidied up 'n' cheerful 'n' comf'ble." Mandy Calline simply drooped her head lower, and twisted her handkerchief tighter. "Mandy Calline, don't yer say no," he said. "I love yer too well ter give yer up easy; 'n' I swear ef ye don't say 'yes,' I'll set fire 'n' burn up th' new house, fer no other 'oman sha'n't never live there. I'm er-waitin', Mandy Calline, 'n' don't, don't tell me no."

"Well, Zekle," she began, with much hesitation, "bein' es how I don't see no use in burnin' up er right new house, 'n' it not even finished, I guess es how—maybe—in erbout two er three years—"

"Two or three thunderations!" he cried out, ecstatically, seizing both her hands in his. "Yer mean two or three weeks! Mandy Calline, do ye mean ya'as, ye'll marry me? I want ter hear ye say it."

"Ya-as, Zekle," she said, shyly.

"Whoopee! I feel like I'd like ter jump up 'n' knock my heels tergether 'n' yell!"

"Yer'd better try it er spell," she said, smiling at him shyly, her black eyes sparkling mischievously, "'n' jest see how soon ye'd ha' th' hull fambly er-rushin' in ter see what was the matter."

Hereupon came the ominous sound of Father Tyler winding the clock in the sitting-room; Zekle knew 'twas a signal for him to depart.

"Well," slowly rising, "I guess I got ter go, but I do mortally hate ter. Come ter th' door wi' me, Mandy Calline;" and taking her hand, he drew her up beside him, but she stood off a bit skittishly, and he knew that it would be useless to ask the question which was trembling on his lips, so, quick as a flash, he dropped one arm around her waist, tipped up her chin with the other hand, and kissed her square on the mouth before she fairly knew what he was about.

"You Zekle White!" she cried out, snatching herself from his arm, and bestowing a rousing slap on his face.

"I knowed ye wouldn't give me one, so I tuck it jest so. Good-night tell ter-morrer, Mandy Calline; I'm goin' home 'n' dream erbout ye."

The next morning dawned bright and soft. A perfect September morning. Father Tyler and the boys were at the lot feeding and milking. Mandy Calline was cleaning up the house, her comely face aglow with her new-found happiness. Susan Jane attended to the baby, while Ann Elisabeth helped her mother "get breakfast."

"Gra'mammy was sleepin' so nice when I got up," said the girl, "that I crep' out 'n' didn't wake 'er. Had I better go see ef she's erwake now, mar? Breakfus is nigh erbout done."

"Not yet. Go tell Mandy Calline ter git th' milk-pitcher 'n' go to the cow-pen 'n' fetch some milk fer breakfus. No tellin' when they'll git thoo out there. Then you hurry back 'n' finish fryin' that pan o' pertaters. No need ter 'sturb gra'mammy till breakfus is ready ter put

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on th' table; 'n' yer pappy 'n' th' boys 'll ha' ter wash when they come from th' lot." And Mother Tyler opened the stove door and put in a generous pan of biscuits to bake.

Mandy Calline, with the milk-pitcher in her hand, hurried out to the cow-pen, which adjoined the stable lot. Her father was milking, Jim holding the calves. Zachariah was in the lot feeding the horse and pigs. She had just stepped over the bars into the pen, when who should appear, sauntering up, but Zeke White! He assumed a brave front, and with hands thrust in his pantaloons pockets, came up, whistling softly.

"Good-mornin', Zekle," greeted Father Tyler, rising from his stooping position.

"Good-mornin', Mr. Tyler. Fine mornin'."

"Ya'as; but I'm erfeared we're goin' ter hev rain in er day er two. I feel ruther rheumaticky this mornin', er mighty shore sign that rain ain't fur off. Want milk fer breakfus, Mandy Calline? Well, fetch here yer pitcher."

"I KNOWED YE WOULDN'T GIVE ME ONE."

A shy "good-mornin'" had passed between Mandy Calline and Zekle, and he sauntered up beside her, taking the pitcher, and as they stepped over the bars Father Tyler, hospitably inclined, said: "Take breakfus with us, Zekle? I lay Malviny 'll hev ernuff cooked ter give yer er bite."

With assumed hesitation Zekle accepted the invitation, and he and Mandy Calline

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passed on to the house, he carefully carrying the pitcher of milk.

He cleared his throat a time or two, and remarked again on the beauty of the morning, to which she rather nervously assented; then suddenly, the words seemingly shot out of him: "Mandy Calline, I'm goin' ter ask th' ole folks ter-day. What yer say?"

Mandy Calline was red as a turkey-cock, to which was now added a nervous confusion which bade fair to overwhelm her.

"It's too soon, Zekle. Whyn't yer wait er while?" she replied, tremblingly.

"No, 'tain't too soon," he answered, promptly. "I want it all done 'n' over with, then I sh'll feel mo' like ye b'long ter me. I'm goin' ter ask 'em ter-day; yer needn't say not. I know you're erfeared o' th' teasin'. But ye needn't min' that; ye won't hev ter put up wi' it long; fer th' way I mean ter work on that house ter git it done—well, 'twon't be long befo' it 'll be ready ter put my wife in it."

"Well, Zekle," said the girl, hesitatingly, "ef ye'd ruther ask 'em ter-day, why—I guess es how—ye mought es well do it. But let's go 'n' tell gra'mammy now; somehow I'd ruther she knowed it fust."

"We will," replied Zekle, promptly.

Mother Tyler was putting breakfast on the table. She suddenly paused and listened. Something was the matter. There were cries that betokened trouble. She hastened to the house, followed her husband and the boys on to gra'mammy's room, and there on the bed, in peaceful contrast to all this wailing and sorrow, lay dear old gra'mammy, dead. The happiest smile glorified the kind old withered face, and the wrinkled hands lay crossed and still on her breast. She had truly met the husband of her youth, and God had opened in death the eyes so darkened in life.

IBERVILLE AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY GRACE KING.

IBERVILLE.
From Pierre Margry's "Mémoires et Documents," Maissoneuve et Cie, Paris.

NINE years had elapsed since the Abbé Jean Cavelier brought to France the tidings of the tragic disasters which had befallen La Salle's attempt to find the mouth of the Mississippi from the Gulf of Mexico. The great river, and especially its mouth, seemed to be sinking through easy stages of indifference back into the mystery from which La Salle had momentarily recalled it. But the Mississippi was obsolescent only in appearance. It was still a vivid factor in those potent incubators of great enterprises, in the scientific, commercial, and political centres. Not only in France, but elsewhere there were many who, patiently eying the clew dropped by the dying hand of La Salle, only bided an opportunity to seize it—groups of cartographers and geographers, with their scientific problems to settle; groups of La Salle's backers and friends, eager to vindicate his reputation and claims; trading and military adventurers of all nationalities, eager for any extension of territory which promised an increase of individual chances and fortunes. Wherever there were French readers of the new edition of Hennepin's *Relation*, there was raised a host of indignant clamorers for a French Mississippi; English readers of it were at once converted to the advantages of an English Mississippi. This Recollect priest, a member of La Salle's first expedition on the Mississippi, had dedicated to Louis XIV. his original and puerile fraudulent claim to the merit of the great explorer's discovery. Grown now with time to a glowing virility of mendacity, he issued his new publication to

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contain the account of his fictitious descent to and discovery of the mouth itself of the Mississippi, which, by right of trover, he dedicated with his *Relation* to the King of England, assuring William, by the same token, that it was to him God had reserved the glory of carrying Christianity into the unbaptized regions of Louisiana. And above these elemental interests and influences there were the arbitrary and rival powers of the colonial destinies of North America, to whom the Mississippi meant an embryonic question of vast though, through ignorance of it, vague importance—silent, watchful Spain, the mailed master of Mexico and the jealous sentinel of the Caribbean Sea; alert England, never blind to commercial and geographical advantages, nor over-sensitive to the pre-emptive rights of others; and France, with her magnificent titular claims to everything on the continent within reach of the feet or of the desires of her *coureurs des bois*. At the head of Spain stood the Junta, with their colonial counsels and movements in secret, hiding from all; at the head of England stood the inflexible figure of William of Orange, who, independently of disbanded armies and refugee Huguenots to provide for, needed not the promptings of any Recollect to fling himself athwart any pathway of French ambition and aggrandizement. And at the head of France stood one who, whatever he may have overlooked, slighted, or neglected in the eyes of modern observers, may be truthfully acquitted of ever having overlooked, slighted, or neglected a French pretension. However disgusted at La Salle's failure, and careless of the fate of the colony at Matagorda Bay, Louis XIV. may have been, when occasion arrived he showed himself mindful enough of the domain claimed and named for him by La Salle, and the arguments by which his unfortunate subject had gained his royal sanction and assistance.

To complete the enumeration, the Minister of Marine, the manager of colonial affairs of France at the time, was Pontchartrain, the lineal descendant of Colbert, called the colony-maker of France, and the immediate descendant of Seignelay, the patron of La Salle. Pontchartrain's secretary and future successor was his son, Jerôme de Maurepas.

Saint-Simon describes De Maurepas as "thin, pale, big-lipped, pock-marked; a detestable character, with some wit, but cross-grained; with a little learning and a little tinging of history; assiduous, however, knowing his marine well, a pretty good worker, and wishing to appear more so." The lively Duchesse de Bourgogne dubbed him in the court circle "ce vilain borgne." But Mr. Margry* gives another presentment of the young secretary, and one more in accord at least with the result of events: the pupil of Vauban, carefully educated, travelled, and trained for a ministerial career; an ambitious apprentice to public affairs under his father, with (thanks to Vauban's enlightened instruction) large views as to the colonial interests of France, and just ones of his own as to their maintenance; cool, cautious, clear-headed, taking no chances and giving none when playing for success; and (this trait is worth all that precedes for light upon the "*vilain borgne*") the passionate reader and the passionate admirer of all heroic adventures on the high seas and in unknown forests; in short, the fervid secret lover of all that realm of manly exploit, of which his feeble physique permitted him only the envying.

Louis's brilliant hostilities against the Grand Alliance degenerated more and more into a chaffering for terms, to which a summary end was put by the fall of Namur and the approaching death of the King of Spain, with the impending crisis in the question of the Spanish succession.

Although to facilitate negotiations discussions of American claims were waived on both sides, Louis was careful to put his commissioners on their guard against concessions whereby the English could be put into the position of pretendents to the possession of the mouth of the Mississippi. He called their attention to the fact that as the Mississippi furnished the only trading communication with Louisiana, the province would be practically useless to him without ownership of the mouth of the river. He also avowed his intention of sending vessels shortly thither to take possession of it.

The Peace of Ryswick was signed in October, 1697, and a streak of calm, like a streak of sunlight in a cloudy day, fell over Europe, affording a small crevice of time in which to put through the affair of the Mississippi. Propositions thereto

* Introduction to fourth volume of *Mémoires et Documents des Origines françaises des Pays d'Outre-Mer.*

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were promptly filed in the Ministry of Marine by various candidates for the leadership of the expedition. But De Maurepas—for events prove him the principal in the enterprise—had already fixed upon his plan and selected his man. This was not to be like the last—an effort vacillating between public and private interests, tossed backwards and forwards between success and failure, according to personal prejudices and passions. De Maurepas's plan was that of a man who, as Saint-Simon said, knew his marine well. La Salle had left to his successor only the task of executing a commission of going to a certain place which he had missed, picking up there an object of value belonging to the King of France, and keeping hold of it, and, as has been said, the Secretary of Marine had his man for it.

Perhaps, outside of Iberville's own seafaring circle, the adventure-reading young count was the only official in France who knew more than the name of the Canadian sailor. To a reader of marine reports, however, the name must have had the value of the name or pseudonyme of a never-disappointing author, and if ever valiant heart in feeble frame had excuse for emulation or envy, the heart of De Maurepas received that excuse from the feats of Iberville.

It is not by studying the cooled judgments of after-historians, nor by comparing the calculations of statisticians, that the measure of the estimation of a local hero of the past can be ascertained to-day. One must retrograde in heart and mind to the hero's time and to the place of his deed, and must frictionize with the circumstances of that time and place until the blood warms to some of the heat that fired the original impulse. Or one must yield one's mind genially to the testimony of the hero's people, and accept as it is tendered the traditionary meed of admiring remembrance, which has been planted in each succeeding generation with other good parental sowings of principle and patriotism—after all, the local hero's best reward. If the harvest of praise appears sometimes over-ripe or over-rank, it is most likely the richness of the native heart that is to blame, not the quality of the seed. And, indeed, the poetic efflorescence of compatriot language over Iberville's name is so naïvely exuberant, as to almost create an infectious example, and disease all pens writing of him into Canadian. His robust biography, however, can stand Spartan treatment.

Pierre Le Moyne d'Iberville was born on the 16th of July, 1661, at Ville Marie, Canada. He was the third son of Charles Le Moyne, and the most celebrated of all the nine distinguished sons who gained for Charles Le Moyne the title of Father of the Maccabees. As Norman and as Canadian, the sea and the forest both claimed Iberville, but, more Norman than Canadian, he gave his allegiance to the sea. His first school was the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and before he was fourteen he knew it perfectly from repeated voyages upon it in a vessel of his father's. At fourteen he was a midshipman, sailing to and from France under skilful navigators, learning his ocean, as he afterwards exemplified, to the thorough knowing of it.

A few years later he was the bearer of despatches to France from the Governor of Canada, who recommended him for promotion to the grade of *enseigne de vaisseau* as an excellent seaman. At twenty-five he won his spurs, and made the beginning of the Iberville legend of exploits by leading, with his two brothers, Sainte-Hélène and De Maricourt, an expedition to chase the English out of the French possessions on Hudson Bay. It was an expedition that demanded the full equipment of Canadian hardihood and vigor. Setting out from Montreal in the depths of winter, they marched over the frozen country on raquettes, dragging their provisions in sleds, stopping to make canoes as they needed them to cross lakes and shoot rapids. Iberville's canoe upset in one of the most dangerous of the rapids; two of his companions were drowned, but his coolness and presence of mind saved his own life and that of his other two companions. In June he arrived on the field of campaign, where the surprise of the English and the success of the French were complete.

But it is a pity not to give the expedition as related by the Canadian chroniclers, who, writing with the echo of the camp-fire stories still in their ears, give us the full glow of them. They relate how Iberville, on this expedition, performed one of the most incredible deeds of his life. With his brother De Maricourt

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and nine men in two canoes, he boarded an armed vessel that lay before Fort Rupert, killed the sentinels, fastened down the hatches, and bagged the whole equipage, including the Governor of Hudson Bay, who happened to be aboard at the time. And this took place while the rest of his men were forcing the walls and blowing up the redoubts of the fort. He was put in command of the region; but returning overland to Montreal, he had, a year later, to make it his again by conquest. And this time again, according to the Canadians, he waylays, assaults, captures, and triumphs over the English, and sails to Quebec in the richest of two rich prizes. Then comes Frontenac's great expedition against Schenectady—or Fort Corlaer, as the French called it—with Iberville well in the lead, by the side of his brother Sainte-Hélène. Parkman's matchless description of this truly Canadian enterprise (*Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.*) fixes it, with all its heroism and barbarity, brilliantly and unalterably in the mind of every reader.

Going to France at the end of it, Iberville was made captain of frigate by the Minister of Marine, and was charged with the convoying of the French merchant fleet to Canada, and afterwards with the capture of Fort Bourbon—or Nelson, as the English translated it. He brought his ships safe to port, but the navigation having been long and difficult, the season was too late for Hudson Bay. However, to keep his hand in, as it were, Frontenac sent him to cruise off the coast of New England, where he captured one vessel and wrecked another, and spread alarm generally in the New England colony. Again the following year his escort duties retarded him too much for Hudson Bay, but in 1694 he and his brother de Sérigny sailed there in two ships, with one hundred and twenty Canadians, and Fort Nelson, according to ministerial orders, was made Fort Bourbon again. Two years later, with two ships, he was making a descent upon the coast of Newfoundland. He captured one of the three English ships stationed at the mouth of the St. John's River, and dismasted the others, which only escaped thanks to a fog. The capitulation of Pemaquid followed, and the harrowing of the whole island by the Canadians in snow-shoes with gun and provisions on back. De Sérigny joined him at Placentia with re-enforcements, and orders for immediate sailing to Hudson Bay, once more under English colors and nomenclature.

The squadron, consisting of four ships and a brigantine, sailed in July, 1697—Iberville on the *Pelican*, of fifty guns, and De Sérigny on the *Palmier*, of forty guns, the *Profond* and the *Wesp* following. They passed through Hudson Strait in August, but were so hemmed in by icebergs that they were forced to fasten themselves to the largest with grapnel irons. De Sérigny's ship and the brigantine dropped from sight amid the icebergs; the *Profond*, carried away by the currents, also disappeared. After three weeks' imprisonment in the ice, the *Pelican* was released, and sailed alone towards Fort Nelson, arriving in sight of it September 4th. The following morning there were seen, tacking to enter the harbor, three English ships—the *Hampshire*, of fifty-six, the *Derring*, of thirty-six, and the *Hudson Bay*, of thirty-two cannon. Iberville raised anchor and advanced to meet them. The English, writes the Canadian narrator, enjoyed in advance the triumph of their easy victory. Nine hours and a half a cannonade was kept up on both sides without results. Then Iberville showed the metal of his seamanship. Out-sailing, out-manœuvring, and out-fighting the English, he sank the *Hampshire*, captured the *Hudson Bay*, and chased the *Derring*, as good a sailer as the *Pelican*, out of sight. But his own good vessel, with riddled sail, cut cordage, and a hole under the water-line, was hardly more than a wreck herself. Patching her as well as he could, and manning the *Hudson Bay* out of his crew, Iberville took up his chase after the *Derring*. It proved fruitless, and he returned and anchored alongside his prize. During the night a storm drove both vessels ashore, despite the commandant's superhuman exertions. Only the crew, arms, and ammunition were saved. The nearest provisions lay in Fort Nelson. He was just starting out with his men on a foot-march to the fort when the three belated ships of his squadron hove in sight. This re-enforcement, after the defeat of the English vessels, gave the French such a preponderating advantage that their first demonstration secured the surrender of the fort.

Iberville sailed to France in the *Pro-*

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fond. He was discharging his scurvy-stricken crew into the hospitals of Port Louis, when De Maurepas sent for him.

Official documents transmit the results of it, but the imagination loves to picture the interview itself between the two representatives of their nation, age, and government — the intellectual, delicate, aristocratic Secretary of Marine, with temper, wit, and ambition sharpened by his physical debilities, and the Canadian hero of official repute. Iberville was then thirty-six years of age—"military as his sword," as one of the directors of the Hudson Bay Company described him, and "born canoeist, and hardened to water like a fish," according to Frontenac's description of the whole race; carrying his well-packed soldier intellect written in his face, his famed credentials of strength and endurance in his superb physique, glowing with the self-confidence and ambition that still vivify his portrait — an ambition not purely military, be it stated, for, like all the Le Moynes, he had a thrifty eye to his civil advantages, and at six-and-thirty he had already obtained a seigneurial fief, and had found time between two of his Hudson Bay campaigns to marry a lady of family and position.

In De Maurepas's choice, and in Iberville's preparations for the mission, one feels the guarantee of its successful accomplishment. In suggestion, and eagerness to adopt suggestion, the Ministry of Marine precedes even its officer. Behind the official documents one is aware of much man to man communication. The orders from Versailles are almost of even date with Iberville's written requisitions; those for the overhauling, chartering, etc., of the vessels antedate them. Pontchartrain himself wrote twice to the Intendant of Rouen in search of the relation now known as Joutel's Relation of the Voyage of La Salle to the Gulf in 1684, and he tried through the Intendant to induce Joutel to join the new expedition. Two Canadians who had served in the La Salle expedition were also hunted up, and sent from Brest to La Rochelle, where the expedition was being fitted out, and even Iberville came in for ministerial reproof for allowing them to slip through his fingers and embark on another voyage. A Canadian, Levasseur, who had known La Salle, and once served under him, and Anasthase Douay, who had been La Salle's almoner during his voyage to the mouth of the river, were, however, secured. Nicolas de la Salle, also a former companion of his illustrious namesake, was invited to furnish a detailed account of all that he knew about the mouth of the Mississippi, and to add to it the map in his possession found in the vice-admiral's ship *L'Armadillo*, taken by the *Le Bon* in 1697.

Iberville made his preparations, with one eye on the English, the other on La Salle's miscalculations and misjudgments. Indeed, the unfortunate explorer's tragedy receives its last complement of pathos as we see him guiding another to success by the light of his own failure. Besides good ships, full armament, and generous provisions, a *sine qua non*, with Iberville was an independent band of well-equipped Canadians, to whom, as he collected them, he advanced the pay from his own pocket, and a band of filibusters to be taken aboard at San Domingo. His plan was to sail directly to that island, stop there only long enough to leave his sick and replenish his fresh provisions; thence to sail in a straight line across the Gulf to a point some sixty leagues off the Cape of Florida, from there to skirt the coast until he found the mouth of the river, determined to find it—"even," as he expressed it, "if he had to land with his Canadians and cut through the forest to it and follow out its course to the Gulf."

His views as to the English show a most wholesome appreciation of them as foes. In fact, he seems to have seen Ibervilles in them all. He had had advices about a Mississippi expedition fitting out in London under three English captains, with five companies of Huguenots, and Father Hennepin invited as leader. "If there be no other," he writes, "they will not do much. He is a man whom I know as ignorant, who has only been on the upper Mississippi, and has no knowledge of its exit to the sea;" but, "knowing the temper of the English as I do, I do not doubt, if we meet on that coast, and they are the stronger, they will dispute the territory with us. Whatever orders they may have received to do nothing, it will be as if impossible that, finding ourselves with the same object at that place, we should not have some little wars together."

To be in a position, as he says, not to fear them, but to make them fear him, a

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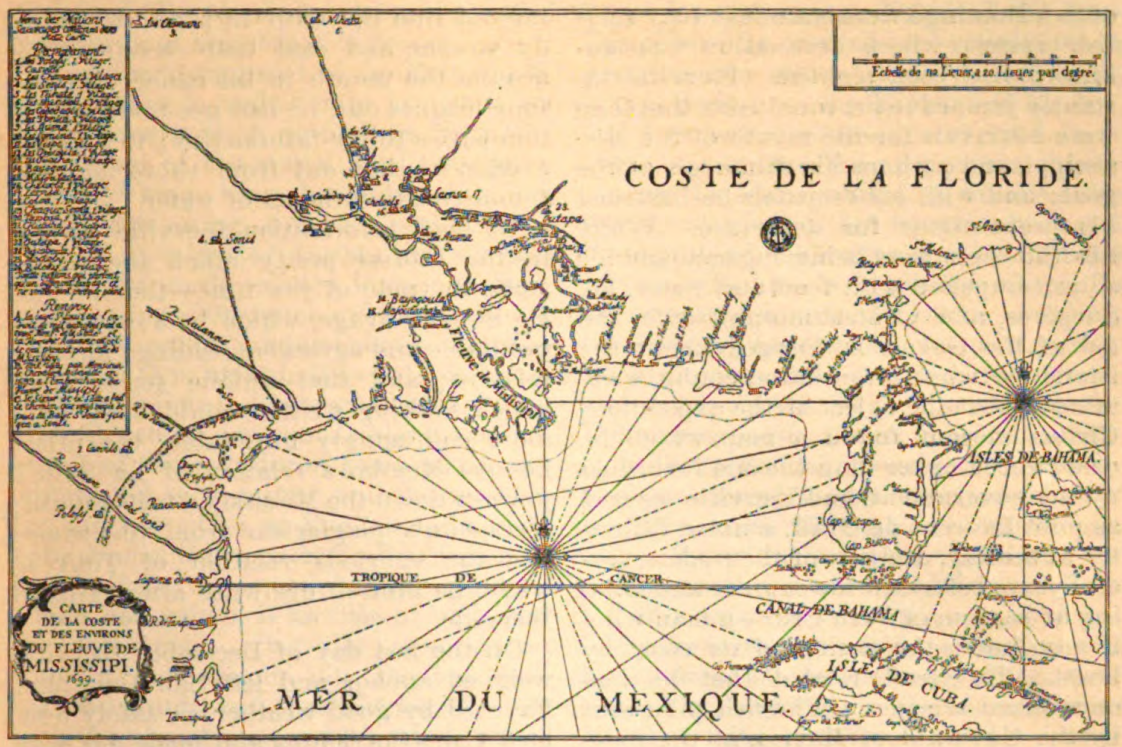

IBERVILLE'S MAP.*

corvette of eight or ten cannon would be necessary. And, above all, both in regard to the English and with recollections of poor La Salle's difficulties with his royal escort Beaujeu, he demanded that his orders be loose and general enough to see him through any emergency and justify him in any eventuality.

Pontchartrain complied. Iberville was given *carte blanche* on the Governor of San Domingo for all the aid and assistance he might require, and the Marquis de Châteaumorant, nephew of the great Trouville, and commander of the royal man-of-war *François*, was sent to San Domingo with sealed orders which put him under command of the Canadian captain for as long a time as the latter thought proper for his object. Iberville's own instructions were, in short, as broad and complimentary as an appreciative minister and an admiring secretary could make them. Finally, after skilled draughtsmen, secretaries, and accountants were added to the commandant's staff, all that was ministerially possible being accomplished, insistent hurryings of preparations and urgings of the necessity of immediate departure followed from Pontchartrain, through August to October, to the very day of sailing, in letters that wax through every degree of impatience to resentment at delay.

At half past six o'clock of the morning of the 24th of October, Iberville's frigate, the *Badine*, fired the signal for the start, and at seven she led the way out of the harbor of Brest, Surgère's ship, the *Marin*, following, and the two transports, or "traversiers," a kind of Norman fishing-boat, sailing after as close as their rate of speed and heavy freight permitted. In less than six weeks they all were anchored before Cape François, San Domingo, with the exception of one of the traversiers, which had disappeared during a squall off Madeira. The ceremony on crossing the tropic had been duly and appropriately observed. It will be remembered how La Salle's ungracious forbiddance of the mummery was resented by his crew. A week after arrival in San Domingo the corvette under Châteaumorant reported for duty, and a few days later the missing traversier made her appearance.

The first tidings given by the Governor

* Drawn from Archives de la Marine, Atlas 4040, through the kind assistance of M. Gabriel Marcel, Chef de la Section Géographique, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. Presumably one of the maps given to Iberville for his guidance, and corrected by him, but only in the localities personally explored.

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of San Domingo were ominous: four English vessels, whose destination was unknown, had been sighted. Iberville instantly jumped to the conclusion that they were his rivals for the mouth of the Mississippi, and perhaps his distancers at the goal; and with all despatch he hastened his preparations for departure. While his filibusters were being engaged and his ships resupplied with food and water, he, Surgères, and Châteaumorant, with the aid of the Governor, foraged about the island for what information could be obtained about the object of the expedition, Châteaumorant found a map which he pronounced better than the one furnished by the government, and Iberville secured as pilot Laurent de Graff, a noted filibuster of the day, and one of the leaders, several years before, in the capture and holding at ransom of Vera Cruz—a man who, if any, knew the Gulf and its coast by heart. De Graff related that he had once taken prisoner a Flemish pilot sent by the Governor of Mexico, at the news of the death of La Salle, to discover the whole southern coast of Florida, and that this man had told him that they had found a fine river and harbor about fifty or sixty leagues west of the Appalaches, where they went for masts, and that the Governor of Mexico had received orders to take possession of the place to prevent any other nation establishing itself there. "It is just about that distance from the Appalaches," wrote Iberville to the minister, "that I count upon finding the Mississippi." The Governor of San Domingo had also talked with the same pilot to the same effect, and in addition had once a conversation with a Spanish officer who told him that La Salle had borne too much to the south. The Spaniards, according to Ducasse, terribly frightened at the French attempts at discovery in the Gulf, took every occasion to represent it as a very hell.

We are left to infer from our own deductions what assistance Iberville derived from the information picked up in San Domingo. He is curiously insistent in his letters to the Minister of Marine that he gained no additional light on the Mississippi there. Besides the one necessary fact that the river was there, and had its mouth on the Gulf, the important guiding light which he carried in his mind seems to have been a conversation he once had with La Salle, who described the river rushing out into the Gulf in a whitish muddy stream, and said that reconnoitring around the mouth in his canoe, three or four leagues out, he had not touched bottom with a thirty-fathom line; to the east, a cannon-shot out from shore, he had found twelve fathoms of water.

Of book information Iberville carried in the *Badine* pretty much the whole stock in trade of the time—the story of De Soto's voyage, which he found most profitable and agreeable reading; Joutel's relation; and that unique series, than which nothing written could have been more confusingly unreliable: the priest Zenobe Membré's relation of La Salle's journey down the Mississippi to its mouth; Hennepin's plagiarism from the same; and the spurious relation of Tonty's, which he himself disowned afterwards to Iberville.

On the last day of December Iberville weighed anchor and left San Domingo. Favored by good weather, he safely doubled Cape Corrientes and made his way into the Gulf. By the advice of De Graff, he directed his course toward the harbor described by the Flemish pilot, which he calculated should be found almost due north, on the coast of Florida, somewhere between the river marked on their maps as the Indios and Cabo de Lodo. He advanced slowly, sounding his way, casting anxious eyes around the horizon for the English and squalls. On the afternoon of the twenty-third day land was sighted in the northeast. Through the night the red glare of burning prairies illumined the quarter, the features of which came into view with daylight—a low white shore-line running east and west, a moderately sized river, a seam of forest, and far inland the still smoking prairies. True to his calculations, he had struck the coast of Florida south of Appalachicola Bay. That night he anchored off Cape San Blas. The next morning a systematic examination of the coast and search for De Graff's harbor was begun. Opening after opening was explored, league after league tolled off of the course westward, until from the barge that was conducting the reconnoissance the mouth of a river was signalled, but with masts in it. A fog shut off further observations. Not until the next morning was it known that the masts were Spanish, not English, and that the harbor, a few months ago a prize for the first-comer, was now Santa Maria de

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Galvez de Pensacola, a legal and fortified possession of the crown of Spain.

The disappointment of the French officers was keen, and it only waxed as acquaintance with it proved to them the excellence of the station and the opportunity which they had lost. During much intriguing on the part of the French to enter the harbor, and on that of the Spaniards to keep them out, Iberville managed to sound and gain all-sufficient and accurate knowledge of it. The squadron then moved on to Cabo de Lodo, or Mobile Point, on its ostensible search after Canadian deserters. About the real object of the expedition some additional advice had been gained, and the comforting assurance that no English vessels had been seen in those waters. Before Mobile the Gulf began to exhibit the qualities which had gained it its title of hell from the Spaniards. Iberville nevertheless sounded the channel into the bay with his own hands, and from the top of a tree took the observations which fixed the topography of the country in his mind, and the fact that there, at least, was no mouth of the Mississippi.

On the return of fair weather the fleet set sail again, still following westward the curving contour of the Gulf. Tiny islands, mere dots of sand and trees, the advance-guard of the coast, came into view in the north-northwest. The wind veered to the south—the storm-wind of the Gulf. A barge was sent out and a fruitless search made for a harborage. Another island appeared in the horizon to the west, and still another to the south. Under pressure of the increasingly threatening wind, the fleet sought and found harborage under this last, a mere flat, bare sandy level, called, after the day (Candlemas), "Chandeleur" Island. Here it remained for the day, while barges reconnoitred for a passage between the islands to the north. At nightfall they returned with the good tidings that the passage had been found. At daylight Iberville steered his ships through it, and cast anchor in the present harborage of Ship Island, in easy shelter, as he triumphantly proclaimed, from every wind that blew. The mainland lay in sight to the north—a white sand shore with forest background; glasses discovered upon it the moving figures of savages.

Certain that he had penetrated into the domain of the great river, and that he had beyond peradventure distanced the English, Iberville needed no assistance in grasping the prize. He therefore made up his packet for the Minister of Marine, and dismissed Châteaumorant, who, however, did not take leave for several days.

Iberville lost no time in crossing the twenty miles that lay between him and the mainland, taking the priest Anasthase Douay with him in his barge; Bienville accompanied him in a canoe. Trailing the Indians, he came up to them plying their pirogues between the little island afterward named Deer Island and the Biloxi mainland. Terror-stricken at first, and distrustful afterwards, the savages made no return to his friendly assiduities beyond a visit of three of them to the ships, Bienville and two Canadians remaining with the tribe as hostages. During this excursion Iberville omitted nothing that could astound, dazzle, and win his guests. He learned only from them that they belonged to the Annochy or Moctoby tribe, and lived on the Pascagoula River, which they described as large and deep enough to hold the frigates. They were, or professed to be, utterly ignorant of the Mississippi, and did not appear to recognize any of the names of tribes mentioned in the *Relations* except the Nipissas or Quinipissas, whom, differing entirely from Iberville's authorities, they located in quite a different region. Returning with his guests the next day to the mainland, Iberville found Bienville ingratiating himself with a band of new arrivals, Indians from the interior, who, near by on a hunt, and hearing the sound of cannon, had hastened to the sea-shore to find out the cause of it.

They were, indeed, most welcome, proving to be Mongoulachas and Bayougoulas from the very banks of the Mississippi, called by them the Malbanchia. They knew some of the tribes mentioned in the *Relations*, were not ignorant of La Salle, and were so responsive to friendly overtures as to offer to conduct the French to the fork of the Mississippi, through which they had travelled to the Gulf. From the rude map they drew, Iberville thought that the Pascagoula must be the fork indicated; but reflection convinced him that they meant only that through the Pascagoula streams could be reached which communicated with the Mississippi. He decided, however, to go immediately to the mouth of the Pascagoula and

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sound it, and then, returning, accompany the Indians on their route to the Mississippi, Bienville meanwhile to remain with them, retaining his hold on them. But the warriors wished to continue their hunt, and would only agree to a rendezvous with the French in four days at the same spot, offering to divide their game then with them, and guide them to their river.

Judging from its size and appearance that the mouth of the Pascagoula could not have the depth ascribed to it, Iberville, without sounding it, put back, hoping to catch the Indians before they started on their hunt, and persuade them to go with him at once to the Mississippi. But he found the camp utterly deserted. Twelve hours later the signal-fire blazed from the trysting-spot. Iberville, fitting out and manning two sloops with all haste, sailed over there; but he was the only comer to the appointment. The wily warriors, whatever had been their first intention, had given him the slip, and Iberville sailed back to his ships completely frustrated.

Twenty-four hours later, on Friday, the 27th of February, with fuller equipment of men, ammunition, and provisions, he had his sloops under way to execute his original and more difficult idea of seeking the mouth of the river in the Gulf, instead of dropping down to it from some way-side inlet. Steering to the south, he boldly entered the labyrinth of islands that as far as eye could see thickened the water before him. His journal keeps record of his three days' slow progress through them, combating with every obstacle that weather, land, and water could combine against him.

On Sunday he and his men were storm-kept on the narrow sandy shelf of their night's camp, the foundation of which was so fragile that it shook if a heavy object dropped upon it. The waves dashed over it; the torrents of rain swamped it; the water rose two inches over the highest part of it. The weather changed to freezing cold. There was no wood, and no drinking-water except the rain. The day was passed in cutting osiers and piling them up to stand on, and hanging during the downpours over the smouldering fire to keep it from being put out. Monday the weather permitted an early start to be made. Keeping as close as possible to the vague shore-line on the east, to miss no river it might contain, the sloops sailed along around cape and point. The shoals, islands, sand bars, reefs, and spreading bays repeated themselves with tread-mill regularity. The course changed to south-southeast. "I ran," to quote from Iberville's journal, "this course the length of the land; ten leagues, about a league and a half from shore, in twelve to fifteen feet of water, the wind north-northeast—a heavy wind and heavy sea, so that I was neither able to keep to sea nor to land, the coast being too flat. I kept to sea, tacking my sloops, with the canoes aboard, the sea pouring often into us. Having for three hours kept the cape to the southeast, to double a rocky point, the night coming on, and the continuing bad weather not to be resisted without being driven ashore during the night or perishing at sea, I drove upon the rocks, so as to beach in the daylight, and save my men and boats. In approaching the rocks I perceived there was a river there. I passed between two of the rocks in twelve feet of water, the sea very heavy. Nearing the rocks, I found the water fresh, with a strong current. These rocks are wood, which, petrified with slime, becomes rock that resists the sea. They are innumerable, standing out of the water, some large, some small, separated twenty, one hundred, three hundred, five hundred paces, more or less, one from the other, which made me recognize that it was the Palissado River, which appeared to me very well named, for the mouth appears all barricaded with rocks." The mouth of the Mississippi was discovered!

The sloops advanced through one of the three openings before them. The currents bore down stronger, whiter, thicker, between the two "low flat tongues of land" that embanked them from the Gulf. No vegetation save a rank growth of marsh grasses, the first conception of the newly formed soil. A place was beaten down in these for the camp. Fires were lighted, and soon steaming caldrons spread the savor of supper upon the raw cold air. With his sentinels set for the night, "We feel," writes Iberville, "stretched out upon these rushes, sheltered from bad weather, all the pleasure of seeing one's self safe from an evident peril;" and added: "It is a very gallant business discovering the shores of the sea in sloops that are not large enough to keep to sea either under

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sail or at anchor, and too large to land on a flat coast, where they strand and ground a half-league out."

The next morning, Mardi-gras, a cross and the royal arms of France were erected on the spot, and the boats were pushed off for the voyage up the river. The reader follows the record of it in the journals of Iberville and Sauvolle, his lieutenant, with never-waning interest. The unfolding panorama never has had keener-eyed observers; and their description of it stands to-day, a photograph. The first bayou they came to still bears its name of Mardi-gras, given for the day; and as they journeyed along, not only the nomenclature, but in one notable instance, the opening of "Pointe Coupée," the very physiognomy of the country bore the seal of their impress. According to the *Relations* of his predecessors in these regions, Iberville should have seen, forty leagues from the mouth of the river, a deserted village of the Tangipahoas, the cabins of which La Salle found filled with corpses; two leagues further on he should have come to the Quinipissas, and forty leagues afterwards to a branch or fork in the river; then should have followed, in regular order and distance, the Coroas, Natchez, Tensas, and Arkansas. The *Relations* described the fork as dividing the river into two channels, the explorers taking the one to the right, although intending to take the other, but missing it in a fog. Iberville had made up his mind to descend by this other channel, and thus make himself acquainted with all the outlets of the Mississippi. Meeting a hunting party of Annochys, and hearing from them of his Bayougoula acquaintances, he secured a guide to their village. The Bayougoulas and Mongoulachas—for the two tribes were united—apprised of his coming, came to the bank of the river to receive him, bearing the calumet which he had given the tribe on the Gulf shore. Their welcome was hearty and hospitable. But more grateful than it to Iberville was the sight of the coat of blue Poitou serge worn by the chief, and the communication that it was the gift of the "Iron Hand" Tonty. Another vestige of the friend and companion of La Salle, a glass bottle, was also found among the treasures of the village temple.

Confidentially Iberville questioned the chief and his warriors about the fork described in the river. To his dismay, they maintained that the river had no fork, and that Tonty had passed by them going to and returning from the mouth of the river. As for the deserted village of the Tangipahoas, which, with the village of the Quinipissas, Iberville failed to find in the location given, the Indians affirmed that the Tangipahoas had never been on the banks of the Mississippi, but had formed one of the seven tribes of Quinipissas, vanquished and incorporated into the tribe of the Houmas. Iberville's heart sank before such irreconcilable discrepancies. As he writes, he felt himself in a very embarrassing situation, one hundred and ninety leagues from his ships, his provisions exhausted, his men spent with their toilsome rowing up stream, his establishment still to make, and Surgères in the Gulf with written orders to sail to France if his chief were not returned six weeks after departure.

As there was a suspicion in his mind that the Indians might be practising a deception upon him, and as he was convinced that if he returned to France without a satisfactory explanation, at least, of the contradictory relations, it would not be credited that he had been in the Mississippi, he determined to push on to the next tribe, the Houmas, and interview them. It was a five days' journey, a hard journey, and one that sorely tried him and his men. He was accompanied by the Bayougoula chief, who on the route pointed out a little stream on the right, the Ascantia, as the only fork or branch he knew from the Mississippi to the sea. He also showed Iberville the insignificant little "cut-off" in the river, which the commandant widened and deepened sufficiently for his sloops, making the Pointe Coupée of to-day, and saving his spent men at least one day off their task. The Houmas received him even more cordially than the Bayougoulas did. They also knew Tonty, who had passed five days in their village, and denied that there was any fork in the river of the kind described, while the Quinipissas among them gave the lie direct to the *Relations* by claiming that their village lay a seven days' journey away, and that neither Tonty nor any of the French had ever been there. More and more perplexed, and apprehending that the Houmas, like the Bayougoulas, might have some motive for deceiving him, Iberville saw no way of arriving at a solution of

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his doubts and apprehensions save by another forced journey to the next tribe, the Coroas. Some Houmas and a Tensas guest were persuaded to join the expedition. Iberville started in their pirogue, but afterwards took the Tensas with him in his barge for a separate examination. The savage maintained unwaveringly that he knew the river as high as the Arkansas, and that there was no branch to it, drawing a map of the country to illustrate his location of the various tribes and topographical features of the river ahead of them. Nothing could have been more at variance with the *Relations*.

Iberville, with pencil and paper, made a calculation. In one column he set down the tribes and distances as given in the *Relations;* in the other, those as given so far in his journal, the distances computed with the aid of his pilot, filling out to the Arkansas with what all the Indians agreed upon. The result was two quotients showing a difference of ninety-three miles, and no correspondence whatever in the order of tribes and villages. Pausing at noon for dinner, he cross-examined all the Indians again, eliciting not the slightest change in their testimony. Finally the Bayougoula chief, impressed by such indomitable pertinacity, or perhaps unable longer to conceal his pride of cunning, confessed that his tribe possessed and had withheld the clinching proof of the veracity of his statements—a letter left by Tonty, to be delivered to "a man who was to arrive from the sea." This could mean no other than La Salle. Iberville withdrew and gave the subject two hours' cogitation. According to Zenobe Membré, La Salle and Tonty had descended the river by a western branch of it. The Indians and Tonty's letter proved that they had descended and ascended by the stream he (Iberville) was on, and that Tonty evidently expected La Salle to come up the river that way also. Therefore this must be not the Mississippi, but a western branch of it. Where was its eastern branch? The only considerable river to the east, as far as Pensacola, was the Mobile. To suppose it the Mississippi was an absurdity. The verdict was a judgment in favor of himself. He *was* in the Mississippi, despite any and all *Relations*, and he would expend no more time and strength futilely trying to square his facts with their fictions. His utter ignoring of the presence of Father Anasthase Douay during the whole expedition, and particularly in this critical juncture, leads one to presume that the irascible Canadian had condemned his Recollect as no trustworthier, topographically, than La Salle's.*

The glad order to head the boats down stream was given. Bienville was charged to secure Tonty's letter at any price from the Bayougoulas and Mongoulachas. With four Canadians, an Indian guide, and two canoes Iberville undertook to explore the Ascantia† to its exit in the Gulf. The guide deserted, one of the Canadians fell ill, but the commandant replaced them both, unravelling his way through thicket, swamp, and bayou, and bearing his end of the pirogue over the portages, of which he counted eighty.

Making from ten to twelve leagues a day, he reached Ship Island one month and two days almost to an hour after he had set out from it to find the mouth of the river. Eight hours later Sauvolle and Bienville arrived, fetching the all-important letter of Tonty. While certifying to the identity of the Mississippi, its date from the Quinipissa village explained away one of Iberville's perplexities. The Bayougoulas and Mongoulachas had deceived either the writer or Iberville by giving a false name to their village.

Pressed by diminishing stores of provisions, there were no attempts made to establish a settlement at the mouth of the river. The more accessible location of Biloxi Bay was selected. By the 2d of May the fortifications and barracks were so far completed that Iberville sailed away with his frigates, carrying to France and to the Ministry of Marine as achievement this time no local triumph of cunning and strength over the English, but the veritable ownership of that magnificent territory of the Mississippi River affixed on parchment to the crown of France by La Salle seventeen years before.

* In justice to the *Relations* and to Douay, it must be explained that the Mississippi itself is responsible for much of this mystification. When the La Salle expedition descended and ascended the river it was flood-high, which so changed the topography of its banks and mouth that Tonty, in his later trip, almost failed to recognize them. Also, a man who was with Tonty among the Quinipissas told Iberville afterwards that the chief of the Quinipissas was also chief of the Mongoulachas, and that formerly the tribes did live twenty leagues lower down the river.

† Afterward Bayou Iberville—now Manchac.

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THE GOLDEN HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHAPTER XIV.

EDITH had made no appeal to Jack to come home. His going, therefore, had the merit in his eyes of being a voluntary response to the promptings of his better nature. Perhaps but for the accident at Mount Desert he might have felt that his summer pleasure was needlessly interfered with, but the little shock of that was a real, if still temporary, moral turning-point for him. For the moment his inclination seemed to run with his duty, and he had his reward in Edith's happiness at his coming, the loving hunger in her eyes, the sweet trust that animated her face, the delightful appropriation of him that could scarcely brook a moment's absence from her sight. There could not be a stronger appeal to his manhood and his fidelity.

"Yes, Jack dear, it was a little lonesome." She was swinging in her hammock on the veranda in sight of the sea, and Jack sat by her with his cigar. "I don't mind telling you now that there were times when I longed for you dreadfully, but I was glad, all the same, that you were enjoying yourself, for it is tiresome down here for a man with nothing to do but to wait."

"You dear thing!" said Jack, with his hand on her head, smoothing her glossy hair and pushing it back from her forehead, to make her look more intellectual —a thing that she hated. "Yes, dear, I was a brute to go off at all."

"But you wanted to come back?" And there was a wistful look in her eyes.

"Indeed I did," he answered, fervently, as he leaned over the hammock to kiss the sweet eyes into content; and he was quite honest in the expression of a desire that was nearly forty-eight hours old, and by a singular mental reaction seemed to have been always present with him.

"It was so good of you to telegraph me before I could see the newspaper."

"Of course I knew the account would be greatly exaggerated," and he made light of the whole affair, knowing that the facts would still be capable of shocking her, giving a comic picture of the Major's seafaring qualities, and Carmen's and Miss Tavish's chaff of the gallant old beau.

Even with this light sketching of the event she could not avoid a retrospective pang of apprehension, and the tightened grasp of his hand was as if she were holding him fast from that and all other peril.

The days went by in content, on the whole, shaded a little by anxiety and made grave by a new interest. It could not well be but that the prospect of the near future, with its increase of responsibility, should create a little uneasiness in Jack's mind as to his own career. Of this future they talked much, and in Jack's attitude towards her Edith saw, for the first time since her marriage, a lever of suggestion, and it came naturally in the contemplation of their future life that she should encourage his discontent at having no occupation. Facing, in this waiting time of quiet, certain responsibilities, it was impressed upon him that the collecting of bric-à-brac was scarcely an occupation, and that idling in clubs and studios and dangling about at the beck of society women was scarcely a career that could save him from ultimate ennui. To be sure, he had plenty of comrades, young fellows of fortune, who never intended to do anything except to use it for their personal satisfaction; but they did not seem to be of much account except in the little circle that they ornamented. Speaking of one of them one day, Father Damon had said that it seemed a pity a fellow of such family and capacity and fortune should go to the devil merely for the lack of an object in life. In this closer communion with Edith, whose ideas he began to comprehend, Jack dimly apprehended this view, and for the moment impulsively accepted it.

"I'm half sorry," he said one day, "that I didn't go in for a profession. But it is late now. Law, medicine, engineering, architecture, would take years of study."

"There was Armstrong," Edith suggested, "who studied law after he was married."

"But it looks sort of silly for a fellow who has a wife to go to school, unless," said Jack, with a laugh, "he goes to school to his wife. Then there's politics. You wouldn't like to see me in that."

* Begun in July number, 1894.

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"I rather think, Jack"—she spoke musingly—"if I were a man I should go into politics."

"You would have nice company!"

"But it's the noblest career—government, legislation, trying to do something to make the world better. Jack, I don't see how the men of New York can stand it to be governed by the very worst elements."

"My dear, you have no idea what practical politics is."

"I've an idea what I'd make it. What is the good of young men of leisure if they don't do anything for the country? Too fine to do what Hamilton did and Jay did! I wish you could have heard my father talk about it. Abdicate their birthright for a four-in-hand!"

"Or a yacht," suggested Jack.

"Well, I don't see why a man cannot own a yacht and still care something about the decent management of his city."

"There's Mavick in politics."

"Not exactly. Mavick is in office for what he can make. No, I will not say that. No doubt he is a good civil servant, and we can't expect everybody to be unselfish. At any rate, he is intelligent. Do you remember what Mr. Morgan said last winter?" And Edith lifted herself up on her elbow, as if to add the weight of her attitude to her words, as Jack was still smiling at her earnestness.

"No; you said he was a delightful sort of pessimist."

"Mr. Morgan said that the trouble with governing and legislation now in the United States is that everybody is superficially educated, and that the people are putting their superficial knowledge into laws, and that we are going to have a nice time with all these wild theories and crudities on the statute-book. And then educated people say that politics is so corrupt and absurd that they cannot have anything to do with it."

"And how far do you think we could get, my dear, in the crusade you propose?"

"I don't know that you would get anywhere. Yet I should think the young men of New York could organize its intelligence and do something. But you think I'm nothing but a woman." And Edith sank back, as if abandoning the field.

"I had thought that, but it is hard to tell these days. Never mind, when we go back to town I'll stir round; you'll see."

This was an unusual sort of talk. Jack had never heard Edith break out in this direction before, and he wondered if many women were beginning to think of men in this way, as cowardly about their public duties. Not many in his set, he was sure. If Edith had urged him to go into Neighborhood Guild work, he could have understood that. Women and ethical cranks were interested in that. And women were getting queerer every day, beginning, as Mavick said, to take notice. However, it was odd, when you thought over it, that the city should be ruled by the slums.

It was easy to talk about these things; in fact, Jack talked a great deal about them in the clubs, and occasionally with a knot of men after dinner in a knowing, pessimistic sort of way. Sometimes the discussions were very animated and even noisy between these young citizens. It seemed, sometimes, about midnight, that something might be done; but the resolution vanished next morning when another day, to be lived through, confronted them. They illustrated the great philosophic observation that it is practically impossible for an idle man who has nothing to do to begin anything to-day.

To do Jack justice, this enforced detention in the country he did not find dull exactly. To be sure it was vacation-time, and his whole life was a vacation, and summer was rather more difficult to dispose of than winter, for one had to make more of an effort to amuse himself. But Edith was never more charming than in this new dependence, and all his love and loyalty were evoked in caring for her. This was occupation enough, even if he had been the busiest man in the world—to watch over her, to read to her, to anticipate her fancies, to live with her in that dream of the future which made life seem almost ideal. There came a time when he looked back upon this month at the Golden House as the happiest in his life.

The talk about an occupation was not again referred to. Edith seemed entirely happy to have Jack with her, more entirely her own than he had ever been, and to have him just as he was. And yet he knew, by a sure instinct, that she saw him as she thought he would be, with some aim and purpose in life. And he made many good resolutions.

That which was nearest him attracted

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him most, and very feeble now were the allurements of the life and the company he had just left. Not that he would break with it exactly; it was not necessary to do that; but he would find something to do, something worth a man's doing, or, at any rate, some occupation that should tax his time and his energies. That he knew would make Edith happy, and to make her happy seemed now very much like a worthy object in life. She was so magnanimous, so unsuspicious, so full of all nobility. He knew she would stand by him whatever happened. Down here her attitude to life was no longer a rebuke to him nor a restraint upon him. Everything seemed natural and wholesome. Perhaps his vanity was touched, for there must be something in him if such a woman could love him. And probably there was, though he himself had never yet had a chance to find it out. Brought up in the expectation of a fortune, bred to idleness as others are to industry, his highest ambition having been to amuse himself creditably and to take life easily, what was to hinder his being one of the multitude of "good-for-nothings" in our modern life? If there had been war, he had spirit enough to carry him into it, and it would have surprised no one to hear that Jack had joined an exploring expedition to the North Pole or the highlands of Central Asia. Something uncommon he might do if opportunity offered.

About his operations with Henderson he had never told Edith, and he did not tell her now. Perhaps she divined it, and he rather wondered that she had never asked him about his increased expenditures, his yacht, and all that. He used to look at her steadily at times, as if he were trying to read the secrets of her heart.

"What are you looking at, Jack?"

"To see if I can find out how much you know, you look so wise."

"Do I? I was just thinking about you. I suppose that made me look so."

"No; about life and the world generally."

"Mighty little, Jack, except—well, I study you."

"Do you? Then you'll presently lose your mind."

Jack and most men have little idea that they are windows through which their wives see the world; and how much more of the world they know in that way than men usually suspect or wives ever tell!

He did not tell her about Henderson, but he almost resolved that when his present venture was over he would let stocks alone as speculations, and go into something that he could talk about to his wife as he talked about stocks to Carmen.

From the stranded mariners at Bar Harbor Captain Jack had many and facetious letters. They wanted to know if his idea was that they should stick by the yacht until he got leisure to resume the voyage, or if he expected them to walk home. He had already given orders to the skipper to patch it up and bring it to New York if possible, and he advised his correspondents to stay by the yacht as long as there was anything in the larder, but if they were impatient, he offered them transportation on any vessel that would take able-bodied seamen. He must be excused from commanding, because he had been assigned to shore duty. Carmen and Miss Tavish wrote that it was unfair to leave them to sustain all the popularity and notoriety of the shipwreck, and that he owed it to the public to publish a statement, in reply to the insinuations of the newspapers, in regard to the sea-worthiness of the yacht and the object of this voyage. Jack replied that the only object of the voyage was to relieve the tedium of Bar Harbor, and having accomplished this, he would present the vessel to Miss Tavish if she would navigate it back to the city.

The golden autumn days by the sea were little disturbed by these echoes of another life, which seemed at the moment to be a very shallow one. Yet the time was not without its undertone of anxieties, of grave perils that seemed to sanctify it and heighten its pleasures of hope. Jack saw and comprehended for the first time in his life the real nature of a pure woman, the depths of tenderness and self-abnegation, the heroism and calm trust and the nobility of an unworldly life. No wonder that he stood a little in awe of it, and days when he wandered down on the beach, with only the waves for company, or sat smoking in the arbor, with an unread book in his hand, his own career seemed petty and empty. Such moods, however, are not uncommon in any life, and are not of necessity fruitful. It need not be supposed that Jack took it too seriously, on the one hand, or, on the

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other, that a vision of such a woman's soul is ever without influence.

By the end of October they returned to town, Jack, and Edith with a new and delicate attractiveness, and young Fletcher Delancy, the most wonderful and important personage probably who came to town that season. It seemed to Edith that his advent would be universally remarked, and Jack felt relieved when the boy was safely housed out of the public gaze. Yes, to Edith's inexpressible joy it was a boy, and while Jack gallantly said that a girl would have suited him just as well, he was conscious of an increased pride when he announced the sex to his friends. This undervaluation of women at the start is one of the mysteries of life. And until women themselves change their point of view, it is to be feared that legislation will not accomplish all that many of them wish.

"So it is a boy. I congratulate you," was the exclamation of Major Fairfax the first time Jack went down to the Union.

"I'm glad, Major, to have your approval."

"Oh, it's what is expected, that's all. For my part, I prefer girls. The announcement of boys is more expensive."

Jack understood, and it turned out in all the clubs that he had hit upon the most expensive sex in the view of responding to congratulations.

"It used to seem to me," said the Major, "that I must have a male heir to my estates. But, somehow, as the years go on, I feel more like being an heir myself. If I had married and had a boy, he would have crowded me out by this time; whereas, if it had been a girl, I should no doubt have been staying at her place in Lenox this summer instead of being shipwrecked on that desert island. There is nothing, my dear boy, like a girl well invested."

"You speak with the feelings of a father."

"I speak, sir, from observation. I look at society as it is, not as it would be if we had primogeniture and a landed aristocracy. A daughter under our arrangements is more likely to be a comfort to her parent in his declining years than a son."

"But you seem, Major, to have preferred a single life?"

"Circumstances — thank you, just a drop more — we are the creatures of circumstances. It is a long story. There were misrepresentation and misunderstanding. It is true, sir, that at that time my property was encumbered, but it was not unproductive. She died long ago. I have reason to believe that her married life was not happy. I was hot-blooded in those days, and my honor was touched, but I never blamed her. She was, at twenty, the most beautiful woman in Virginia. I have never seen her equal."

This was more than the Major had ever revealed about his private life before. He had created an illusion about himself which society accepted, and in which he lived in apparent enjoyment of metropolitan existence. This was due to a sanguine temperament and a large imagination. And he had one quality that made him a favorite — a hearty enjoyment of the prosperity of others. With regard to himself, his imagination was creative, and Jack could not now tell whether this "most beautiful woman of Virginia" was not evoked by the third glass, about which the Major remarked, as he emptied it, that only this extraordinary occasion could justify such an indulgence at this time of day.

The courtly old gentleman had inquired about madam — indeed, the second glass had been dedicated to "mother and child" — and he exhibited a friendly and almost paternal interest, as he always did, in Jack.

"By-the-way," he said, after a silence, "is Henderson in town?"

"I haven't heard. Why?"

"There's been a good deal of uneasiness in the Street as to what he is doing. I hope you haven't got anything depending on him."

"I've got something in his stocks, if that is what you mean; but I don't mind telling you I have made something."

"Well, it's none of my business, only the Henderson stocks have gone off a little, as you know."

Jack knew, and he asked the Major a little nervously if he knew anything further. The Major knew nothing except Street rumors. Jack was uneasy, for the Major was a sort of weather-cock, and before he left the club he wrote to Mavick.

He carried home with him a certain disquiet, to which he had been for months a stranger. Even the sight of Edith, who met him with a happy face, and dragged him away at once to see how lovely the

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baby looked asleep, could not remove this. It seemed strange that such a little thing should make a change, introduce an alien element into this domestic peace. Jack was like some other men who lose heart not when they are doing a doubtful thing, but when they have to face the consequences — cases of misplaced conscience. The peace and content that he had left in the house in the morning seemed to have gone out of it when he returned at night.

Next day came a reassuring letter from Mavick. Henderson was going on as usual. It was only a little bear movement, which wouldn't amount to anything. Still, day after day, the bears kept clawing down, and Jack watched the stock-list with increasing eagerness. He couldn't decide to sacrifice anything as long as he had a margin of profit.

In this state of mind it was impossible to consider any of the plans he had talked over with Edith before the baby was born. Inquiries he did make about some sort of position or regular occupation, and these he reported to Edith; but his heart was not in it.

As the days went by there was a little improvement in his stocks, and his spirits rose. But this mood was no more favorable than the other for beginning a new life, nor did there seem to be, as he went along, any need of it. He had an appearance of being busy every day; he rose late and went late to bed. It was the old life. Stocks down, there was a necessity of bracing up with whomever he met at any of the three or four clubs in which he lounged in the afternoon; and stocks up, there was reason for celebrating that fact in the same way.

It was odd how soon he became accustomed to consider himself and to be regarded as the father of a family. That, also, like his marriage, seemed something done, and in a manner behind him. There was a commonplaceness about the situation. To Edith it was a great event. To Jack it was a mile-stone in life. He was proud of the boy; he was proud of Edith. "I tell you, fellows," he would say at the club, "it's a great thing," and so on, in a burst of confidence, and he was quite sincere in this. But he preferred to be at the club and say these things rather than pass the same hours with his adorable family. He liked to think what he would do for that family—what luxuries he could procure for them, how they should travel and see the world. There wasn't a better father anywhere than Jack at this period. And why shouldn't a man of family amuse himself? Because he was happy in his family he needn't change all the habits of his life.

Presently he intended to look about him for something to do that would satisfy Edith and fill up his time; but meantime he drifted on, alternately anxious and elated, until the season opened. The Blunts and the Van Dams and the Chesneys and the Tavishes and Mrs. Henderson had called, invitations had poured in, subscriptions were asked, studies and gayeties were projected, and the real business of life was under way.

CHAPTER XV.

To the nurse of the Delancy boy and to his mother he was by no means an old story or merely an incident of the year. He was an increasing wonder—new every morning, and exciting every evening. He was the centre of a world of solicitude and adoration. It would be scarcely too much to say that his coming into the world promised a new era, and his traits, his likes and dislikes, set a new standard in his court. If he had apprehended his position his vanity would have outgrown his curiosity about the world, but he displayed no more consciousness of his royalty than a kicking Infanta of Spain. This was greatly to his credit in the opinion of the nurse, who devoted herself to the baby with that enthusiasm of women for infants which fortunately never fails, and won the heart of Edith by her worship. And how much they found to say about this marvel! To hear from the nurse, over and over again, what the baby had done and had not done, in a given hour, was to Edith like a fresh chapter out of an exciting romance.

And the boy's biographer is inclined to think that he had rare powers of discrimination, for one day when Carmen had called and begged to be permitted to go up into the nursery, and had asked to take him in her arms just for a moment, notwithstanding her soft dress and her caressing manner, Fletcher had made a wry face and set up a howl. "How much he looks like his father" (he didn't look like anything), Carmen said, handing him over to the nurse. What she thought

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was that in manner and disposition he was totally unlike Jack Delancy.

When they came down stairs, Mrs. Schuyler Blunt was in the drawing-room.

"I've had such a privilege, Mrs. Blunt, seeing the baby!" cried Carmen, in her sweetest manner.

"It must have been," that lady rejoined, stiffly.

Carmen, who hated to be seen through, of all things, did not know whether to resent this or not. But Edith hastened to the rescue of her guest.

"I think it's a privilege."

"And you know, Mrs. Blunt," said Carmen, recovering herself and smiling, "that I must have some excitement this dull season."

"I see," said Mrs. Blunt, with no relaxation of her manner; "we are all grateful to Mrs. Delancy."

"Mrs. Henderson does herself injustice," Edith again interposed. "I can assure you she has a great talent for domesticity."

Carmen did not much fancy this apology for her, but she rejoined: "Yes, indeed. I'm going to cultivate it."

"How is this privileged person?" Mrs. Blunt asked.

"You shall see," said Edith. "I am glad you came, for I wanted very much to consult you. I was going to send for you."

"Well, here I am. But I didn't come about the baby. I wanted to consult you. We miss you, dear, every day." And then Mrs. Blunt began to speak about some social and charitable arrangements, but stopped suddenly. "I'll see the baby first. Good-morning, Mrs. Henderson." And she left the room.

Carmen felt as much left out socially as about the baby, and she also rose to go.

"Don't go," said Edith. "What kind of a summer have you had?"

"Oh, very good. Some shipwrecks."

"And Mr. Henderson? Is he well?"

"Perfectly. He is away now. Husbands, you know, haven't so much talent for domesticity as we have."

"That depends," Edith replied, simply, but with that spirit and air of breeding before which Carmen always inwardly felt defeat—"that depends very much upon ourselves."

Naturally, with this absorption in the baby, Edith was slow to resume her old interests. Of course she knew of the illness of Father Damon, and the nurse, who was from the training-school in which Dr. Leigh was an instructor, and had been selected for this important distinction by the doctor, told her from time to time of affairs on the East Side. Over there the season had opened quite as usual; indeed, it was always open; work must go on every day, because every day food must be obtained and rent-money earned, and the change from summer to winter was only a climatic increase of hardships. Even an epidemic scare does not essentially vary the daily monotony, which is accepted with a dogged fatality.

There had been no vacation for Ruth Leigh, and she jokingly said, when at length she got a half-hour for a visit to Edith, that she would hardly know what to do with one if she had it.

"We have got through very well," she added. "We always dread the summer, and we always dread the winter. Science has not yet decided which is the more fatal, decayed vegetables or unventilated rooms. City residence gives both a fair chance at the poor."

"Are not the people learning anything?" Edith asked.

"Not much, except to bear it, I am sorry to say. Even Father Damon—"

"Is he at work again? Do you see him often?"

"Yes, occasionally."

"I should so like to see him. But I interrupted you."

"Well, Father Damon has come to see that nothing can be done without organization. The masses"—and there was an accent of bitterness in her use of the phrase—"must organize and fight for anything they want."

"Does Father Damon join in this?"

"Oh, he has always been a member of the Labor League. Now he has been at work with the Episcopal churches of the city, and got them to agree, when they want workmen for any purpose, to employ only union men."

"Isn't that," Edith exclaimed, "a surrender of individual rights and a great injustice to men not in the unions?"

"You would see it differently if you were in the struggle. If the workingmen do not stand by each other, where are they to look for help? What have the Christians of this city done?" and the little doctor got up and began to pace the room. "Charities? Yes, little con-

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descending charities. And look at the East Side! Is its condition any better? I tell you, Mrs. Delancy, I don't believe in charities—in any charities."

"It seems to me," said Edith, with a smile calculated to mollify this vehemence, "that you are a standing refutation of your own theory."

"Me? No, indeed. I'm paid by the Dispensary. And I make my patients pay—when they are able."

"So I have heard," Edith retorted. "Your bills must be a terror to the neighborhood."

"You may laugh. But I'm establishing a reputation over there as a working-woman, and if I have any influence, or do any little good, it's owing to that fact. Do you think they care anything about Father Damon's gospel?"

"I should be sorry to think they did not," Edith said, gravely.

"Well, very little they care. They like the man because they think he shares their feelings, and does not sympathize with them because they are different from him. That is the only kind of gospel that is good for anything over there."

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"I don't think Father Damon would agree with you in that."

"Of course he would not. He's as mediæval as any monk. But then he is not blind. He sees that it is never anything but personal influence that counts. Poor fellow," and the doctor's voice softened, "he'll kill himself with his ascetic notions. He is trying to take up the burden of this life while struggling under the terror of another."

"But he must be doing a great deal of good."

"Oh, I don't know. Nothing seems to do much good. But his presence is a great comfort. That is something. And I'm glad he is going about now rousing opposition to what is, rather than all the time preaching submission to the lot of this life for the sake of a reward somewhere else. That's a gospel for the rich."

Edith was accustomed to hear Ruth Leigh talk in this bitter strain when this subject was introduced, and she contrived to turn the conversation upon what she called practical work, and then to ask some particulars of Father Damon's sudden illness.

"He did rest," the doctor said, "for a little, in his way. But he will not spare himself, and he cannot stand it. I wish you could induce him to come here often —to do anything for diversion. He looks so worn."

There was in the appeal to Edith a note of personal interest which her quick heart did not fail to notice. And the thought came to her with a painful apprehension. Poor thing! Poor Father Damon! Does not each of them have to encounter misery enough without this? Doesn't life spare anybody?

She told her apprehension to Jack when he came home.

Jack gave a long whistle. "That *is* a dead-lock!"

"His vows, and her absolute materialism! Both of them would go to the stake for what they believe, or don't believe. It troubles me very much."

"But," said Jack, "it's interesting. It's what they call a situation. There. I didn't mean to make light of it. I don't believe there is anything in it. But it would be comical, right here in New York."

"It would be tragical."

"Comedy usually is. I suppose it's the human nature in it. That is so difficult to get rid of. But I thought the missionary business was safe. Though, do you know, Edith, I should think better of both of them for having some human feeling. By-the-way, did Dr. Leigh say anything about Henderson?"

"No. What?"

"He has given Father Damon ten thousand dollars. It's in strict secrecy, but Father Damon said I might tell you. He said it was providential."

"I thought Mr. Henderson was wholly unscrupulous and cold as ice."

"Yes, he's got a reputation for freeze-outs. If the Street knew this it would say it was insurance-money. And he is so cynical that he wouldn't care what the Street said."

"Do you think it came about through Mrs. Henderson?"

"I don't think so. She was speaking of Father Damon this morning in the Loan Exhibition. I don't believe she knows anything about it. Henderson is a good deal shut up in himself. They say at the Union that years ago he used to do a good many generous things. That he is a great deal harder than he used to be."

This talk was before dinner. She did not ask anything now about Carmen, though she knew that Jack had fallen into his old habit of seeing much of her. He was less and less at home, except at dinner-time, and he was often restless, and, she saw, often annoyed. When he was at home he tried to make up for his absence by extra tenderness and consideration for Edith and the boy. And this effort, and its evidence of a double if not divided life, wounded her more than the neglect. One night, when he came home late, he had been so demonstrative about the baby that Edith had sent the nurse out of the room until she could coax Jack to go into his own apartment. His fits of alternate good-humor and depression she tried to attribute to his business, to which he occasionally alluded without confiding in her.

The next morning Father Damon came in about luncheon-time. He apologized for not coming before since her return, but he had been a little upset, and his work was more and more interesting. His eyes were bright and his manner had quite the usual calm, but he looked pale and thinner, and so exhausted that Edith ran immediately for a glass of wine, and

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began to upbraid him for not taking better care of himself.

"I take too much care of myself. We all do. The only thing I've got to give is myself."

"But you will not last."

"That is of little moment; long or short, a man can only give himself. Our Lord was not here very long." And then Father Damon smiled, and said: "My dear friend, I'm really doing very well. Of course I get tired. Then I come up again. And every now and then I get a lift. Did Jack tell you about Henderson?"

"Yes. Wasn't it strange?"

"I never was more surprised. He sent for me to come to his office. Without any circumlocution, he asked me how I was getting on, and, before I could answer, he said, in the driest business way, that he had been thinking over a little plan, and perhaps I could help him. He had a little money he wanted to invest—

"'In our mission chapel?' I asked.

"'No,' he said, without moving a muscle. 'Not that. I don't know much about chapels, Father Damon. But I've been hearing what you are doing, and it occurred to me that you must come across a good many cases not in the regular charities that you could help judiciously, get them over hard spots, without encouraging dependence. I'm going to put ten thousand dollars into your hands, if you'll be bothered with it, to use at your discretion.'

"I was taken aback, and I suppose I showed it, and I said that was a great deal of money to intrust to one man.

"Henderson showed a little impatience. It depended upon the man. That was his lookout. The money would be deposited, he said, in bank to my order, and he asked me for my signature that he could send with the deposit.

"Of course I thanked him warmly, and said I hoped I could do some good with it. He did not seem to pay much attention to what I was saying. He was looking out of the window to the bare trees in the court back of his office, and his hands were moving the papers on his table aimlessly about.

"'I shall know,' he said, 'when you have drawn this out. I've got a fancy for keeping a little fund of this sort there.' And then he added, still not looking at me but at the dead branches, 'You might call it the Margaret Fund.'"

"That was the name of his first wife!" Edith exclaimed.

"Yes, I remember. I said I would, and began to thank him again as I rose from my chair. He was still looking away, and saying, as if to himself, 'I think she would like that.' And then he turned, and, in his usual abrupt office manner, said: 'Good-morning, good-morning. I am very much obliged to you.'"

"Wasn't it all very strange!" Edith spoke, after a moment. "I didn't suppose he cared. Do you think it was just sentiment?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Men like Henderson do queer things. In the hearts of such hardened men there are sometimes roots of sentiment that you wouldn't suspect. But I don't know. The Lord somehow looks out for his poor."

Notwithstanding this windfall of charity, Father Damon seemed somewhat depressed. "I wish," he said, after a pause, "he had given it to the mission. We are so poor, and modern philanthropy all runs in other directions. The relief of temporary suffering has taken the place of the care of souls."

"But Dr. Leigh said that you were interesting the churches in the labor unions."

"Yes. It is an effort to do something. The church must put herself into sympathetic relations with these people, or she will accomplish nothing. To get them into the church we must take up their burdens. But it is a long way round. It is not the old method of applying the gospel to men's sins."

"And yet," Edith insisted, "you must admit that such people as Dr. Leigh are doing a good work."

Father Damon did not reply immediately. Presently he asked: "Do you think, Mrs. Delancy, that Dr. Leigh has any sympathy with the higher life, with spiritual things? I wish I could think so."

"With the higher life of humanity, certainly."

"Ah, that is too vague. I sometimes feel that she and those like her are the worst opponents to our work. They substitute humanitarianism for the gospel."

"Yet I know of no one who works more than Ruth Leigh in the self-sacrificing spirit of the Master."

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"Whom she denies!" The quick reply came with a flush in his pale face, and he instantly arose and walked away to the window and stood for some moments in silence. When he turned there was another expression in his eyes and a note of tenderness in his voice that contradicted the severity of the priest. It was the man that spoke. "Yes, she is the best woman I ever knew. God help me! I fear I am not fit for my work."

This outburst of Father Damon to her, so unlike his calm and trained manner, surprised Edith, although she had already some suspicion of his state of mind. But it would not have surprised her if she had known more of men, the necessity of the repressed and tortured soul for sympathy, and that it is more surely to be found in the heart of a pure woman than elsewhere.

But there was nothing that she could say, as she took his hand to bid him good-by, except the commonplace that Dr. Leigh had expressed anxiety that he was overworking, and that for the sake of his work he must be more prudent. Yet her eyes expressed the sympathy she did not put in words.

Father Damon understood this, and he went away profoundly grateful for her forbearance of verbal expression as much as for her sympathy. But he did not suspect that she needed sympathy quite as much as he did, and consequently he did not guess the extent of her self-control. It would have been an immense relief to have opened her heart to him —and to whom could she more safely do this than to a priest set apart from all human entanglements?—and to have asked his advice. But Edith's peculiar strength—or was it the highest womanly instinct?—lay in her discernment of the truth that in one relation of life no confidences are possible outside of that relation except to its injury, and that to ask interference is pretty sure to seal its failure. As its highest joys cannot be participated in, so its estrangements cannot be healed by any influence outside of its sacred compact. To give confidence outside is to destroy the mutual confidence upon which the relation rests, and though interference may patch up livable compromises, the bloom of love and the joy of life are not in them. Edith knew that if she could not win her own battle, no human aid could win it for her.

And it was all the more difficult because it was vague and indefinite, as the greater part of domestic tragedies are. For the most part life goes on with external smoothness, and the public always professes surprise when some accident, a suit at law, a sudden death, a contested will, a slip from apparent integrity, or family greed or feminine revenge, turns the light of publicity upon a household, to find how hollow the life has been; in the light of forgotten letters, revealing check-books, servants' gossip, and long-established habits of aversion or forbearance, how much sordidness and meanness!

Was not everything going on as usual in the Delancy house and in the little world of which it was a part? If there had been any open neglect or jealousy, any quarrel or rupture, or any scene, these could be described. These would have an interest to the biographer and perhaps to the public. But at this period there was nothing of this sort to tell. There were no scenes. There were no protests or remonstrances or accusations, nor to the world was there any change in the daily life of these two.

It was more pitiful even than that. Here was a woman who had set her heart in all the passionate love of a pure ideal, and day by day she felt that the world, the frivolous world, with its low and selfish aims, was too strong for her, and that the stream was wrecking her life because it was bearing Jack away from her. What could one woman do against the accepted demoralizations of her social life? To go with them, not to care, to accept Jack's idle, good-natured, easy philosophy of life and conduct, would not that have insured a peaceful life? Why shouldn't she conform and float, and not mind?

To be sure a wise woman, who has been blessed or cursed with a long experience of life, would have known that such a course could not forever, or for long, secure happiness, and that a man's love ultimately must rest upon a profound respect for his wife and a belief in her nobility. Perhaps Edith did not reason in this way. Probably it was her instinct for what was pure and true—showing, indeed, the quality of her love—that guided her.

To Jack's friends he was much the same as usual. He simply went on in his ante-

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marriage ways. Perhaps he drank a little more, perhaps he was a little more reckless at cards, and it was certain that his taste for amusing himself in second-hand book-shops and antiquity collections had weakened. His talked-of project for some regular occupation seemed to have been postponed, although he said to himself that it was only postponed until his speculations, which kept him in a perpetual fever, should put him in a position to command a business.

Meantime he did not neglect social life—that is, the easy, tolerant company which lived as he liked to live. There was at first some pretence of declining invitations which Edith could not accept, but he soon fell into the habit of a man whose family has temporarily gone abroad, with the privileges of a married man, without the responsibilities of a bachelor. Edith could see that he took great credit to himself for any evenings he spent at home, and perhaps he had a sort of support in the idea that he was sacrificing himself to his family. Major Fairfax, whom Edith distrusted as a misleader of youth, did not venture to interfere with Jack again, but he said to himself that it was a blank shame that with such a wife he should go dangling about with women like Carmen and Miss Tavish, not that the Major himself had any objection to their society, but, hang it all, that was no reason why Jack should be a fool.

In midwinter Jack went to Washington on business. It was necessary to see Mavick, and Mr. Henderson, who was also there. To spend a few weeks at the capital, in preparation for Lent, has become a part of the programme of fashion. There can be met people like-minded from all parts of the Union, and there is gayety, and the entertainment to be had in new acquaintances, without incurring any of the responsibilities of social continuance. They meet there on neutral ground. Half Jack's set had gone over or were going. Young Van Dam would go with him. It will be only for a few days, Jack had said, gayly, when he bade Edith good-by, and she must be careful not to let the boy forget him.

It was quite by accident, apparently, that in the same train were the Chesneys, Miss Tavish, and Carmen going over to join her husband. This gave the business expedition the air of an excursion. And indeed at the hotel where they staid this New York contingent made something of an impression, promising an addition to the gayety of the season, and contributing to the importance of the house as a centre of fashion. Henderson's least movements were always chronicled and speculated on, and for years he had been one of the stock subjects, out of which even the dullest interviewers, who watch the hotel registers in all parts of the country, felt sure that they could make an acceptable paragraph. The arrival of his wife, therefore, was a newspaper event.

They said in Washington at the time that Mrs. Henderson was one of the most fascinating of women, amiable, desirous to please, approachable, and devoted to the interests of her husband. If some of the women, residents in established society, were a little shy of her, if some, indeed, thought her dangerous—women are always thinking this of each other, and surely they ought to know—nothing of this appeared in the reports. The men liked her. She had so much vivacity, such *esprit*, she understood men so well, and the world, and could make allowances, and was always an entertaining companion. More than one Senator paid marked court to her, more than one brilliant young fellow of the House thought himself fortunate if he sat next her at dinner, and even cabinet officers waited on her at supper. It could not be doubted that a smile and a confidential or a witty remark from Mrs. Henderson brightened many an evening. Wherever she went her charming toilets were fully described, and the public knew as well as her jewellers the number and cost of her diamonds, her necklaces, her tiaras. But this was for the world and for state occasions. At home she liked simplicity. And this was what impressed the reporters when, in the line of their public duty, they were admitted to her presence. With them she was very affable, and she made them feel that they could almost be classed with her friends, and that they were her guardians against the vulgar publicity, which she disliked and shrank from.

There went abroad, therefore, an impression of her amiability, her fabulous wealth in jewels and apparel, her graciousness and her cleverness and her domesticity. Her manners seemed to the reporters those of a "lady," and of this

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both her wit and freedom from prudishness and her courteous treatment of them convinced them. And the best of all this was that while it was said that Henderson was one of the boldest and shrewdest of operators, and a man to be feared in the Street, he was in his family relations one of the most generous and kind-hearted of men.

Henderson himself had not much time for the frivolities of the season, and he evaded all but the more conspicuous social occasions, at which Carmen, sometimes with a little temper, insisted that he should accompany her. "You would come here," he once said, "when you knew I was immersed in most perplexing business."

"And now I am here," she had replied, in a tone equally wanting in softness, "you have got to make the best of me."

Was Jack happy in the whirl he was in? Some days exceedingly so. Some days he sulked, and some days he threw himself with recklessness born of artificial stimulants into the always gay and rattling moods of Miss Tavish. Somehow he could get no nearer to Henderson or to Mavick than when he was in New York. Not that he could accuse Mavick of trying to conceal anything; Mavick bore to him always the open, "all right" attitude, but there were things that he did not understand.

And then Carmen? Was she a little less dependent on him, in this wide horizon, than in New York? And had he noticed a little disposition to patronize on two or three occasions? It was absurd. He laughed at himself for such an idea. Old Eschelle's daughter patronize him! And yet there was something. She was very confidential with Mavick. They seemed to have a great deal in common. It so happened that even in the little expeditions of sight-seeing these two were thrown much together, and at times when the former relations of Jack and Carmen should have made them comrades. They had a good deal to say to each other, and momentarily evidently serious things, and at receptions Jack had interrupted their glances of intelligence. But what stuff this was! He jealous of the attentions of his friend to another man's wife! If she was a coquette, what did it matter to him? Certainly he was not jealous. But he was irritated.

One day after a round of receptions, in which Jack had been specially disgruntled, and when he was alone in the drawing-room of the hotel with Carmen, his manner was so positively rude to her that she could not but notice it. There was this trait of boyishness in Jack, and it was one of the weaknesses that made him loved, that he always cried out when he was hurt.

Did Carmen resent this? Did she upbraid him for his manner? Did she apologize, as if she had done anything to provoke it? She sank down wearily in a chair and said:

"I'm so tired. I wish I were back in New York."

"You don't act like it," Jack replied, gruffly.

"No. You don't understand. And now you want to make me more miserable. See here, Mr. Delancy," and she started up in her seat and turned to him, "you are a man of honor. Would you advise me to make an enemy of Mr. Mavick, knowing all that he does know about Mr. Henderson's affairs?"

"I don't see what that has got to do with it," said Jack, wavering. "Lately your manner—"

"Nonsense," cried Carmen, springing up and approaching Jack with a smile of animation and trust, and laying her hand on his shoulder. "We are old, old friends. And I have just confided to you what I wouldn't to any other living being. There!" And looking around at the door, she tapped him lightly on the cheek and ran out of the room.

Whatever you might say of Carmen, she had this quality of a wise person, that she never cut herself loose from one situation until she was entirely sure of a better position.

For one reason or another Jack's absence was prolonged. He wrote often, he made bright comments on the characters and peculiarities of the capital, and he said that he was tired to death of the everlasting whirl and scuffle. People plunged in the social whirlpool always say they are weary of it, and they complain bitterly of its exactions and its tax on their time and strength. Edith judged, especially from the complaints, that her husband was enjoying himself. She felt also that his letters were in a sense perfunctory, and gave her only the surface of his life. She sought in vain in them

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for those evidences of spontaneous love, of delight in writing to her of all persons in the world, the eagerness of the lover that she recalled in letters written in other days. However affectionate in expression, these were duty letters. Edith was not alone. She had no lack of friends, who came and went in the common round of social exchange, and for many of them she had a sincere affection. And there were plenty of relatives on the father's and on the mother's side. But for the most part they were old-fashioned, home-keeping New-Yorkers, who were sufficient to themselves, and cared little for the set into which Edith's marriage had more definitely placed her. In any real trouble she would not have lacked support. She was deemed fortunate in her marriage, and in her apparent serene prosperity it was believed that she was happy. If she had had mother or sister or brother, it is doubtful if she would have made either a confidant of her anxieties, but high-spirited and self-reliant as she was, there were days when she longed with intolerable heart-ache for the silent sympathy of a mother's presence.

It is singular how lonely a woman of this nature can be in a gay and friendly world. She had her interests to be sure. As she regained her strength she took up her social duties, and she tried to resume her studies, her music, her reading, and she occupied herself more and more with the charities and the fortunes of her friends who were giving their lives to altruistic work. But there was a sense of unreality in all this. The real thing was the soul within, the longing, loving woman whose heart was heavy and unsatisfied. Jack was so lovable, he had in his nature so much nobility, if the world did not kill it, her life might be so sweet, and so completely fulfil her girlish dreams. All these schemes of a helpful, altruistic life had been in her dream, but how empty it was without the mutual confidence, the repose in the one human love for which she cared.

Though she was not alone, she had no confidant. She could have none. What was there to confide? There was nothing to be done. There was no flagrant wrong or open injustice. Some women in like circumstances become bitter and cynical. Others take their revenge in a career reckless, but within social conventions, going their own way in a sort of matrimonial truce. These are not noticeable tragedies. They are things borne with a dumb ache of the heart. There are lives into which the show of spring comes, but without the song of birds or the scent of flowers. They are endured bravely, with a heroism for which the world does not often give them credit. Heaven only knows how many noble women—noble in this if in nothing else—carry through life this burden of an unsatisfied heart, mocked by the outward convention of love.

But Edith had one confidant—the boy. And he was perfectly safe; he would reveal nothing. There were times when he seemed to understand, and whether he did or not she poured out her heart to him. Often in the twilight she sat by him in this silent communion. If he were asleep—and he was not troubled with insomnia—he was still company. And when he was awake, his efforts to communicate the dawning ideas of the queer world into which he had come were a never-failing delight. He wanted so many more things than he could ask for, which it was his mother's pleasure to divine; later on he would ask for so many things he could not get. The nurse said that he had uncommon strength of will.

These were happy hours, imagining what the boy would be, planning what she would make his life, hours enjoyed as a traveller enjoys way-side flowers, snatched before an approaching storm. It is a pity, the nurse would say, that his father cannot see him now. And at the thought Edith could only see the child through tears, and a great weight rested on her heart in all this happiness.

CHAPTER XVI.

When Father Damon parted from Edith he seemed to himself strengthened in his spirit. His momentary outburst had showed him where he stood—the strength of his fearful temptation. To see it was to be able to conquer it. He would humiliate himself; he would scourge himself; he would fast and pray; he would throw himself more unreservedly into the service of his Master. He had been too compromising with sin and sinners, and with his own weakness and sin, the worst of all.

The priest walked swiftly through the wintry streets, welcoming as a sort of penance the biting frost which burned

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his face and penetrated his garments. He little heeded the passers in the streets, those who hurried or those who loitered, only, if he met or passed a woman or a group of girls, he instinctively drew himself away and walked more rapidly. He strode on uncompromisingly, and his clean-shaved face was set in rigid lines. Those who saw him pass would have said that there went an ascetic bent on judgment. Many who did know him, and who ordinarily would have saluted him, sure of a friendly greeting, were repelled by his stern face and determined air, and made no sign. The father had something on his mind.

As he turned into Rivington Street there approached him from the opposite direction a girl, walking slowly and undecidedly. When he came near her she looked up, with an appealing recognition. In a flash of the quick passing he thought he knew her—a girl who had attended his mission and whom he had not seen for several months—but he made no sign and passed on.

"Father Damon!"

He turned about short at the sound of the weak pleading voice, but with no relaxation of his severe, introverted mood. "Well?"

It was the girl he remembered. She wore a dress of silk that had once been fine, and over it an ample cloak that had quite lost its freshness, and a hat still gay with cheap flowers. Her face, which had a sweet and almost innocent expression, was drawn and anxious. The eyes were those of a troubled and hunted animal.

"I thought," she said, hesitatingly, "you didn't know me."

"Yes, I know you. Why haven't you been at the mission lately?"

"I couldn't come. I—"

"I'm afraid you have fallen into bad ways."

She did not answer immediately. She looked away, and still avoiding his gaze, said, timidly: "I thought I would tell you, Father Damon, that I'm—that I'm in trouble. I don't know what to do."

"Have you repented of your sin?" asked he, with a little softening of his tone. "Did you want to come to me for help?"

"He's deserted me," said the girl, looking down, absorbed in her own misery, and not heeding his question.

"Ah, so that is what you are sorry for?" The severe, reproving tone had come back to his voice.

"And they don't want me in the shop any more."

The priest hesitated. Was he always to preach against sin, to strive to extirpate it, and yet always to make it easy for the sinner? This girl must realize her guilt before he could do her any good. "Are you sorry for what you have done?"

"Yes. I'm sorry," she replied. Wasn't to be in deep trouble to be sorry? And then she looked up, and continued with the thought in her mind, "I didn't know who else to go to."

"Well, my child, if you are sorry, and want to lead a different life, come to me at the mission and I will try to help you."

The priest, with a not unkindly good-by, passed on. The girl stood a moment irresolute, and then went on her way heavily and despondent. What good would it do her to go to the mission now?

Three days later Dr. Leigh was waiting at the mission chapel to speak with the rector after the vesper service. He came out pale and weary, and the doctor hesitated to make known her errand when she saw how exhausted he was.

"Did you wish me for anything?" he asked, after the rather forced greeting.

"If you feel able. There is a girl at the Woman's Hospital who wants to see you."

"Who is it?"

"It is the girl you saw on the street the other afternoon; she said she had spoken to you."

"She promised to come to the mission."

"She couldn't. I met the poor thing that same afternoon. She looked so aimless and forlorn that, though I did not remember her at first, I thought she might be ill, and spoke to her, and asked her what was the matter. At first she said nothing except that she was out of work and felt miserable, but the next moment she broke down completely, and said she hadn't a friend in the world."

"Poor thing!" said the priest, with a pang of self-reproach.

"There was nothing to do but to take her to the hospital, and there she has been."

"Is she very ill?"

"She may live, the house surgeon says. But she was very weak for such a trial."

Little more was said as they walked along, and when they reached the hospital, Father Damon was shown without

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delay into the ward where the sick girl lay. Dr. Leigh turned back from the door, and the nurse took him to the bedside. She lay quite still in her cot, wan and feeble, with every sign of having encountered a supreme peril.

She turned her head on the low pillow as Father Damon spoke, saying he was very glad he could come to her, and hoped she was feeling better.

"I knew you would come," she said, feebly. "The nurse says I'm better. But I wanted to tell you—" And she stopped.

"Yes, I know," he said. "The Lord is very good. He will forgive all your sins now, if you repent and trust Him."

"I hope—" she began. "I'm so weak. If I don't live I want him to know."

"Want whom to know?" asked the father, bending over her.

She signed for him to come closer, and then whispered a name.

"Only if I never see him again, if you see him, you will tell him that I was always true to him. He said such hard words. I was always true."

"I promise," said the father, much moved. "But now, my child, you ought to think of yourself, of your—"

"He is dead. Didn't they tell you? There is nothing any more."

The nurse approached with a warning gesture that the interview was too prolonged.

Father Damon knelt for a moment by the bedside, uttering a hardly articulate prayer. The girl's eyes were closed. When he rose she opened them with a look of gratitude, and with the sign of blessing he turned away.

He intended to hasten from the house. He wanted to be alone. His trouble seemed to him greater than that of the suffering girl. What had he done? What was he in thought better than she? Was this intruding human element always to cross the purpose of his spiritual life?

As he was passing through the wide hallway the door of the reception-room was open, and he saw Dr. Leigh seated at the table, with a piece of work in her hands. She looked up, and stopped him with an unspoken inquiry in her face. It was only civil to pause a moment and tell her about the patient, and as he stepped within the room she rose.

"You should rest a moment, Father Damon. I know what these scenes are."

Yielding, weakly, as he knew, he took the offered chair. But he raised his hand in refusal of the glass of wine which she had ready for him on the table, and offered before he could speak.

"But you must," she said, with a smile. "It is the doctor's prescription."

She did not look like a doctor. She had laid aside the dusty walking dress, the business jacket, the ugly little hat of felt, the battered reticule. In her simple house costume she was the woman, homelike, sympathetic, gentle, with the everlasting appeal of the strong feminine nature. It was not a temptress who stood before him, but a helpful woman, in whose kind eyes—how beautiful they were in this moment of sympathy—there was trust—and rest—and peace.

"So," she said, when he had taken the much-needed draught; "in the hospital you must obey the rules, one of which is to let no one sink in exhaustion."

She had taken her seat now, and resumed her work. Father Damon was looking at her, seeing the woman, perhaps, as he never had seen her before, a certain charm in her quiet figure and modest self-possession, while the thought of her life, of her labors, as he had seen her now for months and months of entire sacrifice of self, surged through his brain in a whirl of emotion that seemed sweeping him away. But when he spoke it was of the girl, and as if to himself.

"I was sorry to let her go that day. Friendless, I should have known. I did know. I should have felt. You—"

"No," she said, gently, interrupting him; "that was my business. You should not accuse yourself. It was a physician's business."

"Yes, a physician—the great Physician. The Master never let the sin hinder his compassion for the sinner."

To this she could make no reply. Presently she looked up and said: "But I am sure your visit was a great comfort to the poor girl! She was very eager to see you."

"I do not know."

His air was still abstracted. He was hardly thinking of the girl, after all, but of himself, of the woman who sat before him. It seemed to him that he would have given the world to escape—to fly from her, to fly from himself. Some invisible force held him—a strong, new, and yet not new, emotion, a power that seemed

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to clutch his very life. He could not think clearly about it. In all his discipline, in his consecration, in his vows of separation from the world, there seemed to have been no shield prepared for this. The human asserted itself, and came in, overwhelming his guards and his barriers like a strong flood in the spring-time of the year, breaking down all artificial contrivances. "They reckon ill who leave me out," is the everlasting cry of the human heart, the great passion of life, incarnate in the first man and the first woman.

With a supreme effort of his iron will—is the Will, after all, stronger than Love?—Father Damon arose. He stretched out his hand to say farewell. She also stood, and she felt the hand tremble that held hers.

"God bless you!" he said. "You are so good."

He was going. He took her other hand, and was looking down upon her face. She looked up, and their eyes met. It was for an instant, a flash, glance for glance, as swift as the stab of daggers.

All the power of Heaven and earth could not recall that glance nor undo its revelations. The man and the woman stood face to face revealed.

He bent down towards her face. Affrighted by his passion, scarcely able to stand in her sudden emotion, she started back. The action, the instant of time, recalled him to himself. He dropped her hands, and was gone. And the woman, her knees refusing any longer to support her, sank into a chair, helpless, and saw him go, and knew in that moment the height of a woman's joy, the depth of a woman's despair.

It had come to her! Steeled by her science, shielded by her philanthropy, schooled in indifference to love, it had come to her! And it was hopeless. Hopeless? It was absurd. Her life was determined. In no event could it be in harmony with his opinions, with his religion, which was dearer to him than life. There was a great gulf between them which she could not pass unless she ceased to be herself. And he? A severe priest! Vowed and consecrated against human passion! What a government of the world—if there was any government—that could permit such a thing! It was terrible.

And yet she was loved! That sang in her heart with all the pain, with all the despair. And with it all was a great pity for him, alone, gone into the wilderness, as it would seem to him, to struggle with his fierce temptation.

It had come on darker as she sat there. The lamps were lighted, and she was reminded of some visits she must make. She went, mechanically, to her room to prepare for going. The old jacket, which she took up, did look rather rusty. She went to the press—it was not much of a wardrobe—and put on the one that was reserved for holidays. And the hat? Her friends had often joked her about the hat, but now for the first time she seemed to see it as it might appear to others. As she held it in her hand, and then put it on before the mirror, she smiled a little, faintly, at its appearance. And then she laid it aside for her better hat. She never had been so long in dressing before. And in the evening, too, when it could make no difference! It might, after all, be a little more cheerful for her forlorn patients. Perhaps she was not conscious that she was making selections, that she was paying a little more attention to her toilet than usual. Perhaps it was only the woman who was conscious that she was loved.

It would be difficult to say what emotion was uppermost in the mind of Father Damon as he left the house—mortification, contempt of himself, or horror. But there was a sense of escape, of physical escape, and the imperative need of it, that quickened his steps almost into a run. In the increasing dark, at this hour, in this quarter of the town, there were comparatively few whose observation of him would recall him to himself. He thought only of escape, and of escape from that quarter of the city that was the witness of his labors and his failure. For the moment to get away from this was the one necessity, and without reasoning in the matter, only feeling, he was hurrying, stumbling in his haste, northward. Before he went to the hospital he had been tired, physically weary. He was scarcely conscious of it now; indeed, his body, his hated body, seemed lighter, and the dominant spirit now awakened to contempt of it had a certain pleasure in testing it, in drawing upon its vitality, to the point of exhaustion if possible. It should be seen which was master.

His rapid pace presently brought him

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into one of the great avenues leading to Harlem. That was the direction he wished to go. That was where he knew, without making any decision, he must go, to the haven of the house of his order, on the heights beyond Harlem. A train was just clattering along on the elevated road above him. He could see the faces at the windows, the black masses crowding the platforms. It went pounding by as if it were freight from another world. He was in haste, but haste to escape from himself. That way, bearing him along with other people, and in the moving world, was to bring him in touch with humanity again, and so with what was most hateful in himself. He must be alone. But there was a deeper psychological reason than that for walking, instead of availing himself of the swiftest method of escape. He was not fleeing from justice or pursuit. When the mind is in torture and the spirit is torn, the instinctive effort is to bodily activity, to force physical exertion, as if there must be compensation for the mental strain in the weariness of nature. The priest obeyed this instinct, as if it were possible to walk away from himself, and went on, at first with almost no sense of weariness.

And the shame! He could not bear to be observed. It seemed to him that every one would see in his face that he was a recreant priest, perjured and forsworn. And so great had been his spiritual pride! So removed he had deemed himself from the weakness of humanity! And he had yielded at the first temptation, and the commonest of all temptations! Thank God, he had not quite yielded. He had fled. And yet, how would it have been if Ruth Leigh had not had a moment of reserve, of prudent repulsion! He groaned in anguish. The sin was in the intention. It was no merit of his that he had not with a kiss of passion broken his word to his Lord and lost his soul.

It was remorse that was driving him along the avenue; no room for any other thought yet, or feeling. Perhaps it is true in these days that the old-fashioned torture known as remorse is rarely experienced except under the name of detection. But it was a reality with this highly sensitive nature, with this conscience educated to the finest edge of feeling. The world need never know his moment's weakness; Ruth Leigh he could trust as he would have trusted his own sister to guard his honor — that was all over — never, he was sure, would she even by a look recall the past; but he knew how he had fallen, and the awful measure of his lapse from loyalty to his Master. And how could he ever again stand before erring, sinful men and women and speak about that purity which he had violated? Could repentance, confession, penitence, wipe away this stain?

As he went on, his mind in a whirl of humiliation, self-accusation, and contempt, at length he began to be conscious of physical weariness. Except the biscuit and the glass of wine at the hospital, he had taken nothing since his light luncheon. When he came to the Harlem Bridge he was compelled to rest. Leaning against one of the timbers and half seated, with the softened roar of the city in his ears, the lights gleaming on the heights, the river flowing dark and silent, he began to be conscious of his situation. Yes, he was very tired. It seemed difficult to go on without help of some sort. At length he crossed the bridge. Lights were gleaming from the saloons along the street. He paused in front of one, irresolute. Food he could not taste, but something he must have to carry him on. But no, that would not do; he could not enter that in his priest's garb. He dragged himself along until he came to a drug-shop, the modern saloon of the respectably virtuous. That he entered, and sat down on a stool by the soda-water counter. The expectant clerk stared at him while waiting the order, his hand tentatively seeking one of the faucets of refreshment.

"I feel a little feverish," said the father. "You may give me five grains of quinine in whiskey."

"That 'll put you all right," said the boy as he handed him the mixture. "It's all the go now."

It seemed to revive him, and he went out and walked on towards the heights. Somehow, seeing this boy, coming back to common life, perhaps the strong and unaccustomed stimulant, gave a new shade to his thoughts. He was safe. Presently he would be at the Retreat. He would rest, and then gird up his loins and face life again. The mood lasted for some time. And when the sense of physical weariness came back, that seemed to dull the acuteness of his spiritual torment.

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It was late when he reached the house and rang the night-bell. No one of the brothers was up except Father Monies, and it was he who came to the door.

"You! So late! Is anything the matter?"

"I needed to come," the father said, simply, and he grasped the door-post, steadying himself as he came in.

"You look like a ghost."

"Yes. I'm tired. I walked."

"Walked? From Rivington Street?"

"Nearly. I felt like it."

"It's most imprudent. You dined first?"

"I wasn't hungry."

"But you must have something at once." And Father Monies hurried away, heated some bouillon by a spirit-lamp, and brought it, with bread, and set it before his unexpected guest.

"There, eat that, and get to bed as soon as you can. It was great nonsense."

And Father Damon obeyed. Indeed, he was too exhausted to talk.

CHAPTER XVII.

FATHER DAMON slept the sleep of exhaustion. In this for a time the mind joined in the lethargy of the body. But presently, as the vital currents were aroused, the mind began to play its fantastic tricks. He was a seminary student, he was ordained, he was taking his vows before the bishop, he was a robust and consecrated priest performing his first service, shining, it seemed to him, before the congregation in the purity of his separation from the world. How strong he felt. And then came perplexities, difficulties, interests, and conflicting passions in life that he had not suspected, good that looked like evil, and evil that had an alloy of virtue, and the way was confused. And then there was a vision of a sort of sister of charity working with him in the evil and the good, drawing near to him, and yet repelling him with a cold, scientific scepticism that chilled him like blasphemy; but so patient was she, so unconscious of self, that gradually he lost this feeling of repulsion and saw only the woman, that wonderful creation, tender, pitiful comrade, the other self. And then there was darkness and blindness, and he stood once more before his congregation, speaking words that sounded hollow, hearing responses that mocked him, stared at by accusing eyes that knew him for a hypocrite. And he rushed away and left them, hearing their laughter as he went, and so into the street—plainly it was Rivington Street—and faces that he knew had a smile and a sneer, and he heard comments as he passed: "Hulloa, Father Damon, come in and have a drink." "I say, Father Damon, I seen her going round into Grand Street."

When Father Monies looked in, just before daylight, Father Damon was still sleeping, but tossing restlessly and muttering incoherently; and he did not arouse him for the early devotions.

It was very late when he awoke, and opened his eyes to a confused sense of some great calamity. Father Monies was standing by the bedside with a cup of coffee.

"You have had a good sleep. Now take this, and then you may get up. The breakfast will wait for you."

Father Damon started up. "Why didn't you call me? I am late for the mission."

"Oh, Bendes has gone down long ago. You must take it easy; rest to-day. You'll be all right. You haven't a bit of fever."

"But," still declining the coffee, "before I break my fast, I have something to say to you. I—"

"Get some strength first. Besides, I have an engagement. I cannot wait. Pull yourself together; I may not be back before evening."

So it was fated that he should be left still with himself. After his coffee he dressed slowly, as if it were not he, but some one else going through this familiar duty, as if it were scarcely worth while to do anything any more. And then, before attempting his breakfast, he went into the little oratory, and remained long in the attitude of prayer, trying to realize what he was and what he had done. He prayed for himself, for help, for humility, and he prayed for her; he had been used of late to pray for her guidance, now he prayed that she might be sustained.

When he came forth it was in a calmer frame of mind. It was all clear now. When Father Monies returned he would confess, and take his penance, and resolutely resume his life. He understood life better now. Perhaps this blow was needed for his spiritual pride.

It was a mild winter day, bright, and with a touch of summer, such as sometimes gets shuffled into our winter calen-

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dar. The book that he took up did not interest him; he was in no mood for the quiet meditation that it usually suggested to him, and he put it down and strolled out, directing his steps further up the height, and away from the suburban stir. As he went on there was something consonant with his feelings in the bare wintry landscape, and when he passed the ridge and walked along the top of the river slope, he saw, as it seemed to him he had not seen it before, that lovely reach of river, the opposite wooded heights, the noble pass above, the peacefulness and invitation of nature. Had he a new sense to see all this? There was a softness in the distant outline, villas peeped out here and there, carriages were passing in the road below, there was a cheerful life in the stream--there was a harmony in the aspect of nature and humanity from this height. Was not the world beautiful? and human emotion, affection, love, were they alien to the Divine intention?

She loved beauty; she was fond of flowers; often she had spoken to him of her childish delight in her little excursions, rarely made, into the country. He could see her now standing just there and feasting her eyes on this noble panorama, and he could see her face all aglow, as she might turn to him and say, "Isn't it beautiful, Father Damon?" And she was down in those reeking streets, climbing about in the foul tenement-houses, taking a sick child in her arms, speaking a word of cheer—a good physician going about doing good!

And it might have been! Why was it that this peace of nature should bring up her image, and that they should seem in harmony? Was not the love of beauty and of goodness the same thing? Did God require in His service the atrophy of the affections? As long as he was in the world was it right that he should isolate himself from any of its sympathies and trials? Why was it not a higher life to enter into the common lot, and suffer, if need be, in the struggle to purify and ennoble all? He remembered the days he had once passed in the Trappist monastery of Gethsemane. The perfect peace of mind of the monks was purchased at the expense of the extirpation of every want, all will, every human interest. Were these men anything but specimens in a Museum of Failures? And yet, for the time being, it had seemed attractive to him, this simple vegetable existence, whose only object was preparation for death by the extinction of all passion and desire. No, these were not soldiers of the Lord, but the faint-hearted, who had slunk into the hospital.

All this afternoon he was drifting in thought, arraigning his past life, excusing it, condemning it, and trying to forecast its future. Was this a trial of his constancy and faith, or had he made a mistake, entered upon a slavish career, from which he ought to extricate himself at any cost of the world's opinion? But presently he was aware that in all these debates with himself her image appeared. He was trying to fit his life to the thought of her. And when this became clearer in his tortured mind, the woman appeared as a temptation. It was not, then, the love of beauty, not even the love of humanity, and very far from being the service of his Master, that he was discussing, but only his desire for one person. It was that, then, that made him, for that fatal instant, forget his vow, and yield to the impulse of human passion. The thought of that moment stung him with confusion and shame. There had been moments in this afternoon wandering when it had seemed possible for him to ask for release, and to take up a human, sympathetic life with her, in mutual consecration in the service of the Lord's poor. Yes, and by love to lead her into a higher conception of the Divine love. But this breaking a solemn vow at the dictates of passion was a mortal sin — there was no other name for it—a sin demanding repentance and expiation.

As he at last turned homeward, facing the great city and his life there, this became more clear to him. He walked rapidly. The lines of his face became set in a hard judgment of himself. He thought no more of escaping from himself, but of subduing himself, stamping out the appeals of his lower nature. It was in this mood that he returned.

Father Monies was awaiting him, and welcomed him with that look of affection, of more than brotherly love, which the good man had for the younger priest.

"I hope your walk has done you good."

"Perhaps," Father Damon replied, without any leniency in his face; "but that does not matter. I must tell you what I could not last night. Can you hear me?"

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They went together into the oratory. Father Damon did not spare himself. He kept nothing back that could heighten the enormity of his offence.

And Father Monies did not attempt to lessen the impression upon himself of the seriousness of the scandal. He was shocked. He was exceedingly grave, but he was even more pitiful. His experience of life had been longer than that of the penitent. He better knew its temptations. His own peace had only been won by long crucifixion of the natural desires.

"I have nothing to say as to your own discipline. That you know. But there is one thing. You must face this temptation, and subdue it."

"You mean that I must go back to my labor in the city."

"Yes. You can rest here a few days if you feel too weak physically."

"No; I am well enough." He hesitated. "I thought perhaps some other field, for a time?"

"There is no other field for you. It is not for the moment the question of where you can do most good. You are to reinstate yourself. You are a soldier of the Lord Jesus, and you are to go where the battle is most dangerous."

That was the substance of it all. There was much affectionate counsel and loving sympathy mingled with all the inflexible orders of obedience, but the sin must be faced and extirpated in presence of the enemy.

On the morrow Father Damon went back to his solitary rooms, to his chapel, to the round of visitations, to his work with the poor, the sinful, the hopeless. He did not seek her; he tried not to seem to avoid her, or to seem to shun the streets where he was most likely to meet her, and the neighborhoods she frequented. Perhaps he did avoid them a little, and he despised himself for doing it. Almost involuntarily he looked to the bench by the chapel door which she occasionally occupied at vespers. She was never there, and he condemned himself for thinking that she might be; but yet wherever he walked there was always the expectation that he might encounter her. As the days went by and she did not appear, his expectation became a kind of torture. Was she ill, perhaps? It could not be that she had deserted her work.

And then he began to examine himself with a morbid introspection. Had the hope that he should see her occasionally influenced him at all in his obedience to Father Monies? Had he, in fact, a longing to be in the streets where she had walked, among the scenes that had witnessed her beautiful devotion? Had his willingness to take up this work again been because it brought him nearer to her in spirit?

No, she could not be ill. He heard her spoken of, here and there, in his calls and ministrations to the sick and dying. Evidently she was going about her work as usual. Perhaps she was avoiding him. Or perhaps she did not care, after all, and had lost her respect for him when he discovered to her his weakness. And he had put himself on a plane so high above her.

There was no conscious wavering in his purpose. But from much dwelling upon the thought, from much effort rather to put it away, his desire only to see her grew stronger day by day. He had no fear. He longed to test himself. He was sure that he would be impassive, and be all the stronger for the test. He was more devoted than ever in his work. He was more severe with himself, more charitable to others, and he could not doubt that he was gaining a hold, yes, a real hold upon the lives of many about him. The attendance was better at the chapel; more of the penitent and forlorn came to him for help. And how alone he was! My God, never even to see her!

In fact, Ruth Leigh was avoiding him. It was partly from a womanly reserve—called into expression in this form for the first time—and partly from a wish to spare him pain. She had been under no illusion from the first about the hopelessness of the attachment. She comprehended his character so thoroughly that she knew that for him any fall from his ideal would mean his ruin. He was one of the rare spirits of faith astray in a sceptical age. For a time she had studied curiously his efforts to adapt himself to his surroundings. One of these was joining a Knights of Labor lodge. Another was his approach to the ethical-culture movement of some of the leaders in the Neighborhood Guild. Another was his interest in the philanthropic work of agnostics like herself. She could see that he, burning with zeal to save the souls of men, and believing that there was no hope for the world except in the renun-

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ciation of the world, instinctively shrank from these contacts, which, nevertheless, he sought in the spirit of a Jesuit missionary to a barbarous tribe.

It was possible for such a man to be for a time overmastered by human passion; it was possible even that he might reason himself temporarily into conduct that this natural passion seemed to justify, yet she never doubted that there would follow an awakening from that state of mind as from a horrible delusion. It was simply because Ruth Leigh was guided by the exercise of reason, and had built up her scheme of life upon facts that she believed she could demonstrate, that she saw so clearly their relations, and felt that the faith, which was to her only a vagary of the material brain, was to him an integral part of his life.

Love, to be sure, was as unexpected in her scheme of life as it was in his; but there was on her part no reason why she should not yield to it. There was every reason in her nature and in her theory why she should, for, bounded as her vision of life was by this existence, love was the highest conceivable good in life. It had been with a great shout of joy that the consciousness had come to her that she loved and was loved. Though she might never see him again, this supreme experience for man or woman, this unsealing of the sacred fountain of life, would be for her an enduring sweetness in her lonely and laborious pilgrimage. How strong love is they best know to whom it is offered and denied.

And why, so far as she was concerned, should she deny it? An ordinary woman probably would not. Love is reason enough. Why should artificial conventions defeat it? Why should she sacrifice herself, if he were willing to brave the opinion of the world for her sake? Was it any new thing for good men to do this? But Ruth Leigh was not an ordinary woman. Perhaps if her intellect had not been so long dominant over her heart it would have been different. But the habit of being guided by reason was second nature. She knew that not only his vow but the habit of life engendered by the vow was an insuperable barrier. And besides, and this was the touchstone of her conception of life and duty, she felt that if he were to break his vow, though she might love him, her respect for him would be impaired.

It was a singular phenomenon—very much remarked at the time—that the women who did not in the least share Father Damon's spiritual faith, and would have called themselves in contradistinction materialists, were those who admired him most, were in a way his followers, loved to attend his services, were inspired by his personality, and drawn to him in a loving loyalty. The attraction to these very women was his unworldliness, his separateness, his devotion to an ideal which in their reason seemed a delusion. And no women would have been more sensitive than they to his fall from his spiritual pinnacle.

It was easy with a little contrivance to avoid meeting him. She did not go to the chapel or in its neighborhood when he was likely to be going to or from service. She let others send for him when in her calls his ministration was required, and she was careful not to linger where he was likely to come. A little change in the time of her rounds was made without neglecting her work, for that she would not do, and she trusted that if accident threw him in her way, circumstances would make it natural and not embarrassing. And yet his image was never long absent from her thoughts; she wondered if he were dejected, if he were ill, if he were lonely, and mostly there was for him a great pity in her heart, a pity born, alas! of her own sense of loneliness.

How much she was repressing her own emotions she knew one evening when she returned from her visits and found a letter in his handwriting. The sight of it was a momentary rapture, and then the expectation of what it might contain gave her a feeling of faintness. The letter was long. Its coming needs a word of explanation.

Father Damon had begun to use the Margaret Fund. He found that its judicious use was more perplexing than he had supposed. He needed advice, the advice of those who had more knowledge than he had of the merits of relief cases. And then there might be many sufferers whom he in his limited field neglected. It occurred to him that Dr. Leigh would be a most helpful co-almoner. No sooner did this idea come to him than he was spurred to put it into effect. This common labor would be a sort of bond between them, a bond of charity purified from all personal

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alloy. He went at once to Mr. Henderson's office and told him his difficulties, and about Dr. Leigh's work, and the opportunities she would have. Would it not be possible for Dr. Leigh to draw from the fund on her own checks independent of him? Mr. Henderson thought not. Dr. Leigh was no doubt a good woman, but he didn't know much about woman visitors and that sort; their sympathies were apt to run away with them, and he should prefer at present to have the fund wholly under Father Damon's control. Some time, he intimated, he might make more lasting provisions with trustees. It would be better for Father Damon to give Dr. Leigh money as he saw she needed it.

The letter recited this at length; it had a check endorsed, and the writer asked the doctor to be his almoner. He dwelt very much upon the relief this would be to him, and the opportunity it would give her in many emergencies, and the absolute confidence he had in her discretion, as well as in her quick sympathy with the suffering about them. And also it would be a great satisfaction to him to feel that he was associated with her in such a work.

In its length, in its tone of kindliness, of personal confidence, especially in its length, it was evident that the writing of it had been a pleasure, if not a relief, to the sender. Ruth read it and re-read it. It was as if Father Damon were there speaking to her. She could hear the tones of his voice. And the glance of love—that last overmastering appeal and cry—thrilled through her soul.

But in the letter there was no love; to any third person it would have read like an ordinary friendly philanthropic request. And her reply, accepting gratefully his trust, was almost formal, only the writer felt that she was writing out of her heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Roman poet Martial reckons among the elements of a happy life "an income left, not earned by toil," and also "a wife discreet, yet blythe and bright." Felicity in the possession of these, the epigrammatist might have added, depends upon content in the one and full appreciation of the other.

Jack Delancy returned from Washington more discontented than when he went. His speculation hung fire in a most tantalizing way; more than that, it had absorbed nearly all the "income not earned by toil," which was at the hazard of operations he could neither control nor comprehend. And besides, this little fortune had come to seem contemptibly inadequate. In his associations of the past year his spendthrift habits had increased, and he had been humiliated by his inability to keep pace with the prodigality of those with whom he was most intimate. Miss Tavish was an heiress in her own right, who never seemed to give a thought to the cost of anything she desired; the Hendersons, for any whim, drew upon a reservoir of unknown capacity; and even Mavick began to talk as if he owned a flock of geese that laid golden eggs.

To be sure, it was pleasant coming home into an atmosphere of sincerity, of worship—was it not? It was very flattering to his self-esteem. The master had come! The house was in commotion. Edith flew to meet him, hugged him, shook him, criticised his appearance, rallied him for a recreant father. How well she looked—buoyant, full of vivacity, running over with joy, asking a dozen questions before he could answer one, testifying her delight, her affection, in a hundred ways. And the boy! He was so eager to see his papa. He could converse now—that is, in his way. And that prodigy, when Jack was dragged into his presence, and also fell down with Edith and worshipped him in his crib, did actually smile, and appear to know that this man belonged to him, was a part of his worldly possessions.

"Do you know," said Edith, looking at the boy critically, "I think of making Fletcher a present, if you approve."

"What's that?"

"He'll want some place to go to in the summer. I want to buy that old place where he was born and give it to him. Don't you think it would be a good investment?"

"Yes, permanent," replied Jack, laughing at such a mite of a real-estate owner.

"I know he would like it. And you don't object?"

"Not in the least. It's next to an ancestral feeling to be the father of a landowner."

They were standing close to the crib, his arm resting lightly across her shoulders. He drew her closer to him, and

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kissed her tenderly. "The little chap has a golden-hearted mother. I don't know why he should not have a Golden House."

Her eyes filled with sudden tears. She could not speak. But both arms were clasped round his neck now. She was too happy for words. And the baby, looking on with large eyes, seemed to find nothing unusual in the proceeding. He was used to a great deal of this sort of nonsense himself.

It was a happy evening. In truth, after the first surprise, Jack was pleased with this contemplated purchase. It was something removed beyond temptation. Edith's property was secure to her, and it was his honorable purpose never to draw it into his risks. But he knew her generosity, and he could not answer for himself if she should offer it, as he was sure she would do, to save him from ruin.

There was all the news to tell, the harmless gossip of daily life, which Edith had a rare faculty of making dramatically entertaining, with her insight and her feeling for comedy. There had been a musical at the Blunts'—oh, strictly amateur—and Edith ran to the piano and imitated the singers and took off the players, until Jack declared that it beat the Conventional Club out of sight. And she had been to a parlor mind-cure lecture, and to a Theosophic conversation, and to a Reading Club for the Cultivation of a Feeling for Nature through Poetry. It was all immensely solemn and earnest. And Jack wondered that the managers did not get hold of these things and put them on the stage. Nothing could draw like them. Not burlesques, though, said Edith; not in the least. If only these circles would perform in public as they did in private, how they would draw!

And then Father Damon had been to consult her about his fund. He had been ill, and would not stay, and seemed more severe and ascetic than ever. She was sure something was wrong. For Dr. Leigh, whom she had sought out several times, was reserved, and did not voluntarily speak of Father Damon; she had heard that he was throwing himself with more than his usual fervor into his work. There was plenty to talk about. The purchase of the farm by the sea had better not be delayed; Jack might have to go down and see the owner. Yes, he would make it his first business in the morning. Perhaps it would be best to get some Long-Islander to buy it for them.

By the time it was ten o'clock, Jack said he thought he would step down to the Union a moment. Edith's countenance fell. There might be letters, he explained, and he had a little matter of business; he wouldn't be late.

It was very agreeable, home was, and Edith was charming. He could distinctly feel that she was charming. But Jack was restless. He felt the need of talking with somebody about what was on his mind. If only with Major Fairfax. He would not consult the Major, but the latter was in the way of picking up all sorts of gossip, both social and Street gossip.

And the Major was willing to unpack his budget. It was not very reassuring, what he had to tell; in fact, it was somewhat depressing, the general tightness and the panicky uncertainty, until, after a couple of glasses of Scotch, the financial world began to open a little and seem more hopeful.

"The Hendersons are going to build," Jack said at length, after a remark of the Major's about that famous operator.

"Build? What for? They've got a palace."

"Carmen says it's for an object-lesson. To show New York millionaires how to adorn their city."

"It's like that little—schemer. What does Henderson say?"

"He appears to be willing. I can't get the hang of Henderson. He doesn't seem to care what his wife does. He's a cynical cuss. The other night, at dinner, in Washington, when the thing was talked over, he said: 'My dear, I don't know why you shouldn't do that as well as anything. Let's build a house of gold, as Nero did; we are in the Roman age.' Carmen looked dubious for a moment, but she said, 'You know, Rodney, that you always used to say that some time you would show New York what a house ought to be in this climate.' 'Well, go on,' and he laughed. 'I suppose lightning will not strike that sooner than anything else.'"

"Seems to me," said the Major, reflectively, reaching out his hand for the brown mug, "the way he gives that woman her head, and doesn't care what she does, he must have a contempt for her."

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"I wish somebody had that sort of contempt for me," replied Jack, filling up his glass also.

"But, I tell you," he continued, "Mrs. Henderson has caught on to the new notions. Her idea is the union of all the arts. She has already got the refusal of a square 'way up town, on the rise opposite the Park, and has been consulting architects about it. It is to be surrounded with the building, with a garden in the interior, a tropical garden, under glass in the winter. The façades are to be gorgeous and monumental. Artists and sculptors are to decorate it, inside and out. Why shouldn't there be color on the exterior, gold and painting, like the Fugger palaces in Augsburg, only on a great scale? The artists don't see any reason why there should not. It will make the city brilliant, that sort of thing, in place of our monotonous stone lanes. And it's using her wealth for the public benefit—the architects and artists all say that. Gad, I don't know but the little woman is beginning to regard herself as a public benefactor."

"She is that or nothing," echoed the Major, warmly.

"And do you know," continued Jack, confidentially, "I think she's got the right idea. If I have any luck—of course I sha'n't do that—but if I have any luck, I mean to build a house that's got some life in it—color, old boy, something unique and stunning."

"So you will," cried the Major, enthusiastically, and, raising his glass, "Here's to the house that Jack built!"

It was later than he thought it would be when he went home, but Jack was attended all the way by a vision of a Golden House—all gold wouldn't be too good, and he will build it, damme, for Edith and the boy.

The next morning not even the foundations of this structure were visible. The master of the house came down to a late breakfast, out of sorts with life, almost surly. Not even Edith's bright face and fresh toilet and radiant welcome appealed to him. No one would have thought from her appearance that she had waited for him last night hour after hour, and had at last gone to bed with a heavy heart, and not to sleep—to toss, and listen, and suffer a thousand tortures of suspense. How many tragedies of this sort are there nightly in the metropolis, none the less tragic because they are subjects of jest in the comic papers and on the stage! What would be the condition of social life if women ceased to be anxious in this regard, and let loose the reins in an easy-going indifference? What, in fact, *is* the condition in those households where the wives do not care? One can even perceive a tender sort of loyalty to women in the ejaculation of that battered old veteran, the Major, "Thank God, there's nobody sitting up for me!"

Jack was not consciously rude. He even asked about the baby. And he sipped his coffee and glanced over the morning journal, and he referred to the conversation of the night before, and said that he would look after the purchase at once. If Edith had put on an aspect of injury, and had intimated that she had hoped that his first evening at home might have been devoted to her and the boy, there might have been a scene, for Jack needed only an occasion to vent his discontent. And for the chronicler of social life a scene is so much easier to deal with, an outburst of temper and sharp language, of accusation and recrimination, than the well-bred commonplace of an undefined estrangement.

And yet estrangement is almost too strong a word to use in Jack's case. He would have been the first to resent it. But the truth was that Edith, in the life he was leading, was a rebuke to him; her very purity and unworldliness were out of accord with his associations, with his ventures, with his dissipations in that smart and glittering circle where he was more welcome the more he lowered his moral standards. Could he help it if after the first hours of his return he felt the restraint of his home, and that the life seemed a little flat? Almost unconsciously to himself, his interests and his inclinations were elsewhere.

Edith, with the divination of a woman, felt this. Last night her love alone seemed strong enough to hold him, to bring him back to the purposes and the aspirations that only last summer had appeared to transform him. Now he was slipping away again. How pitiful it is, this contest of a woman, who has only her own love, her own virtue, with the world and its allurements and seductions, for the possession of her husband's heart! How powerless she is against these subtle in-

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vitations, these unknown and all-encompassing temptations! At times the whole drift of life, of the easy morality of the time, is against her. The current is so strong that no wonder she is often swept away in it. And what could an impartial observer of things as they are say otherwise than that John Delancy was leading the common life of his kind and his time, and that Edith was only bringing trouble on herself by being out of sympathy with it?

He might not be in at luncheon, he said, when he was prepared to go down town. He seldom was. He called at his broker's. Still suspense. He wrote to the Long Island farmer. At the Union he found a scented note from Carmen. They had all returned from the capital. How rejoiced she was to be at home! And she was dying to see him; no, not dying, but very much living; and it was very important. She should expect him at the usual hour. And could he guess what gown she would wear?

And Jack went. What hold had this woman on him? Undoubtedly she had fascinations, but he knew, knew well enough by this time, that her friendship was based wholly on calculation. And yet what a sympathetic comrade she could be! How freely he could talk with her; there was no subject she did not adapt herself to. No doubt it was this adaptability that made her such a favorite. She did not demand too much virtue or require too much conventionality. The hours he was with her he was wholly at his ease. She made him satisfied with himself, and she didn't disturb his conscience.

"I think," said Jack—he was holding both her hands with a swinging motion—when she came forward to greet him, and looking at her critically—"I think I like you better in New York than in Washington."

"That is because you see more of me here."

"Oh, I saw you enough in Washington."

"But that was my public manner. I have to live up to Mr. Henderson's reputation."

"And here you only have to live up to mine?"

"I can live for my friends," she replied, with an air of candor, giving a very perceptible pressure with her little hands. "Isn't that enough?"

Jack kissed each little hand before he let it drop, and looked as if he believed.

"And how does the house get on?"

"Famously. The lot is bought. Mr. Van Brunt was here all the morning. It's going to be something Oriental, mediæval, nineteenth-century, gorgeous, and domestic. Van Brunt says he wants it to represent me."

"How?" inquired Jack; "all the four façades different?"

"With an interior unity—all the styles brought to express an individual taste, don't you know. A different house from the four sides of approach, and inside, home—that's the idea."

"It appears to me," said Jack, still bantering, "that it will look like an apartment-house."

"That is just what it will not—that is, outside unity, and inside a menagerie. This won't look gregarious. It is to have not more than three stories, perhaps only two. And then exterior color, decoration, statuary."

"And gold?"

"Not too much—not to give it a cheap gilded look. Oh, I asked him about Nero's house. As I remember it, that was mostly caverns. Mr. Van Brunt laughed, and said they were not going to excavate this house. The Roman notion was barbarous grandeur. But in point of beauty and luxury, this would be as much superior to Nero's house as the electric light is to a Roman lamp."

"Not classic, then?"

"Why, all that's good in classic form, with the modern spirit. You ought to hear Mr. Van Brunt talk. This country has never yet expressed itself in domestic inhabitation."

"It's going to cost! What does Mr. Henderson say?"

"I think he rather likes it. He told Mr. Van Brunt to consult me and go ahead with his plans. But he talks queerly. He said he thought he would have money enough at least for the foundation. Do you think, Jack," asked Carmen, with a sudden change of manner, "that Mr. Henderson is really the richest man in the United States?"

"Some people say so. Really, I don't know how any one can tell. If he let go his hand from his affairs, I don't know what a panic would do."

Carmen looked thoughtful. "He said to me once that he wasn't afraid of the

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Street any more. I told him this morning that I didn't want to begin this if it was going to incommode him."

"What did he say?"

"He was just going out. He looked at me a moment with that speculative sort of look—no, it isn't cynical, as you say; I know it so well—and then said: 'Oh, go ahead. I guess it will be all right. If anything happens, you can turn it into a boarding-house. It will be an excellent sanitarium.' That was all. Anyway, it's something to do. Come, let's go and see the place." And she started up and touched the bell for the carriage. It was more than something to do. In those days before her marriage, when her mother was living, and when they wandered about Europe, dangerously near to the reputation of adventuresses, the girl had her dream of châteaus and castles and splendor. Her chance did not come in Europe, but, as she would have said, Providence is good to those who wait.

The next day Jack went to Long Island, and the farm was bought, and the deed brought to Edith, who, with much formality, presented it to the boy, and that young gentleman showed his appreciation of it by trying to eat it. It would have seemed a pretty incident to Jack, if he had not been absorbed in more important things.

But he was very much absorbed, and apparently more idle than ever. As the days went on, and the weeks, he was less and less at home, and in a worse humor—that is, at home. Carmen did not find him ill-humored, nor was there any change towards the fellows at the Union, except that it was noticed that he had his cross days. There was nothing specially to distinguish him from a dozen others, who led the same life of vacuity, of mild dissipation, of enforced pleasure. A wager now and then on an "event"; a fictitious interest in elections; lively partisanship in society scandals. Not much else. The theatres were stale, and only endurable on account of the little suppers afterwards; and really there wasn't much in life except the women who made it agreeable.

Major Fairfax was not a model; there had not much survived out of his checkered chances and experiences, except a certain instinct of being a gentleman, sir; the close of his life was not exactly a desirable goal; but even the Major shook his head over Jack.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOLF IN THE OLD COUNTRY.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

NEVER was sporting England more seriously afflicted than it is to-day by golf-mania. Never was a situation so incongruous with our orthodox preconception as that of the Britisher in the throes of this disease, for disease it certainly is, and not the less deeply seated for failing to disclose its symptoms.

To the occasional or casual observer there appears in the Englishman's demeanor on the links no departure from his usual placidity. He stalks upon the grounds with habitual solemnity, and takes up the game in the same seriousness that has been associated with him at play. If the on-looker follows the player around the course, he seeks in vain for any visible sign of that joyous spirit which he, likely as not, has imagined fitting accompaniment to athletic contest.

But in golf the Briton is a contradiction. He gives no outward evidence of perturbation, though, to borrow topical opera slang, he boils within. It is only to his familiars in the club-house and around his own board that the Englishman reveals himself, and there, by the softening influences of good cheer, may you discover how hopeless a victim he is to the ancient and royal game.

Before he has finished his Scotch and soda he will play over again every stroke of that last round in which he was beaten a single hole, and then take up in elaborate detail certainly every bunker and almost every brae on the course, until he has at length decided to his complete satisfaction on the identical stroke and spot that caused his downfall. I should be willing to give long odds in a wager on every golfing enthusiast in Great Britain being able to find, blindfolded, any given hazard on his home links, and the great majority of hazards on every course in England or Scotland. To hear them dis-

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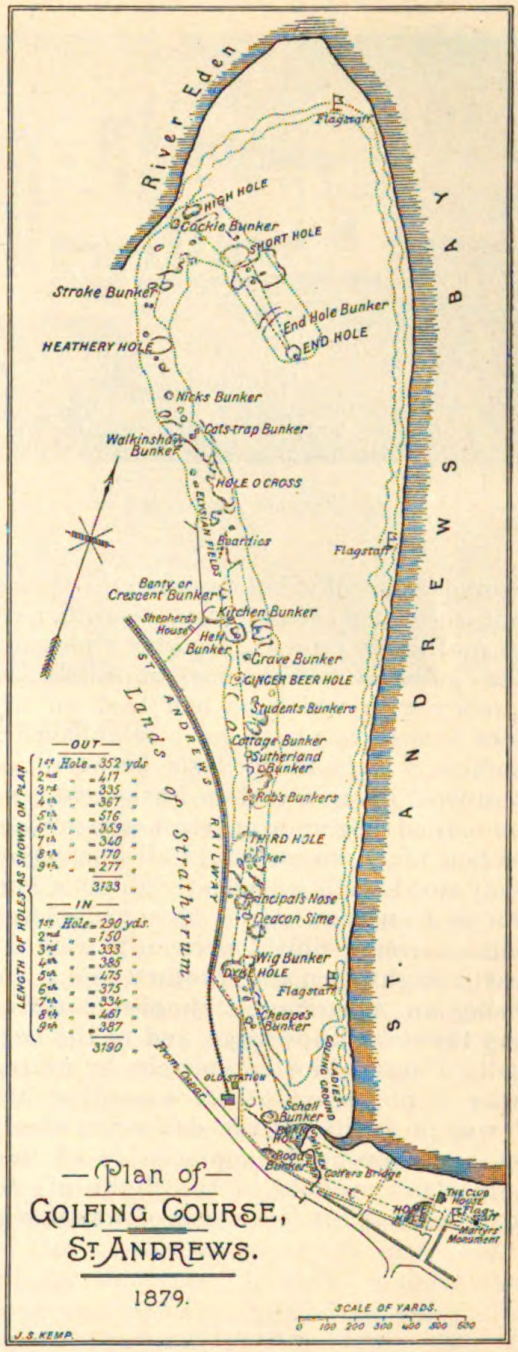
cuss strokes to evade, I was near saying, almost every bit of whin, and locate every sand dune, is to gain some idea of the range and strength of golf mania.

I was prepared to find the country gone golf-crazy, but I found instead a condition bordering on what I have called golf-insomnia, though I should add that my observations were made from esoteric vantage-ground. At first I was disappointed, and ascribed the stories I had heard of the golf-furor to newspaper license; I had looked for some familiar token by which I might recognize the craze—signs such as in America indicate unmistakably that a boom is on. But my first visit to links so depressed me that I nearly reached a determination to pass by golf altogether in my pilgrimage — in the eventual failure of which resolution my readers have my heart-felt sympathy.

I had but just returned to London after an exciting day's sport with the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, and concluded to devote an afternoon to golf at Wimbledon, which is in the suburbs of London, and will be remembered by Americans as the scene of the international rifle matches.

It was a disillusionizing experience, that first sight of the much-heralded and antique game. Speaking retrospectively, I am not sure I have a very distinct recollection of just what I reckoned on viewing; I do not believe I expected to see players astride their clubs prancing about the teeing-ground in ill-concealed eagerness for the affray, nor a dense and cheering throng of spectators surrounding the putting-green of the home hole, nor triumphantly shouldered victors borne from the field amid hosannas and tumultuous applause by the populace. We Americans, I know, are nothing if not speculative, but I really question if such a will-o'-the-wisp danced to my seduction on the journey out to Wimbledon. Yet I do remember I had read so much in the papers and heard so much in the clubs that I was led to look for a certain amount of animation on the links, tempered of course by the national disposition.

Even as I write now I can feel again the dejection that came over me in successive and widening waves as I looked for the first time on the game that is reported to have converted in the last two or three years more disciples than any other in the old country. At first I thought I had gone on the links during a lull in the play. Then I persuaded myself that I had arrived on a day set apart for the convalescents of some near-by sanitarium, but as I discovered my error in the ruddy imprint of health on their cheeks, my wonder grew that so many vigorous, young, and middle-aged men could find amusement in what appeared to me to be a melancholy and systematized "constitutional." Once recovered from the initial shock, I found amusement in the awful solemnity that enveloped the on-lookers about the putting-green, every



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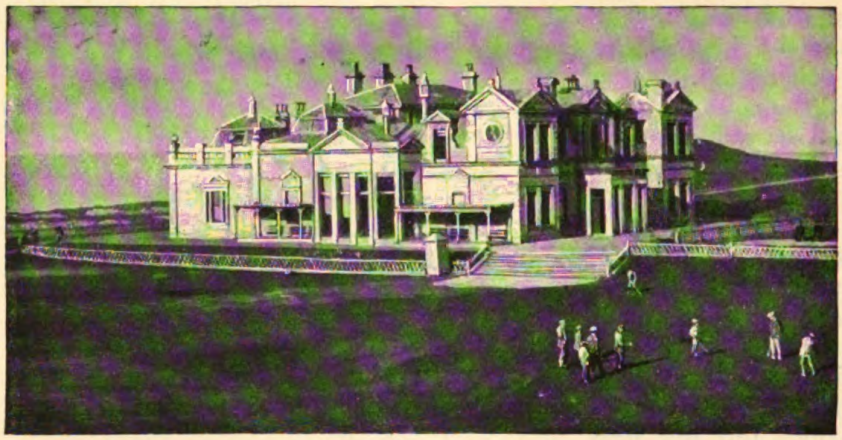
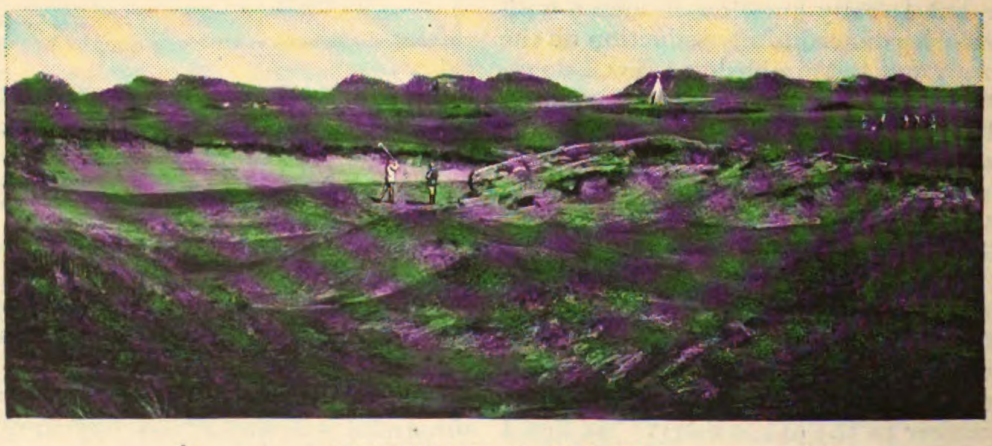


CLUB-HOUSE AND HOME HOLE, ST. ANDREWS.

mother's son of whom watched the holing out with bated breath. One, standing next to me in the crowd, and whose pleasing face gave encouragement, while the frequency with which he had trod on my toes seemed to me to have established a sufficient *entente cordiale* between us, bestowed upon me, when I asked why no one called the number of strokes each player had taken, so we would all know how they stood, such a look of righteous horror as I am sure would have caused any but an irrepressible American to wish the earth might open and swallow him. But being an American it simply increased my thirst for knowledge, and at the next sally I upset him completely by asking why a player, who was executing the "waggle" with all the deliberate nicety of one thoroughly appreciative of that important prelude to the flight of the ball, did not hit it instead of wasting so much time and energy flourishing his "stick" above it.

To have alluded with levity to one of the rudimentary functions of the game was appalling enough in all conscience, but to have called a club a stick was too much for my neighbor, and he of the aggressive feet moved away from the tee with a pained expression clouding the open countenance that had tempted my golfing innocence.

Subsequent and solitary wanderings about the links brought but little solace to my joyless sporting soul, for it seemed that at every turning I was challenged by loud and emphatic cries of "fore," the significance of which I did not understand, while the air appeared to be filled with flying balls that whizzed past at uncomfortable proximity, or alighted just behind me, after a flight of a hundred and fifty yards or so, with a thud far from reassuring. It does not seem probable such a situation could under any circumstances have a humorous side; but it may, and I have laughed until my head ached over the comical consternation of some luckless and obstinate duffer, who, instead of permitting, as courtesy and tradition teach, more skilful following players to pass him, continued on his laborious and turf-



HELL BUNKER, ST. ANDREWS.

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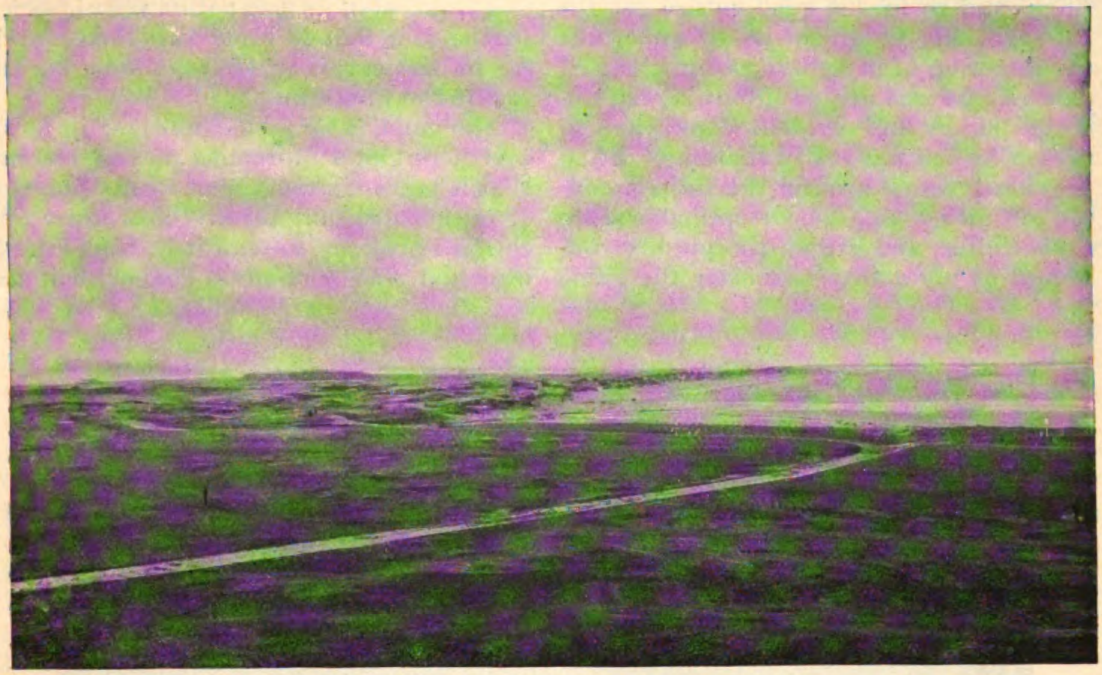

A VIEW OF ST. ANDREWS LINKS.

bruising way, driven into by those immediately back of him, and damned by every golfer on the links. Given an irascible and stubborn and indifferent (a combination that has been known to exist) leading player, with following balls dropping around him, and I fancy even an Englishman, if he is not playing, will acknowledge the picture mirth-provoking. At Wimbledon I was the hapless but by no means adjectived victim, for though I was looking for animation, it was in the rôle of spectator rather than that of participant.

What broke the gloom of that first day of my experience, and turned indifference to a desire for knowledge, were the individual manœuvres on the putting-green, which, sometimes grotesque, frequently picturesque, and invariably fraught with the weightiest meditation, convinced me that any game requiring such earnest play must improve on acquaintance. The putting-green presents a scene for the student of human nature, with its exhibitions of temperaments and varied styles of play: one will make a minute and lengthy survey over the few yards of turf that separate his ball from the hole, and attain the climax of his joy or woe by a short sharp tap with the club; another devotes his critical attention to the lie of the ball, followed by a painfully deliberate aim that seems never to quite reach the explosive point; some appear to acquire confidence by the narrowing of the human circle around the hole; others wave all back save their caddie, who, like a father confessor, remains at their side administering unction of more or less extremity to the last.

The duties of the caddie are manifold, including the responsibilities of preceptor, doctor, and lawyer. He will be called upon to devise means of escape from soul-trying bunkers, administer to the wounded pride of the unsuccessful, and turn legislator at a crowded teeing-ground; he must even at times serve as a foil to the wrath of the disconsolate player who has "foozled" a drive that was confidently expected to carry him safely beyond a formidable hazard. There are caddies and caddies, to be sure, but when of the right sort, no servants, I fancy, receive such marked evidence of their master's regard. Most of them are Scotch, and some of them the most picturesque figures on the golfing-green.

I was shortly to have my wish for knowledge fulfilled, for not a week after my Wimbledon experience a good Samaritan, in the guise of a handsome type of the beau ideal Briton—six feet in height, and with cheeks that bloomed as rosy as a girl's—introduced me to the Ranelagh

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links, and so let his good-nature get the better of his judgment as to undertake the direction of my golfing education. I dare say he was misled into this rash undertaking by my evident confidence in myself, which was really supreme. I had previously gone around the links a couple of times with a very respectable score for a duffer, and grown thoroughly convinced of my ability to master the game very shortly. I did not know it at that time, but I was just in prime condition to become a convert.

To obtain a full appreciation of the charms and difficulties of golf you should have acquired a settled conviction of its inferiority as a game requiring either skill or experience; you must have looked upon it with supreme contempt, and catalogued it as a sport for invalids and old men. When you have reached this frame of mind go out on to the links and try it. I never believed a club could be held in so many different ways but the right one until I essayed golf, nor dreamed it so difficult to drive a ball in a given direction. The devotion of the golfer to his game is only equalled by the contempt of him who looks upon it for the first time. You wonder at a great many things when you first see it played, but your wonderment is greatest that a game which appears so simple should have created such a furor.

The secret of its fascination rests largely in the fact that it beats the player, and he, in his perversity, strives the harder to secure the unattainable.

The game is by no means easy; in fact, one of England's foremost players asserts that it takes six months of steady play to acquire consistent form. You must hit the ball properly to send it in the desired direction, and you must deal with it as you find it; you cannot arrange the ball to suit your better advantage, nor await a more satisfactory one, as in baseball and cricket. The club must be held correctly and swung accurately in order to properly address the ball, from which the player should never take his eye, while at the same time he must move absolutely freely, and yet maintain an exact balance. Besides which, it demands judgment and good temper, and if you fail in the latter your play will be weakened on the many trying occasions that arise.

WALKINSHAW'S GRAVE.

It is a selfish game, where each man fights for himself, seizing every technicality for his own advantage, and there is no doubt that to this fact its popularity may in a large measure be attributed. Unlike cricket, baseball, or football, one is not dependent on others for play. You can usually find some one to make up a match, or you may go over the course alone, getting the best of practice and fairly good sport, or at least there is al-

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ways a caddie to be had for the asking, and the usual small fee.

The exercise may be gentle, but whosoever fancies golf does not test the nerves should play a round on popular links. Unless he is a veteran of tried experience he cannot be indifferent to the scrutiny to which his form is subjected at the tee, nor does it make him more certain of his swing to know that he is being mentally criticised by the most skilled players in the world. If he is a novice, he is pretty apt to top his ball on the drive, and fancy all kinds of maledictions heaped upon his duffer play by those awaiting their turn at the tee. I should advise a beginner to serve his novitiate on little-frequented links, if such are to be found in Great Britain, for on popular ones both his pleasure and form are likely to suffer. He is sure to make wild drives and erratic iron shots in his anxiety to play hurriedly and keep out of the way of following golfers, and it is not calculated to increase his accuracy to hear balls dropping around him, and to know he is delaying the game of a dozen or more back of him. But the duffer's trials are suspended for the time being once he has reached the putting-green, since tradition rules that here on this golfing sanctuary no man may drive into or molest him. And yet his respite is but half enjoyed, and not at all shared by his partner, if it be a four-some match, for the desirability of always being "up" in his putts having been vigorously impressed upon him, he is likely, in his zeal and wish to win a look of approval from that patient individual, to entirely overshoot the hole.

It would take all the space at my disposal in this article were I to attempt a list of the golfing clubs of Great Britain; but the publication of a 350-page annual compendium, which devotes itself mainly to the subject, rather suggests what that number may be, and gives, too, a good idea of the game's popularity. I do not know of another sport on either side of the Atlantic that is similarly treated by the publisher. But one need not resort to literature to catch the popular trend, which in England has spread at such a pace that nowadays you need only lay out links, build a hotel, and you have founded a town. As for Scotland—well, one expects golf up there, and one gets it. The coast is simply a succession of links, and the vision of beknickerbockered, begaitered, and beclubbed men is a never-fading one. There is a certain indefinable charm in the golfing atmosphere of Scotland one does not find in England, and not altogether explained by the more picturesque surroundings of the northern links, that wooes you irresistibly; an unobtrusive assumption of superiority by its players, that evinces itself in kindly suggestion rather than arrogant admonition, and caddies that seem to be following on in a line of hereditary dignity.

I know my greatest enjoyment was obtained by wandering over the St. Andrews links with a gray-haired old caddie, who

HOLE O' CROSS, HEATHERY HOLE, HIGH HOLE, AND THE RIVER EDEN, ST. ANDREWS.

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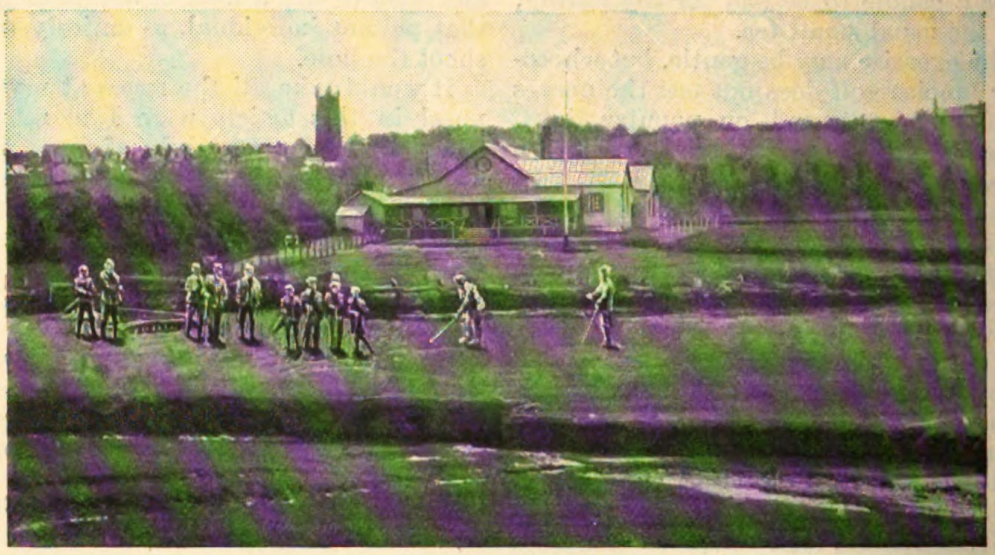

WESTWARD HO CLUB-HOUSE AND FIRST TEEING-GROUND.

told me, among a chapter of picturesque bits, that he had many a time carried Mr. George Glennie's clubs, and similarly officiated for Tom Morris. I do not believe I know anything quite so delicious, not even the ancient nimrod, as a talkative and reminiscent caddie. Of course, on sober reflection, you realize he is drawing on his vivid imagination; but the difference and the charm is that while the fisherman only half convinces, somehow there is such an earnestness about the caddie as he recounts the most unheard-of shots, and the air is so charged with golfing intoxicant, that your credulity is up to any tale, and you fall a willing victim to the blandishments of the insinuating servant of the ancient and royal game. But do not get the impression that all caddies are so picturesque or entertaining; their imaginations may be and undoubtedly are quite as productive, but it is only the rare few that lend so fetching a setting to their garrulity.

The caddie pure and simple occupies the lowest stratum of professional golf; he may earn his way to the ranks of the professional players, if he is capable and provident, or, if he is shiftless, he will supplement his work on the links by odd jobs here and there, with no ambition for a professional career. The latter specimen can make about a dollar a day carrying clubs, or twice that amount if he plays a couple of rounds, and he usually divides his time between the links and the dram-shop. Some of the more trustworthy of this class serve additionally as rough-and-ready valets at about twenty dollars a month, and the more thrifty, again, earn an extra few pence by commissions on the clubs they sell. All must be capable on the links or they cannot earn their salt. Nothing is more exasperating than a poor caddie, and he is not tolerated, while, on the other hand, he may make himself invaluable, and his services always in demand.

The autocrat of all golf professionals is the green-keeper, employed by a club on salary to officiate as general custodian, and who usually has under him several lesser lights in the professional world, that, differing from the caddie class, invariably follow golf as a means of livelihood, by either teaching or making up four-somes with amateurs; they may and frequently do have an interest in a club-manufacturer's shop, or, failing of such consequence, take a turn at the bench at day's wages.

I cannot say if the native views it in the same light, but I concluded before I had half finished my tour that the attraction of golf was as much due to the atmosphere of tradition on the links and good-fellowship in the clubs as to the qualities of the game itself. I doubt if we in America will ever be able to extract so much pleasure from it. Our dispositions, our temperaments, are not golf-like; we hurry through life at too rapid a gait; we have not the time to give golf in order to gain that responsive charm the

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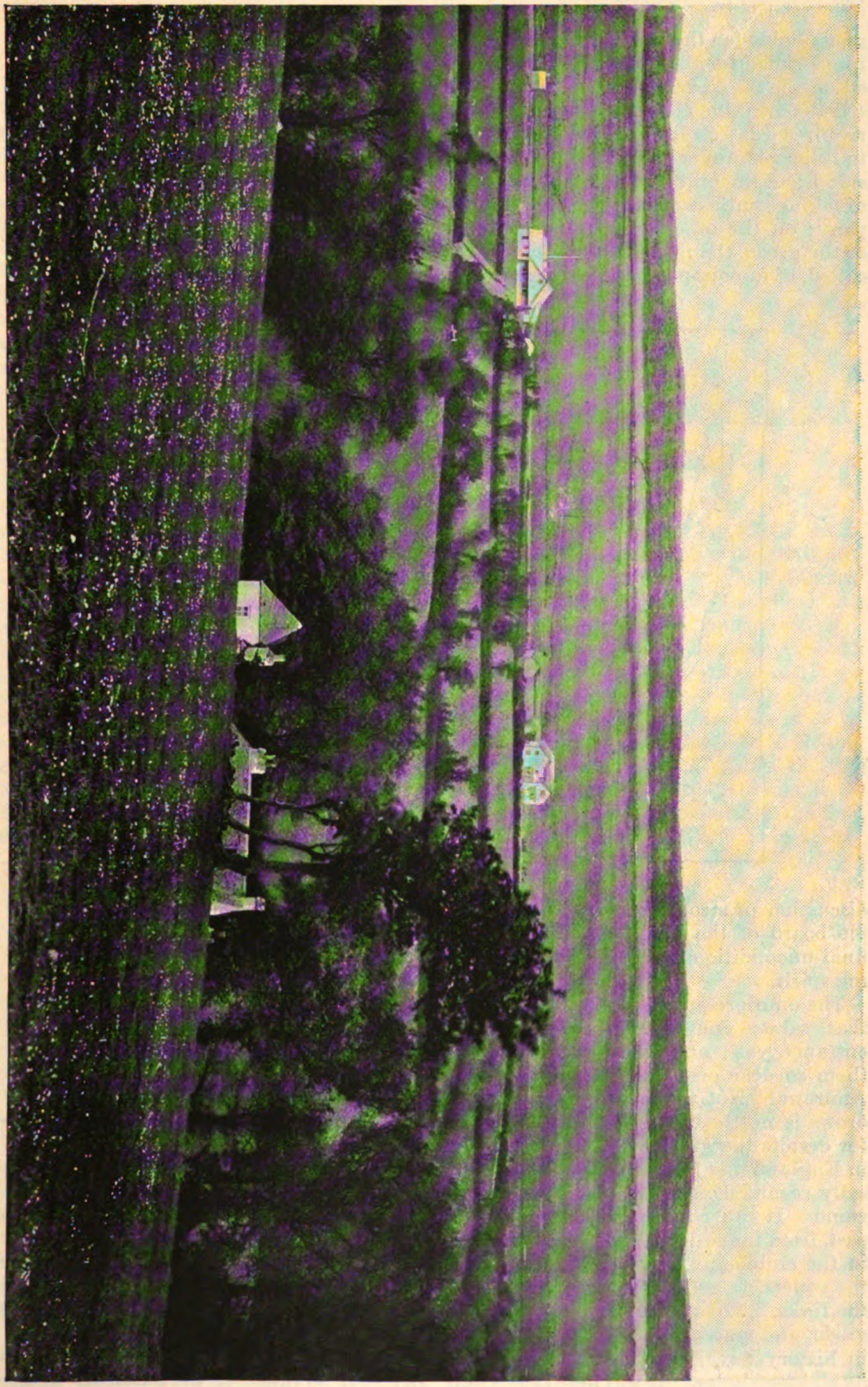

LOOKING TOWARD THE SEA, WESTWARD HO.

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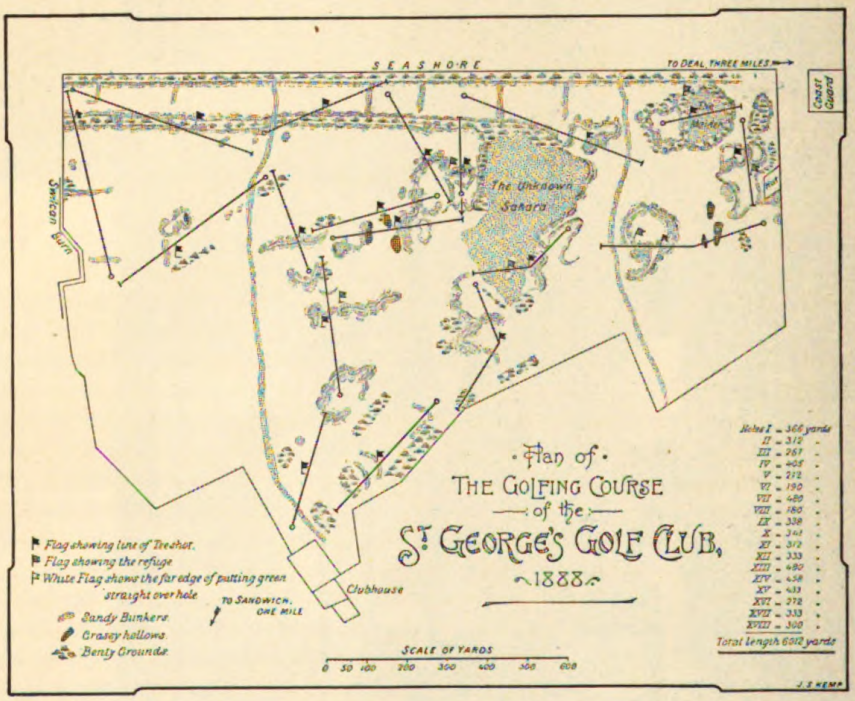
game holds for the leisurely suitor. Before I sailed for the other side I had played on the St. Andrews course at Yonkers (New York), the oldest in America, but it required a day on links in the old country to bring me under the influence; on this side I had thought it an entertaining way of taking gentle exercise in agreeable company; on the other side the associations of the green, the memories, constantly recalled, of famous players, the enthusiastic discussion of strokes around the hospitable board of the club, combine to your final unconditional surrender to the golfing spirit.



The omnipresent memories of the game that salute you everywhere are what entrance you; and where will you find them so dear or so abounding as at St. Andrews? Not to have been to St. Andrews is not to have seen golf at home, for despite the greater age of Blackheath in England, the Scottish green is universally regarded as the *alma mater* of the game. It is a connecting link with the past, from the collection of queer old clubs in the club-house, to "Old Tom" Morris, the venerable and revered keeper, out on the links. Royal blood has golfed on its green, and matches that will live longest in history have been won and lost over its eighteen holes. It was here that Allan Robertson some sixty years ago showed the wonderful play that earned him the right to be considered the most skilled of professionals, and gave him a 79 record, which remained unequalled until a few years ago. It was here that Robertson, "Old Tom" Morris, and the Parks and the Dunns decided many a hard-fought match, and where "Old Tom" learned the golf that has made him famous, and left him, even now with his seventy-two years, among the best in the land.

Small wonder the memories are kept alive, for those must have been great days along in the middle of the present century. The professional golf-player as he exists to-day was not known at that time; and the few like those mentioned were constantly being matched against one another by the several clubs to which they belonged. Allan Robertson's 79 stood until "Young Tom" Morris, who gave promise, had he lived to fulfil it, of being a more brilliant performer than even his skilled father, made it 77, which continued the St. Andrews' record up to October, '88, when the professional Hugh Kirkaldy made it 74, and a year later established the present remarkable record of 73, taking 35 strokes out, and 38 on the return.

Aside from Mr. George Glennie, we do not hear so much of the amateurs of the old days, and must conclude that amateur

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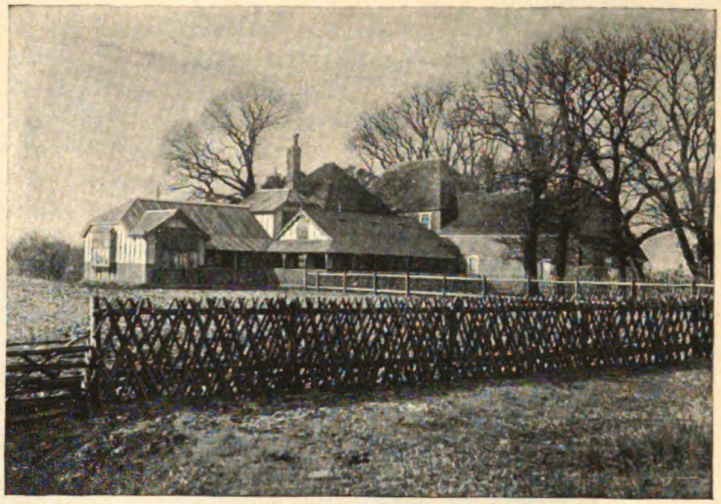
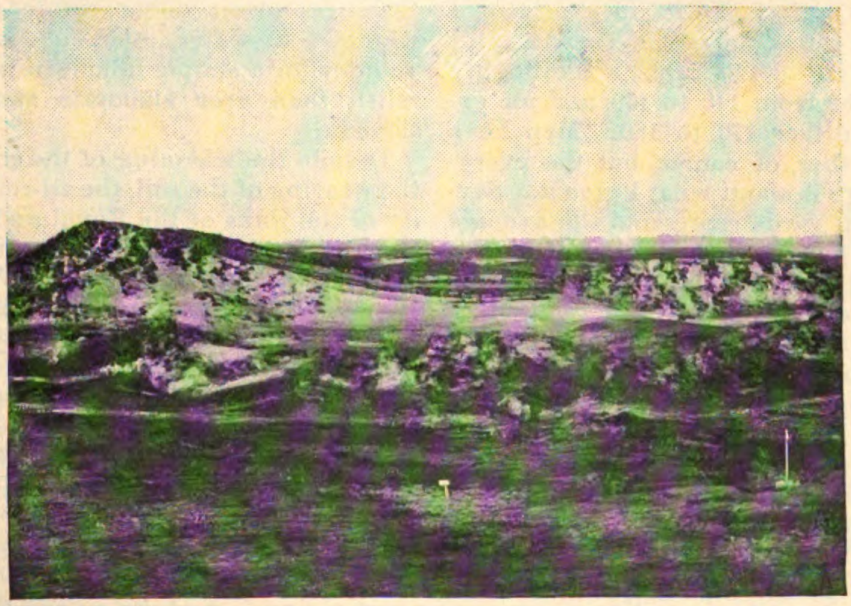
golfing skill has increased a long way beyond what it was even twenty-five years ago, and improved at a much greater proportion than that of the professional. Mr. Glennie established a St. Andrews' record of 88 in 1855, and it was not bettered until '84, when Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson went the round in 87. It has been claimed that the links is not so difficult by several strokes as before the present craze set in, and true it is that the wearing down of the whin has broadened the course, and exacted less accuracy in placing. It is a fact, too, that the driving, which is a great feature of to-day's game, is of comparatively modern development, the old players being celebrated more for skilful placing than far driving. However, there is no doubt that not only has there been an extraordinary increase of good scores, but a widening of the class that establish records. To cite, for instance, simply those that may be said to compose the championship class, and who have a St. Andrews' record: Mr. H. G. Hutchinson, who cut down Mr. Glennie's 88 to 87, has gone the round since then in 84; Messrs. William Mure, 85; Alexander Stuart, 83; Leslie Melville Balfour, 85; Ed. R. H. Blackwell, 82; A. F. Macfie, 82; J. E. Laidley, 83; F. G. Tait, 80; F. A. Fairlie, 86; and last September ('93) Mr. Mure Fergusson made the present record by holing out in 79. John Ball, Jun., Esq., has no St. Andrews' record, but his prowess may be judged by his average of 83 in winning 48 scratch medals. Mr. H. Hilton likewise has not made a record on the Scottish links, but has done Hoylake in 75 and Sandwich in 82. Probably the improvement in amateur form is best ex-



SANDWICH GOLF CLUB HOUSE.



THE "SAHARA."

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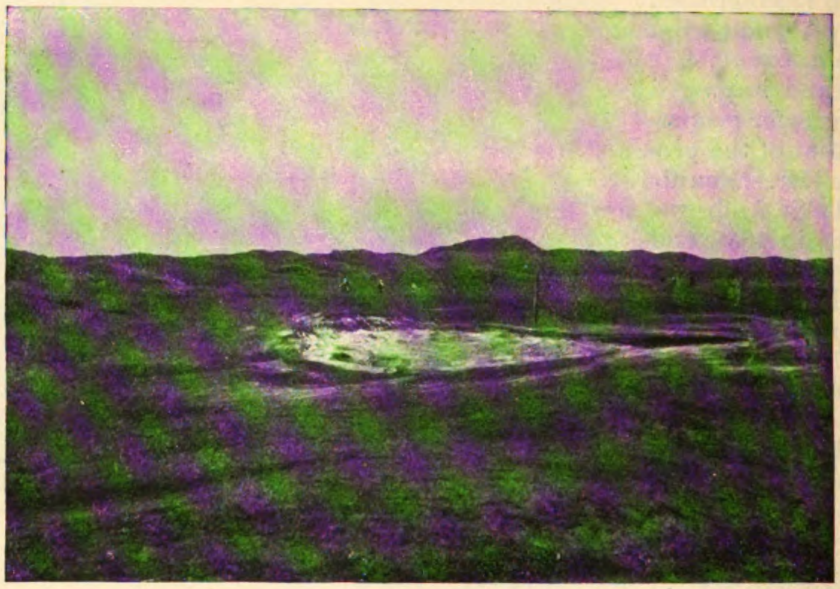

THE "MAIDEN."

ampled by the statement that twenty-five entries returned scores of 90 and under in the championship of 1893. There are many other players, some of them very little inferior, a few of them perhaps as good as those here named, but I have simply picked out the best-known to instance present skill, and made no attempt at a graduated and authentic list. Apropos of average skill, it is the popular conception that a 300 or 400 yard drive is an every-day occurrence, and like many other popular conceptions, this one is a fallacy. On looking it up carefully, I found that the average player will loft his ball from 120 to 140 yards, a thoroughly good player from 140 to 160, and an exceptional driver 170 to 180. Men have driven farther, of course, but the every-day average is about what I give it. Seventy to 100 yards represents the average drive of a good golfer of the gentle sex.

The delight of play on the St. Andrews links is largely due to the golfing atmosphere that here more than anywhere else envelops you at every turning. The town seems almost to exist by golf and for golf. The streets are called after the game, the taverns greet you in its name, every urchin on the street appears to have connection with it one way or another, and when you play upon the green, all the world—all the golfing world, for of course you care for no other—sees you. You follow the white flags out and the red flags in over the full eighteen holes, with the Eden River on one side and the German Ocean on the other, to awaken you to the beauties of the old university town, revealing its gray towers in the background. You tread the hallowed ground, brightened here and there by blossoming whin or heather, every moment a pleasurable one; and finally, when you have made the home hole, with "Old Tom" Morris likely as not officiating as high-priest of the ceremony, you go into the handsomest golf club house in Great Britain, and sit down before the wide windows to watch others tee off, while you devour a simple luncheon with more relish than ever elaborate *menu* occasioned.

Despite the widening of the course and the wearing of the soil, the all-round quality of the links of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews continues unsurpassed, indeed unequalled. Westward Ho demands more accurate placing, Sandwich mightier carries, and Hoylake affords finer putting-greens, but a round at no one of these will give you the golf to be had at St. Andrews. Unprejudiced golfers (and, by-the-way, let it be understood that there is a wide distinction drawn between the golfer and the golf-player) that have played on them all declare the Scottish links to be the most sport-giving. And its unquestioned superiority is in the rare judgment with

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which the holes are placed. Though there are no such immense carries to make from the tee as at Sandwich, one must needs be a long and skilful driver, for no "levellers" are found, and poor drives do not go unpunished at St. Andrews. It is a hard links for the duffer, for the distances are ideal, and whoso "foozles" suffers dire consequences; he may not, as on most other links, atone for a poor drive by an extra good one. If two drives measure the distance, it will take two of the best he can make; failing, he loses a full stroke.

The bunkers, most of them natural, but many artificial, are sunken, and do not always show from the tee, but they are very good, and well distributed about the holes to try the approaching golfer's soul and skill, none being more famous anywhere than the suggestively named "Hell" and "Walkinshaw's Grave." All the putting-greens are good, but the one at hole No. 5 is notable.

The hardness of soil usually assures you a good lie, unless you happen to fall behind a brae, even at the bottom of a bunker. Indeed, this toughness has been the salvation of the links; otherwise it would have gone the way of the forsaken but always famous Musselburgh, and been worn out long ago. It is more played upon twice over than any other in the world, and in such continuous demand that a second course of eighteen holes is being added. The ground belongs to Mr. Cheape of Strathlyrun, although the club has always paid for keeping up the green. The public has a prescriptive right of golfing over it through license by the city of St. Andrews to John, Archbishop of St. Andrews, dated 1552. The famous club prizes are the silver cross of St. Andrew and the Bombay Medal, played for on the first Wednesday in May; the Royal or King William IV. Medal, and Gold Medal, last Wednesday in September; George Glennie Medal (lowest com-

HOYLAKE LINKS.

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bined scores at the two meetings). All these are scratch. The handicap events are Calcutta Cup, first week in August; Queen Victoria Jubilee Vase, first week in September.

These are the times to see St. Andrews at its best, the black-collared, brass-buttoned scarlet coats of the members making a brilliant foreground against the more sombre setting of the mass that crowds as near the holes as their reverence will permit.

Next to St. Andrews, I believe I prefer Westward Ho, of the Royal North Devon Club, though the four best-known courses are all so good one's choice might be ascribed to personal prejudice. Westward Ho appealed to me, first, by reason of its being down in that home of sportsmen, the Devon and Somerset country; second, by its picturesque surroundings, resembling somewhat in its broken character the North Berwick and Prestwick environment; and last, by the sport-giving quality of its links, all of which goes to prove, I suppose, that I am not yet a true golfer. No links in Great Britain requires greater accuracy, for the course is covered with innumerable rushes, and you must not only drive in a given direction, but drop your ball almost at a certain spot. Really the links is ideal, the drives are magnificent, the bunkers difficult, the putting-greens large and excellent, and your ball seems always to be teed.

HOYLAKE CLUB HOUSE.

Many assert Sandwich, the course of the St. George's Club, to be the most difficult one in Great Britain, a claim that certainly impresses you on first playing over the links as entirely justifiable. The surface of the ground looks like one vast irregular succession of congealed sand waves, one stretch of it being most appropriately called the "Sahara." There are tremendous carries, the tees being so far away from the hazards as to require a strong driver to get his ball over safely; the sand hills are mountainous, the bunkers formidable, and the penalties severe. The short driver may circumvent some of the terrific obstacles through roundabout ways, but he is never on level terms with him who can carry them from the tee. The greens are excellent, though not equal to those of St. Andrews, Westward Ho, or Hoylake. The Maiden, a lofty sand hill, with a veritable yawning chasm for a bunker, is one of the most famous hazards in golfing Great Britain, while the fourteenth hole, requiring three long drives, with a hazard in each one, is probably the best of England.

Hoylake, where the Royal Liverpool Club golfs, is famed for its putting-greens, which are the finest in the old country. The character of the course is flat, somewhat like St. Andrews and Musselburgh, and abounding in hedges that require straight and accurate driving, or else you pay dearly. At the same time the penalties are not so severe nor so frequent as at St. Andrews, Sandwich, or Westward Ho. While it does not present the difficulties of these, it is a thoroughly sporting links, and the fact of its having evolved Messrs. John Ball, Jun., and H. Hilton, two of the best players of the day, and been once chosen as the championship site, answers for its merit.

Musselburgh, formerly one of the championship courses, recently deserted in favor of Muirfield, is one of the oldest and most celebrated of all Scotland's links. It was the original home of the Honorable Company of Edin-

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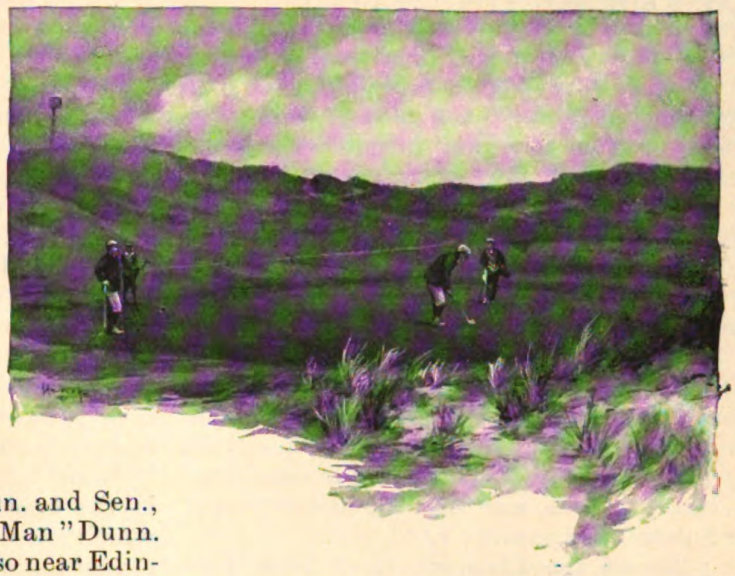
burgh Golfers, next oldest club to St. Andrews, whose dinner matches have long since become treasured history, and whose quaint and venerable cup, presented to the club by Thomas McMillan in 1774, is still played for every autumn. On its links, too, some of the famous players of to-day learned their first golf, and in times gone by it was the scene of several of the keenest contests between Allan Robertson, "Old Tom" Morris, Park, Jun. and Sen., and "Old Man" and "Young Man" Dunn. Being open to the public, and so near Edinburgh, its popularity has been its downfall; its whins are literally trodden out of sight, and though its nine holes still call for fine golfing, and its bunkers are good, as those that have run foul of "Pandemonium" and "Lord Shands" will testify, yet it has fallen below the distinction of a championship links.



HOYLAKE PUTTING-GREEN.

Muirfield, despite its good greens, seems tame beside the old course, and its eighteen holes fail of giving so much sport as Musselburgh's nine.

Prestwick, on the west of Scotland, fortunately for its preservation, for it would never stand the wear and tear of publicity, is a private club course, with soil of a sandy nature covered by turf, very much like our Shinnecock Hills on Long Island, and much softer than St. Andrews. The character of the ground is undulating, with regions of sand hills, the most formidable being called the Himalayas, which runs between two fairly level fields, and calls for a tremendous drive. The bunkers are difficult, but the most famous is the Cardinal's Nob, which is stiff and steep, coming in your second shot instead of from the tee, and is said to have buried more ambitions than any other bunker in Scotland or England. The putting-greens are all in hollows between sand hills, and British dignity is sorely taxed to keep from incontinently rushing up one side of the elevation to see how near the hole the ball has rolled on the other side.

North Berwick, although short, is another of Scotland's famous links. There are eighteen holes, small ones, but no eighteen in Christendom are so filled with hazards of every description—stone walls, gardens, woods, and cultivated fields. It is a fine school for learning to approach; you have small need for a driver. The putting-greens are excellent, and though they are generally blocked, the links furnishes the best of sport, and the neighborhood the most pleasing of scenery. What more can any man want? Good sport to stir his blood, and nature's loveliness to soothe him into forgetfulness of the world with its vanities and deceits.

You hardly wonder that golf did not make its way in England from the Blackheath links once you have been there, for although the oldest, it is among the poorest, and no one should think of a visit unless attracted, as I was, by the antiquity of the club.

It is the only course I heard of where a fore caddie is used; but here he really is needed, for one of the seven holes is so long that it requires three big drives and the caddie's red flag to reach it. The soil is very hard, the lies not good, and the hazards few and not difficult. It seemed to me, on the day of my visit, they consisted chiefly of nurse-maids and bench seats.

I have commented on those links only that are world-renowned; that there are many excellent and sporting ones besides may be imagined. Great Yarmouth, for instance, is a full eighteen-hole course with a fine sandy turf, stiff bunkers, level put-

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ting-greens, and requires good golf; then there are excellent links at Little Stone, Felixstow, Dornoch, Montrose, and Carnoustie, the last being especially good, and Brancaster, one of the newest, and said to be one of the finest natural courses in Great Britain. Of the many about London, Wimbledon probably ranks first (though Ranelagh, with its two ponds and better putting-greens, yields good sport), has good hazards, some whins left, a pond, uneven greens, and gives the best golf near the city.

Ireland and Wales both have their clubs, and in the former, Portrush, where the Irish championship is held, has links with sand hills, good though somewhat heavy greens, and one big drive over a flower-lined ravine.

Across the Channel, in France, Pau boasts the oldest club in the Old World next to Blackheath, though the course is a tame one. Biarritz, on the coast, has a links better adapted to the sport, and though its greens are not so good as those at Pau, and the holes shorter, the penalties are more frequent and severe.

That the game has history and literature to no end has been evidenced by the abundant articles, descriptive and educational, that have been finding their way into magazines since the golfing wave swept over the country. When I set out on my pilgrimage to St. Andrews, the Mecca of all golfing enthusiasts, I determined to supplement my impressions by a bit of the early history, but when I looked upon those antique clubs in the home of the Ancient and Royal organization, relics of a game which existed before sporting history began, I decided to delay the task.

What I have endeavored to show here is the breadth and depth of the spirit which has made the golfing widow an accepted national institution, seized the usually serene Briton by the ears, and set him putting into tumblers and whisking off the heads of daisies overnight, that in the morrow's play his aim may be the truer and his swing the deadlier.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN OF THE BLACK STOCK.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

HE was one of my first acquaintances when I came up to town to live; for though I did not learn his name for some time afterwards, I met him almost immediately after I gave up my country identity and melted into the sea of the city, and from thenceforth always knew him, though, as I found many others did, only as "the old gentleman of the black stock."

Why I spoke to him that summer morning I can readily understand; but why he spoke to me I did not know until long afterwards. I was lonely and homesick. I had not met any one except my cousin, who had given me a place in his office, and who was most kind to me, but was too busy a man to talk much, the two or three gentlemen who had offices on our floor, all older than myself, and the few people who lived at the little private boarding-house in the old part of the town where I had taken the tiny hall room on the third floor. All of these last, too, were older than I, and seemed so very much older—at twenty-one a few years make a great difference—and all the young people of my own age whom I saw on the street appeared to know each other so well, as I had known my friends in the country, and to be so entirely all-sufficient for each other, that it made me feel pushed out and shut off from all the world; and so I remember that as I walked that morning down the shaded quiet street, with the old square houses set back in their big yards on either side, I had forgotten my dreams of the future, which had heretofore gilded my little room and peopled my quiet office, and was back in the past among the overgrown fence-rows and fields of my country home. It was then that I met him for the first time, and he spoke to me. Of course, then, I spoke to him. I was ready to speak to any one; would have spoken to any one in the world; had, indeed, not yet gotten over the strange feeling of not speaking to every one I met, in accordance with the country custom which made passing any one on the road without a bow a breach of manners.

I was looking at the old yards full of trees and shrubbery in a tangled and somewhat neglected state, which reminded me of the yard at home, and had only

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half taken in the fact that out of the largest and most tangled of them, surrounding perhaps the oldest and most retired house on the street, had come some one—an old gentleman who had paused just outside his broken gate, and was looking back at the trees behind him. I insensibly followed his eye, and looked up at the trees myself as I walked slowly along. There were three or four big locusts, two elms, and one beech, all large and very old. The beech had a seat under it, and it was at this that the old gentleman's gaze seemed to be particularly directed. They, too, reminded me of the country, everything did; and I suppose I must have had that in my face; for when I brought my gaze down to the ground again I was only a few paces from the old gentleman at the gate, and when I glanced at him I caught his eye and looked away. I glanced at him again, for there was something about him which was unusual, quite as unusual as that square of old houses and yards in a city, and he attracted me. He seemed just to fit in with them, and to be separate from the rest of the people I had seen, almost as separate as I was. So when I looked at him again I tried to do it as if quite casually, and to take in as much of him as I could in my glance. The principal features which I noted were a tall slender figure neatly clad in the manner in which an old gentleman of his age should be, with a black broadcloth frock-coat, somewhat more flowing than usual, however, and a black stock, with a high white unstarched collar falling over it, just as I remembered very old gentlemen used to wear years before when I was a child, but which I had not seen for years. This was all that I took in of his dress; for I caught his eye again as my glance reached his thin and somewhat careworn face, clean-shaven except for a white mustache. His eyes were gray, and set back very far under somewhat heavy brows, and I looked into them involuntarily. He did not give me time to look away again; but spoke to me easily, pleasantly, quite so much, indeed, as if he had known me that it flashed across my mind in the half-second which passed before I returned his salutation that he had mistaken me for some one else. I replied, however, "Good-morning, sir," and as a sort of apology for my stare, said, "You have some fine old trees there, sir," and was passing on with a somewhat quickened step, when he said: "Yes, sir, they were very fine once, and would be now if they could escape the universal curse of age. You are fond of trees?" he added, as I had paused to avoid leaving him whilst he was speaking.

"Yes, sir; I was brought up among them." I was going on to say that they carried me back to my home, but he did not give me time. He asked me, "How long have you been from the country?" I was a little taken aback; for, apart from the fact that his abrupt question implied that he knew I was not a city man, I was sufficiently conscious of a certain difference between myself and young city fellows to think that he meant to remark on my countrified appearance. So, with a half-formed idea that he might explain himself differently, I simply said, "Sir?"

"How long have you been in the city?" he asked.

"Oh, about three weeks," I said, and still feeling a little uncomfortable over the meaning I assigned him, and gradually getting somewhat warm over it, I moved to go on.

"Where are you from?" he asked.

I told him the county.

"Oh," he said, "I thought so," and scanned me so boldly and, I thought, rudely that I said, quite shortly, "Good-morning, sir."

It was only when I went over in my mind all the circumstances of the interview to see if I could find anything to soothe my sensitive spirit that I recalled how gracious his manner was, and how courteous his tone as he returned my parting salute, and decided that he could not have meant to insult me. I asked my cousin who he was, and attempted to describe him with accuracy, but though I went into some detail, and, I know, gave a faithful portraiture of him, my cousin, who was a man about town as well as a lawyer in extensive practice, failed to recognize him from my description.

In time I made acquaintances, and in further time yet I secured practice enough to justify me in selecting more convenient quarters than those I first had in my little hall room, and as I fell into city ways I began to visit more and more, until I became quite as much of a city man, and indeed of a society man, as a still very modest income, coupled with some ambition to increase it, would allow. Yet I

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never met my old gentleman of the black stock in any of the bright houses I visited, or anywhere else except on the street, and there only very rarely, perhaps two or three times at most in the two years which went by before I ever did more than exchange his passing and pleasant salutation.

Two years or so after the summer morning when I met him coming out of the shady yard on that old street (it was a little less than two years, I remember, for it was in the spring, I should say, in the early part of May) I was passing down a business street one morning when a vehicle coming along attracted my attention. It was only one of a number of carriages that were coming down the principal driving street from the fashionable residence quarter of the town, and were turning into the chief shopping street of the city; but of all the number it attracted my attention most. For whilst the others were city equipages with showy teams, and fashionable women lolling back in the easy or pretendedly easy style of ladies of fashion when they honor the trading section at the change of the seasons, and who condescended to acknowledge my bow, if they knew me, with cold superciliousness, this vehicle challenged my interest at once. It was an old country carriage, and as I walked along through the balmy spring-time air, which felt like feathers on my cheek, I had just been thinking, before I saw it, of the country and of the little stream where I used to fish in the spring, when the leaves were tender like those above me, before I became a lawyer and a man of affairs. Just then the old carriage came swinging down the hill. It was antiquated and high-swung and "shackling," as muddy as a country wagon, and pulled by two ill-matched though not ill-bred farm-horses, spattered with mud to their ears, their long tails tied up in knots, and was driven by an old darky with a low beaver hat and a high white collar. It reminded me of the old carriage, with its old driver, at home. But what struck me more than anything else was that it was filled with fresh young country girls, who, oblivious of the restraining requirements of fashion, were poking their pretty heads out of the windows, three at a time, to look at everything on the street that struck their fancy, and with glowing cheeks and dancing eyes were chattering to each other, showing their white teeth, and going off into fits of laughter over the fun they were having or were making for themselves, whilst a sweet-faced old lady, with gray hair and a patrician profile, smiled softly among them, well content over their gayety and joy. They caught my eye, for I never saw more roses in one carriage, and I had stopped and was staring at them open-mouthed, with a warm glow about my heart, and a growing tenderness coming over me as I gazed. I suppose I must have shown this somehow. I may even have sighed, for I thought of my fishing days and the country girls whom these were like. One of them particularly struck me as a beauty, and I thought I had caught her gaze on me when a voice just beside me said: "My son, when you want a wife, stop a carriage like that and pick one out of it. You might almost do it at random; you could hardly go amiss." I turned, and there was my old gentleman of the black stock. I smiled my thanks to him and passed on, whilst he walked up the street. I had not gone over two steps when some one touched me on the shoulder, and a gentleman, evidently a stranger in the town, said to me, "I beg your pardon; can you tell me who that old gentleman is?" I turned, and he indicated my old friend, for I now felt him to be such. He was walking quite slowly up the street, with his head a little bowed, and his hands clasped behind his back.

"No, I am very sorry, but I cannot," I said.

"Oh, I thought I saw you speak to him," he said, with a little disappointment.

"I did, but I do not know his name," I replied.

"I have rarely seen a more striking-looking man," said he, as he went on.

I do not know just why it was, but I found myself shopping all that day. I went back up the street as soon as I had gotten through with whatever I was doing, and began to search diligently among the throng of vehicles there for an old carriage. I went up the entire street, looking for it among the shining equipages with their pompous coachmen and fat horses, and then, not finding it, went through the second shopping street. But all was in vain. It was plain that the driver was feeding his horses somewhere at a livery-stable. So I even went as far

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as to enter three or four of the larger and more frequented stores on the street in the hope of catching a glimpse once more of a pink face and a pair of laughing eyes which I had caught smiling at me out of the window of an old coach. I had wandered fruitlessly through several long floors, between aisles of women's backs of every shape and species of curve or stiffness, with attentive clerks or tired women standing on the other side of the counters from them, and had just given up my search in despair and was returning to my office, when I passed a milliner's window. I happened to glance in, and there were my roses clustered together in front of a large mirror, my especial own in the midst of the group, with a great broad-brimmed straw hat covered with roses on top of her little brown head, shading her fresh face, and making, as she stood before the mirror, pensively turning her little self from side to side, one of the prettiest pictures in the world. Fool that I was! I might have known that a girl would go first for a bonnet: the head is always the first thing to think of. She must have received a compliment, though whether it was from the glass only, or from one of her sisters, I do not know; for she suddenly smiled, at the same moment that she turned to her sister—(thank Heaven! the sister stood on the side towards the window; I just loved her for it)—a smile which lit up her face so that even the over-sheltering hat with its roses could not shadow it, but seemed only a bower for the roses beneath. I had become so engrossed with the pretty tableau that I had forgotten I might be seen from within quite plainly, and stood staring at my young beauty through the window, so that when I became aware that she was looking through the glass, past her sister, and straight into my eyes, I gave quite a jump at my rudeness. The look of embarrassment, almost bordering on horror, which was on her face was all that I saw, and I almost fled towards my office. I learned afterwards that had I waited I should have seen her confusion give way to amusement over my involuntary flight. If I fled, however, it was only a sudden stampede, which my growing ardor soon checked, and I stopped at the next corner, and crossing over the street, waited to watch further developments at the milliner's from a more secure quarter. I had not long to wait, for shortly from the door sallied the three young nymphs, each under a new and expansive straw hat; but only one now filled my eye — the wide-brimmed creation which served as setting for the flower-garden above the yet more charming flower-garden below, which even at that distance I could see glowing in the cheeks of the youngest and possibly the tallest of the three sisters. They passed down the street laughing heartily, especially my little lady, at something (I learned afterwards at my sudden jump and unexpected flight), and turned in at a dry-goods store; one which I had already threaded that morning in my search for my unknown lady. But if there was any common though unwritten law against a man's going into a millinery store, there was, thank Heaven! none against his going into a dry-goods store; at least if he could devise some want which he could possibly get supplied there for the asking. I had the want, beyond doubt, but a sweetheart, if she were wholly unknown, as happened to be the case with me, would palpably not do; I could not ask for her; so I cudgelled my brains for something that I might ask for if I were halted within. I finally lit on neckties. Neckties give time in the examination and selection, and have a sort of half-way position between a woman's wear and a man's. So, having made this resolution, I ventured in, and found the same rows of backs, augmented somewhat by new additions, bending over piles of every conceivable stuff, and the same assiduous clerks and tired women on the other side of the counters. As I passed on I heard many criticisms and some complaints—some harsh, some only petulant — from the other side of the backs, received for the most part in silence by the women without backs. Suddenly I started to find myself quite close up to the large hat with the roses which I now knew so well. It was forming a bower for the pretty face at the moment bending over a piece or pieces of some lawny white stuff. Her gloves were off, and the slender little hands were feeling the texture with a touch as soft as if it had been cobweb. Her face, which I could see in profile, was deeply serious.

"It is beautiful—beautiful; I wish I could get it," she almost sighed; "but I am afraid it is too dear for me; I have only so much to spend. Do you think

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you could possibly find anything a little lower and almost as pretty that you could show me?" She glanced up at the shop-girl before her with a little smile, I was going to say almost pitiful; but the expression which came on her face as she looked into the tired eyes above her banished that. "Aren't you very tired?" she asked, with the sweetest, tenderest tone in the world. "I should think you would be."

"Oh, it's a pleasure to wait on you," said the older woman, sincerely, as she turned away to her shelves, pleased at the tone of sympathy—and who would not think so? I, at least, did; and, overcome by a sudden feeling as my young rose-nymph, whose face had lit up at the praise, turned to take a survey of the crowd about her, I, abandoning my idea of neckties, turned and hurried out of the store. It was a strange feeling, delicious to me. I knew that I must be in love. I did not even know her name; but I knew her eyes, her voice, and her heart, and they were enough.

As I came out on the street there was the old carriage coming slowly along down, with the old driver looking anxiously to one side, as if to recognize some given sign. "If you want a wife, stop a carriage like that, and take one out of it; even at random you can hardly go amiss," had said my old gentleman of the black stock, and I believed him. I could not resist the temptation to go up and render my first act of assistance to the family. I signed to the driver, and he stopped. "You are looking for your young mistress?" I said.

"Yes, suh; mistis tell me to come and stop right by two big rocks in front of a red sto'; dyah's de sto', but I b'lieve dee done move dem rocks. I see 'em heah dis mornin' when I went by."

"They are there still," I said, recognizing the two carriage stones by his description, "but those carriages hide them."

"Yes, suh; I never see sich folks in my life. Dee'll put dee kerridge right in yo' way, don' keer what you do, and dee won' git out to save yo' life. Mistis told me to be heah by three, an'—"

"Why, it's only half past one now," I said.

"Yes, suh; but I likes to be sort o' promptual in town. See dem kerridges by dem rocks now. I jes want to git in dyah once, an' I boun' dee oon git me out agin b'fo' my mistises come; I don' like dese city ways, an' I never did like a citified nigger nohow. I got a right good ways to go too."

"How far do you live from town?" I asked him.

"In and about eighteen miles, suh. I start' befo' 'light dis mornin'. I comes from Colonel Dale's ole place; 'Hill-an'-Dale' dee calls it."

I knew at once then who my wild rose was. The Dales were among the best old people in the State, and "Hill-and-Dale" was as well known as the capital city—one of the old country places celebrated for generations as the home of hospitality and refinement. Colonel Dale had died not very long after the war from a wound received at Gaines Mill, and had left a widow and a family of young daughters, whose reputation for beauty had reached me even before I left my old country home, though I had never seen any of them, as their home was in another county, quite seventy miles from us.

"Well, they are in that store now," I said, to put his mind at rest. "At least, one of them is."

"Is dee?" he asked, and then he gave a bow over my head. "Dyah's Miss Lizbeth now," he said, in some excitement, trying to attract her attention. "Miss Lizbeth, Miss Lizbeth," he called; "heah me, heah me." But it was in vain. I turned in some confusion; but she was standing under her big straw hat just outside of the door, looking alternately up and down, evidently expecting some one who had promised to come and had not. My resolution was taken in a second, though it set my heart to thumping against my ribs to do it.

"Wait," I said. "I will tell her for you," and I actually walked up to her, and taking off my hat, said, "I beg your pardon, but I think your driver is there, trying to attract your attention."

"Is he? thank you; where?" she said, so sweetly that my already bumping heart began to bound. Then, as I indicated the direction and she caught the old man's eye, her face lit up with that charming smile, which was like sunlight breaking out on an already sweet and lovely landscape. "Oh, thank you," she said again, tripping away, whilst I passed on to make it appear that I had only happened to see her driver's signal accidentally. I turned a few rods further on, however, as if quite

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accidentally, to get another peep at her. She stood on the very edge of the curb-stone, bending forward, talking very earnestly to her driver out in the street, but just as I turned she caught up her dress with a graceful motion and tripped over to the carriage, showing as she did so just a glimpse of the daintiest pair of ankles in the world. Then the intervening carriages shut her out from view, and I went on. So the name of my prize was Elizabeth Dale, and I had spoken to her.

I did not fail to pass along the street again quite indifferently a few minutes before three, and again, at frequent intervals, until more than a few minutes after three, but though "them two rocks" were there and "the red store," and many other carriages came and went, the old coach from Hill-and-Dale came not, and neither did its pretty little rose-and-sunshine mistress.

I went home to my boarding-house with new sensations, and if I was in love, set all rules at defiance, for I ate like a ploughman, and slept that night like a log.

I did not meet my young lady again for a long time, nor shall I pretend that all this while I cherished no other image than hers in my heart. I certainly carried hers there, impressed with great vividness, for quite a period—for several weeks at least, I should say—and I always bore a sweet and pleasant picture of her, never wholly effaced, however much softened by the steadily intervening months; but I found that there were other eyes and other ankles besides hers, and other girls wore roses in their hats and roses under them too; so that though at first I formed all sorts of plans, romantic and otherwise, to meet her, and even carried one so far into execution as to purchase a handsomely bound set of Tennyson to send her anonymously, and marked one or two passages which described her aptly, and should force her curiosity to penetrate my almost invulnerable anonymity, yet courage failed me in face of the practical act of sending anything anonymously to a young lady whom I did not know, and after a few weeks I made another disposition of the books, sending them without change of marked passages, and with a note which I considered quite fetching, to a girl whom I did know. Still no serious results came from any of this, and I applied myself somewhat more faithfully to what I called my practice, and never wholly forgot the old Hill-and-Dale carriage, with the pretty faces laughing together out of the windows, nor became entirely indifferent to the little Hill-and-Dale lady of the big summer hat and the large sunny eyes. If I ever saw a pretty face with a rose-garden above it, it was very apt to call up a picture of a milliner's window on a May morning, or if I caught a glimpse of a pair of pretty ankles, I thought of a daintier pair, and a slender girlish figure tripping with them out into the street. And once or twice things occurred to remind me of her. Once when I read a notice of a pretty country wedding at Hill-and-Dale my heart gave quite a jump into my throat, and when I read that it was the eldest daughter I was sensible of a feeling of relief. She had married an Episcopal clergyman, whom I knew by reputation as a fine earnest fellow and a good preacher. The notice went on to speak of the beauty of the sisters, all of whom had acted as bridemaids, and mentioned particularly the charming appearance of the youngest, Miss Elizabeth, whose character, it stated, was as lovely as her personal appearance might lead one to believe. The notice evidently was written by a friend. It went on to say that there was a report that another sister would soon follow the example of the eldest. My heart had another sink at this, and I could have cursed the writer for not giving some intimation of which sister it was. Another occasion was when I saw the published notice in a newspaper of the sale of the Hill-and-Dale estate under a chancery decree. It seemed that the old place had finally gone to satisfy long-standing mortgages and later debts accumulated through the years. This was later on, though. I had been reminded of them occasionally in the interim. During the two or three years which had passed I had formed many new acquaintances in the city, and made some friends.

I had, of course, not only learned the name of my old gentleman of the black stock, but had also come to know him personally. His speech to me on the street corner that May morning, when, with my heart in my eyes, I was looking into the window of the old Hill-and-Dale carriage, had excited me enough to make me take the trouble to follow him up and learn his name before my interest in the

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prize parcel therein subsided. Indeed, my office-boy, Robert Brown, proved to be one of his old servants, and still waited on him. I found that he was Mr. Miles, old Mr. Basham Miles, one of the old residents of the city, and owner of the old house and tangled yard at the gate of which I had first encountered him, and where he still resided when he was in town. He had once been a member of the bar, and had had the reputation of being very eccentric and very proud. He lived alone when in the city, and took his meals at the house of one of his neighbors, an old lady, who lived next door but one to him; but he was away from town a good deal of his time, both winter and summer, either visiting old friends in the country, summering at some of the smaller and unfashionable watering-places, or travelling, no one of my informants knew just where. He had had a brilliant opening at the bar, for he was the son of one of the big lawyers of his day, a man who had stood at the head of his profession, and had died with what was deemed even better than a national reputation, a State reputation, and he himself had been in partnership with one of the leading lawyers of his own time, a man who had died the head of the local bar. Old lawyers still told stories of the cleverness and skill of Miles and Thompson. But he had suddenly given up practice, abandoned the bar, gone abroad, and "dropped out." No one of my informants knew anything further, if they knew that, for it was only by piecing together bits of recollection of old tradition at second hand, or Heaven knows at how many hands, that I got this much from the men of my own time. Of course there were other stories, bordering on or reaching and actually passing the scandalous, echoes of old gossip so plainly pieced out and distorted that I will not even give them the currency of a denial. There was one unvarying suggestion that seemed to occur often enough in the reports of my informants to reach the dignity of what is known to the law as general reputation. This was that it was something about a woman; some said one woman; some said two; some hinted at even a half-dozen. Some said it was a scandal; some said that it was a slander; some only that he was crossed in love, and gave up, soured and disheartened. The more numerous part asserted the first, for men are always ready to believe scandals of a man. I was interested enough to investigate further, for somehow the idea of associating the base and horrid life of a *débauché* with my clean old gentleman of the black stock, with his thin face, soft and spotless linen, and kindly, firm, gentle voice, seemed too repugnant to entertain. His countenance was grave, it was true, but it was the gravity of one who had faced sorrow, not guilt; his eye was melancholy, but it was calm, and his gaze direct; and his voice, which as much as either the face or the eye tells the true history that lies deep and unchangeable within, was grave and sad, but bore the unmistakable ring of sincerity and command. So, unwilling to leave one who was somewhat linked in my mind with the object who at that moment engrossed my meditation, for I am speaking of the days immediately succeeding the incident of the rose-filled carriage, I applied myself to the further and more careful investigation of these compromising echoes of old tradition. And I learned that there was not one grain of truth in any story which imputed to the old gentleman one act of dishonor. The two or three old members of the bar to whom I applied answered my opening question in almost the same words. I would ask them, "Tell me something about old Mr. Miles."

"Miles? old Mr. Miles? Basham Miles? What about him? He used to be a member of the bar, and the best lawyer at it. He argued the case of Calthorp against Brown. Have you ever read his argument? It's the greatest exposition of," etc.

"No," I said. "But why did he leave the bar? Was there ever anything—ah, out of the way about him—any story of —ah—"

"About Miles? old Mr. Miles? Basham Miles? Why, no! Who says there was? He was one of the highest men who were ever at the bar. He left the bar because—[hunting through the book]—gave it up because—which, ah, here it is! Listen to this; why he gave it up because he didn't need it, had plenty of money without it. I'd have done the same thing if I had been in his fix. I believe there was a woman had something to do with it—jilted him or something, and he never got over it. Ah, here it is!—[reading]—'Calthorp's Ex'or against Brown's Administrator and others.' Listen to this—" And then would follow page after page

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of clear, lucid argument, which only a lawyer would appreciate fully. "Why, sir, he made the court reverse itself by that argument, and established that for the law; and I want to tell you that's not the easiest thing in the world to do, young man."

This was what I got from three or four of the oldest men at the bar, and I stopped, satisfied. I had established the fact, which I had already believed, that if my old gentleman had "dropped out," it was his own choice.

Not long after that I met Mr. Miles. It was at the house of one of the old residents of the city, where I had become an occasional visitor, and where he had come one evening to play whist. He remembered me as his street acquaintance, and spoke of our first meeting at his gate and our talk about the trees. He made no reference, however, to the incident from which my chief interest in him then came. He evidently did not know I was the one to whom he had given the advice about stopping a carriage for a wife. The absence of some member of the family with whom he usually played whist seemed to cause him keen disappointment, and he appeared to regard it as so much of a misfortune that, partly through vanity and partly through complaisance, I was induced to take a hand. I quickly found that I was "outclassed," and that the haphazard, "according to myself" game which I then played was worse than nothing. I misled him, forced his hand, lost him tricks, and finally lost him the rubber. This was more than he could stand. He would not play any more. The rest of the time he staid he talked about his health. I was feeling a little aggrieved over his strictures on my game; but when he had left, my host spoke of him with so much affection, and my hostess with so much pity, that I was quite mollified, and meeting him on the street next day, I stopped and spoke to him, asking him about his health, and taking occasion to apologize to him for my wretched performance the evening before, and the annoyance I had caused him. He appeared not only pleased at my attention, but gratified at my inquiry as to his health, and not only expressed regret for giving an exhibition of what he termed his "constitutional irascibility," but invited me to call and see him, excusing himself for proposing so dull a duty to a young man as a visit to an old one, by suggesting that he had a few old books and some other things which I might find of interest for a half-hour.

I went as I had promised, more from a sense of duty, I must admit, than from any other motive, even than from that of curiosity to see his old books. But I found, as he had said, that he had a rare collection both of books and of other things—the rarest I had ever seen. His house itself was a curiosity; one of the old double houses, built on a simple and dignified plan, almost square, with that adherence to the old, simple, classic models adapted for room, sunshine, and air, which we now call "colonial," because it is so long since we departed from them in the vain endeavor to be showy and fine. In front was a portico with Doric columns, beyond which a door, with a large fan-shaped transom above it and a lock strong enough to have secured the Bastille, admitted you to the ample hall. This ran entirely through the house to a long back portico behind it. A stairway sufficiently wide to suggest ampleness in the rooms above led on one side of the hall to the upper floor. The front door was not only equipped with a bell which, when I pulled the handle, jangled for a minute or more somewhere outside behind the house, but it was garnished with a large and handsome old brass knocker of an elaborate ornamental design. Everything was solid, and had once been handsome, but struck me now as sadly out of repair. Indeed, an air of neglect and gloominess seemed to pervade the whole place.

When I entered, which I did not do until I had both rung and knocked several times, and a negro woman had come around the side of the house, and after looking at me asked me whom I wanted to see, I found things much the same way within that they were without. The hall was hung with paintings, some of which seemed to me very fine, but they were dim and blistered, and the frames were all dingy and old. The room I was shown into was furnished with fine old furniture and filled with handsome things; but everything appeared to me to be placed without the least regard to either fitness or comfort. The chairs were all ranged back stiffly against the wall, and vases and other bric-à-brac were scattered around in a pell-mell, hopeless fashion that was dis-

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tressing. The library, into which I was at length shown, was the only exception to this condition. It was evidently a living-room, and the fine old books redeemed everything. Yet even there were signs of the neglect which spoke from every spot; books piled on tables and chairs, and even on the floor, in a confusion which nobody but one long familiar to it could have understood.

My host, however, who met me most graciously when I was at length admitted to the house, seemed to divine where things were in that room at least, and made my visit so agreeable that instead of spending one half-hour with him I spent several. He possessed a knowledge of books which appeared to me somewhat rare, and possessed what was more, that delightful art of endowing books of which he talked with a certain personality which made them seem like living beings. He did not quote books so much as he made them quote themselves. They were not books but people. He brought their authors in and made them talk to you. He appeared particularly fond of the poets and the essayists, though he declared there were very few of either who were sincere. "When you find a sincere man in a book, sir," he said, "he is like a sincere man in life. You know him at once, and he is *rara avis*. The old ones were sincere; Shakespeare, of course," I remember he said, "because he knew the human soul, and could not help it. It was as if he had stood face to face with God, and dared not tell anything but truth; Milton was sincere, because he was a fanatic. Bacon, because he was too wise not to be." Of the moderns, he said, old Johnson was almost the only essayist who was sincere, and that was his value; you could always count on him; "a clear and vigorous man who saw straight, and told it as he saw it." The others were "nearly all posing, writing either for popularity or for some other miserable end. Why, sir," he said, "I have piles of them there I will not even put on my shelves; I will not admit them to the companionship of gentlemen. The poets at least try to do something; some of them do. Goldsmith was sincere because he was a poet; and Wordsworth was. They had a high idea of their profession, as a lawyer, for instance; he may not have a large or lucrative practice, and yet may be an ornament to the bar because of the high plane on which he practices." I asked him about Carlyle and Emerson. He admitted the sincerity of both; but Carlyle he did not like because he was ill-tempered and sour, and was always sneering at others. "Jeremiah without his inspiration or his occasion," he said of him. "He is not a gentleman, sir, and has never forgiven either the world or himself for it." Emerson he put on a much higher plane; but though he admitted his sincerity, and ranked him the first American literary man, he said he did not read him. "He preaches too much for me," he said, "and he is all texts. When I want preaching I go to church." He liked his poetry better than his prose, though he declared it was hardly verse. "After all," he said, "the best of these essayists to me is the first—Montaigne. They have all been pillaging him ever since he wrote. He was a man who knew himself as he was, and had the sense and the courage to be truthful. Why, sir," he added, with unwonted enthusiasm, "I am enough like Montaigne to be his embodied spirit. When I read Montaigne I feel as if I were reading myself. It is a pleasure to me to know that he is the one book which we know absolutely Shakespeare read, and in which he wrote his name. You cannot get a man nowadays to tell you what he really feels or thinks. Feeling has gone out of fashion; every one is trying to repress his feeling, and he does not think at all. Why, sir, we are all trying to say what we think our neighbor thinks."

It does not seem to me now, recalling it, that what he said was remarkable, or even altogether sound; but there was something about his manner in saying it which impressed me. He appeared to be in strong opposition to the rest of the world; to hold a correct position; but to have a tendency to push his views to extremes. He did not see things precisely as they were, but through a medium or atmosphere of some kind which threw them a little out of line, as if a man might look at objects through a pane of old uneven glass. I observed the same thing when he spoke of old times and things; his talk of old days was delightful, but was mainly critical, his reminiscences being, I thought, all a little tinged by something, I would not call it sourness, but just a bit off from the sweet savor of per-

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fect mellowness, as if at some period it had been shut off a little too much from the sun, and had been under the shadow of disappointment.

I left him with something of sadness, passing out of the cheerless hall and through the old weather-blistered door, and I was not aware until I got into the sunshine without how chilly I had been within. I had an indescribable feeling of half sorrow, half pity for the old gentleman, which did not change until I met him again out-of-doors, calm, dignified, and serene, with his courtly manner. I met him occasionally after that, and always with a feeling of mingled regard and sympathy. I could hardly tell why; for I set him down as one of the most self-contained and fortunate of men—a man who, with enough means to gratify his tastes and follow his own bent, chose to live just as he did. In fact, I think I began rather to envy him, for my little affair in which the missent Tennyson figured had not ended very satisfactorily to me; the recipient of the volume had smiled more markedly than I liked on a smooth-cheeked young man who had an undeniable advantage over me alike in the silkiness of his mustache, the freshness of his complexion, and the nimbleness of his heels, not to mention the matter of income, in which he probably quadrupled mine. But I not only believed these were the only advantages he had over me, but was conceited enough to have even a mild contempt for him, which, nevertheless, did not prevent my young lady from at first openly favoring him, and afterwards bestowing on him not only herself, but my Tennyson as well, side-marked passages and all; and I had not even the poor consolation of thinking that he would see them and be jealous, for I do not believe he ever opened the book, or, for that matter, any book in his life. Anyhow, the affair left me with a certain feeling of discontent, not only with the world at large, but—a much harder thing to bear—with myself also, and I rather envied my old gentleman of the black stock and the quiet untroubled life.

About this time the vision of the little country girl with the big rose-covered hat began to come back to me again, and took its place once more in my recollection.

During these years I had come to know many old people besides the old lawyers and Mr. Miles, among them several old ladies. I have always had a fancy for old ladies; I was brought up in the house with a number of them, and as I am fonder of little girls than I am of boys, so old ladies appeal to me more than old men. There is a certain something about them quite indescribable. Some of them have a beauty with which the beauty of the most radiant belle can hardly compare. But it is not of this beautiful class only that I speak; even when they are faded and worn, when all tints have vanished and all lines have subsided, with age which is content to acknowledge itself graciously as age, and does not pretend to a belated adolescence, there is a charm all its own. There is a fragrance of rue and of rosemary, as well as of roses and violets, and thyme and lavender have their sweetness no less than heart's-ease and lilies-of-the-valley.

There were more of these old ladies in my city than anywhere else I ever knew, and I had come quite easily to know them. They seemed to be found fittingly in the older and cheaper part of the town, where the old, once comfortable, houses still lingered, though it was no longer fashionable, or most convenient, and as my practice had not yet enabled me to emigrate to the desirable quarter, I had quite naturally met a number of them. There are certain characteristics which are common to them all. They all dress in black; they all live in the past, and talk of your grandmother as if she were the age of your sister, completely forgetting your mother; and they all smile on the little children they pass in the street. I am rather fond of children myself, and have always followed a habit of making friends with those on my street, a practice from which I have found certain conveniences to follow. There are some inconveniences, of course, in seasons of snow, and also at other times; but they are inconsiderable. Occasionally at those recurring seasons when tops come like winged ants in swarms out of the ground, or from somewhere else, I had to submit to the ignominy of being stopped on the corners, and compelled to display my inability to make one do anything except flop around on its side, like a headless chicken, before a party of young ruffians, every one of whom could "plug" a top with mathematical accuracy, or

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could "whip" it high in air and bring it down whirling like a buzz-saw; or I would be stopped on the sidewalk and compelled, against my strongest protests, to jump a rope held by two of a group of pestilent little creatures, who would shout with laughter as they knocked my hat off in the dirt, threw sand into my eyes, and pursued me down the street with jeers of derision; or I would have to play a game of marbles, whilst I lost, or stood the chance of losing, a client as well as the game. But, on the whole, I think it had its compensations, and my acquaintance with the old ladies and the children in my quarter played an accidental part in my knowledge of the history of the old gentleman of the black stock. Oftener than once, indeed, as I was playing with the children, he came along and stopped to look at us. "Lucky dog," he said to me once as he passed. "I would rather be able to play marbles than to play monarch." And he went on his way rather slowly.

I happened to hear one evening a conversation between two old ladies which threw some light on the old fellow's history. I was calling on one of them, whom I knew as a friend of my mother's, and who had been good enough to call on me when I was sick once, and the other old lady happened to come to see her. Her visit, as I recollect it, was to tell her friend of some old crony of theirs from whom she had lately had a letter, and who had sent my friend a message in it. She had brought the letter with her, and they read it, and talked about the writer, who they both agreed must be older than either of them by several years. And then they drifted off to girlhood, when they were all three together at the Springs one summer. It was forty odd years before; yet they went over it all; recalled incidents; got them straight between them; discussed and enjoyed them down to the partners they had, the flowers they gave them, and the dresses they wore at the ball, as if it had all been yesterday. It was pathetic. In the course of their discussion the name of Basham Miles occurred more than once. One of them declared that some incident occurred "the summer Basham Miles was so attentive to Betsey Green"; the other thought not, but that it was the summer after; and she tried to refresh her friend's memory by reminding her of two immense bouquets their friend Betsey had had, one of which they thought Basham Miles had given her; but they could not make out who had given the other. And then it had turned out that Basham Miles had given her neither, but had given his to Anita Robinson, whom he had just met, and whom he danced with that night; and one of Betsey's had been given her by an old gentleman from South Carolina, for whom she had sung, and Burton Dale had come back and given her the other. "And that was the beginning of his success," she said. The circumstance was remembered, but it failed to fix the year in my friend's memory. Then she said, "Why, don't you remember that night I had on a lilac mull, and you had on a white embroidered muslin?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure!"

This fixed it. The girl's white muslin recalled it, with all its long attendant train of circumstances, after nearly fifty years of activity and change.

"My, my! How long ago that was! —and yet it seems only yesterday," she said, quietly, softly passing her thin hands over her black dress. Her eyes were no longer looking before her, but back at the past. I wondered what she was thinking of in that forty odd years where lay so many things—love-making, marriage, wifehood, motherhood, widowhood, age—perhaps, for the thin hands still smoothed softly the old black dress, of the girl's embroidered muslin, and the young girl it held in its fresh folds that night. Her thoughts were not painful, whatever they were, for a pleasant and placid air rested on her face, and when she at length awoke from her reverie it was with a smile. Her friend, too, had been back in the past. "What a handsome man Basham Miles was then!" she said.

"I never thought so; there was always a self-consciousness about him which marred his looks to me," said my friend.

"Oh, I think he was a perfect Adonis! I wonder if he has ever regretted not marrying? I think he was really in love with Betsey."

"No, not he," said my friend. "He was too well satisfied with himself. I am very sure Betsey never did. I wouldn't give Burton Dale, with his kind old heart, for a hundred of him, with all his cleverness."

The conversation had interested me,

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and I had sat still, putting off my departure, and feeling a certain interest in their talk and the train of reflections it had called up in me. Still, I did not put the parts together; I simply felt vaguely rather than saw anything which concerned me personally. I had certainly never thought of Basham Miles as an Adonis, or as a careless and arrogant heart-breaker, and I followed the idea off into reverie and vacancy, and was recalled only by the mention of the name "Hill-and-Dale." The old lady who had worn the lilac mull, and who was much the haler of the two, was speaking, and I had lost a part of the conversation. "Yes," she said, "her health has been very poor ever since the birth of her last infant, and then her mother's death, just after Hill-and-Dale was sold, told greatly on her; so she does not get to see me as often as she did when she first came to live here, last spring."

"I must go and see her," said my friend, softly. "I will try and get there to-morrow. I would have been before, but I walk so badly now I find myself putting things off. She brought her youngest sister to see me not very long ago; very like Betsey; I could almost have thought it was Betsey herself as she sat by me and talked to me."

"Elizabeth? Yes, she is like Betsey, but not so pretty," said the other old lady, rising to leave.

"Think so? I thought she was rather prettier; but then I see so badly these days. Good-by; you must come again; don't wait for me to come; I can't walk much, and—"

"Oh, pshaw, Malviny Gray, you have been trading on those three months of superior age to me ever since you were twelve years old, and I am not going to put up with it any longer! You are as arrogant about it as Basham Miles used to be about his intellect. Good-by." And they kissed, laughing at their witticisms, and going over many new things and some old ones, and starting to leave, and beginning again over and over, as is the way with their sex of every age. I myself was leaving, so I saw the visitor down the steps, and would have seen her home if she would have let me; but she positively declined this attention, declaring that I "would think her as old and helpless as Malviny Gray." As I went home I saw Basham Miles turn in at his gate a little before me. His great-coat collar was turned up, and he had a comforter around his neck, although the air seemed to me quite bracing, and as he slowly climbed his long steps and let himself in at his old stained door, I thought he appeared unusually feeble. I did not meet him again or see him again on the street for some little time; but one day, as I turned into a new street, I saw a figure some distance ahead of me all muffled up and walking with the slow and painful steps of an old man.

When I was still about half a block from him his hat blew off and was caught in a sudden gust of wind and whirled out into the street. He stepped slowly down after it, but before he could reach it a young girl, who had evidently seen him through a window, ran down from one of the little new tidy houses on the opposite side, tripped out into the street, and caught the truant hat and restored it to its owner; and then, as he attempted to wrap his comforter, which had become disarranged, more closely around his neck, she reached up and wrapped it deftly about him herself, and, as he thanked her warmly, as I could see even at a distance, turned, laughing, and tripped back across the street, her brown hair blown about her little head, and ran up the steps into her house, giving me just a glimpse of dainty ankles, which reminded me of Elizabeth Dale that day so long ago. I had recognized Basham Miles at a distance as his hat blew off, but I did not recognize the young lady who had rendered him the service; indeed, I did not see her face; but I was sure she was a stranger, for I knew every girl on the street, by sight at least.

I was so busy speculating as to who the graceful stranger was and looking at her windows that I forgot my intention to overtake old Mr. Miles, who might have told me, and he turned the corner of the street before I could catch up with him, and went down a cross street, so that I did not get a chance to speak to him. He was walking more rapidly than I had thought. As I was late, though, I thought it was just as well, for I had observed that when I met him on the street now he talked more and more about his health; and my chief regret was that I did not find out who the new-comer was. As it turned out, I discovered later that he did not know her, and he asked me to find

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out who she was, and to let him know. I suggested that I might find some difficulty in doing so.

"Difficulty?" he said. "Why, sir, when I was your age I knew every pretty girl in town."

"Was she pretty?" I asked. "I did not see her face."

"Pretty? She was a beauty, sir. She looked like an angel. I don't know that a man is a judge of the beauty of a person who runs after and catches his hat for him," he added, his deep eyes lighting faintly with a little half-gleam of amusement. "What between rage and gratitude he is not in a very judicial temper; but she seemed to me a beauty;" and he sighed and turned away.

Only a day or two after this conversation—I am not sure that it was not the next day—I happened to be on a little street in the same direction with, but several blocks further out than the quarter where my old friend and I had our respective residences on the border of respectability; the ground was so broken there that the street was not half built up, and such houses as were there were of the poorest class. As I passed along I was attracted by a little crowd gathered around some object in the middle of the street. They were shouting with laughter, and my curiosity prompted me to go and look to see what caused their amusement. I found it to be an exceedingly small and very dirty little boy, who certainly presented an amusing enough spectacle. He was so little that it was quite wonderful how so much dirt could have gotten on so small a person. His clothes were good—better than those of the children around him—but were covered with mud from top to bottom as if he had been making mud pies, which, indeed, no doubt he had been doing; his hands were caked with mud, and his face was also plentifully streaked with it. Where it showed through, the skin looked fair and the face refined. He did not seem at all disturbed or disconcerted by the crowd about him, or the amusement he was causing, or the questions put to him. All of them he answered promptly and with perfect coolness. The only difficulty was in our understanding him; he was so small that he could not talk plainly.

"What is your name?" they were asking him as I came up.

"Urt'n Ale Avith."

"What?"

"Urt'n Ale Avith," in a different key.

"What? Urt'n Ale Avith?"

"Nor; Urt'n Ale Avith," with some impatience.

They changed the question.

"Where do you live?"

"At 'ome."

"Where is that?"

"At 'ome," evidently struck by their denseness.

"What street?" asked some one.

"Witchen Cheet."

"Witchin Street?"

"Nor; Witchen Cheet."

"Where is that?" the crowd asked of each other. No one knew.

"What did you leave home for, honey?" asked a woman, stooping over him.

"Wunned away," he answered promptly, with a reawakening of interest.

"Runned away?"

"Mh—hmh," with a nod of satisfaction.

"What did you run away for?"

"I d'n' know."

At this a child who had worked its way into the inner circle about him gave a shrill explosion of laughter. The little fellow's face flushed suddenly, and he walked up, and doubling his little dirty fist, struck the child as hard a blow as he could, which caused a universal shout, and set the children to whirling and screaming with laughter in the street. For the first time the boy showed signs of distress; his little dirty mouth began to pucker and his little round chin to tremble, and he dug one chubby black fist in his eye.

"Warn do 'ome," he said, in a low voice.

"Yes, you shall go. Don't cry, honey," said several women, pressing around him, and one of them asked him: "Don't you want somethin' to eat? Ain't you hungry?"

"Mh—hmh—yes, ma'am," he said, with a little whimper and correction of his manners.

"All right, I'll give you something, come along, and then we'll take you home," and several of the women with motherly kindness began to talk as to which could give him something quickest.

"Which way is your home, little man?" I asked, taking advantage of the break in the crowd. He turned and waved his little arm, taking in half of the horizon, "Dat way." At least it was the half of

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the horizon towards which I was going; so I said to the women that if they would give him something to eat, I would undertake to get him home safely. This division of labor was acceptable, and the woman who had first suggested feeding him having given him two large slices of bread covered thick with jam, and others having contributed double as much more, I took the little stray's wrist in default of a hand, both of those members being full of bread; and having taken leave of his friends, we started out to find his home.

We had not gone more than fifty steps when he said, "I tired," or something as near that as a mouth filled with bread and jam would allow. This was a new phase of the case. I had not counted on this; but as there was no help for it, when he had repeated the statement again, and added the request, "Pee tote me," I picked him up, dirt and all, and marched on.

It was a little funny to find myself carrying such a bundle of boy and mud anyhow, to which was added the fact that every now and then lumps of blackberry jam were being smeared over my clothes and face and stuck in my hair, a process to which the warmth of the day did not fail to contribute its part; but it was only when I got into my own section of the town that I fully appreciated the ridiculousness of the figure I must cut.

I would gladly have put my little burden down, but he would not be so disposed of. Under prosperity he had grown a tyrant, and whenever I proposed putting him down, he said, "No, no; I tired; pee tote me," so firmly that I was forced to go on. The first person I met that I knew was old Mr. Miles; he was muffled up, but was still walking rather more vigorously than when I first saw him before. He stopped, in apparent doubt as to my identity, and looked rather pleased as well as amused over my appearance, but expressed no surprise when I made a half-exclamation. The child, possibly impressed by his pale thin face, suddenly held out his chubby hand with a piece of jam-smeared bread in it, and said, "Warn tome?" It manifestly pleased the old fellow, for he actually bent over and made a pretence of biting a piece. When I left him I took a side street.

I was going to a police station to learn if any notice had been left there of a lost child, but as I passed through a rather retired street, which I had chosen to avoid observation from people I knew on my own street, I heard a voice behind me exclaim, "Why, Burton, where on earth have you been?" and turning, I stood face to face with Elizabeth Dale. She was too much engrossed with the child, whom I discovered immediately to be her nephew, to notice me at first, and I found myself abandoned by my charge, who immediately deserted me, leaving, however, abundant mementos of himself on my person, and climbed into the outstretched arms of his pretty aunt without a word, and began to hug and kiss her with all his might. Nor did I blame him, for, in fact, I should have liked to be as small as he to have enjoyed the same privilege. The three or four years since I had seen her in the milliner's shop had added to her beauty; they had filled out her slim girlish figure, and had made it trim, and had given thoughtfulness to her rosy face and made it gracious as well as sweet. As she turned half away from me with the boy in her arms, I recognized her on the instant as the girl who had picked up old Mr. Miles's hat for him that day in the street. The joyousness of her nature was testified to in her peals of laughter over her little nephew's extraordinary appearance, and her loveliness of character was evidenced both in the affection with which the child choked her and kissed her, and the sweetness with which she received his embraces, muddy and jam-smeared as he was. All she said was: "Oh, Burton, isn't that enough? You'll ruin aunty's best dress." But Burton only choked her the harder. I offered to take him and relieve her, but she declined, and he would not have come even if she would have let him. He just clung the closer to her, patting her with his chubby hand, and rubbing his dirty cheek against her pretty one with evident enjoyment, saying, "I 'ove my aunty, I 'ove my aunty," and as she smiled and thanked me with her gracious air for my part in his rescue, I began to think that, faith, I more than half did too.

The next day I met Elizabeth Dale on the street, entirely by accident—on her part. I may almost say it was accidental on my part also, for I had been walking up and down and around blocks for two hours before she added her light to the sunshine without, just as I was almost on the point of giving up. She was gracious

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enough to stop and give me a message of thanks from her sister, Mrs. Davis, for my kindness to her young prodigal, and she added that if he had not eaten of the husks of the swine, he had, at least, looked as if he had played with them. She even said her sister had written me her thanks, but commissioned her, if she saw me again, to say she would be very glad to have me call and give her "the privilege of thanking me in person," as she was pleased to express it. After that, of course, I could do no less than call, and I was so gracious about giving her sister "the privilege" she requested that I called that very evening, and as her sister happened to have a headache that evening, I called again only a few evenings afterwards; for by this time Miss Elizabeth Dale and I were friends, and I now think I was almost beginning to be more.

I did not see old Mr. Miles, to tell him that I had discovered his young benefactress, for youth is forgetful in the sunshine of prosperity, and I did not call on him immediately. One afternoon as I passed along his street he was sitting out on the seat under the old beech-tree, all muffled up in his overcoat; but I was going to pay a call on "Witchen Cheet," and was in something of a hurry, so did not stop, and when I was thinking of getting ready to call on him some time afterwards, Robert told me he had left town for the summer. I did not think of him again for a long time. I remember that summer very well, for I was not the only person that staid in town. Miss Elizabeth Dale was also there, and though she went off once, to my great discontent, to visit some relations in the country for a few weeks, she was in the city most of the summer. It was astonishing how completely her absence depopulated the town. I heard other men speak of the city being deserted, but after she returned I did not find it so. I do not think that I ever thought I was in love with her, and certainly, at least, I never thought of its being a practical matter; I never dreamed of the possibility of her being in love with me. She was far too beautiful and too popular to ever think of a poor young lawyer like myself. In fact, marriage was something on which I might dream, but I never seriously contemplated it. I thought I should marry some day as I thought I should die some day, but I certainly never thought of marrying Elizabeth Dale. My dream then was rather of an heiress and a large mansion, as it had formerly been of a princess and a palace; and meantime I lived in the third floor of a small boarding-house, and never dreamed that Elizabeth Dale would think of me a minute. As far as I went was to timorously send her flowers, or worship her beauty and hate furiously every man who had the impertinence to look at her. If I used to see her almost every evening, stroll with her on the shady streets, read to her, think of her and plan for her a great deal more than I did of my practice —which had really grown some, as was quite fortunate for the little florist at the corner above me, though it was still far below the large and lucrative practice which was to be my stepping-stone to the chief-justiceship—it was only as a beautiful being whose mere smile was more than all other rewards, and all that I dared aspire to. I was not then in love with Miss Elizabeth Dale; I only admired her, and hated those who were. Almost the only time I thought of old Mr. Miles that summer was one afternoon that Elizabeth Dale and I were strolling through the old street on which his house stood. As we passed slowly along, exchanging the pleasant momentous nothings which two young people deal in in such case, the old yard stretching back looked cool and inviting under its big trees. The seat under the old beech looked convenient, and an air of placid quietude and calm seemed to rest on everything. I suggested going in, which surprised her, but I told her the owner was a friend of mine, and was absent from the city, and then informed her that he was the old gentleman whose hat she had picked up for him in the street that spring. The gate was tied up with a rope, and I was about to cut the fastening, when she said she would climb over it, which she did with my aid, and with the agility which characterized her every movement. We wandered about for a while, and then came to a stop under the old beech, which showed on its gray scarred trunk the black traces of many a school-boy's pride or lover's devotion. Most of the carving was old, for few entered that secluded yard of late, and much was indecipherable. One pair of initials high up I made out as B. M. and E. G., but my companion did not entirely agree with me. The B. M. she thought probably correct, but the E. G. only possibly so.

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"That would stand for my mother," she said, softly, "only she was always Betsey."

"Or, 'for example,'" said I, with the light wit of a young man, "now, if I just cut D. after that, and change the B. M., it would be all right."

"Why, it would be like sacrilege," she said. "Whoever they were, they were, no doubt, two lovers, and that old scar may be the only trace left of them on earth."

I don't know whether it was that our conversation began to grow a little too grave after that; but she suddenly decided that we had better be going home, and notwithstanding my protests, she started. This was the only time she ever went with me into the old yard, and the only time I remember that we ever spoke of old Mr. Miles.

As the summer passed and the autumn came I began to grow restless and unhappy. The trees had lost their greenness, and the town was taking on its autumn look, and my happy summer evenings, with strolls along the moonlit summer streets, or out on the river, were gone with the greenness of the leaves, and something had come like a frost over me and my happiness. I could not tell just what it was, unless it was the frequent visits to town of a young man who lived in another State and a larger city. I had met him once in the early summer, and had thought nothing of him; not as much as I did of several others who used to sit on Mrs. Davis's front porch and interfere with my enjoyment there; but now he was back in the city, staying at one of the biggest hotels, and spending most of his time—all of it, I said—at Mrs. Davis's. I met him there every time I went there, and though I do not think I would ever have been base enough to murder him, I would cheerfully have seized and dropped him into some far-off dungeon to pass the rest of his natural life in painful and unremitted solitude. My hostility to him was not at all tempered by the fact that he was very good-looking, and was reported to be exceedingly rich; nor even by the further fact that Miss Dale was going somewhere to teach for some one that year, her scholastic term beginning a month or two later than usual, on account of the absence in Europe of the lady who had engaged her. I gave myself so many airs about Mr. Goodrich's "continuous business" (for such was the gentleman's name, and such was the cause assigned for his protracted stay in our midst), and made myself so generally disagreeable—a faculty which I have developed extensively—that finally Miss Dale gave me clearly to understand that she would put up with no more of my arrogance, and sent me about my business.

The exact cause of our rupture was some speech of mine to the effect that it was not only the poor, but the rich that we had always with us, with some others of like tenor bearing on Mr. Goodrich's name, which Miss Dale considered offensive; and though I freely confess I was mean enough to have tumbled down in the dirt and eaten ever so much humble-pie, if I had thought it would do any good, the young lady was so inexorable in her manner that I found not the slightest ground for hope that she would relent and accept my apologies, and so was forced to assume the "high horse" as my sole refuge; which I did with what outward grace I might, though I was inwardly actually consumed between consternation, regret, and rage. The "high horse" is sometimes, perhaps, a successful steed; but it is mighty poor riding; and I spent an autumn as wretched as my summer had been delightful, passing my time meditating insults to my successful rival and punishment for my young lady. In my time of tribulation I began to think of many persons and things which I had rather forgotten in the times of my prosperity, and among them was old Mr. Basham Miles. I had not seen him on the street the whole fall, as I generally did at that time and season of the year, and one day I asked Robert about it. He told me that he was at home ill; he had come back from the country sick, and had been confined to his room ever since. "Fact is, suh, I's mighty troubled 'bout him," said the old servant. He ain't gittin' no better; jes gittin' punier an' punier. I don' b'lieve he's gwine to last much longer." This was serious, and I questioned him as to what the old gentleman did. "He don' do nuttin, sep set dyah all day in de big cheer," he said. "He use' to read—read all de time, night an' day; but he don' eber do dat no longer."

"Who is with him?"

"D'ain' no-body wid him, suh. He won' have no-body. He never wuz no

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han' for havin' folks 'bout him, no-how, strange folks expressly; he wouldn' even have a doctor to come to see him, after old Doctor Thomas die. He used to come sometimes. Since den he wouldn' have no-body; but me and Jane got him to le' me go and ax Doctor Williams to come an' see him, an' he say he pretty sick, an' gi' him some physic, but he wouldn' teck it, suh. He say he gwine die anyhow, an' he ain't gwine take no nasty physic. He got de bottle dyah now in he room, an' it jes full as 'twuz when I bring it from de drug-sto'."

I said that I would come and see him.

He said: "Yes, suh, wish you would; maybe he would see yo' and maybe he won't. He mighty fond o' you. He won' see many folks. Several ladies been to inquire after him, and Mrs. Miller, she an' annur lady too, sen' him things; but he won' see no-body, an' he won' eat nuttin. I's right smartly troubled 'bout him, suh."

I was too, and repeated my intention of calling to see him.

"I tell you, suh," he said, suddenly, "a man ought to have wife and chillern to take keer on him when he git ole, any-'ow."

I had not thought of this view of the case, but it did not strike me as wholly unreasonable. When I called to see Mr. Miles that evening, he saw me. I was shocked to find what a change there was in him since I had seen him last. I was shown through the cold and dark hall, and by the vacant library, the door of which stood open as I passed, and the fireplace of which showed empty and black, and up the wide stairs to the room Mr. Miles occupied. He was sitting up in his old arm-chair by the fire, which was the only cheerful thing I had seen in the house. If I had thought the old man lonely when I was there before, much more he seemed so now; he was absolutely alone. A row of books was on the table beside him, but their very number was an evidence that he had no appetite for them, and only had them to taste. The only one that looked as if he had been using it was an old Bible. It lay nearest him on his table, and had a marker in it. He was only half dressed, and had on an old, long, flowered dressing-gown and slippers, presenting a marked contrast to his general neatness of apparel, whilst a beard, which he had allowed to grow for a month or more, testified to his feebleness, and added to the change in his appearance. I never saw a greater picture of dejection than he presented as I entered. His head was sunk on his breast, and loneliness seemed to encircle him round almost palpably. I think my visit cheered him a little, though he was strangely morose, and spoke of the world with unwonted bitterness. He was manifestly pleased, however, at my coming to see him, though he dwelt on the regret he felt at the trouble he caused me. I tried to interest him in books and engage him in talking of them, but he declared "that they were like people, they interested only when one was strong and vigorous, and deserted you when you were ill or unfortunate. They fail you at the crucial time, sir," he said, bitterly. "They forsake you or bore you." I said I hoped they were not so bad as that. "Yes, sir, they are," he said, testily. "I esteemed them my friends; lived with them, cultivated them, and at the very moment when I needed them most they failed me." He reached over and took up the old Bible from his table. "This book alone," he said, "has held out. This has not deserted me. I have read something of all the philosophies, but none has the spirituality and power that I find in certain parts of this." He laid the book down again, and I picked it up idly and opened it at the place where his paper was. A marked passage caught my eye. "As one whom his mother comforteth."

I laid the book back from where I had taken it.

"That volume was my mother's," said the old man, softly. "She died with it on her pillow."

I persuaded him before I left to let me send a doctor to see him; and coming away, I went by and saw Dr. Williams, who said he would go at once. I called to see the doctor next day to ask about him, and he said he was a very ill man.

"He is going to die," said the doctor, calmly.

"Well, doctor, ought not he to have some one to stay with him?" I asked

"Of course he ought," said the doctor, "and I have told him so; but he is a very difficult man to deal with. What can you do with him? He is going to die anyhow, and knows it, and he says the idea of any one staying in the house with

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him makes him nervous. I have told his man Robert to stay in the house to-night, but I don't know that he will let him do it."

I went to see him that night, for I was very anxious about him, and found Robert much stirred up, and sincerely glad to see me. He had proposed to stay with him as the doctor had directed, but the old gentleman had positively forbidden it.

"He won' have nobody roun' him 'tall, suh," said Robert, hopelessly. "Two or three people been heah to see him to-day, but he won' see none on 'em; he'll hardly see me; an' he tell me when bedtime come jes to shet up as ushal, an' let him 'lone. But I'm gwine to stay in dat house to-night, don' keer what he say," said the old servant, positively.

I asked if he thought he would see me. And we agreed that the best thing for me to do was to go right up and announce myself. So I did it, and found him sitting up as before. He looked if anything feebler than he had done the evening before; he talked in a weaker voice, and was more drowsy. He said he could not lie down. I made up my mind to sit up with him that night if he did not actually drive me out of the house; so after a time, as he seemed sleepy, I fixed myself comfortably in an arm-chair, which I emptied of a score of books. I think my presence comforted him, for he said little, and simply drowsed on. Towards midnight he roused up, and having taken a stimulant which the doctor had left him, seemed stronger and rather inclined to talk.

The first question he asked surprised me. He said suddenly, "Is your mother living?" I told him she was. "That is the greatest blessing a man can have," he said. "Mine died when I was ten years old, and I have never gotten over her loss. I have missed her every hour since. Had she lived, my life might have been different. It might not then have been the failure which it has been."

I was surprised to hear him speak so of himself, for I had always thought him one of the most self-contained of men, and made some polite disavowal of his life having been a failure. He turned on me almost fiercely: "Yes, sir, it has been a complete and utter failure," he said, bitterly. "I was a man of parts, and look at me now. A woman's influence might have changed me."

As he appeared inclined to talk, I prepared to listen. He seemed to find a grim pleasure in talking of himself and reviewing his life. His mother's death he continued to dwell on. She used to sit out on that seat under the beech-tree, he told me; and he loved the tree better than almost anything in the world. It was associated, he said, with almost every happy moment he had ever spent. "Young man," he said, sitting up in the energy of his speech, "marry, marry. I do not say marry for your own happiness, though Heaven knows I am a proof of the truth of my words, dying here alone and almost friendless, but marry for the good you may accomplish in the world and the happiness you may give others." Not to marry, he said, was the extreme of selfishness; for if a man does not marry, generally it is because he is figuring for something more than love. He then told me that his great fault was selfishness. "I made one mistake, sir," he said, "early in life, and it has lasted me ever since. I put brains before everything, intellect before heart. It was all selfishness; that was the rock on which I split. I was a man of parts, sir, and I thought that with my intellect I could do everything; but I could not. Young man, were you ever in love?" he asked. Under the sudden question I stammered, and finally said I did not know; I believed I had been, but it was over anyhow. "Young man," he said, "treasure it—treasure it as your life. I was in love once—once only really in love—and I believe I had my happiness in my own hands, and I flung it away, and wrecked my life." He then proceeded to tell me the story of his love-affair, and how, instead of being content with the affection of the lovely and beautiful girl whose heart he had won, he had wanted to excel with every one, and to shine in all eyes. "And I simply flung away salvation," he said.

"I am not speaking groundlessly," he said, "for I was not even left the poor consolation of doubt as to whether I should have succeeded. When at last I awoke from my besotted condition my chance was gone. The woman for whom I had given up the one I loved, because I thought she would advance me in life, proved as shallow and heartless as I was myself, and, after I had made my plans and prepared my house for her, threw me over remorselessly for what she esteemed

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a better match, and married a rich fool; and when at length I went back to the woman I loved and offered her my heart, which, indeed, had always been hers, she had given hers to another. Heaven knows I did not blame her, for though I had been fool enough to despise him, he was a thousand times worthier of her than I was, and made her a thousand times happier than I should have done with my selfishness. She told me that she had loved me once, and would have married me had I spoken; but that time was long past, and she now loved another better than she had ever loved me.

"My pride was stung; but I fell back on my intellect, and determined again to marry brilliantly. I might have done so, perhaps, but I could not forget the woman I loved, and I was not quite base enough to offer again an empty heart to another woman, and so the time passed by. I had means enough to obviate the necessity of working for my support, and so did not work as I should have done had I been dependent on my profession, and men who had less than half my intellect outstripped me. At length, having no incentive to labor, I threw up my profession and travelled abroad. In time that failed me, and I returned to my beech-tree only to find that I had dropped out of the current of life, and had exchanged the happiness of a home for the experiences of a wanderer.

"I had lost the universal touch in all the infinite little things which make up the sum of life, and even my friends, with few exceptions, were not just what they had been. If they were necessary to me, I was no longer necessary to them. They had other ties; had married, had children, and had new interests formed in my absence. I found myself alone; everywhere a visitor; welcomed at some places, because I was agreeable when I chose to be, tolerated at others, but still only a visitor, an outsider. Then I fell back on my books. They lasted me for a while, and I read occasionally; but only for my amusement, and in time my appetite was satiated and my stomach turned. I had not the tastes of a scholar, or even of a student, but only those of a dilettante. I was too social to enjoy long alone even books, and I did not read for use. So I turned to the world again, to find it even worse than it had been before. I was as completely alone as if I had been on an island, and it was too late for me to re-enter life."

I do not mean to give this as his connected speech, for it was not; it was what he said at times through the long night, as he dwelt on the past and felt like talking. Finally he broke in suddenly:

"Cultivate the affections, young man, cultivate the affections. They alone give you true happiness. Take an old man's word for it, that the men who are happy are those who love and are loved. Better love the meanest thing that lives than only yourself. Even as a matter of policy it is best. I had the best intellect of any young man of my time and set, and I have seen men with half my brains, under the inspiration of love and the obligations and duties it creates, go forward to success which I could never achieve. Whilst I was narrowing and drying up, they were broadening and reaching out in every direction. Often I have gone along the street and envied the poorest man I met with his children on their holiday strolls. My affections had been awakened, but too late in life; and I could not win friendship then. That child that you had in your arms the day I met you was the first child I had seen in years who looked at me without either fear or indifference."

The old man had, of course, mentioned no names; but I had recalled the conversation of the two ladies that evening, and now under his earnestness I was drawn first to admit that I had been in love, and feared I was yet. He was deeply interested, and when I told him that he had already had his part in my affair, he was no less astonished. Then I recalled to him the advice he had given me on the street corner on that May morning several years before. He remembered the incident of the carriage, with its burden of young girls, but had no idea I was the young man. He was evidently pleased at the coincidence.

"So you took my advice and picked a girl out of that very carriage, did you?" he said, with the first smile I had seen on his face since I had been with him. "Whose carriage was it, and what was her name, if you don't mind telling an old man?" he asked. Then, as I hesitated a little he said, gently, "Oh, no matter; don't feel obliged to tell me."

"No," I said; "I was only thinking.

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It was the Hill-and-Dale carriage, and her name is Elizabeth Dale."

"Elizabeth Dale?" he said, his eyes opening wide as they rested on my face; and then, as he turned to the fire and let them fall, he said to himself, "How strange! Has she beauty?" he asked me presently, after a reverie, in which he repeated to himself, softly, over and over, "Very strange."

"I think she has," I said; "and others think so too. I believe you do yourself."

"How is that?" he asked. "I have never seen her."

"Yes, you have," I said. "Do you remember your hat blowing off one day last spring on Richardson Street, and a young girl running out of a house bareheaded and catching it for you? Well, that was Elizabeth Dale."

"Was it, indeed?" he said; and then added: "I ought to have known it, she looked so like her. Only I thought it was simply her beauty which made the resemblance. All youth and beauty coupled with sweetness have brought up Elizabeth Green to me through the years," he said, gently.

"And the child who offered you the bread and jam that day was her nephew," I said. But he was now past further surprise, and simply said, "Indeed."

"Do you think she would come and see me?" he asked me presently, after a long reverie, in which he had been looking into the fire.

I said I was sure she would if she knew he wished it; and then I went off into a reverie too.

"Cannot you bring her?" he asked.

And I said: "Why, I did not know—yes, I suppose she would come with me, only—only— Why, yes, I could see if she would."

"Ask her to come and see an old man who has not long to stay here, and who wishes to see the girl whom you are going to marry," he said.

"But I am not going to marry her," I said. "We barely speak now."

"Then the girl to whom you barely speak now," he said, with something of a smile, and then added, gravely; "the girl who picked up his hat for him; an old man who knew her mother."

I promised to do my best to get Miss Dale to come to see him, and then the old fellow dropped off into a doze, which soon became a sounder sleep than he had had at all.

The next day, after a long contention with myself, I called on Miss Dale to propose the visit which Mr. Miles had requested; but the servant said she had gone to drive with Mr. Goodrich.

Having screwed my courage, or whatever it was, up to the point of visiting Miss Dale at all, I found it stuck there; and even in the face of this last outrage to my feelings, in going to ride with the man I had quarrelled with her about, I called on her again that afternoon, late enough to insure her return home and presence in the house. I will not undertake to describe my emotions as I sat in the little darkened parlor, hat in hand and overcoat on, to indicate that I had not called socially, but on business, and business alone. I awaited the return of the servant who announced me, in some doubt, if not apprehension, for I was not absolutely sure that Miss Dale would see me. So when the maid returned, and said she would be down directly, and proceeded to light the gas in the parlor, I found my heart beating unpleasantly. Then the servant disappeared, and left me in solitude. I looked over the old photographs and into the old books with which I was once so familiar, and listened to the movement going on upstairs. Then I sat down; but the glare was so oppressive that I rose and turned down the light a little.

Presently I heard some one or something coming down the stairs, a step at a time, and when it reached the point where I could see it through the door it proved to be Burton.

"I tummin' down to tee you," he said to me through the banisters, calling me by my name, for we had been famous friends that summer. "I dot on bitches."

"Come on," I said, cheered by the boy's friendliness. He came in and showed himself off, pointed out his pockets, stuck his hands in them and strolled around, and rode a cock-horse with all a boy's delight. I was just feeling something of my old easiness when he stopped suddenly, and striking an attitude, said,

"I dot a horse."

"What? Who gave it to you?"

"Mist' Oodwitch."

This was a blow.

"Mist' Oodwitch gave me this too," diving a hand into one of his pockets;

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but I did not learn what it was, for just then I heard another step coming slowly down the stair. The boy heard it too, and ran out to meet his aunt. Fortunately I was sitting somewhat behind the door, so I was screened from observation and could not see what went on outside, but I could hear. The first thing I heard was Burton's announcement that I was there in the parlor, giving me by my first name. Then I heard her say something to him in an undertone, and he answered, "No, no." After that I heard her low voice in a sort of murmur, as she talked to him to try to persuade him to do something, and his replies, "No, no; don't want to do up tairs."

Then she grew more positive, and he started, with a little whimper as he went up. I heard her say, "If you don't cry, I will let you ride my horse the first time I go to ride." This soothed him. "Awe yite," and he went on up as rapidly as one step at a time would take him.

There was a pause whilst she waited to see him get up beyond the chance of return, and then I heard her stir again. As she approached the door I tried to appear natural, but I felt myself decidedly discomposed.

She came in with a great deal of dignity and, I must say, ease of manner. I, however, was not to be put at my ease. I hardly waited for her to make her little apology for keeping me waiting. She had just come in from a ride, she said, and had to take off her hat. It was not necessary to acquaint me with her having been to ride. I knew that quite as well as she. I, without delay, therefore, explained my call, and relieved her mind of any misapprehension she might be under as to the object of my visit. I was still stiff and ungracious enough, Heaven knows; and she was plainly a little surprised at my manner, for she became more formal herself; but I had made myself plain, and had set forth the old man's loneliness with some skill, and though she had stiffened a little, she said she would go as soon as she could put on her hat, if I would wait; if not, she would get her brother-in-law to take her after tea. I said I would wait, and she left me. I joined her in the little hall as she came down stairs again, and ceremoniously opened the door for her and followed her into the street. The only thing we talked of was the old gentleman she was going to see, and I was aware that my voice sounded very unnatural. Hers seemed as soft as usual.

The trees on the street were leafless, and the air was chilly and a little raw as the dusk of the autumn evening fell. I led the way to the next street, and let her in at the broken gate where I had first met Mr. Basham Miles so many years before, and which I had helped her over that summer evening when we read her mother's initials on the beech-tree. We went up the long uneven walk, through the old yard towards the now dark house, and I remember the way the white dry leaves on the lower boughs of the old beech rustled mournfully in the chilly wind.

Robert opened the door after my second knock, and looked with unfeigned surprise at my companion. He said the old gentleman was much the same, and he would see whether he could see us. I determined to take no chances, so, whilst Robert lit the gas in the dark cold library, I tripped up stairs and went to the old gentleman's door. I found him glad to see me, and as ready as he could be to receive his visitor; so, without giving him time to think much about it, I acted on his half-consent, and a moment later showed Elizabeth Dale into his room.

She paused for a moment at the threshold and then advanced, and as the old man tried to rise to greet her, quickened her step, giving a little exclamation as she protested against his getting up.

I have never forgotten the picture they presented. She sat by his side, and he held her hand, so white and slender and fine, his wrinkled long fingers clasped tremulously around hers, as he begged her pardon for the trouble he had given her, and thanked her for the favor she had granted him. He had more strength than I had seen him show. The fine old-fashioned courtliness of the one and the sweet graciousness of the other were counterparts, whilst the grayness and feebleness of one and the roses and health of the other set them in strong contrast. They might have sat for Immortal Age and Immortal Youth. In a little while she was holding the old man's hand, not he hers, and as he mentioned my name I drew somewhat apart and left them together, he doing most of the talking, and she listening and stroking his hand as if she had been his daughter.

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Presently—he had been talking of his youth in that house, and of the appearance that part of the town used to present when the hill was crowned with houses embowered in trees—he said, "My dear, did you ever hear your mother speak of me?" His voice was so gentle that I scarcely caught it. I could see her embarrassment. She said, very slowly, after trying to recollect, "I—cannot remember that I ever did"; and then, as if distressed that she might have given him pain, she said, kindly, "She may have done it, you know, without my recollecting it, for I was a heedless young thing." How sweet her voice sounded, and what sorrow was in her eyes—sorrow that she must have given that old man sorrow, though she sacrificed all to truth. He did not speak immediately; but presently he said, gravely, that he was not surprised; and then he added, quietly: "My dear, I used to be in love with your mother, and I never loved any one else. I was most unworthy of her; but I have carried her image in my heart all these years."

Without a word the young girl rose and leant over and kissed him. Just then Robert opened the door and brought in a waiter with tea things for his master's tea. It was not very inviting, though it was the best the faithful Robert and his wife could do. Without a word of apology the young girl stepped forward and took the tray, and then, with no more explanation than if she had done it every evening of her life for him, she set to work to prepare the old man's tea. It was marvellous to see what a woman's hands could do. Out of the somewhat crowded and unappetizing waiter came an order and daintiness which were miraculous. And when she handed him his tea in the old blue china cup, I knew that he could not help taking it. The same instinct seemed to teach her what was needed in the room, and when she rose to leave, a half-hour later, she left behind her comfort and something like order where before there had been only confusion. She left more than that—she left an old man cheered and comforted as he had not been in years.

As she rose to go she said, "I want you now to grant me a favor—I want you to let me come again—to-morrow—will you?" No one could have resisted that appeal, least of all Basham Miles; for she was leaning over him, arranging a pillow for him as he had never had one arranged before in all his life. He could not answer her question; he merely took her hand in both his, and raising it to his lips, said, tremulously, "God bless you!"

The young girl bent over and kissed him for her good-night—kissed him twice, as she might have done her father. He said "God bless you!" again; and again, when she was at the door, he repeated, "God bless you!"

We came down the steps without a word, and Robert let us out of the door. We were down on the walk when I remembered that I had not told him that I would come back again, and I went back to the door. When I came down the steps my companion was standing a little way down the walk waiting for me, and I found she had her hand to her eyes. I said—I do not remember just what I said; but she walked a little way off the walk, and sat down on a seat under the nearest tree—the old beech-tree which Basham Miles treasured so. "That poor old man," she sobbed, and fell to weeping as if her heart would break.

I never could see either a man or a woman cry and remain unmoved, and I undertook to—well, I don't know just what my idea was; but I dropt down by her, and before I knew it I had forgotten my pride, my jealousy, everything, and had told her all that was in my heart. She did not stop crying immediately, and she did not say a word, but before I was through she was sobbing on my shoulder, and she did not take her hand away from me; and when I came out of Basham Miles's broken gate I did not hate Hamilton Goodrich at all, in fact, I was rather sorry for him, for I had learned that he had received his final, though by no means his first, refusal that afternoon. We were too late for tea at her sister's; but I went in, and Elizabeth Dale made tea for her second time that evening, though her first time for me.

When I went back to Mr. Miles's, which I did not do, I believe, until Elizabeth Dale sent me, Robert told me that he had gone to bed and was asleep, and had told him he might stay in his room that night, and I must not come till next day. This I did; and that evening I took Elizabeth Dale to make tea for him again. He seemed really better, and his eye had a new light in it, and his voice a new tone. Elizabeth Dale went to see him

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every day after that, twice a day, and sat with him; and other friends came too, and he saw them. One evening Elizabeth Dale took her little nephew to see him, and he enjoyed the child and took it on his knee and played with it. In fact, he appeared so much better that we were all talking about his being out again — all except himself, and I was much shocked the next morning when Robert knocked at my door and told me he was dead. He had retired that night about as usual, and when Robert went to him in the morning he found him dead in his bed.

I went around immediately, of course, and found several neighbors already there, for he had more friends than he had known of. By common consent it seemed that I was the person to take charge of arrangements, and Robert told me he had told him that when he died he wanted me sent for at once. "An' dere's a letter for you, suh," he said, "somewhar in he ole secketary. He writ it not long ago, and tole me he had put it in dyah for you, and I wuz to tell you 'bout it when he died. He said dat would tell all 'bout de 'rangements for de funeral an' ev'ything. He knowed he wuz gwine, suh, better'n we all."

Thus notified, some time during the day, after I had telegraphed to his relatives, none of whom were very near or had his name, I looked for and found the letter. It was a large envelope addressed to me and sealed with his own crest, and on opening it I found a letter in it couched in most affectionate terms, and giving explicit directions as to his funeral, which he said was to save me and others trouble. He requested that he might be buried in the simplest manner and with the least expense possible, and that his grave should be by his mother's. There was one singular request: that a carriage should be provided especially for Robert and his wife, and that Robert should be one of the men to lower him into the grave. There was in the envelope another envelope, also sealed and addressed to me, and on the back was endorsed, "Holograph Will of Basham Miles: To be opened only after his funeral." The relatives (there were only one or two of them to come) arrived next day, and that afternoon, as the autumn sun sank below the horizon, the little funeral procession crept out to the old and now almost disused cemetery looking towards the west, and in the soft afterglow of the evening the remains of Basham Miles were laid to rest beside those of his mother, over which rose a beautiful old marble monument with a touching inscription, which I knew was by him. There were not a great many people in the church, and they were nearly all old people. Among them I observed my two old ladies who had told me of Basham Miles when he was young. They came together in their old black dresses, the younger helping her senior of three months quietly along. The relatives, of course, walked first; but of all there I was sure that there was no sincerer mourner than the young girl who came last. With her veil drawn close about her little head she sat far back in the church; but I knew that it was that she might weep unobserved.

The will was opened in the presence of witnesses that night, as the relatives had to return home. It was all in Basham Miles's handwriting, and covered only a single sheet. It left a certain sum to his servants, Robert Brown and Jane his wife, to buy them a house and lot of their own; left me his library; left his watch to Burton Dale Davis; and then gave "the old Bible, once his mother's, together with all the rest of his property, of every kind whatsoever, to Elizabeth Dale, youngest daughter of Elizabeth Dale, formerly Elizabeth Green, now deceased." I was appointed executor.

The sole condition he proposed to Elizabeth Dale was that she should try to have the old beech-tree in his yard spared as long as was practicable. Even this was particularly stated to be but a request; but I feel sure that he knew it would be as binding on my wife as if it had been in the form of an express condition, and that so long as Elizabeth Dale should live, the old beech-tree, under which Basham Miles remembered his mother, and on which he had carved her mother's name in his youth, would stand in proof that Basham Miles was not forgotten.

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UNAFRAID.

BY RICHARD BURTON.

A DIALECT beyond our ken,
The accents of an unknown tongue,
Life speaks,—this world of passing men
That is incomparably old
And sad with sinning manifold,
Yet, with each morning, sweet and young.

Yea, sweet and young it is, and plain
Its meaning,—for a girl's light breath
Outwits the wisdom that has lain
Long centuries stored in reverend books.
They doubt and dream; she, by her looks,
Laughs down the lie of churlish death.

EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

SO the air stirs, so the wind blows, there are many people who do not give any heed to its quality. It may be a sirocco, it may be malarial, it may be stinging cold, full of fine points of frost like cutting knives. Stir is better than stagnation; better a gale than a calm, though we do not know where it will take the ship. There is an analogy to this feeling in the present reaction against the domestic, the pathological, and the "purpose" novels. Give us something with "go" in it—a gale of adventure, a lively cruise among barbarous isles, with plenty of love, and plenty of cut and thrust, and plenty of intrigue, and a rainbow at the end of the voyage. We are tired of riding at anchor on a mud flat, with the pilot stirring up the noxious gases on the bottom of the civilized harbor.

Where there is a demand there is likely to be a supply, and the wide and increasing sale of the romantic novel and the historical romance shows that the demand was general. The reaction has been violent, and in proportion to the morbidness and paralysis of action which it succeeds. It is in no spirit of criticising this reaction—it was inevitable; fiction is always on a seesaw between *The Sorrows of Werther* and *The Three Guardsmen*—that it is here noticed, but to point out the lack of literary quality in most of it, a discrimination which the general public neglects in its joy of movement. Whatever else may be said of the class of novels of which the public seems tired, it is certain that a great proportion of them have high literary quality, and are wrought out with literary conscientiousness and knowledge. Most of them try to shun exaggeration, though some of them are chargeable with the worst sort of exaggeration—like a recent story of a New England community—by selecting all the mean and sordid elements unrelieved by any of the idealization of life which exists in all communities, savage or civilized. The intention of most of this fiction has been to be true to material facts and to morbid mental conditions. The claim set up for it was that it was artistic and sincere. Those who have worked in it successfully have been like the "impressionists" among painters who have succeeded; they have been those who were thoroughly trained in the technicalities of their profession. Their imitators, who were not so trained, who thought it did not need any skill to

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deal with "facts" and "impressions," have failed. It is the admirable literary quality in the successful devotees and scribes of "naturalism" that has distinguished their productions. There has never been anything quite so dreary offered to readers as the novels of "realism" that lack this quality.

The public has been so pleased at its escape out of morbidness and introspection into a world of action that it has paid small heed to the quality of the work it has seized on with so much avidity. A large part of the recent novels of romance does not come within the province of literary criticism, and is as ephemeral as fireworks. Much of it is boisterous hilarity and animal spirits, and so exaggerated and improbable as to gain the verdict of "stuff" from even indiscriminating readers, who are nevertheless carried along by its ingenuity and audacity. After the plot is unravelled the reader does not care to recur to it, and he rather despises himself for wasting time on it. The style has no charm, the character-drawing is false, and the incidents are so childishly improbable that their narration is an insult to the readers' intelligence. Even many of the best of these romances of adventure lack the literary quality that tempts a reader to the reperusal of a story. The "naturalists" may well laugh at the excess of this reaction. The writers have apparently yet to learn that good literature in all forms has certain essential qualities—style, proportion, sincerity, imagination, knowledge of human nature. If we analyze any piece of good literature that has survived from a former generation we see what these essential qualities are, though it is not easy to define them. The present writers of romances cannot afford to lose sight of their necessity, or the public will soon weary of their extravagances and turn from their repetitions as "stuff."

An illustration of romance that adheres to the traditions of literature is *The Raiders*, by Mr. S. R. Crockett, although the reader will need a defining vocabulary for many of its purely Scotch words. Mr. Crockett, like Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Barrie, is a lineal descendant of Walter Scott. Nothing can be more realistic than his scenes and his characters, nothing more stirring or exciting than his border adventures, which take place about the middle of the eighteenth century. But the author has a poet's susceptibility both as to nature and to women, and an exquisite grace in characterization. He has also humor of the most delicate flavor. How charming are the talks of these individualized characters! The longest and most rugged highland roads are made easy by shrewd conversation. We seem to be wandering again with the creations of that master of human nature, Walter Scott, entertained all the long way, as a pedestrian is by an interesting comrade. Mr. Crockett, however, belongs to his own era, and he gives us a movement swifter than Scott's, and draws his descriptions in fewer lines. The reader will very likely hurry through the story, but he will go back to it again and again to taste its delicious flavor. Here is a romance, but here is literature also.

II.

There are some symptoms of uneasiness about the Higher Education. Not, indeed, in regard to really high education—scientific, not technical or industrial, that is, pure learning and investigation, which is deemed unpractical—but the relatively high, and which has got the name of the Higher Education of women, and is commonly applied to women only. Some of those who are querying about it will say that the methods now in use do not uniformly, or even generally, give a higher education, because a higher education ought not to be an education in spots, but a comprehensive development. There is a hitch somewhere, and it is best to be perfectly frank about it. This vague uneasiness was expressed the other day by a clever woman, who looks at results, in this way: "The higher education is all very well, but a girl ought to know something."

We cannot put this remark aside by the social English formula, "Oh, I see what you mean." What did she mean? We can only answer this question by considering what are the main elements of this higher education, and what two-thirds of the girls pursuing it get out of it. We will not tangle up this consideration with the charge that most girls are not pursuing education with the practical purpose of making it serviceable in life, as most boys are, and that they are not so serious in it, and look upon the years devoted to it as a definite curriculum, which will come to an end, when they

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will drop it and go back to society. We will let this aspect of it stand aside for the present. There are many girls who are working with a definite purpose, for a profession, or to fit themselves for some occupation. There is no criticism on those others who have no definite aim beyond that of their general development and cultivation. They are amply justified in that object, because there is nothing more needed in our social system than women of liberal cultivation. But are they getting this in the studies they pursue and the way they pursue them in the scheme of Higher Education? The aim of a girl in a secondary school is to fit herself for college—or, rather, it is to get into college, fit or not. To do this she must get herself up in the requirements for admission; that is, she must be able to pass an examination in them. Her education then goes on in certain defined and narrow lines, and it need not be thorough in any one of them; it only needs to be an "examination" education. For many of the topics she has no interest or aptitude. If she has a fair memory, however, she will get on. For instance, she can memorize enough examples in solid geometry to pass on, without having any more conception of geometry than she has of boat-building. The topics are many, and it is impossible to gain anything more than a smattering knowledge of any one of them. Yet her days are occupied. She has little time for reading. She is able to master no one language, no one period of history, or no one field of literature. That is to say, she has made very little progress in general cultivation or in exercising her powers of discrimination. She comes into college, where, under the common pressure system, there is also very little time for general cultivation. She studies languages a little, science a little, perhaps chemistry or biology or physics; has a little history, some politics, some political economy, a dash of mathematics; enough time only in each to get a superficial knowledge of it, when it is dropped for something else. Here also she goes on cramming for examinations, and at the end gets her diploma or degree. How much does she know, or what real training has she had? Of course there are exceptional girls who come out of this process real scholars in some department, and who, by zeal and love of learning, have acquired a general cultivation in literature and history, and come into the class of those agreeable and charming girls, in the category meant by our friend, who "know something." It is concerning the average girl that the uneasiness is beginning to be felt as to this sort of Higher Education.

Now let us suppose that a girl, desiring the Higher Education, gave the eight years of her secondary and college training to Latin, Greek, French, and German, and that at the end of that time she had mastered the first two so as to read them fairly, and could read, write, and speak the last two correctly; and had besides, and as a matter of course, read and understood the masterpieces of literature in those languages. And suppose, further, that she had meantime acquired a comprehensive outline knowledge of history, and perhaps a most intimate knowledge of some portion of it, and had the intelligent habit of reading English, which any one can get in the odd hours of any occupation, if one has any love for it. Would not this girl be a pretty interesting companion, an addition to any society, have internal resources for her own happiness and improvement, and be altogether a woman fitted for almost any position in life? Would she not, besides, be so mentally trained, and have the tools of learning so completely in her hands, that she could pursue any specialty to advantage? So the question comes round whether for girls generally the Higher Education is giving them a higher education. In Bavaria there is a government school, open to the brightest gymnasium scholars, without regard to rank, for training men for a diplomatic life or high civic functions, in which elegant social accomplishments are taught. There is no need probably of a school of diplomacy for women; they are supposed to be born diplomatists. But might there not be a school for adding intellectual charm to their other womanly graces, and in which the womanly graces should not be neglected?

III.

We have just come out of our struggle with another summer. Notwithstanding the fact that summer is the most agreeable time of the year, many are glad that it is over, and that life is settling down to its regular work, which includes, among other occupations, the making money

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enough for another summer. It has been a time of considerable anxiety, and of planning and worry. Voluntary discomforts have been taken on in the notion that change is necessary. There have been many disappointments in expected benefits. The class that never have any leisure have envied the leisure class, and the latter have had time hang heavily on their hands. As we all desire to enjoy life, and opportunities of doing so seem so abundant, there must be a fault somewhere or failures would not be so frequent. This fault we do not usually look for in ourselves. We are apt to attribute many of our hardships to our climate. It is one of extremes. A season of excessive heat follows a season of excessive cold, and in both seasons the fluctuations of temperature are so violent and sudden as to confuse the mind regarding the order of the universe. It is not the business of the Study to defend the American climate; it it useless to moralize about it, or to advise those who do not like it to go elsewhere. But if we lived in the Garden of Eden we should not probably be contented. What we need—it is a commonplace thing to say—is a better climate of the mind.

Looking back upon the struggle for enjoyment in the past summer, some observations suggest themselves. How many Americans know the secret of enjoying a vacation, or even a holiday? To many it is visibly a dragging and weary month or day. It comes to us like a flat calm at sea after a gale, and we are restless in it. Even the leisure class are infected with the general inability to command repose. It is good form not to hurry. There are people who are always in good form in this respect—Oriental people, the inhabitants of the tropics, and the colored people generally. The colored people excel all others in knowing the secret of the enjoyment of life. They have, one may say, a perpetual vacation. Left to themselves, they would break their holiday only by necessary labor. They set us an example of a contented mind in idleness. If we reply that they carry idleness into their activity, they can retort that we carry our feverish restlessness into our relaxation. In fact, we make too much of a business of our summer rest. It is too commercial, too full of social struggle, and too expensive. It is true that there has been some improvement in the past twenty years. We formerly adopted the "congregate" system. Our idea was to crowd together into mammoth hotels, and fight for rooms, and fight for food, and jostle about among people whom we hoped never to see again. We had to "rastle" for our enjoyment. There has come a change. We can see now what so excited the risibility of foreigners in our great summer caravansaries when the guests rose and dressed and marched to the sound of the gong, and were fed in lines of battle by platoons of waiters drilled in military precision. Then came the introduction of small tables in the dining-room; then the hotels were mitigated by the cottage system, and at length people began to use the hotels as transient stopping-places, and to scatter in farm-houses and châteaux among the hills and valleys and along the sea-coast, and to substitute solitary confinement for the congregate system. This evolution is still going on, with a wholesome result, but the summer restlessness and anxiety are not by any means wholly abated. The American citizen is still seeking with all his might the "comfort of a home" by going away from it.

There is still a tendency to lump the vacation into one violent effort, instead of spreading it along through the year. Of course the idea of rest from extreme toil is a good one, and absolute change of occupation for a period is sound physiologically. The professional man and the laboring-man need periods of repose, but a great deal of the need is an artificial creation of their own. No one ought to be permitted to strain himself half or three-quarters of the year to the point of break-down. All labor is wholesome, especially all intellectual labor. It is not in reason that one day's work should unfit him for the next, or that his occupation for eight months should destroy his power for good work the other four months. We all acknowledge that we are going at too great a pace, and we think that modern life requires this, and that there is no help for it. Well, there is a help for it in many ways which the collective public can use. There will always be multitudes whose greed of money or ambition is such that they cannot be restrained from overwork, but the public itself is to blame for the overburdens put upon multitudes of others. The reduction of the hours of labor for which

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a fair day's-work payment is given not only takes off the strain, but it gives work to more hands; but in other situations the public requires too much work even when the pay is liberal. There are many professional occupations, and there is now and then a public employment, of which this is true, though, as a rule, the government is an easy master. There is scarcely a college in the country where there are enough professors for the number of students, and where the work of teaching is not too great a strain upon the teachers, simply because there is not money enough to hire the requisite number of professors. There are thousands of clergymen upon whom are put the duties of preaching, of parochial work, of social life, and the worries spiritual and mental of a large community, entirely beyond the strength of an ordinary man. No matter what they are paid, the people require too much of them. The same is true of ten thousand business establishments, shops, factories, industrial enterprises of all sorts. The superintendents, clerks, and subordinates generally are frequently overworked, and have less time for recreation and their own improvement than the day-laborers. However well they may be paid, they are driven beyond their normal capacity in the strain and competition of our life. It may be possible that to increase their numbers would reduce their pay, and reduce also the profits of the establishment, as in the case of fewer hours of work for the laborers; but this is one of the adjustments that may have to be made in the antagonism of capital and labor. Something must be done—this is universally admitted—to lessen the strain of modern life. We may not any of us get rich so fast, but more of us will have remunerative work, and more of us will live comfortably and in more contentment.

IV.

By his frank and charming reminiscences of a visit to New England made in 1860 Mr. Howells allows himself to be regarded historically and not as a contemporary. Coming from Ohio, where the literary aspiration was then greater than the performance, his attitude of mind represents the then universal attitude all over the North and West towards the Boston group, whose genius made a glow of illumination seen from afar, and whose personality excited a veneration little short of worship, which exists now in the country for scarcely anything. The young pilgrim, who trembled in approaching the shrine that irresistibly allured him, but who had the shy courage that a merciful Creator gives to modesty, represented also the eternal attitude of the young, impressionable, aspiring soul towards the literary sky that overarches him with its few blazing stars of the first magnitude. We see again in him that youthful enthusiasm, that belief in literary immortality which, thank Heaven, never quite dies out of the world, and which regards with an admiration that cannot be distinguished from adoration the great men who stand upon the calm heights of achievement. This winning period in youth is perhaps briefer than it used to be—there are now so many young old critics and young old pessimists and young old iconoclasts—but the enthusiasm still exists in ten thousand youthful hearts, to whom the Mater Dolorosa of literature is altogether lovely, who would welcome pain and hardship and joyfully tread the *via mala* in hope of the fading laurel. This altogether cheering and pathetic attitude of youth Mr. Howells recalls. So confident in self-communing and in the interchange of enthusiasm with equals and neophytes, so shy when put to the test in the presence of the great, so self-conscious and so timid, so superabundant in hope and so easily rebuffed, so eager for praise and so sensitive to criticism, alternately hot and cold in the literary fever, like the lover under the vacillating conduct of his mistress! Is there anything so glorious as this dream of youth? And there are no barriers impassable, no causes impossible to this aspiring soul. In the free republic of letters there must be the democracy of life. For the mind is free in its first flights. The space is infinite, and love and ignorance expect to find none of the doors of humanity closed. Mr. Howells, however, did not find that John Brown's body was marching on to the extent he supposed it would be on those serene intellectual heights to which he climbed for communion with the Illuminati. They had a wider outlook, and John Brown was only an accepted incident in the cosmos.

Was it only a dream, this youthful expectation? Was it not rather the most

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substantial thing in an experience of life? Mr. Howells has come into a wide place. Perhaps his achievements are not those he expected, and they may be more considerable than his ambition conceived; but we doubt if there is anything sweeter in life than those days of golden hope and unbounded possibility. His horizon has changed, and his views of literary greatness have changed. But the Boston group, is its lustre dimmed? Were they only transcendental meteors? As we recede from them in time, do they not rise rather into the position of fixed stars?

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 13th of August. —On that date the House of Representatives adopted, after a six months' debate on the floors of both Houses and in Conference Committee, a Senate substitute for the Wilson tariff bill. The vote in the House was 181 to 105. The bill provided for a protective duty on coal, iron ore, and sugar.

In an international athletic field contest at Oxford, July 16th, Oxford won five events, and Yale three, one being a tie.

Commissioners arrived at San Francisco from Hawaii on July 21st, to ask help from the government of the United States to restore the deposed Queen Liliuokalani to the throne.

A new Atlantic cable between Valentia, Ireland, and Heart's Content, Newfoundland, was completed July 27th.

President Cleveland, July 17th, signed the enabling act making Utah a State.

Clifton R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, was on July 19th nominated by President Cleveland United States Minister to Russia, to succeed Andrew D. White.

Monsignor Satolli, the Papal delegate to the United States, made public a decision on July 18th upholding a ruling of Bishop Watterson, which ordered that no one engaged in the liquor traffic be admitted to the membership of any society connected with the Roman Catholic Church in his diocese.

After seven defeats the American yacht *Vigilant*, July 17th, won the race for the Rear-Commodore's Cup on Belfast Lough, Ireland, defeating the *Britannia*. The *Vigilant* repeated her victory on July 21st, in a 40-mile race off Kingstown; on July 24th, in a 50-mile race off Queenstown; on August 4th, at Cowes; and on August 6th, over the course around the Isle of Wight on which the *America* won the international cup in 1850. The *Vigilant* was beaten by the *Britannia* on July 20th, 23d, 28th, and August 9th.

Measures for the suppression of anarchy were discussed during the month by all European nations. The Italian Senate, July 16th, passed an anti-anarchist bill without debate. The German government proposed strong repressive measures; and the French Chamber of Deputies, on July 26th, by a vote of 268 to 183, passed a bill providing for the trial of anarchists by a committee of three judges acting as a jury, for government supervision of newspaper reports of trials of anarchists, the expulsion of foreign correspondents who break the law, and the suppression of details regarding executions. The Senate, on July 27th, passed the bill—205 to 35.

Santo Caserio, the assassin of President Carnot, was tried at Lyons August 2d and 3d, and condemned to death. Thirty persons accused of being anarchists were tried in Paris during the second week in August; all were acquitted.

War between China and Japan broke out in July, upon the failure of the two nations to agree regarding their mutual relations toward Korea. Both sent large bodies of troops into Korea, the Japanese winning the first battle by repulsing an attack upon Seoul. On July 25th Japanese gunboats attacked and sank, off the Korean coast, two transports containing Chinese troops. About 1700 Chinese were drowned. As war had not been declared, and one of the transports, the *Kow-Shing*, was owned by Englishmen, Japan apologized to Great Britain. On July 30th the Chinese battleship *Chen-Yuen* was sunk, and 1000 officers and men were reported lost. Both China and Japan accepted the protection of the United States for their ambassadors. European powers tried, unsuccessfully, to settle the controversy.

DISASTERS.

July 16th.—Four United States soldiers were killed and several persons injured by the explosion of an artillery caisson in Chicago.

July 30th.—It was estimated that 120,000 persons had died from the black plague in the Canton districts of China.

August 1st.—Forest fires in Wisconsin caused great damage during July. Forty persons lost their lives in the burning of Phillips. Fire in the lumber district of Chicago caused a loss of $3,000,000.

August 13th.—There were many cases of cholera in Russia during the month, the number of deaths in St. Petersburg alone averaging seventy per day in the latter part of July.

OBITUARY.

July 29th.—At Vienna, William, Archduke of Austria, aged sixty-seven years.

August 3d.—In Scotland, George Inness, the landscape-painter, aged sixty-nine years.—At Buffalo, Judson B. Andrews, M.D., Superintendent of the New York State Insane Asylum, aged sixty years.

August 7th.—At Leith, Scotland, Francis H. Underwood, writer and United States Consul, aged sixty-nine years.

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A SLEEPY HOLLOW IN THE OLD COUNTRY.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

(*The common room at St. Morpheus, Oxbridge.*)

FIRST TUTOR (*waking up, and languidly helping himself to his modest glass of claret*): "Ah! I like a little sleep after dinner....it makes one ready for one's wine!"
SECOND TUTOR: "Well—*I* like a little sleep *before* dinner best!"
THE MASTER: "Pooh! Talk to me of the after-breakfast sleep in term-time! that's what *I* enjoy!!"

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

"NEVER HAD NO SLEEP."

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

IT was on the upper deck of a Chesapeake Bay boat, *en route* for Old Point Comfort and Norfolk. I was bound for Norfolk.

"Kinder ca'm, ain't it?"

The voice proceeded from a pinched-up old fellow with a colorless face, straggling white beard, and sharp eyes. He wore a flat-topped slouch hat resting on his ears, and a red silk handkerchief tied in a sporting knot around his neck. His teeth were missing, the lips puckered up like a sponge-bag. In his hand he carried a cane with a round ivory handle. This served as a prop to his mouth, the puckered lips fumbling about the knob. He was shadowed by an old woman wearing a shiny brown silk, glistening as a wet water-proof, black mitts, poke-bonnet, flat lace collar, and a long gold watch-chain. I had noticed them at supper. She was cutting up his food.

"Kinder ca'm, ain't it?" he exclaimed again, looking my way. "Fust real nat'ral vittles I've eat fur a year. Spect it's ther sea-air. This water's brackish, ain't it?"

I confirmed his diagnosis of the saline qualities of the Chesapeake, and asked if he had been an invalid.

"Waal, I should say so! Bin livin' on hospital mush fur nigh on ter a year; but, by gum! ter-night I jist said ter Mommie: 'Mommie, shuv them soft-shells this way. 'Ain't seen none sence I kep' tavern.'"

Mommie nodded her head in confirmation, but with an air of "if you're dead in the morning, don't blame me."

"What's been the trouble?" I inquired, drawing up a camp-stool.

"Waal, I dun'no' rightly. Got my stummic out o' gear, throat kinder weak, and what with the seventies—"

"Seventies?" I asked.

"Yes; hed 'em four year. I'm seventy-five nex' buthday. But come ter sum it all up, what's ther matter with me is I 'ain't never had no sleep. Let me sit on t'other side. One ear's stopped workin' this ten year."

He moved across and pulled an old cloak around him.

"Been long without sleep?" I asked, sympathetically.

"'Bout sixty year—mebbe sixty-five."

I looked at him inquiringly, fearing to break the thread if I jarred too heavily.

"Yes, spect it must be more. Well, you keep tally. Five year bootblack and porter in a tavern in Dover, 'leven year tendin' bar down in Wilmington, fourteen year bootcherin', nineteen year an' six months keepin' a road-house ten miles from Philadelphy fur ther hucksters comin' to market—quit las' summer. How much yer got?"

I nodded, assenting to his estimate of sixty-five years of service, if he started at fifteen.

He ruminated for a time, caressing the ivory ball of his cane with his uncertain mouth.

I jogged him again. "Boots and tending bar I should think would be wakeful, but I didn't suppose butchering and keeping hotel necessitated late hours."

"Well, that's 'cause yer don't know. Bootcherin's ther wakefulest business as is. Now yer a country bootcher, mind—no city beef man, nor porter-house steak and lamb chops fur clubs an' hotels, but jest an all-round bootcher—lamb, veal, beef, mebbe once a week, ha'f er whole, as yer trade goes. Now ye kill when ther sun goes down, so ther flies can't mummuck 'em. Next yer head and leg 'em, gittin' in in rough, as we call it—takin' out ther insides an' leavin' ther hide on ther back. Ye let 'em hang fur four hours, and 'bout midnight ye go at 'em agin, trim an' quarter, an' 'bout four in winter and three in summer ye open up ther stable with a lantern, git yer stuff in, an' begin yer rounds."

"Yes, I see; but keeping hotel isn't—"

"Now thar ye're dead out agin. Ye're a-keepin' a road-house, mind—one of them huckster taverns where ha'f yer fokes come in 'arly 'bout sundown and sit up ha'f ther night, and t'other ha'f drive inter yer yard 'bout midnight an' lie round till daybreak. It's eat er drink all ther time, and by ther time ye've stood behind ther bar and jerked down ev'ry bottle on ther shelf, gone out ha'f a dozen times with er light ter keep some mule from kickin' out yer partitions, got er dozen winks on er settee in a back room, and then begin bawlin' up stairs, routin' out two or three hired gals to get 'arly breakfust, ye're nigh tuckered out. By ther time this gang is fed, here comes another drivin' in. Oh, thet's a nice quiet life, thet is! I quit las' year, and me and Mommie is on our way to Old P'int Cumfut. I 'ain't never bin thar, but ther name sounded peaceful like, and so I tho't ter try it. I'm in sarch er sleep, I am. Wust thing 'bout me is, no matter whar I'm lyin', when it comes three 'clock I'm out of bed. Bin at it all my life; can't never break it."

"But you've enjoyed life?" I interpolated.

"Enj'yed life! Well, p'rhaps, and agin p'rhaps not," looking furtively at his wife. Then, lowering his voice: "There 'ain't bin er horse-race within er hundred miles of Philadelphy I'ain't tuk in. Enj'y! Well, don't yer worry." And his sharp eyes snapped.

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I believed him. That accounted for the way the red handkerchief was tied loosely round his throat--an old road-wagon trick to keep the dust out.

For some minutes he nursed his knees with his hands, rocking himself to and fro, smiling gleefully, thinking, no doubt, of the days he had speeded down the turnpike, and the seats, too, on the grand stand.

I jogged him again, venturing the remark that I should think that now he might try and corral a nap in the daytime.

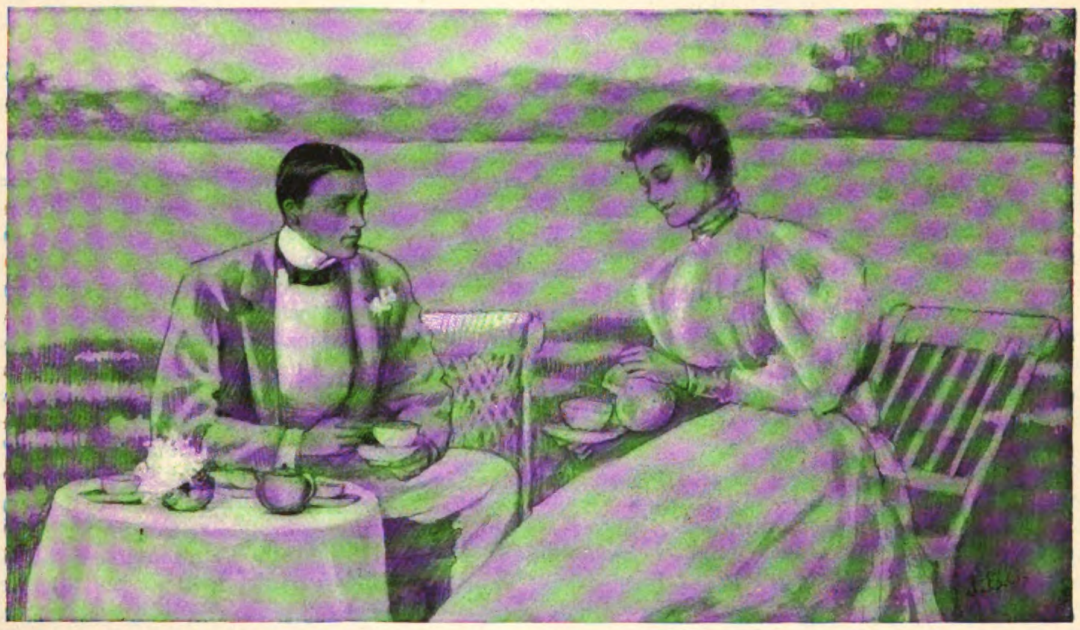
The gleeful expression faded instantly. "See here," he said, seriously, laying his hand with a warning gesture on my arm, the ivory knob popping out of the sponge-bag. "Don't yer never take no sleep in the daytime; that's suicide. An' if yer sleep after eatin', that's murder. Look at me. Kinder peaked, ain't I? Stummic gone, throat busted, mouth caved in; but I'm seventy-five, ain't I? An' I ain't a wreck yet, am I? An' a-goin' to Old P'int Cumfut, ain't we, me an' Mommie, who's sixty— Never mind, Mommie. I won't give it away"— with a sly wink at me. The old woman looked relieved. "Now jist s'pose I'd sat all my life on my back stoop, ha'f awake, an' ev'ry time I eat, lie down an' go ter sleep. Waal, yer'd never bin talkin' to-night to old Jeb Walters. They'd 'a' bin fertilizin' gardin truck with him. I've seen more'n a dozen of my friends die thet way—busted on this back-porch snoozin' business. Fust they git loggy 'bout ther gills; then their knees begin ter swell; purty soon they're hobblin' round on er cane; an' fust thing they know they're tucked away in er number thirteen coffin, an' ther daisies a-bloomin' over 'em. None er that fur me. Come, Mommie, we'll turn in."

When the boat, next morning, touched the pier at Old Point, I met the old fellow and his wife waiting for the plank to be hauled aboard.

"Did you sleep?" I asked.

"Sleep? Waal, I could, p'rhaps, if I knowed ther ways aboard this steamboat. Ther come er nigger to my room 'bout midnight, and wanted ter know if I was ther gentleman that had lost his carpet-bag—he had it with him. Waal, of course I warn't; and then 'bout three, jist as I tho't I was dozin' off agin, ther come ther dangdest poundin' the nex' room ter mine ye ever heard. Mommie she said 'twas fire, but I didn't smell no smoke. Wrong room agin. Feller nex' door was to go ashore in a scow with some dogs and guns. They'd a-slowed down and was waitin', an' they couldn't wake him up. Mebbe I'll git some sleep down ter Old P'int Cumfut, but I ain't spectin' nuthin' much."

And he disappeared down the gang-plank.



A GOOD REASON.

"But, my dear boy, why can't you wait? You are still in college, and I don't think it's well for a man in college to be engaged."

"Perhaps not, Jennie; but if we're engaged I'll have a decent excuse for leaving college and going to work. If I go out now, people will say it was because I couldn't pass my examinations."

"Well, what if they do? You don't care what people say, do you?"

"Yes—when they tell the truth."

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A MINNESOTA PREFERRED CREDITOR.

NOT everything which happens in the West is truly Western. Here is a little incident that took place in a Minnesota town a number of years ago, which might as easily have occurred a good deal farther east.

A man whom we may call Billson had for some time carried on a jewelry store in this town. He at last became aweary, and determined to make an assignment, being naturally, if not a Napoleon of finance, at least a Blücher of money matters. There was another man in town, named Jimson, who was, the chronicler is under the impression, a brother-in-law, or something of that sort, of Billson's. Jimson was no master of finance, but a plain, blunt man, strictly honest, and of a somewhat nervous and excitable temperament.

Now while in the midst of making his assignment it occurred to Billson that it would be a clever stroke to make Jimson a preferred creditor. There were, however, difficulties in the way which his penetrating business eye recognized a long distance off, chief of which was that he didn't owe Jimson anything. But Billson asked himself this question—"Do Napoleons napoleonize?" And he answered that they did. He therefore decided to make Jimson a preferred creditor in a way sometimes not entirely unknown to similar business transactions of a larger calibre. He quietly told Jimson to drop around to his jewelry store that night at a little before twelve o'clock, adding simply the one admonition, "Back door."

Promptly at the hour mentioned that night Jimson was on hand at the rear of the store, nervous, but clear in his ideas of right and wrong. Unto Jimson now appeareth Billson, and sayeth:

"Jimson, here are six good clocks. Take three under each arm and carry them home, for early in the morning the sheriff, Hawkins, in the interests of my chief creditor, Jawkins, will take possession of everything."

Jimson, nervous, but firm in the right as he had been given to see the right, took the clocks and started through the darkness for home. Thus we see the difference between an honest man and a mere financier.

For two blocks Jimson had fair passage; then began an area of low atmospheric pressure for him. He was bearing straight down the middle of the deserted street. It was a warm summer night, pitch-dark, and without a breath of wind. Suddenly he stepped on a small stone, and the wire of the striking apparatus of one of the clocks gave forth a slight sound.

Under the circumstances, to the ears of a nervous but honest man it sounded like the ringing of Christmas chimes. He gave a quick step, and another wire vibrated and rang out clearly. To a citizen of Jimson's strict principles this sounded like the firing of great guns. He broke into a light trot. Every clock began to ring gently, but it smote the ear of the upright Jimson like a volcanic eruption. He began to run, and his honest ear was numbed and stunned with the uproar. Suddenly he realized that he must pass between the houses of Sheriff Hawkins and Creditor Jawkins, which stood on opposite sides of the street. Jimson no longer ran. He leaped through the darkness like a kangaroo. The clocks rang merrily. When precisely between the houses of Hawkins and Jawkins the six clocks each began to strike the hour of twelve. With a gurgling cry of despair, Jimson jumped straight up into the air, and came down in a heap, the clocks rolling all about him and continuing to strike, while the alarm in each one of them went off and tore the air into shreds. Up from out of this crash and roar and wreck arose one Jimson, still firm for the right. Brushing the flying bits of brass wheels and steel springs from before him, he ran like a frightened deer for home. As an honest man, he felt no longer safe in the company of those humorous timepieces.

Official Hawkins and Citizen Jawkins came out with lanterns and gathered up the débris. The next day the local paper referred to a "most extraordinary shower of clocks on lower Main Street Thursday night. Old settlers do not remember anything of the kind before. We advise our citizens to carry sheet-iron umbrellas and run for cover at the first *alarm*."

H. C.

ART IN THE OCCIDENT.

THE following is said to be a verbatim account of the introduction of an eminent violinist to a far Western audience:

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Colonel Handy Polk, the well-known real-estate agent, stepping to the front of the stage and addressing the audience, "it is my privilege this evenin' to interduce to you Signor ——, the notorious furrin fiddler, who will endeavor to favor us with some high-class and A No. 1 violin-playin'. The signor was born and raised in Italy, where fiddlin' is not merely a fad, but as much of a business as politics is in this country, and when it comes to handlin' the bow, he emphatically knows whur he is at. He hasn't dropped into our midst by accident, but comes under the auspices of the Literary Society, which is payin' his wages and backin' him to the last gasp. So let it be understood that if you happen to have any criticisms to offer, you are to do your kickin' to the society, and not to the signor. I'll jest add that if you expect him to swing the fiddle around his head or play it under his leg, like we used to skip stones across the swimmin'-hole when we were little boys and girls, you may jest as well go right now and git your money back from the doorkeeper, for the signor hain't that kind of a player. That's all I have to say at present. Start her up, signor."

TOM P. MORGAN.

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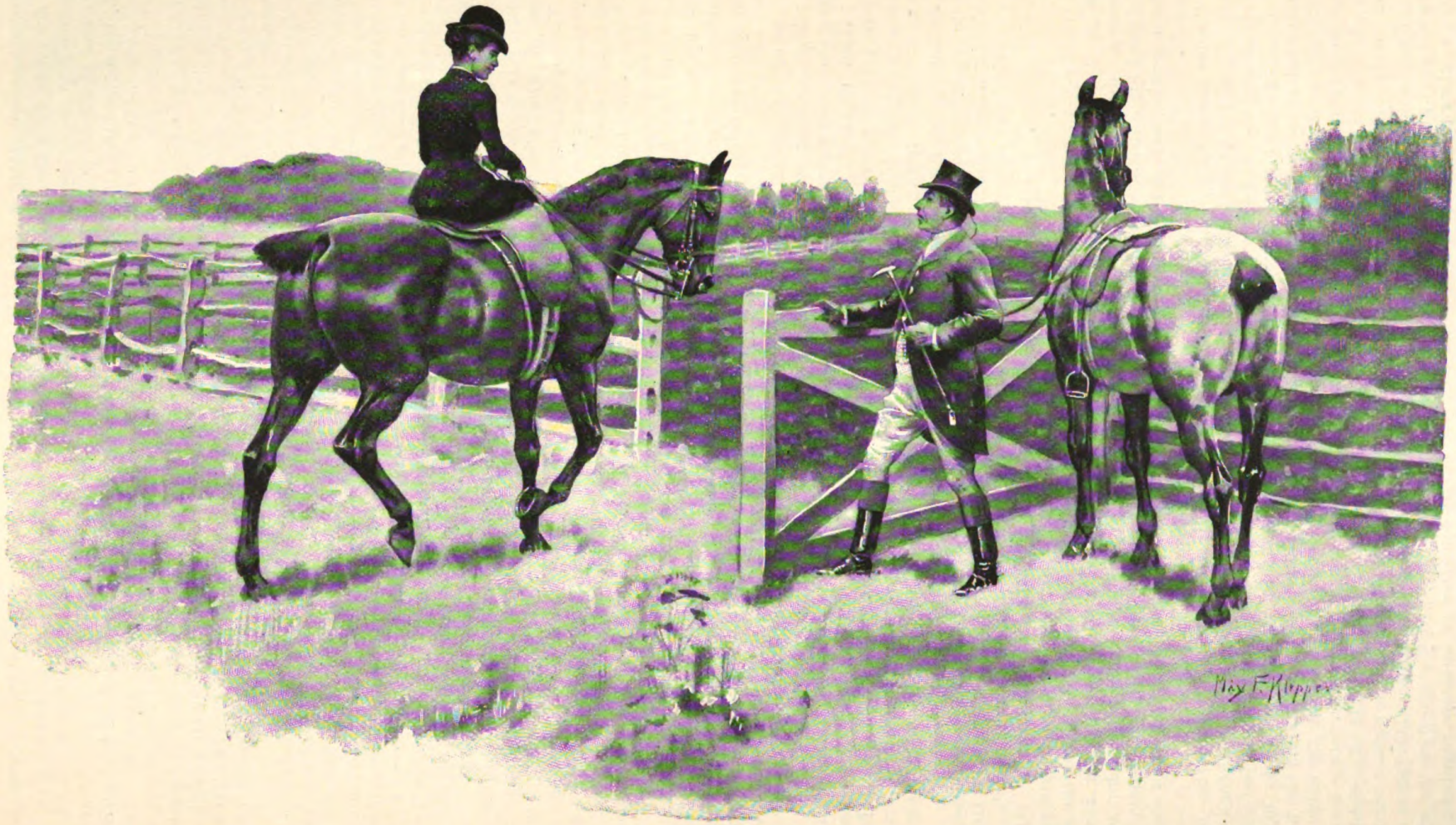

CONFIDENCE IN HER.

SHE. "You needn't have opened the gate, Mr. Parslow. I could have taken it."
PARSLOW. "I don't doubt *you* could. I was afraid, however, your horse mightn't."

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HARD FACTS.

AWAY back in the fifties, among the scouts attached to the troops operating in New Mexico and Colorado against the Indians was a tall red-haired individual named Bill Mitchell. Bill owed his fame not to his prowess as a slayer of Utes and Apaches, but to the fact that as a teller of tales he could give points to Baron Munchausen. One day, as Bill and a young lieutenant fresh from West Point were riding in advance of a column climbing one of the passes of the Sangre de Cristo range in Colorado, they caught a glimpse, through an opening in the pines, of the glorious panorama spread out in the valley below. "Bill, that's a wonderful country," said the officer.

"Huh!" replied Bill, with a snort of disdain. "Thet thar ain't a marker to a kentry me and my pardner diskivered. Talk about sights! Why, lootinant, one day me and Jake war ridin' through thet kentry, and fust thing we knowed we come on sunthin' thet looked like Injuns; so we tuk to crawlin', and when we come up, what d'ye think we seed?"

The officer, already familiar with Bill's powers, knew it was useless to hazard a guess, and so kept silent.

"Why, durn my skin ef it warn't a peetrified buffalo! And he war peetrified while at full speed; his head war down, and his tail war up, and every foot war sot. And say, lootinant, out on the plains you hev seed the birds a-ridin' around on the buffaloes' backs?"

The officer nodded assent.

"Well, sir, thar were a peetrified bird a-hovering over thet thar buffalo—"

"Hold on, Bill," interrupted the officer. "Now I know you're lying. How could that bird be petrified while flying? Gravity would have brought it to the ground."

Bill, staggered for a moment by this unexpected question, scratched his head, and then replied, "Why, lootinant, in that blamed kentry gravity war peetrified too."

THE TROUBLE.

WHEN a man grows stout his interest in the scales at the grocery around the corner increases. Joe B——, a corpulent Bostonian, weighed himself the other day, and was very much worried to find the scales registered 215 pounds.

"Some mistake," he muttered, as he looked carefully at the balancing steel and got on the platform again. For some strange reason the scales showed an almost human fallibility, and somewhat astounded, Joe looked at the numbers, only to find himself weighing 220 pounds.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "There must be some mistake here. Is it possible that I can increase five pounds in a minute?"

"Naw," said the grocer's boy, as he surveyed the corpulent one with the disdain of the thin. "It's anxiety that's weighin' on yer."

WALTER C. NICHOLS.

HAWKINS'S WATCH-DOG.

HAWKINS was a very charming fellow, but he had one point about him which his friends never liked. He lived in the country, and, as his friend Barlow said, he had a hard way of expecting his city friends to spend Sundays with him in winter, when the country is at its worst, and water in the bedroom pitcher had to be got into shape for the morning ablutions with the aid of an ice-pick and the sparse amount of heat that could be coaxed out of the register.

Nevertheless, Hawkins's friends stood by him. They were not the sort of men to cut an old and valued acquaintance because he was so lost to shame as to live in the country, and some of them even consented to manifest an occasional interest in his home, even at the risk of being invited to visit him there, by asking questions about the tax-rate, or the cost of chicken-coops, and other matters.

It was in response to one of these rash inquiries that Hawkins let the world into his confidence on the subject of his watch-dog. The newspapers for several weeks had abounded in stories of small robberies that had taken place in and about Bronxbury, where the Hawkins manor stood. A gang of conscienceless seekers after wealth had been making that section the scene of their depredations for some time, and Hawkins's intimates had added another trial to the already long list of nuisances which beset the path of the suburban resident. Nothing was said about it, however, until one afternoon when a half-dozen of them had gathered at the club, and were helping Hawkins while away the hours until train-time by playing a more or less unscientific game which they called "The Idiot's Delight," which in simpler terms was a mild form of the game of pool, which even a woman could play with one eye shut.

"Good many robberies up your way, Hawkins," said one of the players. "Hope you keep your coast-line well defended."

"Oh no," said Hawkins, calmly. "I'm not afraid. Burglars are harmless beasts, provided the man who is being robbed has the sense to stay in bed, and not go groping about the house in the dark trying to get shot or hit in the back of the neck with a sand-bag."

"You are discreet rather than valorous," said Barlow.

"Well, why not? Suppose the burglars brought a furniture-van with them and took everything in the house?" retorted Hawkins. "Suppose they even came up to my room, dumped me out of bed, and stole the mattress and bedclothes? I'd pursue the same policy. I'd snore even as I fell to the floor. I value my life more than I do every bit of portable property in the house, and I'd be a great idiot to risk the one to save the other. Discretion or valor doesn't enter into the question at all. It's purely a matter of business, regulated by the laws of supply and demand, like any other

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EASY, BUT—

"How easily Mr. Larkin takes the ball!"
"Yes."
"You'd hardly think he was playing tennis."
"Well—he isn't, really."

business. There's plenty of property in the world, but man has but one life and one head."

"I should think you'd keep a watch-dog," said Barlow. "A big dog with a hoarse bark and a capacious mouth would keep them out of your house altogether, and then you could even walk in your sleep without any risk. To a man who is as fond of walking as you are, somnambulism ought to be a great boon. You could attend to business all day, and do your walking while you rested."

"There's a great deal in what you say," said Hawkins; "but as far as the watch-dog is concerned, I've tried that scheme, and had to give it up. It was my first year in Bronxbury, and I'd heard that it was a robbers' paradise, so I invested a good hundred dollars in a dog for protection. He was a beauty—a mastiff—and while he was on the place only one burglar ever thought of coming near us. He wouldn't have thought of it if he had known Herk—short for Hercules—and he changed his mind about robbing us just three seconds after he entered the gate. Herk interposed some very convincing reformatory arguments, and the poor devil went away not only not laden with booty, but with scarce a vestige of clothing left."

"That's the sort of dog to have," said Jemmieson. "And hadn't you the sense to keep him?"

"I had too much sense to keep him," returned Hawkins, making a wild onslaught upon the yellow ball. "You see, he was expensive, and not discriminating. To begin with, he had a roving disposition. I used to lose him twice a month, at least, and at the end of the year my books showed that I had spent $75 in rewards getting the brute back. It got so that it became a regular industry for the boys of Bronxbury to find Herk and bring him back. Then, again, a new postman was put on our route, and I got into trouble with the government because Herk, failing to recognize the new official, upset him on the lawn, and chewed up two packages of letters before he could be induced to adjourn. That cost me $25 more. Then there were other equally expensive diversions; so that altogether, at the end of the year, I found that Hercules had cost me, in addition to the original investment and his maintenance, not less than a hundred and fifty-six dollars—which was pretty expensive insurance against burglars. I gave him away, and resolved to take my chances of being robbed for one year."

"And were you?" queried Barlow.

"I was," said Hawkins. "Three times. I opened a burglar account in my books, and at the end of the year I found that thieves, costing $74, as against $156 expended on Hercules, are cheaper than watch-dogs by over fifty per cent., and don't require half so much attention. Hence it is that I've given up watch-dogs."

In taking which view, considering the circumstances, all agreed that Hawkins showed extraordinary wisdom for one who lived in the country and always went home on the 5.10 train.

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EFRUM.

WHAR'S Efrum? *Whar's* Efrum? W'y, de Lawd kin on'y tell.
I sont him to de wood-pile mo'n twenty yeah ergo.
Whareber he's a libin', I hopes he's doin' well,
But he oughter brung dat wood back to he mammy. Yes, dat's so.
An' *you* knowed him? You *knowed* him? Well, hit's comfortin' to fin'
Somebody ez war 'quainted wid my hairum-scary boy;
Hit kinder brings him back into hees pore ole mammy's min',
An' makes her t'ink he'll come ergin to bring her ole heart joy.

He allus war a mischief, but dar warn't nuthin' bad
Erbout dat chile, jist 'ceptin' w'en he'd git some devilment
Into hees haid, an' den he'd up an' make me mons'us mad,
Untwell I'd say I'd skin him; but he nebber cared a cent.
He allus minded mammy, an' he'd do jist w'at she say,
'Ceptin' 'pon some 'casions he war kinder sorter slow,
An' he do jist w'at she'd wanter ef she let him hab he way;
But he'd oughter brung dat wood back to he mammy long ergo.

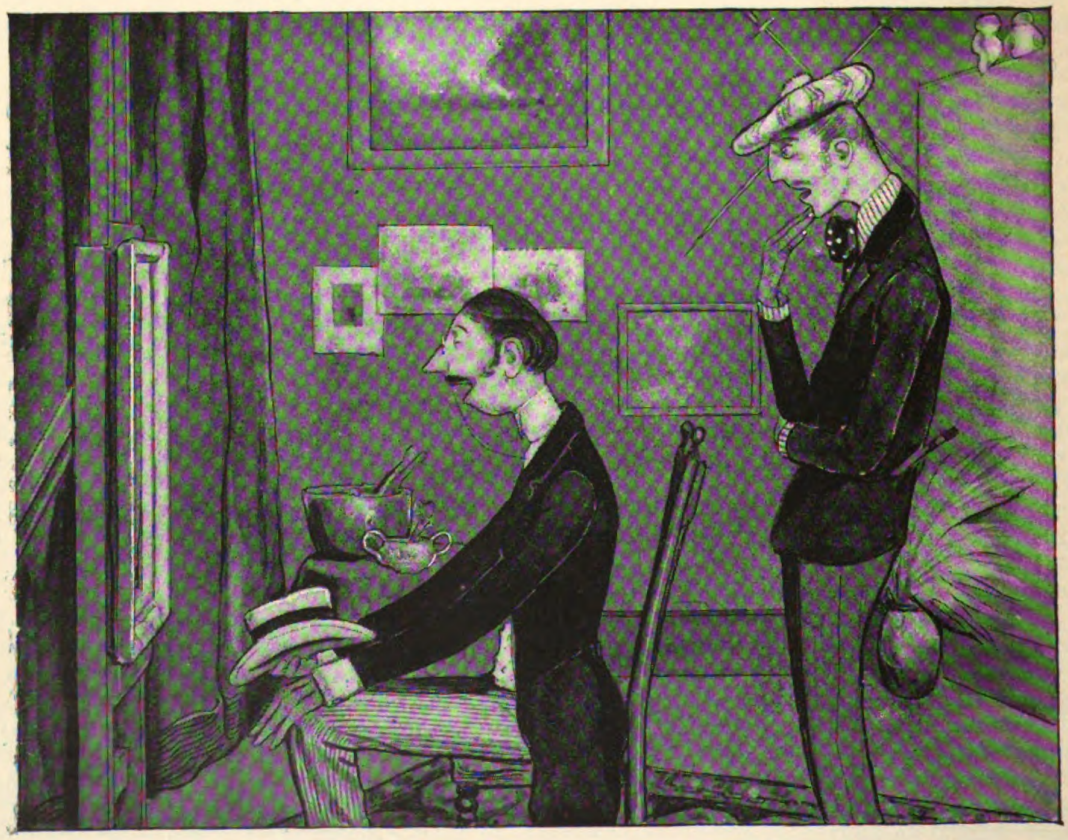
An' so you knowed my Efrum? Lawd bress us! You doan' say!
Hit's twenty long, long yeahs I's been a grieben fur dat boy.
I nebber kin furgit hees prangs an' hees rapskallion way;
I's prayed fur him an' weeped fur him, an' 'ain't hab much ob joy
Sence he went off. Ef I could ketch him now I'd skin him shoah
Fur nebber bringin' back dat wood. An' you dat rascal knowed?
He pore ole mammy nebber will lay eyes on him no moah.
W'at? You is— Sho! *You* Efrum? Hush! Lawd bress us, how you's growed!

THE SOLDIER, THE INDIAN, AND THE WHISKEY.

"THE way an Indian loves whiskey beats everything," said the soldier. "I once met a Cheyenne on his pony. 'Give me a drink of whiskey; I'll give you my bridle for it,' says he. 'No,' says I. 'I'll give you my saddle,' says he. 'No,' says I. 'I'll give you my pony,' says he. 'No,' says I. Finally, if you'll believe it, he offered his bridle and saddle and pony all in a bunch for a drink!"

"Well, and wouldn't you give it to him for all that?" asked the soldier's listener.

"Not much," said the soldier. "I had only one drink left, and I wanted that myself."



CRITICISM.

DOBBS. "That's my equestrian study of Sheridan getting back to Winchester. Parker posed for me."

JINKS. "It's first-rate. I never thought Parker looked so like a horse before."

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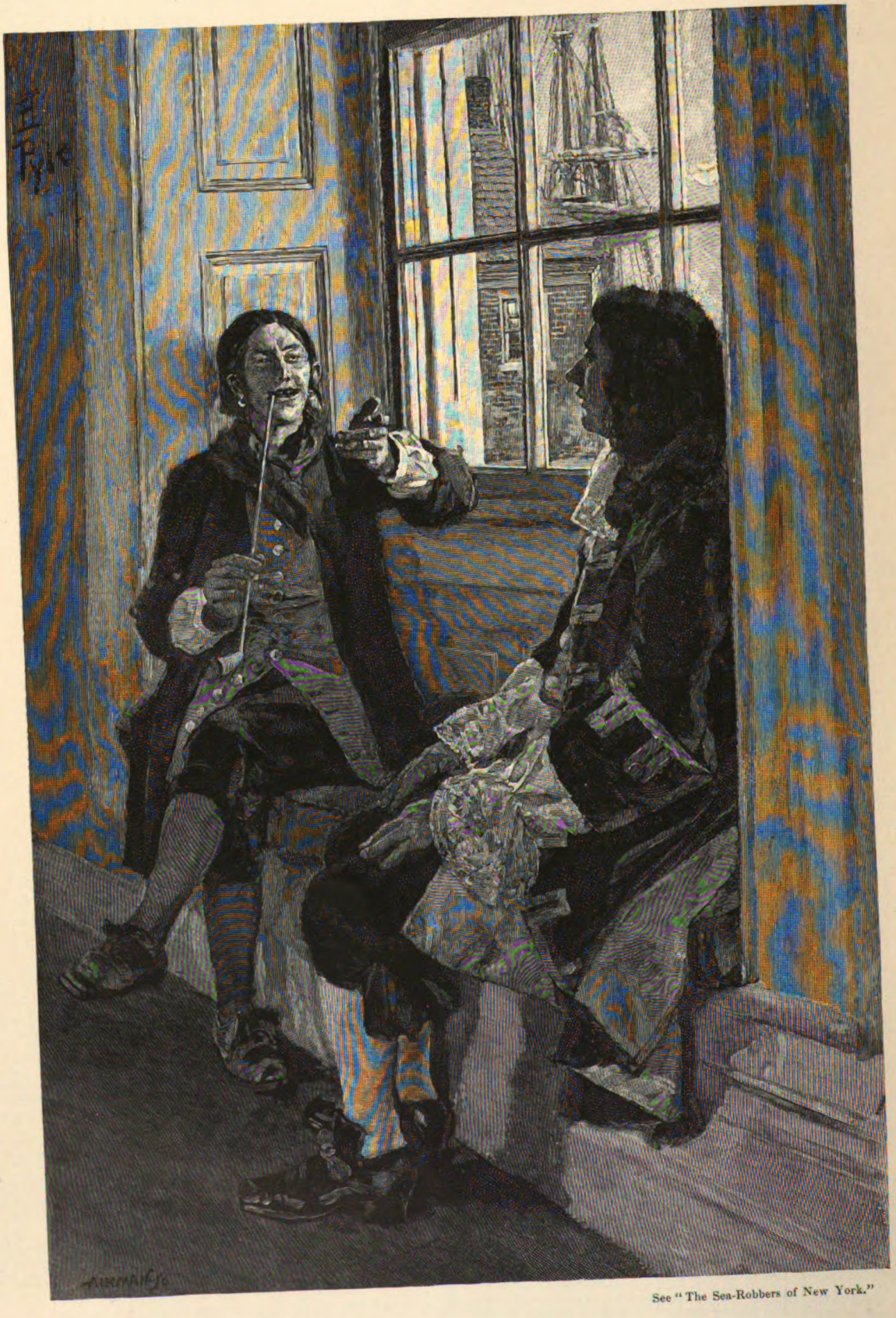

See "The Sea-Robbers of New York."

HE HAD FOUND THE CAPTAIN AGREEABLE AND COMPANIONABLE."

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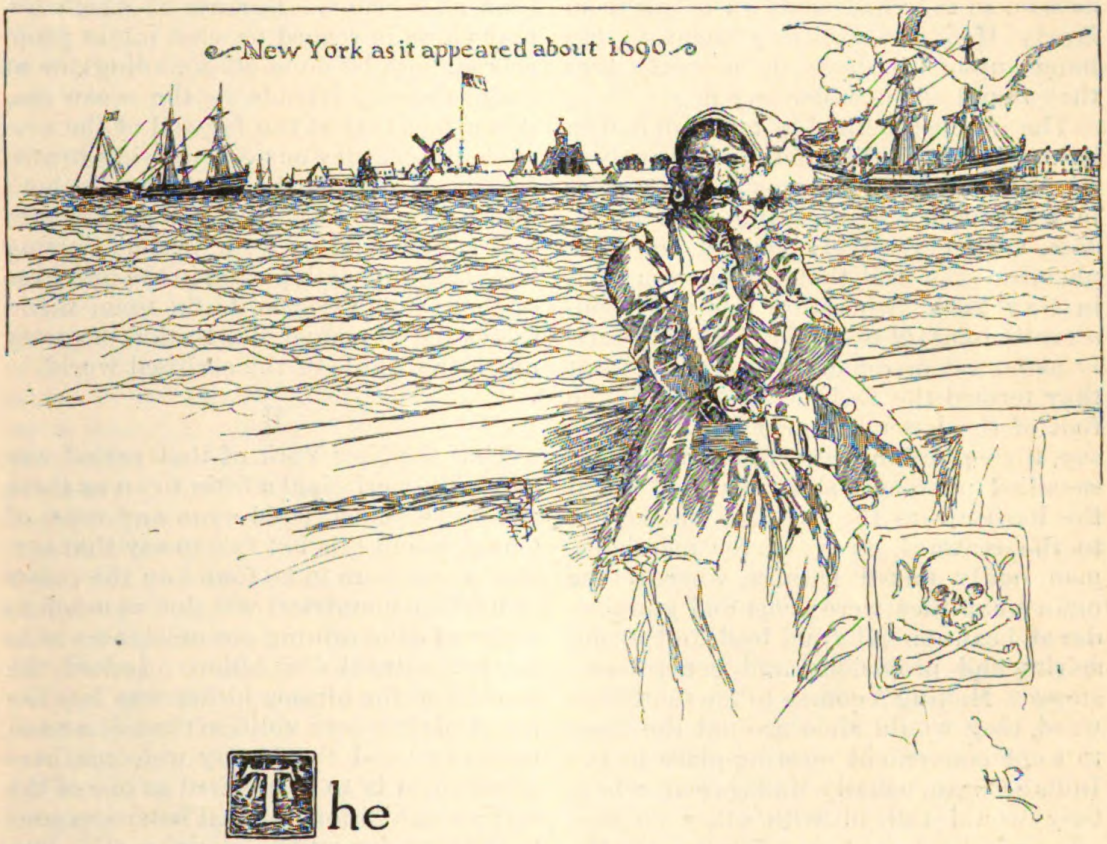

The SEA-ROBBERS of NEW YORK

by

Thomas A. Janvier.

I.

SEA-STEALING, though they did not call it by so harsh a name, was a leading industry with the thrifty dwellers in this town two hundred years ago. That was a good time for sturdy adventure afloat; and our well-mettled New-Yorkers were not the kind then, any more than they are now, to let money-making chances slip away by default. Even in referring to what is styled (but very erroneously) the drowsy period of the Dutch domination the most romantic of our historians have not ventured the suggestion that anybody ever went to sleep when there was a bargain to be made; and in the period to which I now refer, when the English fairly were settled in possession of New York by twenty years of occupancy, exceeding wide-awakeness was the rule. Nor was anybody troubled with squeamishness. Therefore it was that our townsfolk, paltering no more with fortune than they did with moral scruples,

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set themselves briskly to collecting the revenues of the sea.

These revenues were raised by two different systems: which may be likened, for convenience' sake, to direct and to indirect taxation. In the first case, our robust towns-people put out to sea in private armed vessels ostentatiously carrying letters of marque entitling them to war against the King's enemies—which empowering documents they construed, as soon as they had made an offing from Sandy Hook, as entitling them to lay hands upon all desirable property that they found afloat under any flag.

The indirect method of taxation had in it less heroic quality than was involved in the direct levy; yet was it, being safer in a business way and almost as profitable, very extensively carried on. Euphemism was well thought of even then in New York: wherefore this more conservative class of sea-robbers posed squarely as honest merchants engaged in what they termed the Red Sea Trade. At the foot of the letter, as our French cousins say, their position was well taken. Their so-called merchant ships dropped down the harbor into the bay and thence out to the seaward, carrying, for merchantmen, oddly mixed ladings, whereof the main quantities were arms and gunpowder and cannon-balls and lead, and strong spirits, and provisions, and general sea-stores. Making a course to the southeastward, they would slide around the Cape to some convenient meeting-place in the Indian Ocean, usually Madagascar, where they would fall in with other ships—whereof the lading was Eastern stuffs, and spices, and precious stones, and a good deal of deep-toned yellow-red Arabian gold. No information was volunteered by their possessors, a rough-and-tumble dare-devil bushy-bearded set of men, as to where these pleasing commodities came from; nor did the New-Yorkers manifest an indiscreet curiosity—being content that they could exchange their New York lading for the Oriental lading on terms which made the transaction profitable (in Johnsonian phrase) beyond the dreams of avarice. When the exchange had been effected the parties to it separated amicably: the late venders of the Oriental goods betaking themselves, most gloriously drunk on their prodigal purchases of West India rum, to parts unknown, and the New-Yorkers decorously returning with their rich freightage to their home port.

Neither of these methods of acquiring wealth on the high seas, the direct or the indirect, seems to have received the unqualified endorsement of public opinion in New York in those days which came and went again two hundred years ago; yet both of them were more than tolerated, and the Red Sea Trade unquestionably was regarded as a business rather than as a crime. Because of which liberal views in regard to what might properly enough be done off soundings, or at out-of-the-way islands in the ocean sea, it is a fact that at the fag-end of the seventeenth century our enterprising townsfolk were sufficiently prominent in both lines of marine industry—as pirates pure and simple, and as keen traders driving hard bargains with pirates in the purchase of their stolen goods—to fix upon themselves the ill-tempered attention of pretty much the whole of the civilized world.

II.

That the New York of that period was as pluckily criminal a little town as there was to be encountered upon any coast of Christendom ('tis but fair to say that several worse were to be found on the coasts of heathen countries) was due as much to outward constraining circumstances as to inward natural disposition. Indeed, the coming of the pirates hither was less the result of their own volition than of a cruel necessity; and the hearty welcome here given them is to be credited as one of the earliest exhibitions of that heterogeneous hospitality for which our city still continues justly to be famed.

As everybody at all familiar with piratical matters knows, the pirates doing business in American waters in the latter part of the seventeenth century had a hard time of it. What with the increased vigilance of French and English warships in the Caribbean and off the West India Islands; the defection to the French service of many of their own number, and to the English service of Morgan—who was knighted for his misdeeds, and in the year 1680 was made Governor of Jamaica; and finally (this was the death-blow), after that infamous coalition of all Christendom against them, brought about by the Peace of Ryswick—it is not too much to say that even the most capable men in the profession were at their wits' end.

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The prime necessity of these harried and bedeviled seafarers was a friendly port in which they could fit out their ships, and to which they could return with their stolen goods. Without these facilities for carrying on their work and for realizing upon their investment of courageous labor, they might as well—save for the fun of it—not be pirates at all; and such of them as were hanged by Sir Henry Morgan, their old comrade, or were turned over by him—as was a whole ship's company—to be racked and fagoted by the Spaniards of Hispaniola, did not even have any fun. Most fortunate, therefore, was it that at the very time that this dismal state of affairs was forward in Caribbean latitudes the possibility of relief for oppressed pirates was discovered here in our own hospitable and generous city of New York.

Like many other important discoveries, the revelation of the piratical possibilities of New York came about almost by accident: when one William Mason stumbled upon the simple plan of fitting out at this port a pirate ship in the guise of a patriot privateer. It was in the year 1689—during Leisler's short administration—that Mason was authorized to sail for Quebec and "to war as in his wisdom should seem meet" against the French. Several other ships similarly were commissioned at the same time, and as these engaged only in genuine privateering there is no reason for supposing that Mason's letter of marque was taken out in bad faith. What swung him from legal to illegal piracy appears to have been pure bad luck. He seems honestly to have tried to capture French ships off the Canadian coast; and then, worried and vexed beyond endurance by his ill fortune in not finding any French ships to capture, to have taken to piracy as a last resource. His shift turned out admirably well. In the course of his run across to the Indian Ocean all his bad luck was left behind; as a pirate he was as conspicuously successful as he had been unsuccessful as a privateer; and during the ensuing three years he mowed so wide a swath through East Indian commerce that at the end of that period the division of his spoils gave of the value of 1800 pieces-of-eight to every man before the mast.

Mason seems to have left his ship on the other side. Possibly his men murdered him. Pirates used to do that to their captains now and then—not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of bad faith. At any rate, his ship came back to America in charge of one Edward Coats, and made the eastern end of Long Island in April, 1693. By this time Governor Fletcher—a weak brother morally—was in power; and with him negotiations presently were concluded by which, in consideration of the sum of £1800 to be divided between the Governor and his Council, Captain Coats and his men were assured against any harm coming to them, in New York at least, as the result of their piratical escapade. In the Governor's share was the pirate ship, on which—selling it to the respectable Caleb Heathcote—he realized £800.

III.

It was the deal between Coats and Fletcher which gave to piracy, under the genteel guise of privateering, its practical start in New York: as is made evident by the fact that as soon as the facilities offered for the transaction of piratical business by the obliging Governor were noised abroad there was a notable gathering in this town of well-seasoned adventurers under the black flag.

Quite the most prominent of these early arrivals was Captain Thomas Tew, a well-known practising pirate of that time; and an odd flavor of kindliness is given to this section of the chronicle by the fact that between him and the Governor—quite aside from the question of mutual interest—there was developed a friendship based upon mutual esteem. There was not the least doubt as to Tew's character, and his record was known. On the Indian Ocean he had cut and slashed into the East Indian Company's ships so brazenly, and so successfully, that his name was a terror in all that part of the world. To take a fresh start in his old business he had come to America, and before presenting himself in New York he had made an unsuccessful attempt to procure a so-called privateering outfit in Rhode Island. That he had failed in this attempt is an emphatic testimonial to his disreputability—for the man who was too bad for the Bristol of that period must have been very bad indeed.

Yet when Tew came down to New York, getting here in November, 1694, he and the Governor seem to have struck up a

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"PIRATES USED TO DO THAT TO THEIR CAPTAINS NOW AND THEN."

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friendship at the very start. Later, when Fletcher was hauled over the coals officially for his misdoings, he admitted his knowledge of the fact that Tew had been a pirate, but explained that the captain had promised to abandon piracy and to become an honest privateer. He added that he had found the captain "agreeable and companionable," and "possessed of good sense and a great memory"; for which reasons of good fellowship, and also to reclaim him to a better life, he had made the captain welcome to his home. The only serious defect in the captain's moral character, Fletcher declared, was his "vile habit of swearing"; which habit he, the Governor, seriously had set himself to cure, both by earnest counsel and by "lending him a book upon the subject"—and to these reformatory measures, he protested, the captain had been encouragingly responsive. Tew, on his side, had manifested his good-will toward the Governor by presenting him with a handsome watch (which presumably had come into the captain's possession as the result of a chance encounter with its lawful owner afloat); and also, according to rumor, had presented the Governor's lady and her daughter with some pleasing knickknacks in the way of jewels.

As I have said, Fletcher was but a weak-kneed brother morally; and no doubt—coming from a life in London to a life in this dull, coarse, raw little town—he must have been so insufferably bored that the arrival of the "agreeable and companionable" pirate must have seemed to him a veritable godsend. And so, partly from self-interest, partly from good-will, Fletcher gave Tew the privateering commission against the French for which he asked: whereafter the captain made sail to the eastward and resumed with great success his piracies on the Indian seas.

In the case of Tew—who came here with plenty of stolen money left over from his previous pickings afloat—New-Yorkers had no more interest than was involved in supplying him with stores and, probably, furnishing him with a crew. But this was not a typical case. I have cited it more because of its oddness, and because the name of Tew has a most dashing notoriety in pirate annals, than because it is exemplary.

A case truly typical is that of Captain John Hoar: who came up to New York from the s'uth'ard—where he had been engaged in buccaneering until driven out of that business by the stringency of the times—about the year 1695.

Captain Hoar was an Irishman, and he had an Irishman's handsome contempt for all petty subterfuge, as well as a birthright joy in the breaking of heads. He obtained from Fletcher letters of marque against the French—because that was the official way of transacting the business that he had in hand—but he scorned (he would have said "scarrn'd") to make a real secret of his intentions, and openly recruited his men for the Red Sea and on the account. His financial backing, as was proved later, came from an unostentatious syndicate of twenty-two merchants of New York: the members of which quietly directed the management of the venture in accordance with sound business principles, and left to their captain the congenial task of exploiting the joys and profits of a cruise with the jolly Roger at the fore. So well did the captain succeed with his part of the work that when he dropped down through the Narrows he carried with him as fine a crew of privateering pirates as ever sailed out of this port.

Something more than a year later the same syndicate quietly fitted out another ship—the *Fortune*, Captain Thomas Mostons—not as a privateer but as an ordinary slaver, and cleared her for Madagascar. Although professedly a slaver, the lading of the *Fortune* is described naïvely as consisting of "goods suitable for pirates." She made a good run to Madagascar, and there—by appointment, presumably—fell in with Hoar's ship, well laden with Oriental goods; whereupon an exchange of cargoes was effected; and the *Fortune*, bringing home also some of Hoar's crew, came safely back again to New York in the summer of 1698.

IV.

In this affair of Hoar's our enterprising merchants managed both ends of the business: they did their own piracy in one ship, and in another ship—as Red Sea traders—they brought home their piratical loot. It was an arrangement which obviously increased the profits; but it so greatly increased the risks that the odds were against it as a whole. Because of which prudent considerations the more steady-going of the merchants of

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New York gave the go-by to direct piracy, and were content with the lesser profits arising from the more conservative methods of the Red Sea trade.

To be sure, these were not inconsiderable. For instance, in the record preserved of the venture made in the year 1698 by Mr. Stephen De Lancey and others in the ship *Nassau*, Captain Giles Shelley, the fact is noted that "rum which cost but two shillings a gallon was sold for fifty shillings and three pounds a gallon," and "pipes of Madeira wine which cost here about £19 for £300." With modest profits of this sort the mass of New York merchants was content; and it was only the dare-devil younger men who went in for the big returns to be won by piracy pure. These last, indeed, sometimes gave a taste of their quality to their own fellow-townsmen—as when the slaver *Prophet Daniel*, out of this port, was seized in Madagascar, and the supercargo (young Mr. John Cruger) noted among the captors "Thomas Collins and Robin Hunt from West Chester, New York." That was a case of dog eating dog.

As I have stated above, the Red Sea trade was not at first openly countenanced in New York, yet the fact remains that when the trade became too notorious to be ignored, it squarely was defended by those who were engaged in it; that is to say, by the most prominent merchants of this rascally little town. The matter being come to an open issue, the merchants "were high in their maintenance of the legitimacy of their trade....contending that they were right in purchasing goods wherever found, and were not put upon inquiry as to the source from which they were derived." In farther vindication of their methods they asserted that the vessels sent out by them to Madagascar "were engaged in the pursuit of regular commerce [*i.e.*, the slave trade] and that they accidentally came upon the ships in that region with which they trafficked for the East India goods brought into this port."

Certainly the profits arising from the trade were sufficiently great to dull the conscience of a better class of humanity than was found in the New York of that period. What these profits amounted to, and the conditions under which they were accumulated, may be shown by a more detailed statement of Mr. De Lancey's venture in the *Nassau*, to which reference has been made above.

The *Nassau* cleared hence for Madagascar in July, 1698, with a loading of "strong liquors and gunpowder," and in due course arrived at the port of St. Mary's. Here she disposed of her outward cargo at the handsome rates above given; took on board for the return voyage a cargo of "East Indian goods and slaves"; and received as passengers twenty-nine pirates homeward bound for New York. Off the coast of America she fell in with some vessel that gave news of the sea-change that had taken place in the New York government—with the arrival of Lord Bellomont as Fletcher's successor—and therefore "landed fourteen of her passengers at Cape May," while "the others were put aboard of a sloop from which they were put ashore on the east end of Long Island"—a region where pirates were most kindly entreated in those days. These latter, apparently, came well out of their scrape; but the luckless fourteen landed in New Jersey were harried and hounded across country by the authorities, and six of them were captured with their lading of stolen goods aboard. Probably they were hanged. Precedent to this dismal ending to their venture, under stress of some sort, they made a fairly full confession of their piracies in East Indian waters, and mentioned the interesting fact that the twenty-nine of them had paid for their homeward passage in the *Nassau* "almost £4000." With this item added to the sum of the returns, it is not surprising that the record of Mr. De Lancey's venture ends with the statement: "The voyage of the *Nassau* was an exceedingly prosperous one, netting her owners about £30,000."

Such great profits were had, of course, at the price of great risks. At the very time that the *Nassau* made her prosperous voyage three other ventures out of New York came to calamitous endings. Two of the vessels were captured by pirates, and the third, belonging to Frederick Phillipse, "was seized by an East India Company's frigate"—presumably for taking to piracy at first hand. This was before any effort was made by the New York government to check the Red Sea trade. After the institution of what was regarded as a policy of oppression, the New-Yorkers still more sharply were put to it to make their ventures come to a good end. Yet New York enterprise for a time was equal to the emergency,

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and in one way or another the trade went on.

As a typical instance of its spirited and intelligent conduct, Mr. Valentine makes the following statement: "About this time [1698] Frederick Phillipse, one of the Council of the Province, the richest man of that day in New York, expected a ship from Madagascar, and with a view to prevent her arrival in the port with contraband goods, subjecting her to forfeiture, he despatched his son Adolphus in a vessel ostensibly bound to Virginia. This vessel, however, cruised in the offing until the appearance of the expected ship, when she approached and discharged her of great quantities of East India goods, with which she sailed to the Delaware, leaving the Madagascar ship to enter New York with only negroes on board." Well conceived though this plan was, it ended badly. Mr. Valentine adds: "The East India goods were afterward sent to Hamburg, where the vessel in which they were carried was seized and the men brought to trial."

V.

It stood to reason that this sort of thing could not be permitted to continue. The New-Yorkers were too greedy. Had they been satisfied with their honest gains from the then legitimate slave trade, and with their winnings from the legitimated form of piracy then carried on in the guise of privateering, no fault would have been found with them, and they would have been left to their own money-making devices in peace. But the Red Sea trade, by which these impudent colonists preyed directly upon the commerce of the mother-country—to say nothing of the strokes of business done by New York pirates in the capture of English ships in West-Indian waters—was so flagrant an impropriety that the home government could not do otherwise than take strong measures for bringing them up with a round turn.

The obvious way to accomplish this necessary reform in New York business methods was to appoint in Fletcher's place a Governor who would have—what Fletcher certainly had not—a fair allowance of moral backbone. Such a person was found in Richard Coote, Earl of Bellomont, who, although he was appointed Governor in 1695, did not receive his commission until 1697, and he did not arrive in New York and assume the duties of his office until April 2, 1698—during which period, as will be observed by reference to the dates of the events above mentioned, the Red Sea traders were getting in their very best work.

But Lord Bellomont, during the time that he was hanging in the wind waiting for his commission to be made out, endeavored—under the tutelage of Robert Livingston, then temporarily resident in London—to make himself familiar with the affairs of the colony over which he eventually was to rule. What was more to the purpose—or less to the purpose, as the event proved—he even essayed to begin the reformation wherewith he was charged: a laudable effort that led directly, by one of those oddly perverse twists of misfortune to which this city ever unhappily has been subject, to setting afloat the most notable pirate who ever sailed from New York, and one of the most notorious pirates who ever sailed the seas—William Kidd.

According to Dunlop, "the English ministry were so deeply impressed with the necessity of suppressing piracy that Lord Bellomont was encouraged to solicit that a frigate might be fitted out for that purpose; but the war with France requiring all the naval force of Great Britain, the request was declined: however, a proposition to purchase and arm a private ship for this service met encouragement so far that the Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Chancellor Somers, the Earls of Romney and Oxford, with others, became sharers in the enterprise with Livingston and Bellomont—the latter taking upon himself the equipment of the vessel." In other records of the transaction the King is credited with having suggested it, and with offering to contribute towards it from his private purse the sum of £3000; and his Majesty also is represented as having failed to pay up his promised subscription when it fell due. However the project may have started, its prime movers certainly were Livingston and Bellomont; of whom the former undoubtedly was responsible for the selection of Captain Kidd to command the armed vessel which presently went to sea.

Mr. Livingston's action was more than justified by the facts. Kidd's record was excellent. In New York, where he made his home, he was well known as the respectable commander of an honest merchantman, the *Antigua*, trading to Eng-

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land; while socially, as a well-to-do master-mariner, his position was good. He married in this city, in the year 1692, Sarah, widow of another ship-master, Jan Oort; and with the widow took over the late Captain Oort's establishment on Hanover Square. Shortly before his departure on the unlucky cruise that landed him eventually at Execution Dock, the captain had purchased a building site on the Damen farm, just then being sold off in lots, and had built for himself a comfortable house on what then was Teinhoven and now is Liberty Street, near Nassau: where, no doubt, the reorganized widow gave a handsome house-warming which drew heavily upon their store of "one pipe and one half-pipe of Madeira wine."

Livingston not only could, and presumably did, testify to the captain's good repute in their common home, but he also could testify—having but a little while previously made the eastward passage in the *Antigua*—to the captain's good seamanship. Another point in Kidd's favor was his knowledge of the Red Sea methods, picked up in friendly talk with the Red Sea men, his familiar acquaintances, in New York; which knowledge, it was supposed, would enable him to run them down promptly in their piratical haunts. And, finally, the captain's bravery had been proved, and his loyalty tested, by the gallant fashion in which, but a year or so earlier, while in command of a privateer, he had come to the rescue of a King's ship almost overmastered in a bout with the French.

Kidd received from the English authorities at first the regular privateer's commission of the period, giving him the right to war against the French; but this being judged insufficient, a special commission subsequently was made out for him, under date of January 26, 1696, which gave him "full authority to apprehend all pirates wherever he should encounter them, and to bring them to trial." The money side of the transaction provided that all the property wrested from the pirates should vest in the stockholders in this queer enterprise, save that one-tenth of the piratical profits should be reserved to the King: to clinch which arrangement Livingston joined with Kidd in giving a bond to Lord Bellomont to account for all prizes secured. These preliminaries being attended to, Kidd sailed on the *Adventure*, galley, in April, 1696, for New York; lay at this port for a while perfecting his arrangements and strengthening his crew; and at last, in July, got fairly away to sea.

VI.

It is rather dreadful—looking at the matter from the romantic stand-point—to think what a picturesque figure would have failed to take its place in history had Captain Kidd remained an honest man. And a touch of melancholy is infused into the situation even as it stands by the painful certainty that Kidd was not nearly so desperate a character as the popular legends and ballads which chronicle his doings would lead one to suppose. Indeed, I am more than half inclined to believe—very much against my will—that he was a pirate in spite of himself; and that he was very sorry for it; and that he probably could have excused himself and got away scot-free had not his case become entangled with politics, and had not the need been urgent to make an example of some one pirate in the hand—for the good of those still in the bush—at that particular time. I feel that I owe an apology to the captain's memory for making these admissions, inasmuch as he paid fairly with a stretched neck for the glamour which ever since has loomed about his name.

What seems to have made him a pirate was the ill-advised contract under which he shipped his rapscallion crew. When he and Livingston were planning this pirate-hunting expedition together (as I believe that they did plan it) in the course of the long voyage over—talking it over night after night in the little cabin of the *Antigua* in the sanguine mood begotten of good-fellowship and stiff-mixed grog—there could have been no end to the fortune looming large before them in the bright future of their confident hopes. When their project actually materialized in London, with the fitting out of the ship to make it effective, their anticipations of a rich recovery of stolen goods must have put on a still more golden coloring—so that we almost can hear the captain (as the second bowl is getting low) vaporing away to Livingston and to the noble lords their partners in this enterprise about the prodigious profits certain to result from his cruise. Indeed, the terms of their joint agreement prove that they confidently expected to get out of it a

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relatively enormous return. The actual investment of capital was about £5000. The prizes taken, after deducting the King's tenth, were to be divided into four shares; of these, one share was to go to the crew, and the remaining three shares were to be divided again into five shares: of which Bellomont and his associates were to receive three, and Kidd and Livingston one; but these last were to receive the ship also in case Kidd delivered to Bellomont prize-goods to the value of or over £100,000. No doubt it was to emphasize his own confidence that the high hopes which this suggestion of £100,000 in prize-money held out to his partners would be fulfilled that induced the captain to ship his crew on the fatally unlucky basis of "no prize, no pay."

Kidd does not seem to have gone into his work with much energy. Reaching New York in the spring of 1696, he made several short cruises hence with the intent to head off and capture suspicious vessels returning from the African coast; but, in point of fact, he did not encounter any such vessels. His one small piece of luck was the capture of a French privateer — in recognition of which useful service the Provincial Assembly "voted him their thanks and a compliment of £250." Naturally, his no-prize-no-pay crew became impatient. A large proportion of his men had been recruited in New York, and the New-Yorkers of those days were not in the habit of going to sea merely for their health. Under Kidd's inert management they chafed until they were getting dangerously ripe for mutiny. It was in this strait—in order to retain his authority over his men; and also in order to justify himself to his backers, to whom he had been talking so glibly about prizes to the value of £100,000—that Kidd decided upon, and immediately put into execution, the dangerous plan of returning to New York and increasing his crew, and then making a course direct for the Madagascar region, and hunting for the pirates on what might be termed their native heath.

What actually happened, according to Kidd's own account of the matter, was precisely what the long-headed New-Yorkers prophesied would happen: the *Adventure* failed to find any pirate craft, or any merchantmen in obvious trade with pirates, and so made no prizes; the crew grew more and more clamorous for the promised booty; and Kidd had not what nowadays would be termed the "sand" to keep his men in order: out of which conditions came a mutiny that swung the *Adventure* into downright piracy, and replaced her ensign with the black flag. Of course Kidd's lack of backbone ceased to be weakness and became crime when he consented to act as commander to these new-made pirates; yet even here there is a little of saving grace in his assertion that he did not command them when they made their captures, and in his plea that he consented to be their commander betweenwhiles in the hope that he might swing them back again into the path of seafaring propriety.

After all, the actual amount of piracy committed by this half-hearted pirate is absurdly out of proportion to his piratical celebrity. Assuming him to be responsible for what was done by his crew, this is his record: he stole some provisions on the Malabar Coast; he captured three, possibly four, ships; and—here his bad luck came in again—he personally killed one mutinous seaman at whom, it would seem quite justifiably, he happened to shy a corrective bucket. Absolutely, this is the sum of Captain Kidd's piratical career. Presumably, his great notoriety at this late day — when pirates like Tew and Hoar, who really amounted to something, are almost forgotten—is due in part to the interesting fashion in which he fell from grace, and in part to the melodramatic legends which have arisen because of the burial of a portion of his pirate spoils.

VII.

News travelled slowly from Madagascar to England in those days. For more than a year the *Adventure* continued her mildly criminal career before any hint of her misdoings came westward from the Indian seas. But when the news did come, there was nothing slow in the action taken by the Admiralty for the abatement of this marine nuisance. Word of Kidd's piracies reached London in the autumn of 1698; and by the 23d of November of that same year a squadron of King's ships had started on their wallowing way to the Indian Ocean—charged particularly with the apprehension of Kidd and his fellows, and, generally, with the suppression of piracy in that sea. Farther notice of the doings of this squadron is unnecessary, in-

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asmuch as Kidd was more than half-way across the Atlantic on his homeward voyage before the first of the pursuing tubby war-ships had her snub-nose fairly around the Cape.

In his thick-witted, luckless way the captain was at the pains to provide a part of the evidence which subsequently helped to hang him by coming home in his principal capture. This was the *Quidah Merchant*, a Moorish ship—but commanded by an Englishman—well laden with East India goods and treasure. Only a small part of his crew returned with him. Soon after his arrival on the African coast ninety of his men had revolted and had gone off with the *Mocha*, frigate; and when he shifted from the *Adventure* to the *Quidah Merchant* he was followed by only a portion of his crew.

Being aware, as Mr. Valentine gently puts it, "that under the best explanations he could give of his conduct he would be greatly censured," the captain had the prudence to lay his landfall upon the West Indies—to the end that he might investigate from a safe distance his chances for making his peace with the Governor of New York. Early in the spring of 1699 he made the island of St. Thomas; but the protection which he there sought was denied to him, and he was forced to put to sea again without victualling. Bearing northward until he was off Hispaniola, he fell in with a sloop commanded by one Henry Bolton; which vessel he first hired to run down to Curaçoa and purchase for him needed supplies, and then bought out and out in order that he might go in her upon a spying expedition to the northward before venturing openly to return to New York. Bolton—who seems to have been one of the most obliging souls in the world, ready to do anything for a consideration—agreed to remain in charge of the *Quidah Merchant*, out of which much of the treasure was transferred to the sloop, until the captain's return.

Kidd's first landing in the English colonies, in June, 1699, was made on the Jersey side of Delaware Bay—which fact probably lies at the root of the manifold legends of buried treasure all along shore from Salem Creek downward to Cape May. For a while he lay off the Horekills, picking up information in regard to Lord Bellomont's vigorous policy, which was so disheartening that several of his men then and there deserted—yet for the most part were retaken again presently, some of them in the near-by town of Burlington, and others in Pennsylvania, and even in Maryland—and then sailed around to the eastern end of Long Island Sound, and from Gardiner's Island opened communication with Lord Bellomont, then in Boston, through the medium of their common friends.

Kidd's presentment of his case took the somewhat contradictory form of a denial of the charge that he had been a robber, coupled with what virtually was an offer to divide with the Governor stolen goods to the value of upwards of £40,000. He explicitly declared that, so far from sharing in the piracies of his crew, he had been locked fast in his cabin on each occasion when the *Adventure* had made a capture; and that in continuing in command of the galley in the intermediate peaceful periods—though swayed by the high moral motives already cited—he had but yielded to a constraining superior force. Under these conditions, he explained, he had come into possession of the Moorish ship *Quidah Merchant*, having on board goods to the value of £30,000; and he also had acquired, by purchase, the sloop in which he was come to make his terms, bringing with him "several bales of East India goods; 60 pounds weight of gold, in dust and ingots; about 100 pounds weight of silver, besides other things of the value of about £10,000"—all of which, seemingly, he intimated might be considered as a part of the profits of the voyage; and therefore divisible among its promoters, of whom Lord Bellomont was one.

In Kidd's favor, the fact is to be noted that his plea of superior force as the cause of his connivance at the piratical deeds of his crew carried on while he was fast under hatches was supported by various rumors which had drifted across seas to both England and America long in advance of his return, and in New York had been accepted as the fulfilment of the prophecies of his misfortunes which had been made before he sailed away. This strong point is proved by a letter of Lord Bellomont's, written in May, 1699, in which he refers to "the reports we have here of Captain Kidd's being forced by his men to plunder two Moorish ships," and to another report to the effect that "near one hundred of his men revolted

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from him at Madagascar, and were about to kill him because he absolutely refused to turn pirate."

VIII.

With this much to excuse him, and with the further mitigating circumstance that he had come home with full hands, the captain almost certainly would have been suffered to go free had there not been involved in his misdeeds far larger interests than his own. The manners and morals of the times were such that, when news came to England of the *Adventure's* piracies, the charge was made openly that Lord Bellomont and the other dignitaries who had promoted the undertaking were party to this perversion of its purpose; and there was more than a hint that the King himself was involved with them, and was to have a share of the piratical profits of the cruise. It was the bruiting of this scandal which sent the King's ships to sea for Kidd's arrest in such a tearing hurry; and because of this scandal—far more than because of his own crimes and misdemeanors—the unlucky captain eventually was hanged.

Lord Bellomont's answer to Kidd's message—possibly because he wanted to make sure of clapping hands upon this seafaring person whose misconduct had got his Lordship into such a pickle—was kindly and encouraging. He bade Kidd come to Boston, and promised him safety in case he made good his claim that he had been driven into piracy against his will. That the captain had his doubts as to the outcome of the matter was shown by his despatch of a part of his treasure to Stamford for safe-keeping, and by his burial of another part on Gardiner's Island; by his sending secretly to Lady Bellomont a rich present of jewelry—the receipt of which she immediately disclosed to her husband and to the Massachusetts Council; and, most of all, by his hesitant delay in going to Boston to plead his cause. Yet that he did go I take to be proof sufficient that he considered himself to be an innocent man.

The poor captain's misgivings were abundantly justified by the event. When at last in July, 1699, he presented himself to the Governor and Council for examination, his examiners made short work of him. On the ground that his explanations were trifling and frivolous, and because of his refusal to reveal the whereabouts of the *Quidah Merchant* unless Livingston's bond in his favor were discharged (which refusal was an evidence of very sturdy loyalty to his friend), a case was found against him, and he formally was committed to prison on the 6th of July.

Really, though, it was the Whig party that was under fire. So much political capital had been made in England out of the association of eminent Whigs with Kidd's so-called piracies that nothing short of hanging the captain could be counted upon to clear the Whig skirts. But while in America it was easy enough to make out a case against him upon which he could be committed, in England —when at last, in the summer of 1700, Admiral Benbow had fetched him over there—it was not found easy to make out a case against him upon which he could be tried. Actually, in the end, he was put upon trial for the murder of the mutinous sailor whom he had killed by whacking him with a bucket, one William Moore; and for this so-called murder a jury that evidently knew its business brought him in guilty. At the time, the theory was advanced noisily that the prosecution was afraid to press the piracy charge for fear of revelations of collusion with very eminent Whig noblemen, possibly even with the King, which certainly would ensue. Undoubtedly, the Whigs did want to get him out of the way: which effectually was accomplished by hanging him, in company with nine genuine pirates, on Execution Dock, in the city of London, May 12, 1701.

Before the unfortunate captain was carried away to England by Admiral Benbow he saw his wife and daughter in Boston for the last time; and was permitted to give his wife some trifling part of his fatal winnings for her support. It is known that for several years after he was hanged they continued to live modestly in their house in Teinhoven Street; and then—the mother probably dying, and the daughter probably marrying—all trace of them is lost. But, obviously, it is more than a possibility that lineal descendants of the ill-fated pirate-in-spite-of-himself, who in a way was a political martyr, are alive in America to-day.

As to the buried treasure that has had so much to do with keeping alive the captain's memory, it seems to be reasonably certain that the whole of his work

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in this line was performed at Gardiner's Island in June, 1699; and that the treasure then buried was dug up again and taken possession of by the colonial authorities within much less than a year. In Dunlop's time the Gardiner family preserved—and probably do still preserve—the receipt given by the commissioners appointed to remove the treasure from their premises; which treasure consisted, as Dunlop summarizes it, of "a box containing 738 ounces of gold, and 847 ounces of silver, besides jewels."

IX.

Long before Captain Kidd's execution, before even his return to America from his African voyage, the Red Sea trade from New York, and New York sea-robbing of all sorts, had been pretty much brought to an end. Lord Bellomont did the work that he had been sent to do, but at such a cost of strength wasted in overcoming needless obstacles, and with such travail due to unnecessary worry, that the victory won by this honest and gallant gentleman may be said fairly to have landed him in his grave. To make a modern (but most improbable) parallel, should a New York Mayor of our present enlightened period squarely set himself to breaking down the City Hall ring, he would be fighting practically the same fight that Lord Bellomont made against his own rascally Council, and against the rascally provincial officers generally, two hundred years ago; and Lord Bellomont's hands were tied by those whose sworn duty it was to aid him precisely as would be done in the case of this very imaginary reforming Mayor of the present day.

When his Lordship—who was turned of sixty, and who seems to have been a peppery gentleman—proclaimed his commission and assumed the duties of his office, the members of the Council received him with a commendable cordiality; and when he stated in set terms that he had been sent to New York to break up piracy and the Red Sea trade, and that he meant to do it, the affable Councillors—almost all of whom were engaged in these branches of marine industry—gave him at once to understand that in the accomplishment of his good work they were the very people who could be counted upon to uphold his hands. Actually, however, the members of the Council—being leading merchants of the city, and directly representing the very interest that Bellomont was to attack—uttered these fine words not with the intention of buttering parsnips, but to the end that they might retain their offices, and so weaken the effect of, perhaps even prevent wholly, the Governor's attempted reform.

The inevitable break in this factitious era of good feeling came before his Lordship had been two days Governor—upon his summary suspension from the Council of Colonel William Nicoll on the charge of being the go-between through whom Governor Fletcher had carried on business with the pirates, and who also had shared with Fletcher the pirate bribes. This was more than the Councillors had bargained for, and therefore—especially as there was no telling where the lightning would strike next—they resisted as far as they dared, and so forced a compromise. On the 8th of May the Governor wrote to the Lords of Trade: "Col. Nicoll ought to be sent with Col. Fletcher a criminal prisoner to England for trial; but the gentlemen of the Council are tender of him, as he is connected by marriage with several of them, and I am prevailed upon to accept £2000 for his appearance when demanded." Yet the case against Nicoll was admitted even by himself. According to Dunlop he "acknowledged the receipt of monies, but not"—this touch is quite inimitable—"from pirates known"!

As in the administrative so also in the executive department of his rotten little government, the Governor found at first covert and then violently overt opposition instead of support. The Earl's own kinsman, Chidley Brooke, Collector of Customs and Receiver-General of the Province, took the lead in traversing his Lordship's authority; and the example thus set naturally was followed, in the then state of public opinion, all down the executive line. In very bitterness of spirit this harried and tormented gentleman wrote to the King: "I am obliged to stand entirely upon my own legs: my assistants hinder me, the people oppose me, and the merchants threaten me. It is indeed uphill work"—and so most certainly it was.

The first clash came over the seizure of the ship *Fortune;* which vessel, as already has been stated, brought back from the African coast to the projectors of the

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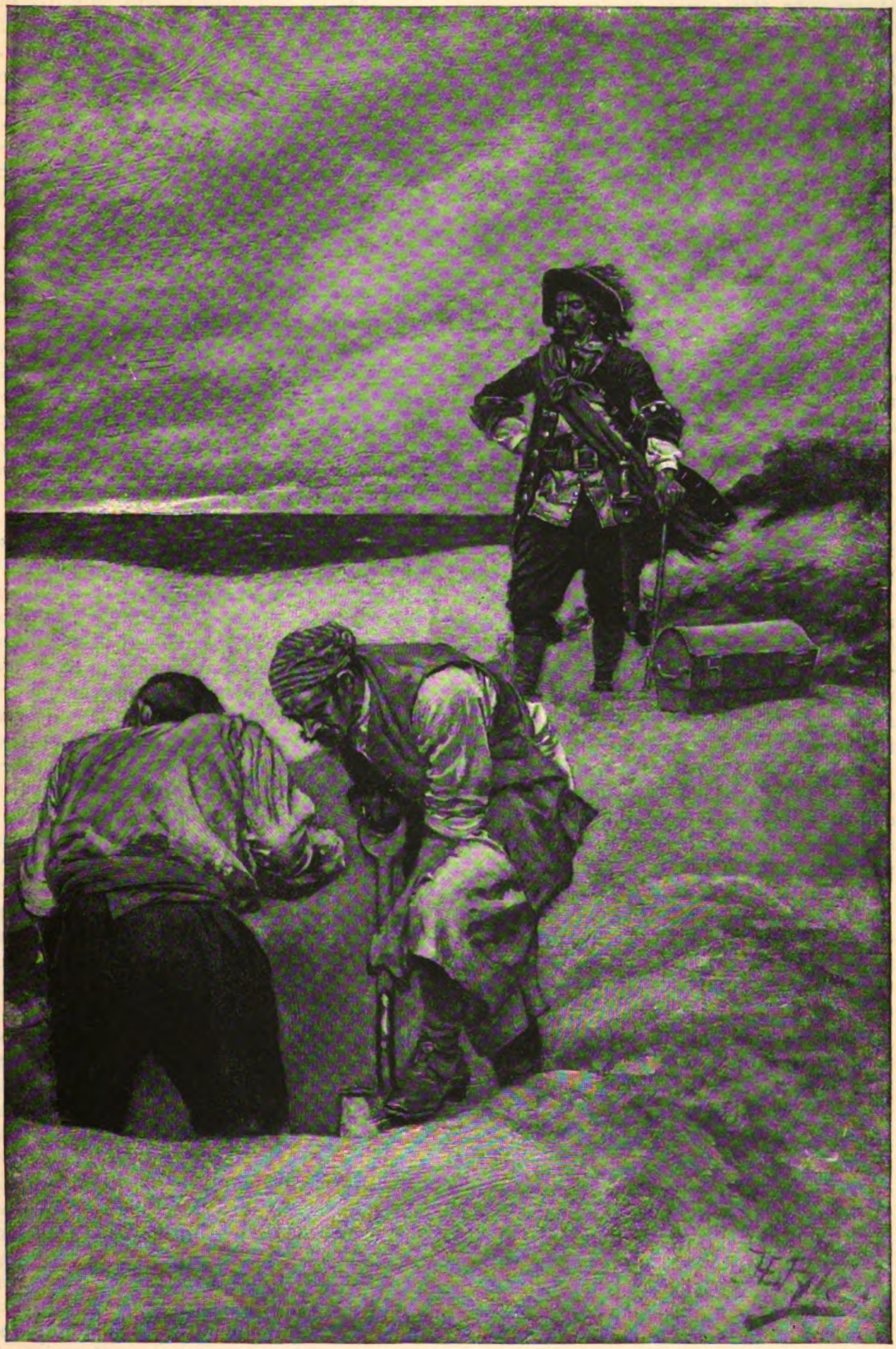

KIDD AT GARDINER'S ISLAND.

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expedition the stealings of Captain John Hoar. As the object of the *Fortune's* voyage was a matter of common notoriety, the Governor ordered his Collector to seize her instantly in the King's name. Brooke's personal friends no doubt had money invested in this venture; very possibly he had money invested in it himself; certainly, as things then were going, he was to receive his share of the stolen goods as a return for permitting them to be landed by the thieves. Therefore Brooke at first objected that he had no boat at his command; then that it was not his business to make the seizure any way, and ended by interpreting the Governor's "instantly" as meaning the next morning—and in the night thus left available almost the whole of the *Fortune's* cargo was brought ashore.

Being, as I have said, a peppery gentleman, Lord Bellomont was in a fine temper over this evasion of his orders. He gave Brooke a practical lesson in the meaning of the word "instantly" by whisking him out of the Collectorship neck and heels; and in the same turn of the hand appointed in his place Stephanus Van Cortlandt, with one Mousay as Searcher, and sent the latter flying off to seize the pirate plunder of the *Fortune* in the house of Van Sweeten, a merchant, where, as word came to him, it had been stored. A constable was ordered to accompany Mousay; but each of three constables sent for, in turn, managed to be missing at the moment when his services were required. Finally, when Mousay, with one Everts, did at last go to make the seizure, a regular mutiny broke out among the merchants—who flocked to Van Sweeten's house and hustled the officers into an extemporized Black Hole, a close hot loft in which the goods to be seized had been concealed, and there locked them fast. For three hours they were thus imprisoned, and they "had like to died of it." Fortunately, before they were quite stifled, the Governor got wind of what had happened, and despatched the Lieutenant-Governor, backed by a file of soldiers, to relieve them and to enforce the seizure of the goods.

What seems to be another version of this same story gives the house of "the Sheriff" as the hiding-place to which the cargo of the *Fortune* was carried, and in which these racy liberties were taken with the persons of the officers of the law. Color is given to this even stronger presentment of the impudent iniquity of the period by the fact that the then Sheriff was Ebenezer Wilson, a merchant (and therefore likely to have piratical interests), and that he was suspended from office during a part of his term. That he was thought none the worse of by his fellow-New-Yorkers because of his Red Sea dealings is shown by the facts that he was elected Mayor of this city in the years 1707–10, and that in the years 1709–10 he was a member of the Provincial Council. But fancy the height of the high-tempered Governor's rage at finding in one single morning the Collector of the Port, the Sheriff of the city, three constables, and a mutinous body of the principal merchants—that is, of the leading citizens—all joined in opposition to his authority and afloat together in the same piratical boat!

X.

In the nature of things an open issue between the Governor and his Council could not long be avoided. It came in the demand for clearances for the *Prophet Daniel*, the *Nassau*, and two other ships which sailed from New York in July 1698 for Madagascar. The Governor ordered that before receiving clearances these ships must be put under bonds not to trade with pirates. The Council—members of which had money up on the several ventures—decided that such bonds should not be required. The merchants of the city backed the Council, of course, and raised such a hubbub that the Governor—at that time but a little while in office—yielded to the general clamor, and suffered the ships to go unbonded to sea.

By this time the bitter feeling here was very strong against his Lordship; and it grew stronger as news came up from various points along the coast of more than half a dozen vessels, laden with piratical cargoes, which had turned about and put to sea again upon getting news of the hard times respectable traders were having under this devil of a Governor in New York. It was angrily—yet probably truly—declared that he had "hindered £100,000 from being brought into the city"; and to this was added the assertion that his continuance in office meant nothing less than the ruin of the commerce of the town. Wherefore a regular organization against him was effected among the merchants, and by these injured colonists

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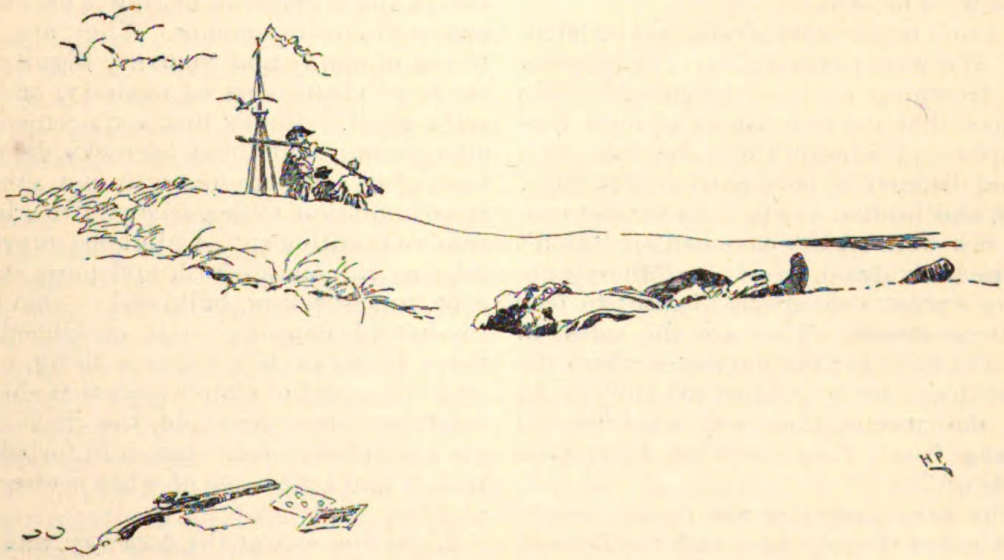
an attorney was sent to England to present the record of his misdoings to, and to pray for his removal by, the King.

It was all the better for the Governor, probably, that the case against him was pressed with such brazen impudence. He was in a better position to defend himself than if he had been attacked in the dark. In short order he got rid of the most piratical of the members of his Council. Pinhorne was dismissed; Bayard, Willet, Mienville, and Lawrence were suspended; Phillipse resigned—and, in place of these frail brothers, Abraham Depeyster, Robert Livingston, Thomas Weaver, Samuel Staats, and Robert Walters were called to the board. With these honest allies it was possible for the Governor to do something at home; while over in England—where necessarily was to be had the final settlement of the whole matter—he gained his first point by securing the condemnation of Fletcher; and thereafter, in every point raised against him by the representative of the New York merchants, the charges made by his enemies were refuted and his own position was sustained.

It was in the very midst of Lord Bellomont's triumphal progress toward reforming the morals of this town that the news came from Africa that Kidd had turned pirate: which fact instantly was seized upon eagerly, both here and in England, as a proof that the Earl himself was as much a promoter of piracy as anybody, and that his efforts to uproot the piratical commerce of New York were solely that he might himself secure the monopoly of its illicit gains. But the Governor, who was game all the way through, was only the more encouraged by this vilely slanderous outcry to hang on to his purpose with the more intense tenacity; and because he did so hang on—like the delightful old bull-dog that he was—he came out victorious in the end.

He was a trifle over-old for such rough-and-tumble fighting, and he was of a gouty habit and choleric to a degree; wherefore, after being kept for near three years in a righteous rage, it is not surprising that his Lordship's overheated flesh could not longer contain his broiling spirit, and that, a martyr to his own high-tempered virtue, he incontinently died. His death occurred on March 5, 1701; and his body —after resting for some years in the chapel in the Fort—was laid at rest in St. Paul's church-yard: where still is his unmarked grave.

Very likely this sturdy old boy died not unwillingly, for his life here—save for the knowledge of the good that he was doing—most certainly could not have been a pleasant one. Moreover, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had accomplished his purpose; that through his exertions New York piracy and sea-stealing at second-hand, rampant at the time of his coming, was as dead as he was about to be himself.



The End.

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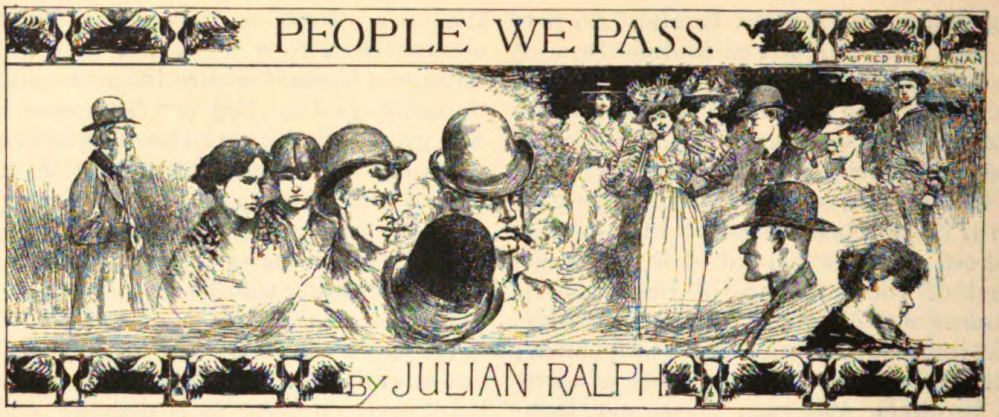
PEOPLE WE PASS.



BY JULIAN RALPH.

THE LINE-MAN'S WEDDING.

WITH my good friend George Fletcher, of whom there may be more to say in another account of the "People We Pass," I enjoyed the adventure here set forth. It was the witnessing of an East Side wedding, which was in itself remarkable, and which afforded a chance for a close-range study of a phase of tenement life which was yet more interesting. Joe, my friend's apprentice, had obtained his promise that he would some day call upon the lad's mother, who was grateful for something Fletcher had done for the boy quite in the way of business. The promise had been long standing when, one night recently, Joe told his employer that two friends of his sister were to be married at his home, and that it would be a great honor to the family if he were present.

"Don't be the least afraid," said Fletcher. We were pursuing our way between tall frowning walls of tenements. We noticed that the orderliness of their fire-escapes and windows was the basis of a grand disorder of pots, pans, quilts, rugs, rags, and human heads. As for the people, few were on the pavements. "Don't be the least afraid," said he; "there's nothing except contagious diseases to fear in these streets. They are the safest in town to walk in; the only ones where the front doors are left unlocked at night. As for the people, they are what we all sprang from; they are what America is made of."

The next time you are in the neighborhood of Grand Street and the Bowery you may see the region. Turn to the east a block or two, and looking along Forsyth Street, to which you will quickly come, you will see little Joe's home. It is a gigantic five-story double tenement. It has the words "Big Barracks" painted in black letters on a white ground on one side near the top. They are startling words to see and to think about, for whether the landlord had them painted there to show his defiance of decency, or whether it was a depraved sense of humor which prompted that rich barbarian's act, no libel was practised. Only the truth, or a merciful hint of the truth, was expressed in the words. Barracks they are within those walls, and for miles and miles to the northward of them rise blocks after blocks of other barracks. They are worse than the soldiers' dwellings to which the word is usually applied. They are more like those subterranean dormitories underneath Paris where the dead were stored, for though there is swarming, teeming life in the tenements of New York, they are veritable catacombs. They are the tombs of manly and womanly dignity, of thrift, of cleanliness, of modesty, and of self-respect. Man's first requirement is elbow-room, and these barracks deprive him of it. Where there is not elbow-room ambition stifles, energy tires, high resolve is still-born. Childhood must be kept as it comes—fresh and pure, innocent, unsuspecting, hallowed. On this the world depends. But childhood in these barracks is a hideous thing. Instead of a host of simple joys that should brighten life's threshold, the little ones get age in babyhood, wisdom in forbidden things, and ignorance of what is sweetest and best.

Little Joe was at the doorway, and led us up and in. He introduced us to his mother, a jolly big German widow, who laughed incessantly, and with such chan-

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ging tone and fashion that in a five-minute conversation she did not utter above half a dozen words, yet took her part satisfactorily by laughing. Where almost any other woman would have said "Yes," and "You're very kind," and "Do you think so?" she smiled, giggled, chuckled, and laughed. As one of us remarked, "she had a mind that would never ache from straining—one like a mill-pond in quiet weather." Joe's sister was flitting in and out in such a way as to be partly in that room and more considerably in other rooms, whence issued alternate sounds of feminine merriment and feminine bickering. Joe captured and presented her. She was an ideal daughter of the tenements—a stunted, black-eyed, well-rounded little thing, with her coarse black hair "banged" on a line with her eyebrows. She wore a bit of lace at her throat, and two large red bands at the lower ends of the very tight sleeves of a dress which tilted backwards and forwards and sideways, regardless of her movement, as if it had a will as well as ways of its own.

"This is my sister," said Joe.

She bowed stiffly.

"She ain't going to get married."

"You jest shut up," said she.

"Because her feller's so google-eyed"—here the boy's ears were spitefully boxed—"that if they went to get spliced"—here his face was slapped—"the minister would marry him to the wrong girl, 'less he was blindfolded."

"I don't care, now," said the girl, very much mortified and angry. "You're a sassy thing. Mother, can't he stop?"

The old woman laughed immoderately as the girl flounced out of the room, which then began to fill with young people, mainly with girls, who looked and dressed so like Joe's sister that they might easily be mistaken for members of the same family. The young men who had been invited came in a body. They first met together, as was their nightly custom, in a large room over a corner groggery, where they maintained what they called "The Pinochle Club." Tens of thousands of men meet in the same way in the liquor and beer saloons of the city every night and every Sunday, and whenever they are not at work. If the votes of the members of what we call the clubs of the town could be contrasted, in bulk, with the votes of these little social clubs

JOE'S SISTER.

and corner-saloon coteries, the reader would understand why Tammany Hall respects the saloon coteries and treats the great clubs of Fifth Avenue with contempt. These young men who came to the wedding were honest enough young fellows. They were working-men. Some wore blue shirts under outer clothes of locally fashionable patterns, but one or two displayed high colored collars and cuffs that matched them. Each carried a lighted cigar in his mouth, and each took his turn in darting across the room with a peculiar slide, and spitting noisily more or less in the direction of the stove.

The bride, a tiny, pert little blond German, with eyes that shone with mischiev-

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ous expression, was surrounded by the other girls. To their surprise she would not take off her hat and cloak, she would not sit down, she would not say why. She would only laugh silently with her tiny beadlike eyes. It was evident that between excitement and self-consciousness she was undergoing an intense strain. Presently there came a stalwart young fellow, blond also and a German, who, from a physical stand-point, was certainly handsome. And he was more than commonly intelligent-looking as well. His dress, under the circumstances, was very peculiar. He wore a cardigan jacket, and shabby trousers tucked in cowhide boots, to which were affixed the heavy spurred irons with which telegraph-line-repairers climb the poles on which the wires are strung. In one hand he swung a cap and a stout new hempen rope. The young men gathered around him and loudly voiced their astonishment, for this, it appeared, was the bridegroom. They asked him if he had just quit work, and how long it would take him to dress, and "what it all meant, anyhow."

"Is the kag of beer here?" he asked the jolly widow, in German. She replied with an affirmative series of chuckles and indications of pent-up merriment, and a great bustle ensued. As a result there was brought into the room a table spread with cold meats, German cheeses, pickles, strange cakes with the fruits outside, and other cakes covered with icing and rubbed with red sugar. Then followed the inevitable beer—mainstay and chief delight of the masses—in a keg on a wooden horse, and accompanied by more than a score of heavy beer-saloon glasses with handles. This was the bridegroom's answer to the questions of his friends, and, being practical in its way, was received with better grace than the girls had accorded to the bride's responses in mysterious and mischievous glances.

The next important personage to arrive was the clergyman, a shrivelled little German, in a battered beaver hat and suit of black, illumined by one of those high white collars that show no break, but seem to have been made and laundered on the necks of those who wear them. He rubbed his hands before the stove, and after consuming a palmful of snuff, put to violent use a handkerchief of so pronounced a red that it made him seem to suffer from an extraordinary hemorrhage at the nose. When he was, as it seemed to the others, "very good and ready," he took from a tail pocket of his coat something very like a woman's striped stocking, and fitted its open end over his skull. Then the stocking took the guise of a liberty cap. During all this time he spoke to no one, but carried the air of a man of business bent upon a perfunctory performance, and determined to execute it properly and with despatch. His stocking adjusted, he might have spoken—indeed, he did clear his throat as if to do so—but the arrival of the tardiest of the guests prevented his doing so. This new arrival was, next to the bride and groom, the person of most distinction in the company, Mr. Barney Kelly, the reporter.

"Ah, there, Barney," all the men called out.

"Ah, there; put it there," said the genial journalist, making a pantomimic offer of a shake of his hand to all at once.

In presenting him to the reader there is no intention to have it understood that he represents more than a very small fraction of those who follow the important profession to which he is allied. And yet his kind exists and even prospers, in isolated instances, especially upon such newspapers of the period as pride themselves upon a feverish degree of incessant originality in the pursuit and treatment of exciting topics. In the journals to which I refer the daily and numerous "sensations" are uniformly spread out under long and very black head-lines upon sheets no edition of which goes to the public as anything less extraordinary than an "Extra"—that word being invariably printed in larger and blacker type than the titles of the newspapers themselves. The popular journal which employs Mr. B. Kelly upon its staff is the well-known *Daily Camera*, possessor of uncountable circulation, giver of endless chromos, albums, and prizes—the same which comes out green as its readers on St. Patrick's day, and red (as if with the blushes of journalism) on the Fourth of July. In fact, and in short, the *Camera* is the identical journal which "beat" all its contemporaries by three minutes with the news of one electrocution, and followed up that triumph with an account of a subsequent electrocution in no less time than half an hour before the Governor granted a reprieve to the condemned

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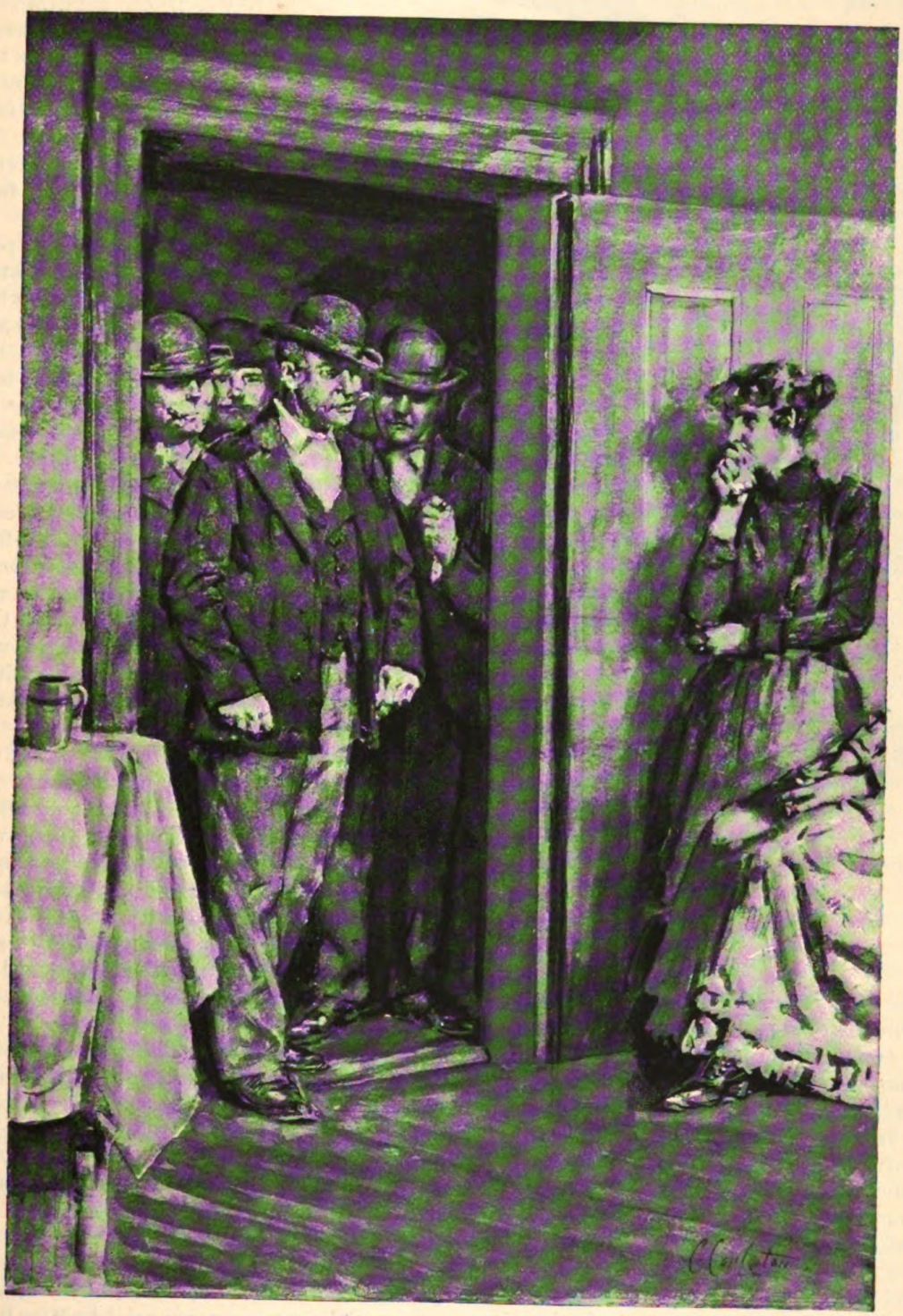

"THE YOUNG MEN CAME IN A BODY."

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THE PREACHER.

man. To the office of the *Camera* young Barney Kelly came as an office-boy from the tenements. Allowed to make extra money by writing for the sporting page (developer of most of such odd fish in the newspaper swim), he exhibited such talent as a tireless and ingenious news-getter that he was soon installed as a reporter. His lack of modesty did not trouble him. The defects in his education he was repairing by good use of a shrewd mind and an imitative nature; and meantime the office men were "licking into shape" or rewriting all the copy he turned in. We shall see traces of a queer lingo in Mr. Kelly's speech. He knows better English than he speaks, just as many New-Yorkers who hold themselves his superiors know better than to talk like affected Englishmen, as they do. In their cases, as in Barney's, these peculiarities of speech are mere homages to fashion, for as the proper thing in the middle of town is to talk broad English, so the proper thing in the tenement regions is to talk "Bowery."

"Vell," said the parson, facing the company, "do ve been all retty?"

"Min," said the bridegroom, turning to the bride, "have you told any one?"

"Well, I just guess not," said the bride.

"Very well, then," said the bridegroom. "Gents and ladies all. The first time I seen Minnie Bechman I was at work on a pole just in front of this window, where she was sitting, once, on a visit to these old friends of hers. She took to me, and—you know how it is yourselves—I took to her, and we agreed to get married. Well, then, the thing was how we was to get married so as to make a sensation in the city. Well, then, Barney Kelly here, he put the scheme into my head that we was to get married on a po—"

"Hully gee, Chris!" exclaimed the great journalist, "don't give the snap away so quick."

"Go on, Chris!" "Go on, Dutch!" cried the others.

"No; you go 'head and tell it, Barney," said the bridegroom. "Tell it just the way you'll write it up."

"I've written it up a'ready," said the journalist. "It's a corker, boys—ladies and gentlemen—a corker; a hull collum in the *Camera!*"

"Say, fellers, that's great, hain't it?" one visitor exclaimed. "Is our names dere in de *Camera*, Barney?"

"Every son of a gun's name that got

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invited is in there, you kin bet," said Mr. Kelly. "Now I'll give you the whole snap. You see, this is the age of sensations, and nothing but sensations goes. Understand? You know how it is in the noozepaper business, you can't git the coin unless you git sensations. I was a-chasin' meself up an' down the sidewalks one day when I run acrost Dutch, our friend here. You know the first time I seen Dutch was at the Pinochle Club, and I worked him fer a sensation on the 'Romance of a Line-man.' Him and I faked a dandy story. 'Twas about a feller bein' on a pole, an' he got to thinkin' 'bout his poor old mother that was a-dyin' round the corner—see? An' he took off his rubber glove to wipe the tears from his eyes, and he touched a live wire, an' he curled up like an autumn leaf an' died on the pole—see? An' Dutch was on the pole an' took him down, an' we faked up how, ever since that night—see?—he don't dream of nothing but live wires. Everything that he dreams of turns inter snakes, and the snakes turns out to be live wires—see?—and chases him to the roof, an' off inter the street, where he wakes up dead an' mangled. Gents, that's how I got acquainted with Dutch, an' made him famous, an' got eight dollars in hard stuff for me trouble.

"Well, now, we're gettin' to the marriage. I was a-chasin' meself over the sidewalks, and I met Dutch, and he told me he was going to marry his girl. I seen the chance for a sensation the minute he told me. 'We can make a sensation,' says I; 'one that 'll make the boys on the *News and Dial* crazy and sick—see? People have got married in Trinity steeple, in a row-boat on the river, in a cab in Central Park, in a balloon, on skates, by telephone and telegraph, and on horseback—in fact, more ways than you can shake a stick at—but Dutch an' me agreed we never heard of no one gittin' married on a telegraph pole. He's a line-man, an' climbing them sticks is his business, ladies; so the only thing was whether Minnie wouldn't be a-scared—see? Her mother wouldn't have it; but there wasn't no poles around her house, anyhow; and besides, Dutch wanted the pole where he was when he first seen Minnie. He told her all about it, an' she was dead game, and she says, 'We might as well be romantic wunst in our life'—see?"

"So," said the bridegroom, vastly impatient to play his part, "we didn't tell Min's mother she was a-goin' to get married at all; and as for Minnie being a-scared, why, here goes for the first wedding alongside the wires."

"Stop! Hold on!" the little clergyman said, imperatively, arresting the bride and groom as they were about to leave the room. "Toes anypody here opject to dis wetting, or to der manner of it?"

Anxiety shone in every young face, and each person looked at the other to see who should raise a question about the propriety of what they all regarded as novel and exciting sport.

"Do you think it all right yourself?" one of the young men asked of the clergyman.

"Oh, vell," he said, with a laugh and a shrug of the shoulders that seemed to indicate a desire to shake off all responsibility and gravity, "I ton'd know apout dot. A man gits porn in vunny blaces, and a man dies in vunny blaces. It makes not much deeferenz if he shood git marrit by such blaces vot he likes. Laties and shendlemen, so long vot efferypody peen bleased, vy shood not I git bleased? It is mit me only choost a madder of gitting my pay for der chob."

"He's all right, lads; don't go to guying him," said the journalist. Then, in an "aside," he whispered, "That's His Whiskers that married the skeleton and the fat woman in the Bowery museum last week, an' got a collum in every morning paper—see?"

"But, my vriends," the parson continued, producing a tiny black book, and speaking in a graver and less business-like tone than before, "in der chapel vare I been aggustomed to do dese sort of dings I alvays gif a vord of adwice. See to it you got a goot vooman—a vooman mitout bride and voolishness. See to it you haf got a goot man, von vich got shteady vork, und vich dreats his farder und mudder bropper. See to it, bote of you, vot you got luf by your hearts. Not vot I call shicken luf, not vot I shall call dot luf vich purns der body vile der heart und soul are shiffering mit cold, but dot kind of luf vich is more as twenty-one years old, und looks owd for der future; vich says, 'I haf got a young vooman vich vill got blendy shildren, und vill pring 'em up goot, und vill dake care uf me ven I got sick, und vill also

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vork for her liffing, choost like myself'; und, 'I haf got a man sdrong und heldty like a lion, und he has got a goot trade, und if he trinks lager-peer a leedle he vill not git trunk too much und make a fool by his family, und he vill dreat me like I ought to peen dreated, so nice as I could vish.' Now, den, I am all retty."

The bridegroom, a picture of impatience, held out one powerful arm, crooked at the elbow, and the diminutive bride leaped into it and was carried as lightly out of the room as if she weighed no more than a shawl. All the young men and many of the girls trooped down stairs behind the happy man and his freight, the clanking of the irons on his boots drowning the noises of all their feet. The clergyman went to one of the front windows, and throwing it open, leaned out, book in hand; all who remained in the room crowded behind him and at the other window. Within a few feet—say twice an easy-reaching distance—rose the great mastlike pole, and even with the next floor above were the cross-bars on which the lowest wires were fastened. Five minutes before, not many persons had been seen on the street, but now the sidewalk was thronged, and men, women, and children, some shouting, some laughing, and some calling loudly to others at a distance, were hurrying to the scene. Perceptible above the other sounds was the thud, thud, thud of the line-man's spikes, or "irons," as he drove them into the pole. He mounted steadily upward, circling the pole with one arm, while his bride rested partly on the other and partly on a hempen rope which was arranged so as to form a loop under her body and over his farther shoulder.

"Don't spill me, Chris," she said, in a tone betraying at least a little nervousness.

"Don't—wiggle—an'—I—won't," said he, punctuating each word with a thud and a step upward.

At first the villageful of people who lived on that one block had been aroused by the rumor that a girl was climbing a telegraph pole, but the spectacle of the man and the girl working their way towards heights that thousands inhabit, but reach exclusively by stairs or elevators, gave rise to the report that the man was a maniac. The invention waxed more ingenious as it flew, until it got about that the maniac was going to hang himself and the girl from the cross-bars. In a minute and a half the block, from stoop-line to stoop-line, was crowded. If any policeman was in the neighborhood, he did not interfere. The Pinochle Club was never interfered with.

"Ready! Be quick about it," said the bridegroom; and at the words the little German parson, leaning so far out of the window that the end of his stockinglike cap fell in front of his nose, began to read the marriage service, in German, at break-neck speed. In the wild flight of words there were perceptible haltings, marked with a "Yah" by one or the other of the couple on the pole. Before it seemed possible that the ceremony could have reached its conclusion, the minister stopped, slapped his book shut, and said, in what he intended for the Queen's English, "I now bronounce you man und vife. May Gott in heffun pless you bote!"

A roar of applause marked their successful descent to the street, and presently the bride and groom, the former glowing from excitement, and the latter nursing his arm with rude pantomime, reappeared in the room, preceded by some and followed by the others of those who had gone down to the street with them. Then there was great excitement. The young men seized the proud and grinning bridegroom's hands and jerked him violently about the room in the excess of their admiration. The young women crowded the bride into a corner and intended to give vent to their surprise and delight, but their excitement greatly exaggerated their natural lack of conversational gifts. When they did recover their powers of speech the results were not such as one is accustomed to in feminine gatherings in the heart of the town. But these girls have standards of their own, and were conscious of no defects in manners. Besides, they were excited, and had put aside all the affectation they display when they call out "Carsh! heah, carsh!" in the great shopping stores in which some were employed; and they did not mince their words, as is their fashion at the first meeting with a prepossessing young man. Here are some sentences of their talk:

"It was great, Minnie."

"It was out of sight."

"For Gord's sakes! I don't see how you could ever do it."

"I didn't care." This by the bride.

"She hit me for a silk dress for doing it, just the same," said her husband.

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"Is tha-a-t so, Minnie? Did yer get a silk dress?"

"I did so, Ma-a-a-ggie."

"My Gord, girls! ain't Chris good to her?"

"Well," said Ma-a-a-ggie (this name is never otherwise pronounced six blocks from Fifth Avenue in our Celtic metropolis), "I'd marry anny man for a silk dress."

"And who wouldn't, I'd like to know?" asked little Elsa Muller, the youngest girl in the room.

The people of the tenements manage with fewer words than Shakespeare used. Their frequent use of the most sublime name should not shock the reader. No harm is meant by it, nor does its use damage any character among the most of us. It is but the Englishing of an innocent exclamation common to all the peoples of continental Europe. It is by long odds the commonest exclamation of the majority of the women on the island we inhabit. My dear madam, your soft-voiced maid says it fifty times a day to the others in your kitchen, and if your *modiste* does not say it, it is because she prefers *Mon Dieu* or *Ach Gott*.

These girls at the wedding ate and drank and sang and romped as merrily as so many children. The young men talked of present and absent friends, or teased the young women in ways good-natured and not meant to be disrespectful, though perhaps they were not always gentle.

Suddenly, when the fun was waxing lively and general, about half an hour after the wedding, an unexpected but characteristic occurrence took place. The hall door flew open and banged against the wall, and in the doorway was seen a portly Irish woman of most savage mien. She glared at the company, and scanning each member of it fiercely, finally fixed her angry frown upon one of the young girls.

"Cordelia Angeline Mahoney," said she, "come right down to your own home—d'ye hear me?—and doan't be dishgracing yersel' wid spakin' to thim Dootch omadhauns. It's none o' my business, sure" (this to the company generally), "but if I wanted to get marrit I'd be marrit loike a Christian, and not like a couple of floies in the air."

Miss Mahoney replied that she'd be "right down," and the stout Irish woman turned to go away. She wheeled about almost directly, however, and singled out another of the girls.

"Mary Maud Estelle Gilligan," said she, "what wud your poor mother, dead an' gone—God bless her!—think if she cud see ye skaylarrukin' wid a couple of pole-climbing monkeys an' a mob av sour-crout-atin' hathen? Shame be to ye, Mary Maud Estelle! Yer frinds have a roight to be sick and sorry for ye."

I followed close upon her heels, for I found that the merriment was to last all night.

A PAINTER'S IMPRESSIONS OF RAJPOOTANA.

BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

I.

ON some maps of India the territory which is entirely under British rule is tinted red, while those states still under the sway of native potentates are indicated by a wash of yellow, and it is at first something of a surprise to find this tract relatively so large. In the western part of the empire there is a great triangular space, having its base along the valley of the Indus, and its apex reaching southward to the tropic; within this space are situated the contiguous dominions of several of these rulers, and they are the states which show fewest results of European influence. Bikanir lies in the northern part of this tract, separated from the English strip along the Indus by the Bikanir Desert; southward lie Jodhpore and Jessulmeer, and then Oudeypore; while to the eastward are Jeypore, Alwar, Gwalior, Patiala, and many others; the important state of Cashmir lies far to the north; southward, and well within the tropic, Baroda; and in the Deccan the great state of Hyderabad. These scattered principalities, and many smaller ones, comprise all that is left of the "India of the Rajahs," where the feudal age and its customs still survive to a greater or lesser extent, and they acknowledge to-day the suzerainty of the Queen-Empress as they once did that of the Mogul emperors. The prince, whatever his title may be—Maharajah, Guicowar, Nizam, or Rao—governs his kingdom and adminis-

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ters justice much as his fathers did before the advent of the English; the representative of the viceregal government, or indirectly of the crown, is styled the Political Agent or Resident, and while his official position might be compared to that of a foreign minister at a small European court, it is relatively more important and complicated. He is in effect the political adviser of the governing prince, and through him are transmitted the wishes or commands of the imperial government, which, although they may reach the prince in the shape of polite suggestions, are not to be disregarded. In many states the position of this official personage, this power behind the throne, may appear to be a sinecure, but it may become, without a moment's warning, a position of grave responsibility.

It is here in these remote states that the ancient prestige of kingship has most completely escaped the levelling tendencies of the age, while at the same time the princes of the rising generation are more or less under the influence of Western ideas. The Indian Rajah of to-day, while politically a vassal of the central government, which guarantees to him the autonomy of his state and the continuance of his dynasty, seems actually to enjoy more personal independence than any European sovereign. A prominent Rajah has just received the degree of LL.D. at Cambridge, and has donated a large sum to the university for the purpose of founding a scholarship. When he returns to his own country and becomes the chief of the state, he may resume at once the mode of life of his predecessors, and remain conservative in the matter of religious observances, immure himself in the impenetrable privacy of his vast and many-windowed stronghold, overlooking the desert from the summit of a rock, or he may build himself a new Italian villa furnished in whatever happens to be the spirit of the latest London art craze, and cultivate a wider social world. There is the horsy Rajah, who imports English jockeys and grooms; and there is the polo-playing Rajah, and the one who has translated Shakespeare into Hindostanee, as well as the other whose greatest literary feat was the translation of the Queen's *Journal*. There is also the fine old conservative who has but one wife, and slays his tigers with his own hand. The modern Rajah has become a prominent figure everywhere. One meets him gazing abstractedly at the passing crowd of rastaquouères and tourists from the steps of the Grand Hôtel, wearing usually a pair of patent-leather shoes with side elastics, which mar the effect of his otherwise correct attire, or sitting in front of a café at the absinthe hour when he is out of business, or giving a dinner at an open-air restaurant on the Champs Élysées. We meet him at Aix-les-Bains or at Homburg, and we hear of him in London or Long Branch. He has the privilege, denied to European sovereigns, of leading at will a double existence, and when he leaves his work in India he has all Europe for a play-ground.

II.

How to get to Jodhpore, and in the event of our getting there should we find any shelter more hospitable than the cold ground, were questions which we tried in vain to solve, until we chanced upon a copy of the Rajpootana-Malwa Railway Guide, in the book-stall at Ahmedabad station. According to that largely circulated but not always reliable authority, it was merely a matter of rupees—six and two annas, first class—and the intervention of the Rajah would be quite unnecessary, as the Jodhpore State Railway, starting from Marwar Junction on the main line, had just been opened.

In the dry chill of a December morning, and in the dim blue twilight between the waning of the moon and the first flush of dawn, we found ourselves surrounded by our baggage on the platform confronting the clustered white domes of the station at Marwar Junction, which rose up pale and ghostly in the wan light, looking more like the sanctuary of a Moslem saint than a railway junction. Following our "boy" and the baggage coolies, we crossed the tracks to the opposite platform, where we could just make out another train. This train was not yet made up, and the temperature being uncomfortably low outside, we settled ourselves in the station-master's office, where we beguiled the time with hot tea, and with watching the Babu ticket-seller doling out third-class tickets to natives at his little window, a function accompanied by much bullying and browbeating on his part, and vexation of spirit on theirs. At last the station-master, tall and spectacled, in a flat black velvet cap and an English sack-coat, from which a quantity of white

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cotton drapery escaped and floated loosely about his thin bare legs, came out to unlock the door of the compartment we were to occupy, and after installing ourselves as the train crawled slowly out at sunrise, we began the day with a substantial "chota hazri" from the store put up at the Ahmedabad bungalow. For the greater part of the way the line seemed to have no embankment, and to consist of a single track laid down in the desert, with the merest sketch of a road-bed. The country was not a desert of the sandy sort, but only a waste of gravel, for the most part treeless, except for rare and scattered thickets of gray thorny bushes, or distant clumps of trees indicating the position of a village. Where the plain did not merge into the sky the horizon was a range of low hills, varied by occasional isolated peaks, with sharp volcanic outlines, which dwindled as we approached them into brown moundlike eminences of no great height. On the top of every telegraph pole was perched a hawk, a kite, or a buzzard, always motionless; and, in truth, the rate of speed at which the Rajah's train crept slowly over the sixty-four miles of gravel was not likely to interfere with their digestive meditations.

When we reached a village, or even a flag-house, with a collection of mud huts in the background, we made a lengthy halt, and when the engineer met an acquaintance we came to a standstill; and on all these occasions the gaunt, jackal-faced village dogs trotted alongside, looking wistfully up for the chance bone or crust of bread, or they ran on ahead and barked at the engine. These capricious halts did not, as might be supposed, subject us to the risk of collision, since our train comprised the company's entire rolling-stock. A dapper little Thakor or princeling of some sort entered the other compartment of our carriage at one of the way stations, and his crowd of retainers got into third-class carriages some distance off. As he stepped out at every station to issue orders to his people, we had several opportunities of observing him. He was a fair type of the Jodhpore swell, young, with a budding mustache, and hair brought down in a large glistening curl over each cheek. His small pink turban, dainty as a lady's breakfast cap, was cocked jauntily on one side, and he wore a caftan of striped and rainbow-tinted silk; he kindled a fresh cigarette at each station, and his little air of insolent swagger was quite in harmony with the rakish set of his turban and his aggressive side-locks. At one of these stations, where he had sent a servant to look for a clean handkerchief among his luggage, the train had to wait until it was forth-coming. Toward noon we sighted a long steep ridge of rocks, with scattered white buildings on the top, and others gleaming among gardens on the plain; and as we drew nearer we saw that the white spots on the ridge were part of the vast pile of architecture erected centuries ago by the Rajahs of Jodhpore, and placed like an eagle's nest on the very summit of this inaccessible crag. When we reached the station, which resembled a saint's tomb with white domes, it was at once evident that the arrival of the train was still the event of the day in this hitherto isolated capital, for a large part of the population had assembled outside, and was looking eagerly over the fence—a long line of brown faces, with well-oiled black locks curling over their ears, with mustaches and beards, all having the piratical upward tilt affected by the Rajpoot order. Nearly all were in white, with dashes of red and gold; women and children filled up the interstices, and behind them stretched a plain of glaring red sand, back to the gray line of battlemented walls which hid the town. In the faint shadow cast by a few young acacia-trees which had been recently planted in the sand groups of fiery little horses were tethered, and slender camels with the double saddles in vogue here, all decked out with yellow and scarlet harnesses and saddle-cloths, with strings of blue beads, charms, and gaudy housings; there were also bullock-gharries with tented domes of faded red, and a large barouche, superannuated and dusty. Two low square buildings of dark stone like the station, and likewise painfully new, stood a little further down the sandy track leading to the town. One of them was the bungalow; and having gathered our belongings, and intrusted the various packages to baggage-coolies, we hurried across to our quarters; for the glare of noon here, even in December, makes any shelter seem inviting. The little prince was driven away in the barouche, surrounded by a compact mob of men, some running in front and some behind, all carrying swords and guns. The tall camels, each

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with a pair of swaying riders, and the procession of slower-moving bullock-carts, followed in the rear. We were met on the veranda by a smirking khansamah of a debased Rajpoot type, who announced, as he lifted the cane mat which hung over the door, that tiffin was ready.

The bungalow, being brand-new and clean, was not uninviting, but, as usual, our quarters were not overburdened with furniture—two "charpies" or native bedsteads, guiltless of any covering whatever to conceal the nakedness of the net-work of stout tape on which the traveller is expected to lay his weary frame; for he is still supposed to carry his bedding whenever he goes far afield into "Mofussil" districts—to use the current phrase for whatever is beyond Calcutta and Bombay. In the middle of the room stood a square table holding the "tiffin," and two or three chairs. A door at one corner opened into the bath-room, furnished with a decrepit wash-stand, a brass basin, and a wooden tub which had seen service long before the existence of this bungalow: all bath-rooms which I have seen in India, whether in private houses (with few exceptions) or in hotels, are of one uniform pattern. There is a chunar or cement floor, and the space where the tub stands is fenced off by a low parapet of cement, on which a row of round and unwieldy pots of red clay stand in depressions. They are too bulky to lift, and exhibit an unpleasant tendency when molested to slop over on the wrong side and pour their contents over one's shoes, so that it is safer not to go near them. From the front veranda (for there was another veranda, on to which a door opened at the opposite end) a landscape of red sand lay before us, bounded by the line of gray walls; one or two massive and sombre-hued trees rose above the wall, and over all the distant castle built upon the rock.

III.

Having ascertained that there were no carriages to be had for mere lucre, no Parsee livery-stable, and not a vehicle of any sort, I left the "mem sahib" on the veranda, and proceeded on foot to hunt up the Political Agent, and to take in the town on the way. It was not a long tramp through the sand to the nearest gate, and the mystery of the silent gray walls and what might lay behind them would have stimulated one to far greater exertion. Within the gateway there were deeper sand, a few large trees, some ruinous shells of masonry, and rough stone walls masking the gardens behind. Taking the most promising of two or three narrow streets which began at this point, we kept on in the shadow of fortresslike houses, often of red stone, and sometimes whitewashed. The rare balconied windows usually projected over tall pointed gateways, and through many of them we entered, first asking of the gatekeeper, or whoever we happened to encounter inside, permission to look about the court-yard, and we invariably met with courtesy.

The façades fronting on this outer court are decorated with the usual wealth of delicate stone tracery, and often the story above, resting on plain and massive arcades, is one continuous latticed gallery, projecting well outward, relieved by ornate little windows at intervals. In one quarter a few groups of palaces surrounded a large tank. One of them, built of red sandstone of exactly the same color and value as the sand in front, seemed to me then—and will always seem, for I have kept a study of it—a marvellous combination of massive simplicity and graceful but not excessive decoration. The walls, which rose directly from the sand of the road, save for a species of ramp in front, leading up to the high Persian arch of the entrance, were unrelieved below by a single ornamental detail, while all the decoration was lavished on the projecting windows above. The great central window over the gate had the curved cornice or window-cap characteristic of the later Mogul style, the panels were filled in with beautiful stone lace-work, while on either side were slender bay-windows of varied forms. Through the open gate below, the green foliage of the garden made a pleasing note in the expanse of red. The beauty of this façade was greatly enhanced by the fantastic shadows thrown on the flat walls by these various projections. Beyond this building the road passes under a sulphur-tinted arch, forming part of a house lavishly sculptured and frescoed. We had ascertained by inquiry that there was as yet no "Residency," and that this road led to the camp where the Political Agent was living in tents. Presently it led us into what looked like the outskirts of a country fair or a colossal travelling show. Booths and tents became thicker on both sides; there were itinerant mer-

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chants, sweetmeat-sellers, grooms leading blanketed horses, an elephant or two divested of their gaudy overcoats and busily tucking away vast quantities of forage; a number of riding-camels were tethered in one place, and pompous chamberlains in scarlet and gold liveries strutted about with tall silver maces. Over the tops of the tents a showily decorated and galleried wooden structure, like the grand stand at a race-course, rose in the background. We were directed to the tent of the Political Agent, where I sent in my card by the bearer. Should one's first initiation into tent life have been in Palestine, he may remember that it was fairly comfortable; in Persia, both comfortable and decorative; but not until he reaches India will he find its highest development, and it is within the limits of possibility that he may come to regard a house, which has always the same outlook from the windows, and which cannot be folded up and set down again in a new landscape, as vastly inferior to a tent. A canvas corridor led into the grateful obscurity of the inner sanctum, where a double roof kept out the glare and the heat of the sun.

I found the Agent sitting at a table littered with books and papers, and although in this instance an introduction of some sort would have facilitated matters, our mission was soon explained. He rode over on the following morning to my quarters, while I was sketching in the town, and in the afternoon one of the Rajah's carriages came to take us to the castle. The two syces who ran in front to clear the way had work to do, for Jodhpore streets were not intended for wheeled vehicles; and, fortunately for the Jodhpore world, visitors do not often invade its narrow bazars, for all business seemed to be suspended during our transit, and we felt like apologizing to the citizens for disturbing the placid current of their daily life. As there was no pavement, even of the most rudimentary sort, the wheels sank noiselessly in the deep sand, and much shouting and brandishing of sticks were necessary to warn the people of our approach. The crowds dissolved noiselessly in front, and the various units of which they were constituted backed up in rows against walls and doorways or the parapets of water-tanks, forgetting for a moment their Rajpoot dignity, their traffic and gossiping, but placing themselves so as to have a good view of us; the little milk-white bullocks, humpbacked and sacred as they were, had to be ignominiously hustled off on one side, often at great risk to their slender hind legs; droves of donkeys, loaded with sand or stone or firewood, were driven down side alleys or up on doorsteps; and sometimes a philanthropic Brahmin would swoop down in front of the horses, regardless of peril, to rescue some heedless puppy from the wheels. Through the dust in front we could discern frightened camels rearing and bucking, and finally bolting off with their riders, while nothing could induce the buffaloes to stand their ground and face the onset of the running syces shouting the sahib comes—he comes! he comes!

We halted in a small open square near a water-tank surrounded by temples. Here we had to get down, as the causeway which led up to the castle was too steep for the carriage. At the beginning of the ascent we passed under an outer tower guarded by soldiers, between heavy gates thickly covered with long spikes, and closed by an enormous bolt fully two feet in length. The road, becoming steeper as we mounted, was paved with slippery slabs of stone, and in many places the sloping ledges had been smoothed over, leaving a natural pavement. Parties of dashing cavaliers, arrayed in brocade or fine muslin, each with his little turban so placed as not to hide the handiwork of the Rajpoot barber, galloped or trotted past us, keeping their seats with jaunty ease in spite of the treacherous stones. At the top of the first rise a tall yellow gateway spanned the road, showing a patch of deep blue sky under the arch, and overhung by the jutting red windows of the palace. A sharp turn to the right brought us to the inner barbican of the citadel and the entrance of the palace itself; a few old palanquins and dilapidated elephant-howdahs were piled up on the ramp in front. Within the shadow of the arch we found a museum of antiquated fire-arms: matchlocks and shields were hung on the guard-house walls, and there were curious swivel-guns and mountain-batteries, formerly carried on the backs of elephants and camels—rows of musket-barrels, six or eight in number, strapped down on a thick plank, so that they might be fired at once, but it must have taken patience to load them in the face of a charging enemy. From the

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group of soldiers and retainers lounging within the recess of the gate-tower, or lying stretched at ease on charpies, a carelessly dressed fellow, who seemed nevertheless superior in rank to the others, came out and offered to do the honors of the palace. But there was a lurking drollery in his manner, which seemed to say that he was playing the part of guide mainly for his own inward entertainment. When we saw him the next day, blazing with scarlet and gold, riding at the head of the Rajah's cavalry escort, we congratulated ourselves on not having offered him "bucksheesh," which, however, he would probably have pocketed as part of the farce. Beyond the gate we came to a battery defended by a row of extraordinary pieces of ordnance, which must have been as old as the Spanish Armada at least; these guns were fashioned in the likeness of crocodiles, marine monsters, or crouching tigers, and mounted on dilapidated and decaying carriages. One or two of them, more conventional in form, were of enormous size.

From the edge of the terrace, which was simply a platform of the natural rock, and without rail or parapet, we looked down full four hundred feet, past the white backs of the wheeling vultures, on the flat roofs of Jodhpore, and far abroad over the barren plains. Directly below us were the tanks, two squares of intense blue, reflecting the sky overhead; and as we turned back, the great red palace, a vast collection of grated stone windows, seemed to hang above us like a pile of ornamental bird-cages. A few steps led up to an open court, or rather terrace, overlooked on three sides by the latticed cages. According to report, some hundred ladies of the late Rajah's household are still sheltered behind these perforated prison walls, but they gave no sign of their presence. The pavement was partly covered by a faded but beautiful old carpet; and crossing an elevated marble platform, we entered by a low door of repoussé silver-work the wilderness of courts and cloisters, of narrow corridors and pillared halls and little boudoirs, where the delicate stone tracery of the windows softened like a filmy veil the light of the vast canopy of sky and the far-reaching desert landscape. One long dim chamber, with two richly furnished beds, was hung, walls and pillars alike, with old portraits of the emperors and the kings of Delhi, by native artists. We came out at last in a small marble court at the top of the palace, which was partly open to the sky, and which had been a favorite sleeping-room of the old Rajah. Mirrors, more or less tarnished, were fixed in the walls on every side, and suspended from the roof by chains hung a swinging bed of heavy silver, on which were piled the embroidered cushions as they were left by the last occupant, but now frayed and dusty with time and neglect. When we had returned to the city, through the many gates, down the slippery causeway, stopping again and again to enjoy the changing panorama, and found the carriage waiting in the square among the temples, the sun was already sinking; and as we drove back through the red sand of the city the passing figures of people and the tall camels, each with a pair of riders sociably swaying in unison, one behind the other, with the same rhythmic and regular movement, loomed up through a haze of golden dust, which shone like an aureole behind their heads: the silhouettes of those in the track of the sun were quite enveloped in the glory of light, while those nearest us and in the shadow reflected the pale violet and lilac hues of the eastern sky. The streets were as free from the noise of traffic which one is accustomed to associate with a crowded quarter as the waterways of Venice: our wheels made no noise as they sank in the sand, there was no sound of footfalls, so that the voices of the people chaffering, laughing, or disputing were preternaturally clear and distinct; and when for a moment these sounds died away, the silent hurrying figures seen through the haze, mingled with the pungent aromatic smoke of the brush fires, seemed like dream-people, intangible and unreal.

The market-place, a vast parallelogram of sand in the centre of the town, is enclosed by low white arcades, entered by four gates, and swarming with life on two or three days in the week. From this point one has the most impressive view of the castle. Just beyond the arcades rises the steep bare precipice, defended in places by castellated forts; the precipice merges into a white wall of colossal height, partly of masonry and partly the rock itself; and above the wall rises the castle, like a compact walled city, with pointed spires of temples, tall battlemented towers, and its multitude of red latticed windows.

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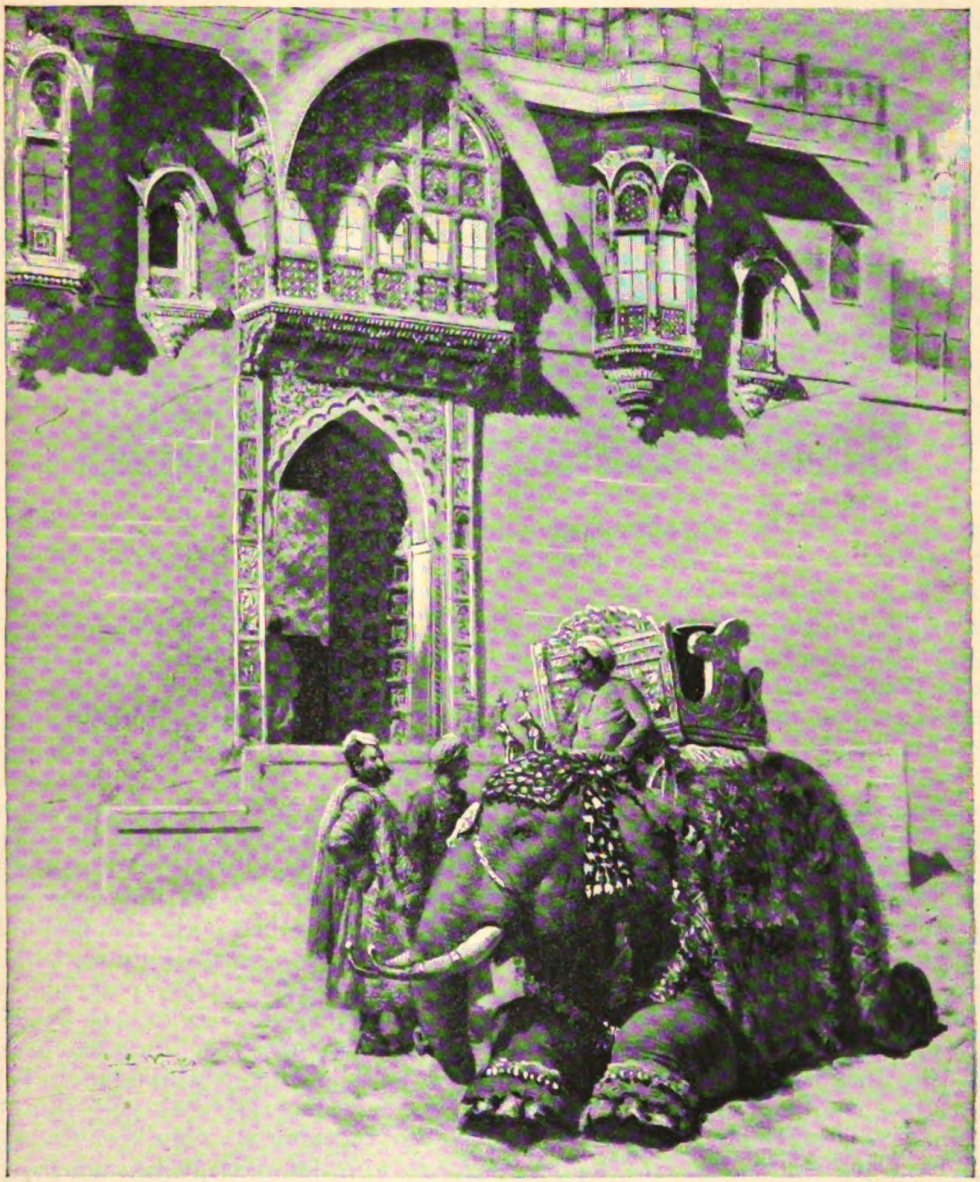

PALACE WINDOWS, JODHPORE.

IV.

BIKANIR IN 1893.

At the Colonial Exhibition in London some years ago there was a collection of large photographs which looked as if they might have been taken in the days of Saladin. One of them represented a group of warriors in shirts of chain mail and steel bascinets, mounted on camels, and armed with lances, drawn up in line in front of a vast palace standing alone in a plain of sand. They proved upon inquiry to have been taken at Bikanir, a place which no one seemed to know anything about, except that it was the capital of an ancient Rajpoot state, in the midst of a waterless desert, very far from anything else, and difficult of access. Just before my arrival in India last year the Jodhpore State Railway had been extended to Bikanir, and through trains had been put on, running from Marwar Junction to Bikanir in twenty-seven hours, more or less. Having ascertained that the necessary bungalow existed, and could be occupied "by order of the Regency Council," I decided to avail myself of an opportunity which might not come twice.

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WATCHING THE TRAIN.

At night, Marwar Junction, January 15, 1893.—A crowd of squatting figures, most of them in dirty white raiment, are grouped around the flaring torches of sweetmeat-venders and others who sell "chupatties," hot and greasy, or ladle out a thick white paste from iron pots. An occasional sharp cry of anguish escapes from an inquisitive pariah dog who has pushed his investigations too far. Near by there is a covered waiting-place for third-class passengers, where they all squat or recline, closely huddled together, men, women, and babies, behind the stone arches of the open arcade, lighted by two dim lanterns. Just before the arrival of the mail-train a short portly Babu, with pen behind his ear, stations himself at the gate, ticket-punch in hand. The gate-posts are iron rails stuck in the ground, and the barrier is constructed of two telegraph wires strung from post to post. A fierce rush takes place when the gate is opened. But the entrance is only wide enough for one to pass at a time, and the Babu, like brave Horatius, holds his own against the tide until the arrival of two black-bearded policemen armed with rattans. On comes the struggling horde of third-class passengers, those behind pushing the foremost into the breach where only one may pass, a sea of swarthy faces with glittering eyes which stand out in the circle of light from the lantern in startling relief against the blackness of the night. Many of these faces have an almost tragic intensity of expression—there are momentary gleams of rage, despair, anxiety, fatalistic resignation. All of these people are loaded down with burdens; some carry huge bundles of bedding, guns, and sabres, others brandish umbrellas; rounded arms sheathed to the shoulder in lacquer bracelets protrude here and there from the seething mass; babies are tightly held and shrouded behind embroidered shawls. But the Babu spares neither age, sex, nor caste, neither the orange-clothed fakir with painted face nor the women weighed down with bundles, babies, and brazen pots, and while they fumble for their tickets the policemen rain blows with their canes on the shoulders of the pushing mob behind. Many faces express positive fear, and one patient old man, who has been thrust back again and again, is pushed forward into the opening by the pressure from behind, but is forced to bide his time while the Babu puts on his turban, which had fallen off in the fray. He represents the government with official severity, and when once the gate is closed in the faces of those who are unprovided with tickets, or who have lost them, protestations and despairing gestures are vain, no explanations are listened to, and the Babu saunters off serenely to the platform, where the steady jingle of the electric bell announces the approach of the train.

V.

The Jodhpore and Bikanir mail left at the usual early hour. I was fortunate enough to find an empty compartment, and, in fact, there was no other European

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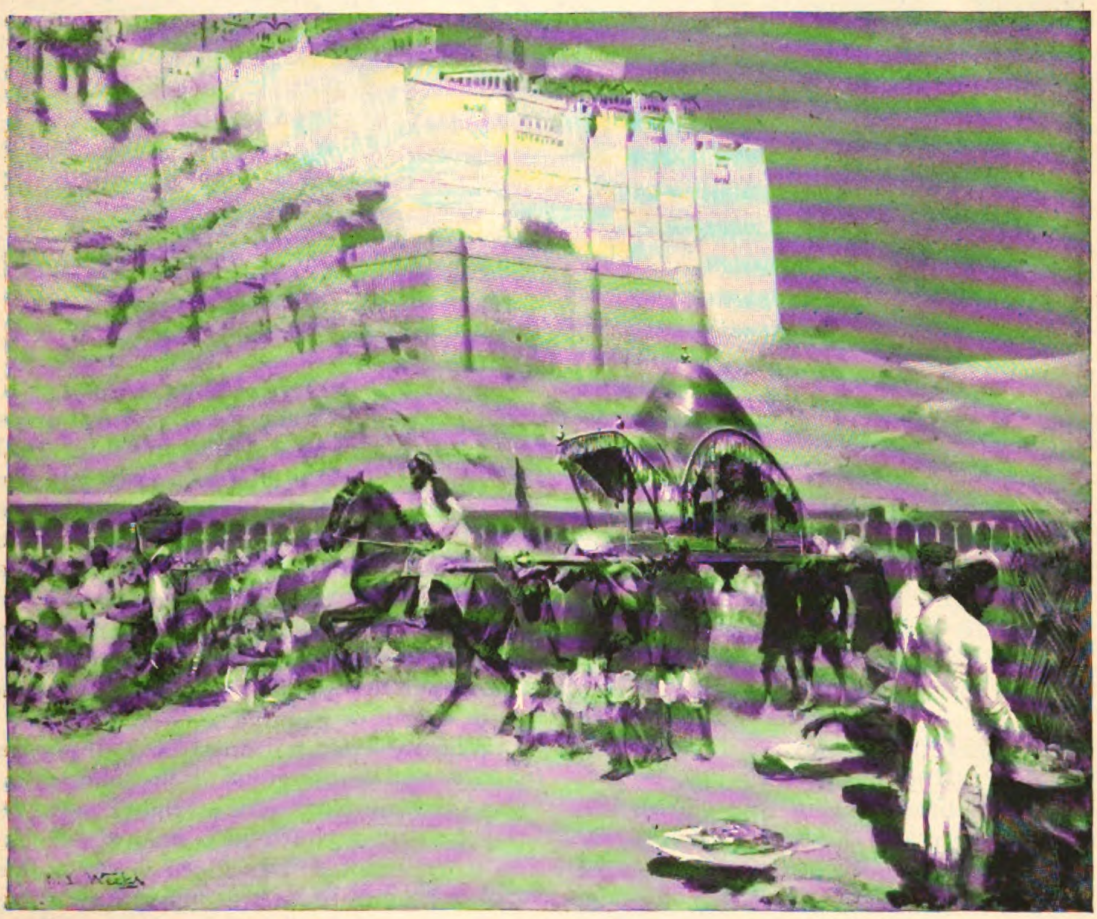
on the train. The life along the road had lost nothing of its primitive character. At "Metra Road" some belated passengers mounted on camels were hurrying to catch the train along the sandy track which led from the distant village. They were perched high up on the double-seated saddles of the country, and each pair of riders clung fraternally to each other as they bobbed up and down, keeping time to the bone-breaking strides of their camels. While the master, wearing the jaunty little Jodhpore turban above his well-oiled locks, sat in front, the servant took the back seat, holding aloft in one hand the family "hookah." At the station the camels knelt down, bubbling and moaning, while their riders descended and hurried in to buy their tickets. Here the guard telegraphed to Jodhpore, that tiffin might be ready on our arrival; for should one neglect to take this precaution he would probably find nothing to eat but oranges and fat "chupatties," and to drink, only coffee-colored water poured from goat-skins. Everywhere in India, and more particularly in these native states, people are in the habit of carrying about with them considerable live-stock of various kinds. To be more specific, I refer to the mammals and birds trained to assist in the capture of game. The railway hand-books abound with curious information and rules interesting to the naturalist. "Sheep, pigs, goats, calves, if sent singly, small tame *deer*, etc., and *tiger*, *panther*, and *cheetah cubs* in cages, and which are so young as to be harmless, if carried by passenger trains, are charged at double the *dog* rates for each animal." "Cats, ferrets, mongooses, monkeys, and rabbits, secured with a collar and chain, are chargeable as dogs."*

Prudent natives, when shifting their

* "Camels and elephants are not booked except under special arrangements." Another item refers to "cremated sacred relics" (Allahabad *Pioneer*). "Human ashes in dust-tight cases, fifth class, or ditto securely packed in air-tight cases, by passenger train at full passenger rates, but when accompanying passengers, at luggage rates."



CASTLE OF THE RAJAHS OF JODHPORE.

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quarters during the snake season, frequently take along the family mongoose as a precautionary measure. For those unfamiliar with this unprepossessing but harmless little beast it may be here remarked that he belongs to the ichneumon caste, and as his vocation is the killing of snakes, he is everywhere a welcome visitor. He looks something like an under-sized otter, is quick and spasmodic in his movements, and is often found under the bed in a long-vacant Dâk bungalow, whence he suddenly scuttles away as the door is opened, and disappears with a whisk of his tail in the chimney-place or down the nearest hole.

FIRST-CLASS COMPARTMENT ON THE ROAD TO BIKANIR.

At one station four coolies passed along the platform carrying aloft a "charpie," on which reposed a cheetah, chained and blindfolded. When we first caught sight of him he was sitting up like a cat, with his ears lying flat against his head, wearing the sulky and injured look which all felines have under adverse circumstances. A few passengers who got off before we reached Jodhpore were provided with falcons and hawks, some of them so large and bulky as to be rather unwieldy; and while these passengers fumbled for their tickets, the birds sat on their shoulders, or balanced themselves on their voluminous turbans. The train reached Jodhpore at noon, and made a long halt. In the little restaurant tiffin for one was ready on the table, and for the sum of one rupee was uncommonly liberal in quantity. Ham and eggs, chops, and a broiled chicken were the principal items which were inscribed on the unvarying bill of fare framed and hung on the wall. The environs of the station were hardly recognizable, so great had been the change in six years. Where all had been sand before there were now dense gardens, and the dark and glossy green foliage tempered the rawness of the new stone houses which had sprung up on every side. Had it not been for the distant castle and the desert ridge, one might have fancied one's self in some new suburban town of the far West. From this point on, the line is new, and after leaving the station we passed close to the modern palace of the Rajah, built of dark red stone, with innumerable white cupolas, and covering a great extent of ground.

While the train waited at Jodhpore a portly and consequential personage entered the compartment, attended as far as the door by a youth in a crimson frock-coat ornamented with black velvet collar and cuffs and brass buttons, and wearing yellow plaid breeches and a scarlet turban. The personage wore gold rings on his

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THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS.

toes as well as in his ears, and he was followed by several retainers, who spread out his bedding on the opposite divan, and after making him comfortable they all left for their own compartments.

Either from curiosity, or from a desire to be agreeable—for the Indian who has not travelled much in English-speaking countries still considers it a mark of courtesy to show an interest in his fellow-man—my *vis-à-vis* proceeded to open a conversation. Motee, who had been installed on the platform, was called in to interpret, and having explained my object in visiting Bikanir to my fellow-traveller, he announced himself to be a member of the Regency Council of that state. Now there is one thing in which the Indian caste system is more fortunate than ours. He who is born to the purple wears his birthright emblazoned on his forehead in the shape of a caste-mark. He has besides a distinguishing costume, and moreover his face shows the hereditary stamp of his race, so that there is no mistaking any one of baser origin for a member of that limited but august order. Either his dress or his caste-mark is equivalent to the legend sometimes seen on patent-medicine bottles, "To imitate this is felony," and indeed it would be felony of the deepest dye, unpardonable in this world or the next, to infringe on the Rajpoot patent of nobility. During our journey to Bikanir the councillor frequently partook of food, strange homœopathic little messes of yellow paste, pomegranate seeds, and sliced cucumbers in small glass dishes, while he gossiped with his "bearer," who served them on a tray at his feet. When time hung heavy on his hands he would get up and change some article of clothing, and late in the afternoon his servants brought him an entire outfit, assisting him first to pull off his thin under-vest, showing an expanse of glossy brown skin. They then proceeded to wind him up in a long piece of warm-tinted white muslin of delicate filmy texture, and bordered with red. This function, like exercise, seemed to renew his appetite, and he had another "go" at the little glass dishes. A sliding-door at one end of the compartment opened on to a narrow platform with a leather seat at each end, which could be opened across the platform or shut down against the rail when not in use. Prior to the advent of my fellow-traveller I had occupied the time either with writing inside, or had found absorbing interest in the pages of the *Tragic Muse*,* in the intervals of studying the

* The railway book-stall at Ajmeer is quite up to date as regards recent literature, and our own popular authors, together with Kipling and Tolstoï, seem to be the favorites.

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landscape from the platform seat. As there was room enough for both of us outside, we now studied it together; what he thought of it I know not. It certainly was monotonous, and grim enough it would have seemed under any other heaven than the soft winter sky of India; and although far from being a desert at this season, it must look parched and burned up indeed when the hot winds sweep across it in the spring-time, and every spot of green has disappeared. In the long dry stretches of jungle-grass herds of antelopes or gazelles were browsing, seldom showing any fear at the approach of the train, and lifting up their heads to look, or racing along for a few rods, springing clear of the grass at each bound, and pausing in wonder, with their slender ears at right angles, when they began to lose ground. At sundown the train waited for a time at a small station in what appeared to be open country, for no town or village was visible in any direction. Two women and a little girl got down and sat in the sand near the platform, while their male attendant packed up their voluminous bedding and bundles, together with pots, kettles, and swords. Both ladies were young and richly costumed, judging from the bits of embroidery, jewelry, and innumerable bangles which were revealed when for a moment they drew aside the transparent shawls with which they veiled their faces. Their persistence in keeping their faces covered, and their small hands and feet, showed that they belonged to a higher caste than the man. The demure little girl was so laden with ornaments that she looked like a jewelled idol. When everything had been packed, and the bundles of bedding placed on a low two-wheeled cart drawn by milk-white bullocks, they all mounted and drove away into the open country toward the red western sky.

We were to arrive at Bikanir in the small hours of the early morning, and as the January nights are cold at this latitude,* I had told Motee not to let them rout me up before 8 A.M.

But little of the city can be seen from the station—only the massive outer walls and gateways, and the outline of a strangely shaped, almost pyramidal gray tower.

At Bikanir.—A foot-path through sand and low scrub led to the bungalow. It was liberally, not to say palatially, furnished in comparison with the average Indian hotel. A number of glass doors opened from the veranda into a large common room, and there were glass doors on the three other sides. The state seemed to have furnished its guest-house as if to attract a class of visitors accustomed to lavish profusion in the matter of tables and chairs, but who expected nothing to eat, for there was neither cook nor khansamah. Drawn up sociably in front of the fireplace were two roomy lounges, and an ornamental "causeuse" occupied the centre of the room. A varied assortment of arm-chairs and tables was scattered about; the tall, gaudily colored cut-glass lamps, the table service, and plated silver all looked as if ordered without regard to expense, while the two sleeping-rooms also contained a superabundance of furniture. I had neglected to provide myself with letters, having decided to make the trip only at the last moment, and if Motee had not unexpectedly proclaimed his skill as a cook, I should have been obliged to wire down to Jodhpore for something to eat, or appeal to the Resident. He, however, kindly offered me a letter to the chief of the Regency Council, actually the head of the state during the minority of the Rajah, who was still a school-boy at Ajmeer. The great fortress and palace of Bikanir bring to mind the Arab proverb concerning "the prince who builds a palace and ruins a city," for, as is frequently the case in Rajpootana, its magnitude is out of all proportion to the size of the city grouped about it. Although placed on the same level as the town, and without the advantages of an elevated position, like the castles of Jodhpore and Gwalior, it is still an imposing and magnificent pile. Surrounded by massive sloping walls, with embrasures for cannon, and entered by a drawbridge crossing a wide moat, and guarded by sentinels, who present arms as the carriage rattles over it into the gate between two round flanking towers, it looks quite fit to sustain a siege. Over the entrance rises a tall clock-tower, and beyond are gates within gates, opening into narrow courts, some of them with whitened walls, and others displaying great frescoes of tiger-hunts or triumphal processions. At the last gate two life-sized elephants carved in stone and gaudily painted, each with his mahout astride of his neck, stood facing

* Bikanir lies on the twenty-eighth parallel, north latitude.

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each other; they resembled on a larger scale the painted toys sold in Bombay shops. Towering many stories above the court-yard rose the façade of the palace, with endless tiers of latticed galleries shaded by faded red curtains. Hundreds of vultures and crows circled above, or lighted on the pinnacles and domes which broke the regularity of the sky-line. The highest point of all was a sloping pyramidal roof of blue glazed tiles. Passing through still another gate, we found the chief in his office, protected by a sign with the legend "No Admittance." He was a perfect type of the veteran statesman; his English was unimpeachable; but what I remember most vividly at the present moment was a certain charm of manner peculiar to the cultured Oriental. When I asked him about his camel cavalry, he rang a little electric bell and sent off a servant, who presently reappeared with some superb photographs representing the whole regiment drawn up in the desert, but in place of the steel veiled and armored bandits were stalwart troopers uniformed and turbaned like her Majesty's Sikhs. He presented me with a hand-book to Bikanir written by himself in English, and, accompanied by a custodian, we set out on a tour of the palace. It is highly improbable that any European has ever seen the whole of a Rajah's palace, unless it be one that is uninhabited, but the number of apartments shown are sufficiently bewildering to leave only the most confused impressions, and of this palace in particular I retain a distinct recollection of only two or three rooms. There were several janitors, each having charge of a series of apartments opening on a court, for the most part venerable old men decorated with huge yellow caste-marks, and each carried, depending from a ring at his girdle, a great bunch of long steel slips curiously notched, with which he opened successive doors quite as if he were performing a religious ceremony of great solemnity. Opening on to the highest terrace of all there were two *salons* or sleeping-rooms, for there were beds in both, which were curiously interesting on account of the piquant blending of Eastern art with the products of Western taste. Both rooms were lighted from a narrow exterior gallery, which seemed almost to overhang the boundless red desert, and the sunshine which filtered through stained glass, filling the interstices of the lattice-work, fell on the minutely painted walls of the gallery and inlaid ivory doors of the inner room. Flowery but faded European carpets covered the floors within, and the furniture, mahogany and brass and rose-colored damask, had the stamp of the First Empire. In one corner stood a bedstead with silver legs of Indian design; but what gave to the place its peculiar *cachet* was its collection of exotic curiosities grouped on the tables, and carefully protected by glass globes. There was a ship under full sail tossing on a stormy sea of green glass, a swallow embalmed among gilt flowers, and a leathery and hairless stuffed cat playing on a harp. There was also an abundance of clocks, one of the familiar Connecticut brand with pointed apex, but with one of its pinnacles missing, and another clock placed in the broad stomach of a jovial sailor.

AT A WAY-STATION NEAR BIKANIR.

In the new section of the palace the court-yard just above the great outer keep

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is still unfinished, and the arcades, richly sculptured in relief, although certainly not Indian in design, are strangely original and not unpleasing. We entered from this court the new series of apartments, which had been furnished apparently by a London upholsterer. New and smart furniture in unimpeachable London taste filled the great drawing-room, and there were hanging-shelves and étagères which might have come from Maple's. A large photograph of the Queen-Empress was displayed on a table, and the carpets alone had a taint of the East. They were made in the Bikanir jail, woven from ancient Persian designs, following the original models with absolute fidelity both in color and pattern, and were shaped to fit each nook and recessed window. The vast palace-yard, beyond the elephant-gate, seemed to be the centre of life, and was never quiet at any hour of the day. Groups of servants, soldiers, and retainers were continually passing in and out, while here and there a little knot of men, liveried in scarlet and yellow or in white, squatted on their heels around the bubbling hookah, and each group formed the nucleus of a changing crowd; for all appeared to have abundance of leisure, and each loiterer stopped to gossip a moment as he passed through the court. At times there was a wild outburst of barking from the swarm of pariah dogs and puppies in all stages of growth which were scattered about the place; countless pigeons, kites, buzzards, crows, and vultures were ceaselessly whirling about, or settling on the projecting cornices of the palace, and filling the air with the noise of their wings, their shrill screams, and never-ending clamor. Just before noon a burst of barbaric music was added by way of interlude to this intermittent concert, preceded by a prolonged and ear-piercing blowing of horns and trumpets; towards sunset a service of some kind was celebrated by the orange-robed priests of the little temple, accompanied by a harmonious and distant chanting of boyish voices. Three great elephants drawn up in line awaited us on our return to the bungalow, and the scarlet of their robes burned like a flame against the green foliage. They had been trained to raise their trunks and bellow forth a most effective salute.

The streets of the town—and particularly the ornate little houses carved in red sandstone—while they have a general resemblance to those of Jodhpore, have yet a distinct local character. It would seem as if the citizens had built their houses of sand, and had caused the desert to bloom, as it were, into this florid efflorescence of delicate arabesques and fan-

MARKET-PLACE, BIKANIR.

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PALACE OF THE RAJAH OF BIKANIR.

ciful sculptured ornament, for all is of the same color and texture as the sand of the streets. An equally strange and persistent impression remained that the houses of this remote capital had a certain affinity with our own, as if some appreciative native had recently visited America and had brought back with him the idea of the artistic little homes of Boston or Philadelphia, and had been particularly struck with the deeply recessed front door and the steps leading up to it. Upon this fundamental idea he had engrafted the elaborate surface decoration of Hindoo artisans, and had thrown out his bay-windows on the story above.

Although many of them may be of ancient date, a still greater number have been recently built, and indicate a certain degree of financial prosperity; and yet, as at Oudeypore, there seem to be few if any manufactures, and but little commerce with the world beyond the sands. Vacant wall spaces, as elsewhere, are often

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stuccoed and made interesting by frescoes representing the usual rampant elephants and tiger-hunts. One frequently recurring theme, which shows, in spite of what the Rajpoot nobility may secretly believe, that we are all of the same Aryan stock, represents a sort of Noah's ark riding on a stormy sea of deepest indigo; on the hurricane-deck are stiffly seated a company of Bikanir gentlemen, complacently looking down at the unfortunate beings of lower castes who are vainly struggling with the waves. The people have a way of keeping what at first sight appear to be their dining-tables in front of their houses or in the middle of the street when not in use, and congregating thereon for purposes of social intercourse and for playing little games which resemble chess. These tables, or rather lounging-places—which also serve as refuges for street dogs in the heat of the day, who shelter themselves in their shadow—are solidly supported on turned legs like pillars, and are capable of holding up a number of people; they are substantial enough to resist the onsets of galloping heifers, which use the street as a play-ground, and are not to be kicked over by every passing stray camel.

The "corrugated iron age" has already dawned upon this city, remote as it is from all centres of culture. One or two little kiosks of this cheap but inconceivably ugly material have made their appearance in the palace-grounds, and foreshadow in a sadly prophetic way the architectural future of India. But as yet they have not begun to cover the verandas of whole bazars with corrugated iron roofing, as at Alwar and Delhi. Every cheap reproduction of conventional ornamental forms which can be cast in metal and multiplied to infinity has a baleful fascination for the average native mind, always quick to seize upon any new evidence of progress. These isolated signs of Western influence are rare, however, and as one follows the narrow foot-path along the battlemented walls of the city there is nothing to arrest the eye in all the expanse of sand which surrounds it, and which seems as limitless as the Sahara itself.

VI.

Jeypore is, of all others, the city which is shown to strangers as an example of prosperous native rule. It has two hotels, a college, a church (which, according to Murray, is an architectural gem), a hospital, a school of arts, and a "Medical Hall," which, in the vernacular, is the title applied by the ambitious native apothecary to his place of business. The hotel to which we were consigned was so far from the city that, rather than wait for a carriage, we set out on foot to discover it for ourselves.

In the red haze of the winter morning the shrouded figures, closely shawled and wrapped in wadded coverlets, hurrying along the sandy road under the continuous arch of trees, appeared to feel the cold keenly, and so many of them had their jaws bound up in handkerchiefs that we could not but ask if neuralgic toothache had taken an epidemic form in Jeypore; another delusion was dispelled when we were informed that it was only their way of training their beards to branch out horizontally in the Rajpoot manner, for we had, in our ignorance, ascribed this local fashion to some physiological peculiarity of the race.

There was a hut by the road-side where two or three lynxes dwelt in the company of their keeper; these animals were being educated for hunting purposes, and one of them, apparently recovering from an indisposition, was lying, wrapped in a wadded blanket, on a bed in front of the door, and when we returned, in the heat of the day, his keeper was fanning him with tender solicitude. The main avenues of Jeypore cross each other at right angles, forming at their intersections large and imposing squares, where are fountains or tanks. Around these centres temples and palaces are grouped, and the broad avenues seem to vanish in perspective. Inasmuch as the idea still prevails on the Continent that all this country is quite on a par with the Congo Valley, it is interesting to know that these boulevards, well kept and lighted at night, existed a hundred years before such avenues were dreamed of in Europe. Upon a closer inspection of the regular and continuous façades which line them, houses, temples, and palaces alike look strangely thin and unstable, like the work of a scene-painter, and when a door is opened or shut one almost expects to see the whole fabric shake and quiver, or to see it rolled back to disclose something more wonderful behind. This appearance of unreality is due to the fact that the fronts

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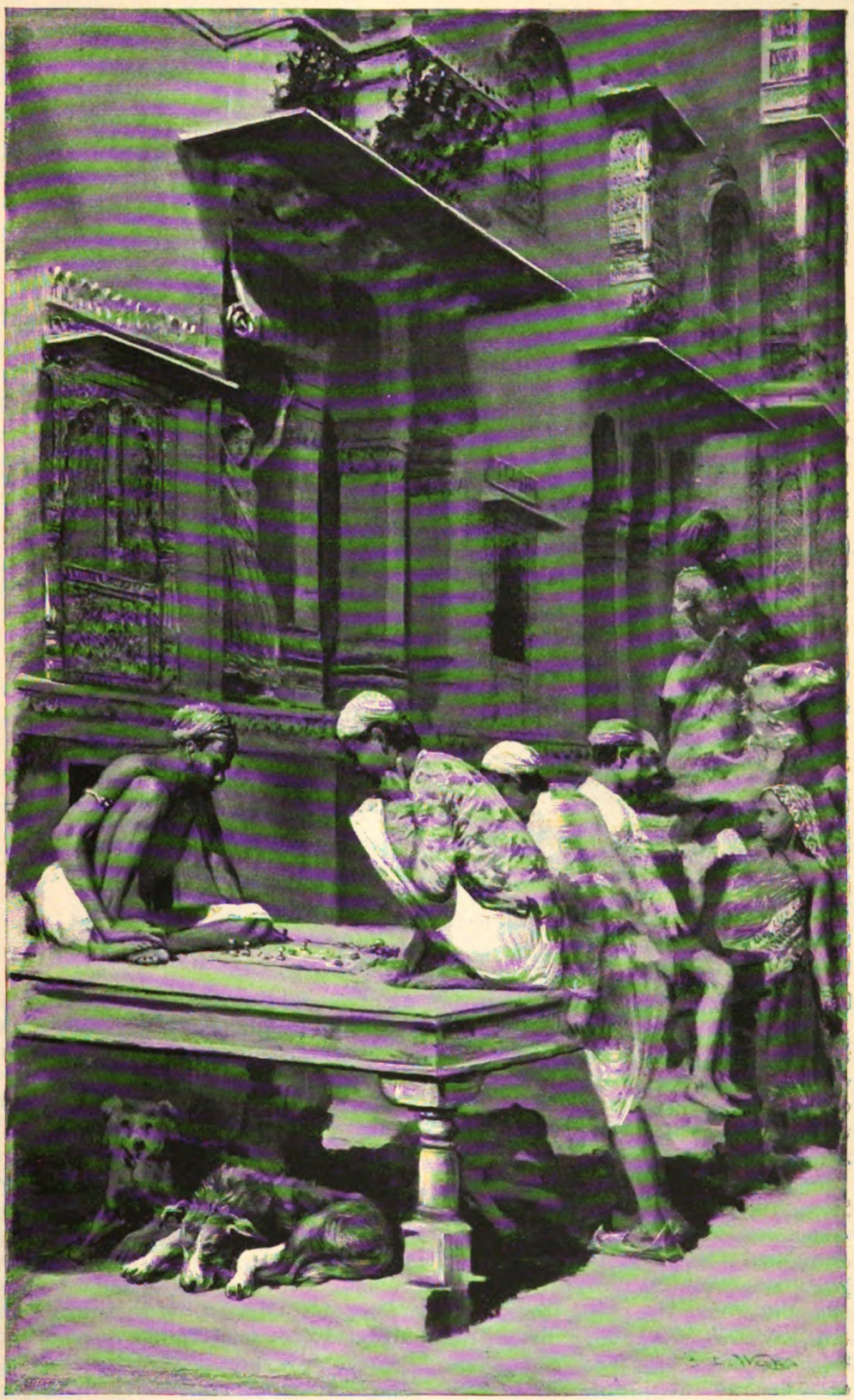

STREET IN BIKANIR.

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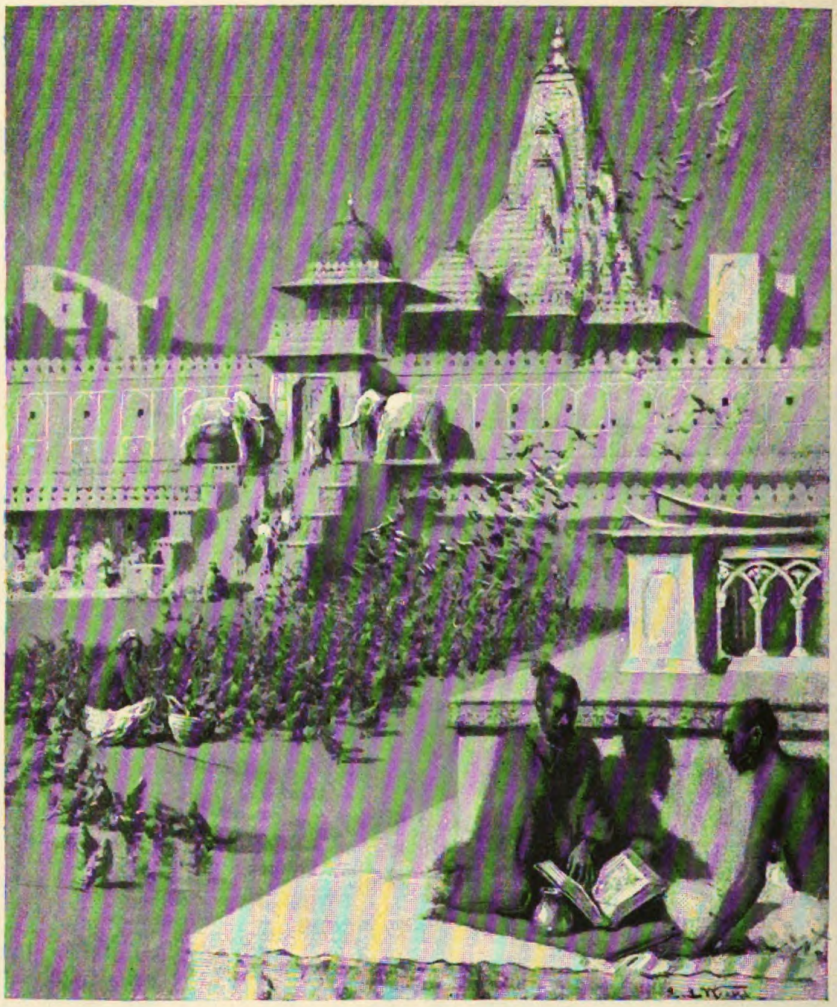

FEEDING THE SACRED PIGEONS, JEYPORE.

of all these edifices are roughly stuccoed and washed with a pale pink tone, on which are rudely frescoed white lines and uncertain arabesques, and they have, to a degree, the effect of carelessly painted canvas. But they are, notwithstanding, built of stone, and often mask really beautiful doorways and court-yards of white marble. An hour or so before sunset all this quarter is crowded with idlers; with itinerant merchants and hucksters, who display their wares on the ground or in little booths under the great trees; with daintily barbered and immaculate court nobles, and others who pass in carriages followed by mounted dragoons; great elephants robed in scarlet, each with a clanging bell hanging on one side to warn the riders of timid horses, pass slowly through the crowd; and well-groomed white or piebald horses, their necks maintained at the requisite curve by an embroidered scarf in lieu of check-rein, are also walked out for exercise. Here, too, may be seen lynxes and blind-folded cheetahs* taking the air, and held in leash by their keepers; and at times myriads of pigeons, which are daily fed by the fakirs and maintained at the public expense, cover the ground like a blue carpet, or rise up with a deafening whir of wings. One thinks at once of the pigeons of St. Mark's, but their numbers are far greater. One of the most attractive resorts of Jeypore is the great public garden, containing an aviary and a handsome modern palace or two, and which, as a piece of artistic landscape-gardening, would be remarkable in any city. When

* The hunting-leopard of India.

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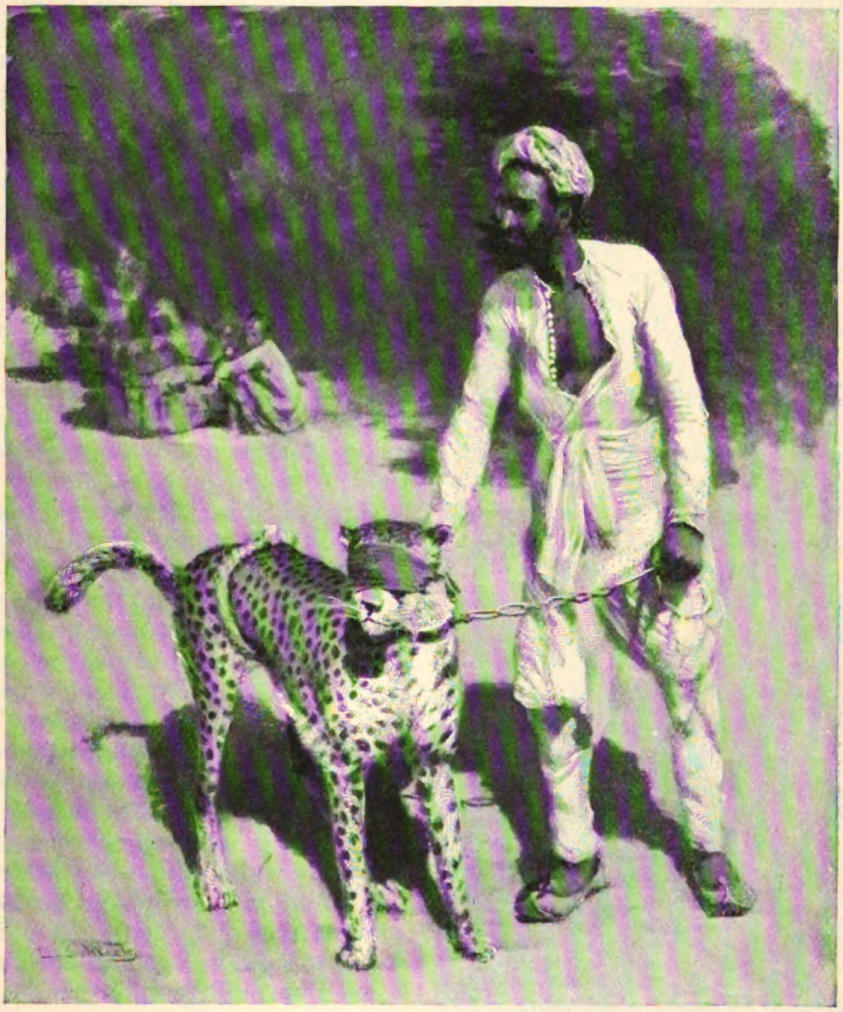
we drove out from the town to visit the ancient capital and palace of Amber, deserted by Jey Singh in 1728 for the more modern town of Jeypore, our way lay through a suburb of ruined and mouldering palaces, tombs, and garden-houses, half hidden among great trees and thickets of rank undergrowth, where colonies of peacocks strutted along the weed-grown and blackened walls, and added their harsh screams to the shrill cries of the countless green parróts.



CHEETAH AND KEEPER, JEYPORE.

At a point of the road where it became too steep for the carriage we found an elephant waiting for us, and the slow majesty of his progress upward through a wild and rocky landscape seemed to aid and give a touch of reality to the impression that we were leaving the present and going backward into the past. Few landscapes in India are more striking than the spot where one first comes in sight of the palace, rising against a barren ridge, and repeated in every detail in the glassy lake below, which is bordered by gardens with terraces and kiosks of red stone. The deserted city, lying along the gorge at the foot of the cliffs, does not give one so much the impression of a once populous capital that has been abandoned forever as of a place where the people had fallen asleep, and one would not be at all surprised to see them pour out from the house doors in the "painted streets" and throng the empty bazars and temple courts, or to hear again the din of metal-workers in the silent shops. But the palace, to which we mount by a narrow and winding path

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hewn in the rock, is still occupied from time to time as a royal residence, and is guarded by a few retainers, and as we ascend we meet some of them, armed with swords and leather bucklers. The upper or grand court-yard of Amber combines such wealth of artistic decoration, and is placed in such a marvellous setting of landscape, that one instinctively wonders whether such combinations, which occur so often in India, can be due to happy accident, or whether the builders had cunningly taken advantage of every favoring circumstance of nature. To admit the latter hypothesis would be to acknowledge once and forever their artistic supremacy, and it is easier to maintain that they "builded better than they knew." The great gateway of the palace, elaborately painted with conventional designs, relieved by white marble and plaques of alabaster inlaid with symbolic figures in enamel and gold, and lightened by panels and transparent screens of red stone, showing the blue of the sky behind, has the rich tone of a faded cashmere shawl. As we stand in front of it, an open, many-pillared hall rises on our left, with heavy sculptured brackets adorning the capitals. This entire edifice is covered with white chunam, which has been scraped away from one column, revealing the highly polished porphyry beneath. When one stands at the parapet near by and looks down, the eye ranges over the lower court-yard just below, over the white walls and crenellated towers of the outer keep, to the little lake sleeping at the bottom of the ravine, and across it to the wooded and rocky range of hills; and through a gap in these hills other ranges appear, and beyond them the cloud-flecked rolling uplands and the summer clouds. Many birds are flitting in and out through the arcades, pigeons are cooing, and the flocks of sleek green parrots keep up a continual screaming and bickering. There was a table in the centre of the pillared hall, where we were accustomed to lunch among these feathered intruders. The most persistently familiar of all was a small songster resembling a nightingale, which sat quietly on the back of a chair, and when encouraged by our tranquillity would walk about the table and help himself to the crumbs. In the innermost court, in the shadow of a white marble pavilion shaded by red curtains, one or two men and boys armed with bows dozed through the heat of the day, and in their waking moments exercised their calling of firing ineffectual arrows at the screaming parrots on the mango-trees. Down in the lower court just below the parapet was tethered the old elephant who had transported us up here on his capacious back, and who seemed to bore himself in spite of the beauty of his surroundings. His keeper had led him into a small yard enclosed by rough walls, and after taking off his howdah and coverings, had lain down to doze in a shady corner. Before going to sleep he had prudently tied a cord around the elephant's fore foot, and had attached the other end to a peg between his own feet; the cord was probably intended as a slight moral restraint. The great brute was quiet enough for a time, rocking gently from side to side, and at last, from sheer want of occupation, he began to scrape together with his trunk and one ponderous fore foot a quantity of loose, dry grass, until he had collected a mouthful; when the supply at hand was exhausted he began to feel in the crevices of the wall with the tip of his trunk to see if perchance anything eatable had been left there; discovering a small earthen

ELEPHANT'S HEAD, JEYPORE.

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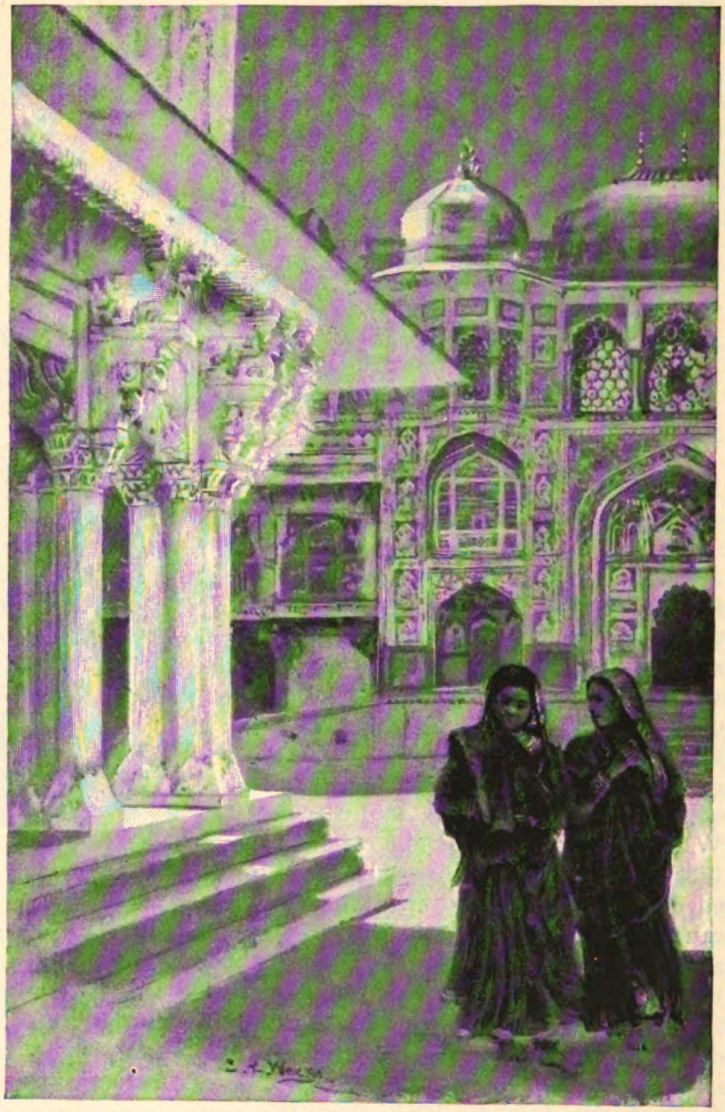
pot, he carefully investigated the interior, but smashed it against the wall in disgust at finding it empty. Overcome with ennui at last, he moved slowly and stealthily toward the exit, keeping one eye on his master, and taking great care not to awaken him; but the sleeper was roused by the gradual slipping of the cord over his foot, and his charge, like a great baby, was led back in disgrace and soundly chastised with a broomstick. His last resource was to shoot showers of dust and gravel over his back, so that it took a full half-hour to sweep him clean.



COURT OF THE PALACE OF AMBER, JEYPORE.

Amber, with its garden courts, its fountains and rills of clear water rippling through channels of inlaid marble, its secluded chambers and halls adorned with gilding and Persian mirror-work, or with panels of white marble on which are sculptured the rose and the lotus, the doors of sandal-wood and ivory, the vignettes of lovely mountain landscape seen through the lace-work of the window-lattices, and, above all, the sentiment of repose, and remoteness from the work-a-day world of coal and iron, seems a perfect parallel to the Alhambra, and completely embodies the Arabian idea of a kingly retreat.

VII.

The space of a short article allows room for only a few hasty impressions of the marvels of Rajpootana, but such an article would be incomplete without at least a brief reference to Gwalior and the fortress of Scindia. Shattered, ruinous, and rapidly falling into decay, it still remains a striking landmark, and a unique monument even in India—unique, for although there is something in the bizarre forms of its architecture akin to the early Persian palaces at Persepolis and elsewhere, as well as to the later edifices in Toorkistan, it bears the stamp of complete originality, as if its builders had been allowed to work out their own conception unhindered. I refer more specifically to the older portion, called the palace of Man Mandi.* Its long line of round sloping

* Ferguson says: "Of those buildings which so excited the admiration of the Emperor Baber, probably little now remains. The Moslems added to the palaces of the Hindoos and spared their temples and the statues of the Jains. We have ruthlessly set to work to destroy whatever interferes with our convenience, and during the few years we have occupied the fort have probably done more to disfigure its beauties and obliterate its memories than was caused by the Moslems during the centuries they possessed or occupied it."

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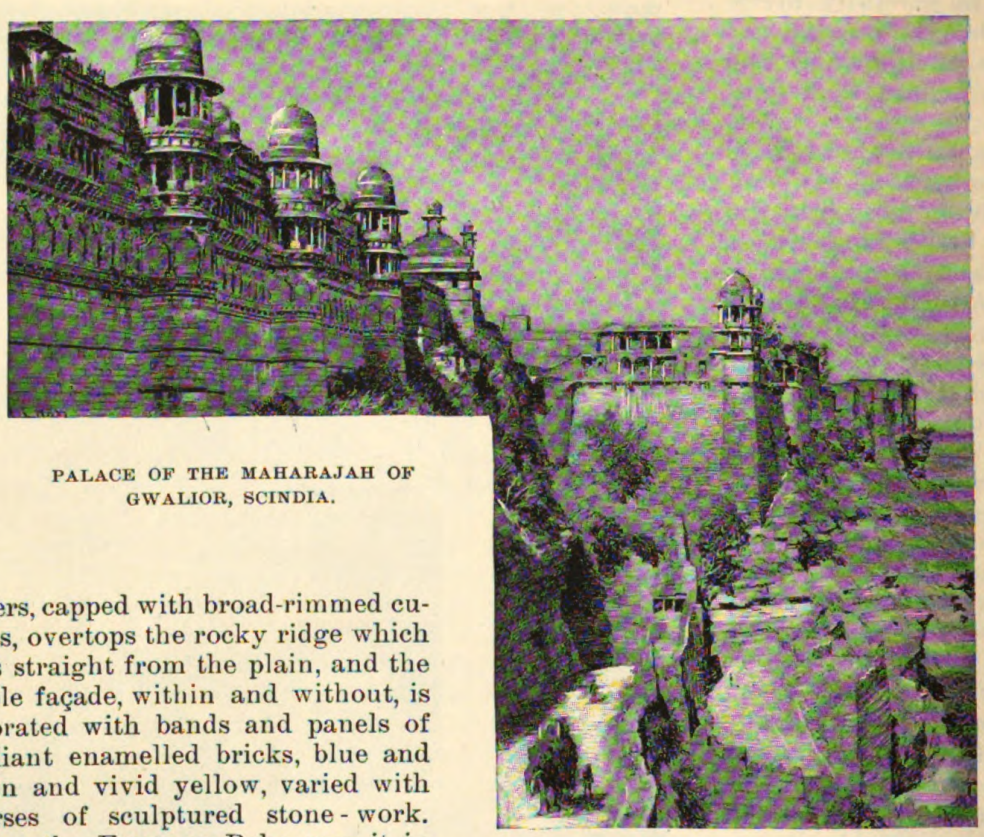

PALACE OF THE MAHARAJAH OF GWALIOR, SCINDIA.

towers, capped with broad-rimmed cupolas, overtops the rocky ridge which rises straight from the plain, and the whole façade, within and without, is decorated with bands and panels of brilliant enamelled bricks, blue and green and vivid yellow, varied with courses of sculptured stone-work. When the Emperor Baba saw it in 1537, the domes were covered with gilded copper, and the whole vast fabric must then have been a blaze of color. One amusing feature is a band or ribbon of rich blue faience extending entirely around the façade, on which is a line of yellow ducks; at one point only, where a monkey is chasing one of them, the movements of these ducks depart a little from the conventionalized stiffness of the others. Within the fortress walls are temples of earlier date, and there are two exquisite little courts in the palace, so original in design that it would puzzle an architect to classify them; and just outside the western gate are colossal statues of gods wrought in the face of the yellow cliff, like those at Abou-Simbel. This fortress has long been the stronghold of the Mahratta rulers of the line of Scindia, and at the time of the Mutiny was occupied by the English, who have recently restored it to its original owners. Each race has left traces of its occupancy, and during the English régime many modern improvements were effected; ruinous palaces were fitted up as mess-rooms and officers' quarters, and, as Cunningham says, "a lot of antiquarian rubbish was cleared away to make a parade-ground."

The ancient city of Gwalior lies at the foot of the hill, but the new town, where the modern palace is situated, is some distance away, nearly an hour's drive, in fact, over circuitous roads. Near the palace are several walled and arcaded enclosures of great extent, where hundreds of horses are kept, belonging to the Maharajah, who is still a minor; and in a similar place are the royal carriages. Nothing could give a better idea of the scale on which such establishments are maintained than the number and variety of these equipages, many of them built by noted London or Paris firms. There are broughams and coupés, landaus, dog-carts, traps of all sorts, mail-phaetons and mail-coaches, victorias and double-seated "beach-wagons," and, to complete the catalogue, a regulation Paris omnibus, with "impériale."

A royal household, in order to keep up to the times, must include every article of luxury appertaining to European royalty, as well as the whole antique "kit" and picturesque lumber, palanquins, howdahs, and state chariots, which have come down to it from ancient days.

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A SISTER OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

BY MARGUERITE MERINGTON.

BASIL VANDELEUR, begirt with the armor of a stage Lohengrin, was leaning on his sword while waiting for his cue, surveying the audience indifferently through a peep-hole by the prompter's chair. Soon something or some one near the stage evidently arrested his attention and aroused his curiosity in an unusual degree, for after a prolonged gaze he called in an undertone to Pete, his dresser, a little, dark, silent man, who was at his side in an instant. "Pete," ordered Vandeleur, without moving his eyes from the peep-hole, "go at once and find out, if you can, the name of the people in box Malibran."

One can see but a very little way across the boundary lights of stageland into the serrated ranks beyond. It is the brilliantly lit stage that is the real thing; the rows of faces waning away into shadows are but illusions—personified emotions, conjured up by the persons of the story enacting itself before them. Just now, to Vandeleur, the light caught one figure in the group occupying the stage box named after Malibran, and threw into strong relief a woman's face against the dusky hangings. Regular features, with a crownet of soft fair hair; for color, the coral lip of the rose and clear gray-blue eyes; for adornment, white lace and flowers and a diamond cross, which flashed into the light with the heaving of its wearer's breast. The music rises and falls in waves of melody; on the stage, Elsa is wrestling vocally with the German king and Brabantine nobles; while Basil Vandeleur, waiting for his cue, is paying his whole heart's debt at sight to Constance Enderby's face. Who is she, this unknown woman, who is neither of his world nor of that other world that comes nightly to its gates? He is seized with a mad impulse to go to her across the footlights and dedicate his sword to her, kneeling at her feet; he is pricked by a sharp jealousy of the kindly, prosperous-looking young man who is bending over her with proprietary devotion. A voice at his elbow says, quickly, "Look out, Mr. Vandeleur; your entrance!" and he hastens to leap aboard the fragile craft which is to bear him adown the Scheldt to Elsa's rescue. "She's mine now, at any rate," he thinks, as he gathers up the gilded reins which guide the papier-maché swan, already ducking its head in response to the notes that herald its coming. "I'll take her away from that stock-broker for to-night!"

> "Se in campo avro per te la palma,
> Vuoi tu ch' io sia tuo sposo allor?
> . . . Elsa, io t' amo!"
>
> (If in the field I conquer for thee,
> Wilt thou have me for thy husband then?
> . . . Elsa, I love thee!)

he sings fervently to the unknown.

"The first opera you've ever heard, and, by Jove! Conny, you'll never hear anything that goes ahead of to-night!" said John Enderby at the close of the performance, putting his cousin's cloak about her shoulders; but the girl, looking into unseen distances with sweet wet eyes, did not seem to hear him, or the tumult of applause, breaking into the sounds of every-day life as the audience, silent and spellbound to the fall of the green-baize curtain, disintegrated into lively, chattering groups full of individual and social cares. She is still following the departing of the Knight of the Holy Grail and the death of the hapless Elsa. The liquid golden notes ring in her ears. It was a matter of self-gratulation to the worthy John whenever his cousin found enjoyment in pleasures of his suggesting. He and his mother, her nearest of kin still living, had insisted that Constance should give the world a year's probation before entering on her novitiate for a religious life. The girl's beauty and gentle charm had won for her a flattering amount of attention, but, so far, no admirer had succeeded in gaining more than her friendship; yet John Enderby's hopes ran high that he and the world might prevail.

"I'm going to put you and Conny in the carriage," he said to his mother as they descended the wide stairway, "and join you at Mrs. Gret-Hardie's. I'm going back to speak to Vandeleur. You know we were at school together."

"Vandeleur?" queried Mrs. Enderby.

"Lohengrin, if you prefer," laughed John. "Why, Conny, how pale you look! Has the music been too much for you, dear?" he added, tenderly, as they came into the lights of the portico.

"She'll get used to it," murmured

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Mrs. Gret-Hardie, joining them. "You oughtn't to sit so quiet, Constance. I always chat a little now and then during those lengthy Wagnerian operas. My husband scolds, but for any one as high-strung and sensitive as I it's absolutely necessary to relax a little, the tension is so great;" and the speaker, a pretty little butterfly woman, rattled on without apparently drawing breath. "Did you observe Vandeleur closely? He has such a stylish profile, only that horrid Lohengrin make-up spoils it. You are coming with me, are you not? That's right. I have sent Gret-Hardie to tell him to join us; I want you to see him *au naturel*. Did I hear you say that you were going in to see him too, Mr. Enderby? Then tell him to bring his music and sing for us. That sweet song about the faithful swan, perhaps. Tum te too, la, la!"

"Oh!" cried Constance, with an involuntary little note of protest.

"It would be more than my life is worth, Mrs. Gret-Hardie, unless Vandeleur is greatly changed," laughed Enderby, putting his charges into the carriage.

"Well, don't be late. Home, William," to the coachman. "Au revoir! And tell Vandeleur I count on him," she put her head out of the carriage window to call as they drove off.

In his dressing-room Vandeleur was disarraying himself of his knightly guise in a far from cheerful mood. The reaction from the excitement of the evening's personal triumph was setting in. Inquiry had failed to discover to him the name of the beautiful occupant of box Malibran, and he was inwardly scoffing at himself for caring to know, or for supposing that anything could come of the knowledge. He scowled from under his dark level brows, and sharply repulsed the little Scotch terrier that came to greet him with a lively welcome. "I'm dreaming," he said, absently. "Down, Loki!" and Loki hastily took refuge in the tray of an open trunk full of costumes. "Dreaming," repeated Loki's master, unclasping a greave from a shapely leg and throwing it into a corner where Pete was kneeling doing some packing—"yes, I'm dreaming."

"Maybe you are, sir," said Pete, rising, and ruefully rubbing the side of his head, "but I ain't."

Basil burst into a laugh, which was checked by the entrance of an usher with a card. "Would Mr. Vandeleur see a gentleman for a few minutes?"

"Certainly not!" said Mr. Vandeleur, scowling fiercely. "And if it's a newspaper chap for an interview, tell him to write it without my assistance, as usual."

"Oh, tut! tut!" said Heroy, soothingly—Heroy, Basil's manager and the owner of the opera-house, had just come in to offer his congratulations on the evening's success—"oh, tut! tut! You mustn't speak that way; it's bad luck. Besides"—looking into the passageway—"it's Mr. Gret-Hardie; you'll see *him*." Mr. Gret-Hardie had a controlling interest in a leading newspaper of the place, and Heroy felt tenderly towards him accordingly.

"Of course he'll see *me*," said Gret-Hardie, bustling in. "Glorious voice you were in, dear boy; great evening; you must be quite worn out. My wife sent me to tell you, with her compliments—little supper, intimate friends, and all that sort of thing, don't you know; and if you *should* feel disposed to favor us with a song or two—"

"Tell your wife—" began Basil, wrathfully; but the enchanting impertinence, as Mrs. Gret-Hardie termed his graceless replies to her persistent invitations, was interrupted by the entrance of the usher with another card and the announcement, "Gen'leman to see Mr. Vandeleur."

"Tell the 'gen'leman' I'm not on exhibition, will you?" he cried; "and if it's a duffer with his sister's album for an autograph, tell him I don't know how to read or write."

"Oh, tut! tut!" interposed the pacific Heroy; "you mustn't make enemies that way. Here, boy! Bring in the young lady's album. I'll put your name in it for you, Vandeleur," he added when the usher had vanished.

"It's Jack Enderby," said Gret-Hardie, picking up the card. "He and his mother are just back from Europe, where they went to fetch Constance. Perhaps you noticed, Vandeleur—but you're never guilty of looking out of the picture when you're on the stage—that tall fair girl—"

"What? where?" cried Vandeleur.

Mr. Gret-Hardie was describing to him his unknown inamorata when the usher came back.

"Gen'leman's compliments, and he hasn't any sister, and she hasn't any album, and he greatly regrets having troubled Mr. Vandeleur."

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"Call him back, instantly," shouted Vandeleur, himself starting in pursuit; but in vain, Mr. Enderby had gone, refusing to intrude on Mr. Vandeleur.

"Never mind," said Gret-Hardie, profiting by the young man's discomfiture, "you can make your peace with him within the next hour, if you will. Oh, but I forgot; I'm to tell the madam you spurn us."

"Say so at your peril," said Basil, brushing his hair furiously. "I'll be there to contradict you."

"Good," said Gret-Hardie, going, but turning at the door to add, "'Tis really a shame to ask it, but one little song, as a special favor?"

"The whole of the Nibelungen-Lied, if you like," assented Vandeleur, hilariously. "Heroy, send round a relay of strong men to Mrs. Gret-Hardie's to relieve one another at the piano, won't you? Why don't you all clear out and give a fellow a chance to dress?"

Great was Mrs. Gret-Hardie's surprise and joy, not only at the unexpected appearance of her lion, but at the unwonted complaisance of his mood. John Enderby too was overwhelmed by the cordiality of his old schoolmate's greeting. Honest Jack had not remembered how tender a boyish friendship theirs had been. "I remember you once broke a slate over my head because I called you a little song-sparrow, and I sat upon you till I almost squeezed the breath out of your body; fortunately for the world, not quite, however," he added. "Come, let me present you to my cousin Constance."

Mrs. Gret-Hardie could hardly believe her eyes when later Vandeleur was seen sitting down to the piano. Running his long brown fingers over the keys in a brief prelude, he preferred to sing to his own accompaniment a simple enough song.

MY LADY.

Not aloof from earthly faring
Of the world is she,
Yet a mystic halo wearing
Saints rejoice to see.

Though her woman frame endear her,
Be she human fair,
Worldly men on coming near her
Feel the angel there.

And the fevered life grows calmer,
As when knights of yore
Consecrated heart and armor
For the faith they bore.

"What a heavenly delicious thing!" Mrs. Gret-Hardie's high voice broke the momentary hush that followed the last long lingering chord. "It's a Grieg, isn't it? Do tell me, Mr. Vandeleur, that I'm right in recognizing a Grieg?"

"Just as if you ever needed corroboration, Mrs. Gret-Hardie," answered Vandeleur, with a light laugh, as he rose from the piano, in spite of repeated entreaties to sing again.

"I am wofully ignorant of music," Constance said to him, with quick intuition, as he resumed his place beside her, "but as you sang, it seemed to me that the song must be your very own, and not only by right of adoption."

A quick glance of pleasure shot from Vandeleur's dark eyes into her own. "Yes," he said, "it is a back-number inspiration. It has been waiting for the dedication it has found to-night!"

A few weeks later Jack Enderby hurried abroad with a vague idea of curing the ache in his heart by a course of African adventure. "I might get the better of a vocation, but not of a Voice!" he said to himself with grim humor, knowing as he said so that the thought did injustice to Vandeleur.

Mrs. Enderby, while greatly deprecating Basil's profession, offered no opposition to her niece's choice. "In the first place it would be futile," she rightly judged, for Constance's will was as firm as her manner was gentle; "and then anything almost is better than the convent. I may be a very wicked woman," she continued, placidly, "but in these days I think that people ought to wait to be brides of Heaven till they get to Heaven."

"Oh yes," sighed Mrs. Gret-Hardie; "taking the veil is a sweet ceremony, so affecting, and all that. But it ends there, don't you know; you can't send presents, of course; and no trousseau! no receptions or at-homes afterwards! I never thought it paid myself. And Constance looks like a dream in evening dress. When is it to be, Mrs. Enderby?"

It was to be in the early summer, and the young couple were to go abroad for the honeymooning, returning in time for Basil's engagement in a short winter season of opera. To the course of their true love there was but one retardment for the devout Constance; her lover professed no religion. "Are you an atheist?" she asked, with lowered voice and trembling lip, as if the very word were a blasphemy.

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"No," he cried; "a pantheist rather. I have the devotional feeling, but it expresses itself in art."

"You must be baptized," she said, firmly.

"I was once," said the facile pantheist, "only I don't remember it. The mater cared a good deal for those things. A bishop did it, and I kicked and squalled lustily all the while, they said."

"You must be baptized again," said Constance.

"My darling, as often as you will—any number of times!" cried the accommodating Basil, putting his arm about her.

"Once, with conviction, is enough," said his inexorable lady-love, withdrawing from his embrace. "I must convince you!"

"Do. But kiss me first," he pleaded.

The lovers were walking in the garden exulting in the early breath of spring. Constance, fair and dainty, with a bunch of snowdrops at her breast, might have stood for the incarnated spring of youth and hope, while the man beside her, bronzed and brown-faced, with strong and supple form, like one whose feet are alert for the race, looked not unlike the lovers of heroic days.

"So late?" he said at last, looking incredulously from the old sun-dial to his watch. "I must go," he added, with a sigh, "if I want to catch my train!"

"I will walk with you as far as the convent," said Constance, reaching for her hat, which Basil had stuck rakishly askew on the head of a Flora who stood sentinel over a rose-garden.

"Must we part there?" asked Basil. "I own I'm superstitious, or perhaps it's just ordinary every-day jealousy; I confess to a shudder every time you enter those gates."

"You would not mind—at least I hope not—if you knew my errand," said his sweetheart, pinning her snowdrops into his button-hole as he stood over her.

"I can guess it; prayers, in which a certain sinful person's name is not forgotten."

"Bad boy, I don't need to go to the chapel to remember your name—in my prayers!"

"Well, let me guess again. No, don't take away your hand, it helps me to think."

"You would never guess," and the faint flush in her cheeks deepened to crimson as she spoke. "The Sisters are embroidering for me the most beautiful white silk dress in the world, with lilies of the Annunciation, and I am to wear it on— Oh, Basil!"

Conviction and conversion were not long in the achieving; it is not difficult for a creedless Adam to believe in Eden when, waking from dreamless sleep, he finds Eve watching by his side. Constance, ready for martyrdom, if need had been to renounce her love, added the satisfaction of the proselyter to the joy of the bride, and on Easter-Sunday, Basil, who had that day received his first communion, sang the "Salve Regina" at high mass in the Cathedral of the Annunciation.

In the early days of their love-story he had made a little song for Constance, which she, calling impious, would not let him sing; years after, John Enderby came upon it between the leaves of a missal she had been wont to use, and gave it back to Vandeleur.

A PAGAN'S PRAYER.

Give me thine eyes for text, that I may preach
A sermon that the world may reach;
Such eloquence their holy light can teach!

Give me thy tender voice for sauncing-bell,
That, kneeling, I my vows may tell,
Devoutly bowing head and heart as well!

Thy rose-leaf ear be my confessional!
Come, sins, in long recessional!
So sweet such shrift for all transgressional!

Thy hand for benison lay on my brow,
Its healing ministry allow,
And with thy saving grace my heart endow!

Give me thy loving kiss for sacrament;
Its tender impact, heaven-sent,
Makes me thy convert and thy penitent!

The day set for the wedding came to its fulfilment, as all days will; not so, alas! the wedding. Late in the spring Mrs. Enderby fell ill of a mortal sickness, and Constance could not leave her. Summer advanced, and the invalid lingered on. Basil came faithfully for such snatches of meetings as Constance's devoted tendance of her aunt allowed, or for occasional walks in the garden when he asserted the mastery begotten of love, and refused to let her droop before his eyes.

To Constance coming down the wide staircase at his summons, with something of the sick-room stillness in her step and a trace of its shadows beneath her eyes,

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her lover's bright presence was as the flood of sunshine that streamed through the fanlight over the doorway and lay in golden pools about the dark wainscoted hall. And Basil, as he knelt on the lowest step to greet her, and bent his curly brown head to kiss her hand, said, "You seem to come down to me, but in reality you lift me up to you, on the heights!" But of constant, unreserved intercourse, there grew less and less. One day he came to tell her that Heroy had made a summer engagement for him to sing in light opera with a company just about to start on a far-reaching westward tour. Constance, who was filling a bowl with June roses which she had gathered from the vines that overhung the porch, dropped the flowers on the polished table at his words, while the color fled from her cheeks.

"Going away, Basil?" she cried.

"It is better than this," he replied. "Since we cannot be together, I shall be happier at work while waiting."

"Perhaps so," she answered, with a sigh, as she gathered up her flowers, after a moment, in which she inwardly reproached herself for selfishness, adding, "Tell me all about it—about your part, dear."

Basil was full of it, and entered gayly into a description of the opera. It was comedy of the lightest kind, lighter than anything he had ever attempted before; he thought the change would be of advantage to him as a study, and commercially the arrangement was most profitable. He had brought a stack of photographs of the members of the company costumed for their several rôles for her to look over.

"It isn't exactly *Lohengrin*," commented Constance, inly shrinking from the frivolous, fantastic groups.

"No; but it is good music of its kind," and Basil sat down to the piano, playing and singing snatches of quaint gay melody, very softly, lest he should disturb the sufferer above.

"Who is this terrible being?" asked Constance, daintily fingering one portrait as if the very touch displeased her. It represented a woman whose sumptuous beauty was defined in bold strokes, preposterously clad, and laughing out of the portrait with no refinement or subtlety of allurement. Beneath were scrawled some words in a straggling black hand—a line of her part, a jest more humorous than fine.

"That?" said Basil, swinging round on the stool and drawing her to him that he might look over. "That is the star of the piece—always, of course, after me," he added, laughingly. "She is popularly called Rougette—La Rougette. I don't know her real name;" and turning back to the keys he went on with his low soft singing. Constance tied up the portraits, then came behind him and put her hands on his shoulders. He put up one hand to hers, still playing soft chords with the other.

"I cannot bear to have you go," she said.

"Come with me," he cried.

"Ah, if I could! If only poor auntie did not need me! But it is vain to wish. Autumn will soon be here, and then I shall see you again."

"See me again!" He started up and faced her, still keeping her hand in his grasp. "You'll do more than see me then. Do you think, Constance, that I shall consent to delay our marriage longer, when two months ago—"

Constance sighed. "The doctor says she will never recover."

"Then—" began Basil.

But she checked the words with a soft finger on his lips. "I shall never leave her. It may be for a long time that she needs me."

"Constance," said her lover, speaking with great earnestness, "we two belong to different worlds; nothing is more certain than that except that we belong to each other. We are not like two people living in the same village, with everything from association to propinquity to bind them; it is as if a comet or some erratic thing tearing in an irregular path through space had come by chance for once into the pure light of a fixed star. Every day that divides us carries us a year apart. Marry me now before I go. Then, when your duty frees you one way or another, I can come to you, or you to me—my wife."

"Oh, Basil—oh, my love!" she cried, distressed, and hid her face on his breast with an abandon which he took for acquiescence as he bent over her and kissed her hair. In a moment she looked up with wet eyes.

"To-day," he said, with a happy smile.

But Constance shook her head.

In those days of suffering there came to

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Mrs. Enderby forebodings for her niece's future, dark and vaguely defined as the shadows thrown by the flickering firelight on the wall. Remote from the charm of Basil's sunny presence, the confidence with which, despite her distaste for his profession, his ardent devotion to Constance had hitherto inspired her now ebbed away. Also her heart turned more pitifully than ever towards her boy, and the trouble which had sent him across the seas. At last her fears found voice.

"Promise me at least," she had ended by asking, "that you will not marry Vandeleur while I live."

"But, dear," urged Constance, gently, "I shall never marry any one but Basil. If he is as weak as you think him, the more he has need of me."

"I shall never get well," said the invalid, with the weak voice that reaches the ear as if from ever-widening distances to which the sufferer is borne on the ebb of an unseen tide. "I know. I made the doctor tell me the truth when you were out of the room yesterday."

"He can only tell you the truth as far as he knows it—and God alone knows all! Perhaps—" began Constance.

"Never, never again. It is not for long. I see things clearly as I lie here. And I know that before the leaf falls—Promise me, Constance." And with the insistence of a will grown strong with concentration as the frame grew feebler the sufferer pleaded, and Constance had not the heart to refuse.

So Basil went away with a sense of wrong, leaving Constance to the harder fate, which generally the woman's is, of mute endurance. They wrote, but beyond the usual lover's iteration of undying love and eternal trust, there was unexpectedly little to say.

Basil, at all times passionately absorbed in his work, was conscious of a certain quality in it just now that could not pass unchallenged before that clear-eyed regard which always seemed to demand his best self. And in the sick-room the waning life daily claimed more and more of the strong young life beside it.

Late in the summer John Enderby, overtaken at last by one of Constance's repeated summons, reached home in time to be beside his mother at the end.

"Constance has kept me alive for you," she said, joining their hands with the last flicker of failing strength.

When all was over John waited only to put their affairs in order and assure himself that Constance no longer needed him before setting off again. Basil was the breadth of a continent away, so Constance waited alone.

A fair day in autumn, when the season stays its steps for a retrospect of summer; a soft warm breath stirred the dry leaves, bringing them down in rustling squadrons. Constance in her pleasaunce-ground was bending over the pink and brown streaked buds of her chrysanthemums, which, closely muffled, like Oriental beauties, were trying to peer through their green wrappings and show their bright faces to the sun. The click of the gate-latch and a quick footstep on the gravel walk brought a light into her face as if some magic stroke had smitten the world with a sudden glory. In a breath she was in Basil's close embrace. After the first inarticulate moment, "I did not expect you for a month," she said.

"A sudden change in my plans," he began, rather indefinitely. "Let me look at you," and held her away from him.

But the happiness of the moment had brought the living color to her face, chasing away the shadows of the days of watching and parting, and Constance smiled radiantly into his searching eyes.

Suddenly her face changed. "Basil, how altered you are! What is the matter, Basil?" she cried.

But he only laughed uncomfortably, too well aware of a change in himself that wronged her.

"You are tired—worn out. You need me to take care of you," she said, unconsciously making excuses for him to herself; and she led him to a seat built round a tall tulip-tree.

"Yes, I've needed you," said Vandeleur, passing his hand wearily across his brow. "How much longer are you going to keep me waiting, Constance? It doesn't do for men to live too long apart from their consciences, you know."

"I am ready," she answered, "but not in that capacity," and lifted the hand she held to her lips with the joy of allegiance that only a proud woman can feel when over-mastering fate has declared that her kingdom is abdicated once for all.

"Then—" began Vandeleur.

But Constance interrupted him. The gray-coated postman, passing by and seeing her, paused to hand her a letter over

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the privet hedge. Constance reseated herself, and began mechanically to break the seal, when Vandeleur, noticing the handwriting, hastily stayed her hand.

"For God's sake, Constance," he cried, agitatedly, "don't open that letter!"

She looked from him to the straggling black characters on the envelope. "It is directed to me," she said, amazed.

"It—it isn't meant for you. There's some mistake," he stammered, lamely enough, muttering to himself between his teeth as he turned aside, "The devil—the she devil!"

"You mean," said Constance, with white dry lips, "you mean that it is something you would not have me see?"

"Put it any way you please," he began, aggressively defensive; then with a change to his almost irresistibly winning tone, he asked, "Can't you trust me, Constance?"

She looked at him, and that she could not was written as clearly on her face as was the reason on his own. After a moment's pause, in which he watched her with sickening apprehension, she rose and held out to him the letter.

"You may be mistaken—this may contain something that I ought to see. Read it, and judge for me."

Then she turned and walked for a short space between the box borders, sweet with that indefinable scent of by-gone days. Basil tore the letter open and scanned the contents, while an angry flush swept over his face. Constance heard a smothered exclamation. She turned, and stood cold and motionless as he approached her.

"My dearest, I don't really know how I can explain this away," he began.

But she would not let him finish his plausible futile sentences. After some few painful words, "It is not only that, Basil," she cried, pointing to the crumpled paper, over which he involuntarily tightened his fingers. "It is you who are changed. You called me your conscience a few moments ago, but don't you see that you also have to be something to me?" And she bowed her fair head, and wept for the lost something that a lifetime's love could not restore.

Vandeleur attempted to comfort her and vindicate himself; but she shrunk from his touch, and refused to listen to the cheap sophistries which he called reason. Every word profaned the divinity which she had set up in the shrine of her heart for her worship, and beside which the man pleading an indign pitiful cause was an alien and a mockery.

Finally, stung by what he took for contempt, Vandeleur left her in anger. Constance heard, as if half stunned, the last bitter phrase, heard his furious footsteps on the gravel, the click of the gate as he flung it to behind him, his footsteps softened on the springy earth of the pathway, loud again on the bridge, and dying away in the distance. Then suddenly it smote her consciousness, like one clear beam from the light of lights, that it was Basil, her soul's beloved, whom she had driven away. Fallen, scarred, and erring—what did it matter? Like other men or less than other men, what did she care, so that only he came back to her, the great love of her life, Basil! Running to the low hedge, she cried, "Basil, Basil, come back to me!" But the words never reached him where, straining her eyes, she saw him, a small black speck, disappearing into the distance, and never turning as he hurried out of her life.

The undulating line of the hills rose and curved and fell; the mountain-ashes on the hills shook out scarlet light into her eyes from their gay crests against the sky. In the willows a bird gave one shrill cry that struck like metal against her heart, and the willows swayed and nodded at her as they dipped their long green wands into the brook.

Between the box borders the bright rows of autumn flowers danced at her in dazzling mockery, and a wind with ice in its breath rushed by and jostled the dying leaves. The angel had set his flaming sword against the paradise of summer, youth, and hope. "Basil, come back to me!" again cried Constance Enderby, but the words sounded faint and far away; a sudden darkness came upon her, and she sank by the seat beneath the tulip-tree where her lover's feet had been.

Vandeleur went straight to the devil, body and soul, with the speed of a man who pulls with the tide. La Rougette, who had adjusted her engagements to his, assisted his descent. The deterioration of his work was gradual, for the habit of excellence was strong upon him. An occasional hesitancy, unwonted dependence on the prompter, were peccancies for which even the critical were slow to censure an established favorite. At last there came a time when Heroy was forced to remonstrate, and Heroy's rare remonstrances

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marked the end of a long tether. Accustomed to the delicate balance of the artistic temperament and the essentially human frailties of the hierants of music most divine, like Æolus he knew when to curb and when to give rein to his restless subjects. But Vandeleur, once the most conscientious of artists, was beginning to slight his parts. Formerly untiring in satisfying the exactions of his work by the steady processes which make gifts genius and genius a success, he now relied on the gifts alone, to their cost. Formerly an exemplar of punctuality, it now happened that more than once through him the raising of the curtain had to be delayed and the audience kept waiting.

The catastrophe came one night at the end of the winter. The occasion was the first representation of a new opera by a young Italian composer who had recently sprung into fame, and great things were expected both of his work and of Vandeleur's rendition of the title rôle. In spite of a blinding downpour of frozen sleet, the opera-house was crowded with an audience impatient to bestow the meed of praise and glory which, it was a foregone conclusion, would crown the evening's work.

Giucciardini led the orchestra during the overture, but was so overcome by the warmth with which it was received that at its close he ceded the bâton to the regular leader, and spent the remainder of the evening wandering to and fro like a restless spirit, one minute in Heroy's box and the next behind the scenes, where he was much in the way of the scene-shifters. Giucciardini at the age of thirty was rich and famous in the world of artists, but he never grew rich enough to redeem the past or famous enough to forget it. Five years agone he had seen his wife and child perish for the comforts his unrecognized genius could not buy them. Some of the gold that tardy Fortune now delighted in lavishing on him went annually to purchase masses for the eternal peace of those two sinless souls whose memory brought no peace to him.

To-night his heroine, personated by a phlegmatic Swede with a pure cold voice, received the usual tribute to injured soprano virtue with abundant blond tresses. La Rougette, as an evil dark-haired contralto element, scored a deserved success for the verve and diablerie which her part demanded and nature supplied.

She throve on carnage, as do the scarlet flowers which blossom on battle-fields, with their roots in the life-blood of fallen heroes.

Vandeleur's entrance as the heroic tenor lover, melodically ready at a crisis, was the signal for wild applause, a mischief-making barytone having paved the dramatic way. The excitement of the hour summoned up all the artist that was in him, and his first solo passages were superbly given. Giucciardini sank back relieved in Heroy's box and wiped a pallid brow; a short interview with Vandeleur before the curtain rose had filled him with misgivings for the night's success. As the story progressed, Vandeleur's voice became blurred and his acting confused, and the leader of the orchestra watched him narrowly to keep horse and rider together. Wonder and disappointment were manifest in the audience, and when the act closed with a *melos* of great beauty, and full of opportunity which the singer wholly lost, the murmur became general.

"Superb!" however, cried one of the critics, striking his knee. "Bravo!" he shouted loud, and rallied a forlorn hope to a creditable climax of applause, while Giucciardini wept in the background. "Don't you see," explained the critic to the young lady beside him, "what Vandeleur is striving for? That vacant look, that thick enunciation, that dulled voice like the muffled sound of a French horn! It's a wonderful bit of artistic audacity. It's something absolutely new in tone-painting, that way of expressing the futility of man's struggle against fate." He was young in his day and generation, and had a theory of his own to account for everything. The young lady beside him believed in the theories, and subsequently married the theorist. Instead of saving this original view for the critique which he would have to sit up till late to write, the critic hurried into the lobby to communicate it to the group there assembled, from some of whom he met with the credence that strong conviction, even if erroneous, usually obtains. Mrs. Gret-Hardie, sitting behind him, adopted and promulgated the theory to her advantage. Usually she had to wait till the morrow for her printed oracles before hazarding an opinion on art.

But the second act, which belonged largely to the tenor part, was rendered in a fashion to confute even the theory, and the general disapprobation became audi-

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ble. The outcome of a duel in which the mischief-making barytone was to have been vanquished, while Vandeleur, heroic, noble, and triumphant, stood clinging to ringing high B-flats over his prostrate form, was strangely reversed. After some incoherent singing and a few pointless passes, to which the barytone tried vainly to render a verisimilitude of deadliness in their effect upon himself, Vandeleur staggered, lost his footing, and would have fallen had not his adversary caught him in his arms. A terrible moment followed. Heroy stuffed his handkerchief into Giucciardini's mouth and held him down, while people exclaimed aloud. There were those who thought that the barytone had pricked his man and done him real injury. But the gods in the gallery, themselves being primeval, are quicker to read primal things in the hearts of men than are the theorists in the stalls, and to mete out justice as those knowing right from wrong. Vandeleur, sodden and drink-befogged, was sobered in an instant by the sound of a hiss. Had a pistol been within reach, he would have put a bullet through his brain with unerring aim as the tenuous sibilant reached his ear. But his stage sword, blunt and futile, had fallen from his hand. The unwounded barytone had hastily propped him up against a property moss-grown bank, and fled the field on his own uninjured legs instead of waiting to be borne out by a retributive chorus of lusty villagers, and the performance was sweeping on. It takes a long time to tell; it was a lifetime's suffering to Giucciardini and Vandeleur, but through a stroke of good sense on the part of some of the performers it was over and done in a few seconds of calendar reckoning. La Rougette, waiting in the wings for a duo of recrimination with Basil, which was never sung, dragged on the dull soprano with the divine voice, too bewildered to protest that she had not received her cue. A fatherly basso, with a peace-making rôle, answered her beck, and met them halfway. The leader of the orchestra, still rhythmically moving his bâton, turned over several pages of the score with his left hand while bending over to give some whispered directions to the musicians, and only Giucciardini of all the listeners knew how many melodic measures of his heart's blood had been lost. The end of the act, a massive chorus, brought down the curtain on a consoling volume of applause.

Then followed a scene that it is not good to assist at, even in the telling. Basil, sullen and broken of heart, refused to finish the performance. Heroy entreated and insisted to no purpose, and Giucciardini, looking like a study of terror in black and white, implored by every name in the upper and nether worlds. Newspaper men came to the stage entrance, and for them Heroy, collected and courteous, had a ready explanation:

"Nervous prostration from the strain of the long season; doctor's prescription; excessive use of bromides. Mr. Vandeleur unable to see any one between the acts, but would recover in time to finish the performance."

Basil in his dressing-room cursed fate and wished for death, while Pete quietly removed the razors from his dressing-table; and Rougette jibed and jeered at him, and Loki licked his hand. Suddenly the door opened noiselessly and a puff of cool air blew in. The electric lights on either side of the long mirror were burning in white bunches of uncompromising brilliancy; round the walls hung an odd assortment of towels, clean linen, costumes, and stage armor. With his head bowed on the table sat Vandeleur, his hands clutching at the waste wads of cotton-wool covered with dabs of unnatural flesh-color make-up that lay strewn about, his body shaken by sobs that sounded as if they rent and tore the tissues of the spirit. On the steam-coil a kettle rocked with cheerful monotony, and a glass of brandy on the wash-stand dominated the place with reeking self-assertiveness. Into the midst of it all, with a breath of living air on her garments, came Constance Enderby, in the garb of a Sister of the Annunciation, and with the light of another world upon her face. To Basil's side she stepped, and rested a hand, with a touch like the fall of a snowflake, on his shoulder. Basil lifted his dishonored head, and looked into her pure face with the unsurprised, unquestioning look that the child gives the mother, or with which poor humanity meets the miracle of comfort to grief and relief to pain. No other knew her identity save Pete, who said nothing, and Loki, who whined for joy and pulled at her clinging black skirts.

Heroy paused in the middle of framing a despairing announcement to the audi-

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ence that Mr. Vandeleur's regrettable illness would prevent the completion of the performance, and that the box-office stood ready to redeem its broken contract. Giucciardini crossed himself and prayed aloud; and a messenger, sent for instructions from the orchestra, stood open-mouthed in the doorway.

The Sister turned to Heroy, her hand still on Basil's shoulder.

"Tell them not to play the recessional; he will finish his work." Her lips moved, but the soft voice was wellnigh inaudible, nor were the words of the technics of the stage; yet Heroy saw that his management was not to be disgraced, and Giucciardini felt by the same token that the flower of his artistic conceiving was destined for fruition that night. They went to reassure the others, and Rougette slunk away with the poisoned end of a jibe bitten off behind her lips. Then the Sister and Pete, himself gentle as a woman, bathed the poor face where the pitiful tears had furrowed the ghastly make-up, and arranged Basil for his coming triumph of the last act, and made him look some semblance of the man God meant him to be. When the act was called, Constance led him unresisting to his entrance, and herself passed noiselessly to the wings. Not, however, without comment from behind the scenes. Rougette's evil humor took refuge in silence on the scene of her discomfiture, and in violent language to her maid; but there were those who surmised that since the last rehearsal Giucciardini must have introduced a new character, picked from the chorus, into the last act; indeed, the assistant stage-manager hastened to say that it had been done at his own suggestion. One of the men waiting for his entrance in the wings surveyed the nun with open admiration.

"By Jove, Kitty, that's a stunning make-up!" he said, putting his hand on her shoulder with rough friendliness, but stood agape with hand still outstretched when she turned her white face towards him and melted away beneath his touch, vanishing through the intricacies of doors and passageways that led from the trans-foot-light world to Heroy's box.

She sat there well back in the shadows, and Basil, as he sang, watched the glint of her white silver cross as it came into the light with her breathing as he had once watched the flash of diamonds and the glow of flowers on the breast of his bride. His voice, though clear and steady, at first came faintly, like the sound of a distant bell heard across still waters at evening, but it soon rang out with all its old-time fire and something of an added splendor too. At the end of the piece there was a furor, but long before it had died away and the excited audience had ceased calling for Giucciardini and Vandeleur the latter was being driven home unconscious to his rooms at a neighboring hotel. During the first and worst days of the attack of illness of which this was the beginning, and that prevented his singing again that season, Vandeleur was tended by the Sister of the Annunciation. No one questioned her right to be there; she had helped to bring him home the night of his failure and triumph; the hotel people took her for a professional nurse sent in advance by the doctor who had been hastily summoned. And the doctor, finding her established in ministry at the patient's bedside, accepted her without questioning her credentials. Then came a struggle between Love and Death. The Sister hardly left the sick man's side, and fought the fight with more than human strength; Pete never faltered in his devotion, and Loki whined piteously and scratched at the door till they let him in to share their watch.

Once a woman came to the sick-room, probably to justify her name; but finding the other woman there, who had given all and had nothing, Rougette departed silent and empty-handed, perhaps ashamed. Sometimes in the ravings of his delirium Basil would call on Constance, Constance whom he had wronged, Constance whom he loved, and again he would catch at the cross which hung by a cord from the Sister's neck and bid her ask Constance to come to him—Constance.

At the close of the third day Love won the victory over the ultimate conqueror. The doctor affirmed that the patient's danger was positively over. "All he needs now is rest and quiet." At the door he turned. "You'd better get some rest yourself," he said to the Sister; "you are far too good a nurse to be sacrificed to any patient. Why not send for another one of your order to relieve you? Though, for the matter of that, Mr. Vandeleur's man is sufficient for him now." And again he came back to add: "Don't forget to leave your name and address with me

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before you go finally, Sister. There are many cases like Mr. Vandeleur's that depend more on the nurse than the physician, and for such I should always be glad to secure your services."

But the Sister's name and address were never known to him.

When the Sister, watching alone, with what thoughts or prayers are not for words, had seen the slumberer well into the morning of new life and day, she rose and bent over him, gazing long into the unconscious face. The masque of evil token had refined away with suffering, and on the body, passive as potter's clay, the better soul wrote noble things. Then the Sister kissed him on the brow and closed eyes as a mother kisses her child—yearning, protecting, cherishing; kissed his hands, as a saint might kiss the sanctified dead; kissed him on the lips for the man whose bride she should have been; then passed into the passing night.

A few weeks later Vandeleur, with traces of his illness on his weakened frame, but with the strength of new hope and purpose in his face, presented himself at the Convent of the Annunciation, and begged the Superior for the grace of a short interview with the novice whose name had been Constance Enderby.

The Superior looked quickly at him with quiet observance. "It is impossible," she replied.

"Ah, for the love of Heaven," cried Vandeleur, "she cannot be so unforgiving! Tell her it is I—I, all unworthy, but repentant—I, Basil Vandeleur, her lover!"

"Do you not know that all such ties are severed, all such thoughts put aside forever, when one enters here?" And the Superior pointed to the tall iron gates in the brick walls.

"She was to have been my wife," persisted the man, his hands trembling, his words coming hot and fast; "something parted us—it was my doing—and I—I broke her heart. She took refuge here. I would not transgress your rules, nor trespass long. Let me say one word to her—but one—here in your presence. Not to change her decision, but to implore her forgiveness! Constance, Constance!" he cried, and looked about him as if he expected Constance to come to his voice as of old.

The Superior looked at him with interest and pity in her keen old eyes. Perhaps this vivid, passionate drama of love and suffering brought back to her a remembrance from which a lapse of tranquil years had washed away the sting; but for the chance of a Northern bullet finding its mark in the heart of a young Southern cavalry officer in the early days of the war, her life had received its dedicatory without renunciation.

"I wish that it were in my power to grant your petition," she said, after a pause, with something of a sigh.

"She must still be but a novice," entreated Basil. "It is not a year since—"

The Superior bowed her head and crossed herself. "Sister Constance Marie took the final vows of our order some months ago. In her case a very short probation was deemed sufficient."

"Such security from me!" murmured Basil, too broken to be bitter. "She is a saint," he said aloud, fervently—"a saint!"

The Superior half smiled with the negation of one who would use the word as an ecclesiastic rather than a lover. "Hers was a pure soul. Her life was a singularly holy one."

"Was!" cried Basil, starting up. "Why do you say *was* when you talk of Constance Enderby?" Then passing his hand across his brow, "Forgive me," he said, "I have been very ill. If only some token were vouchsafed to me that it was not all a dream!"

Rising as one who has made a decision, the Superior said, "Come."

Basil followed her through the long white corridors into the warm sunshine without. They crossed the broad gravel sweep in front of the portico, skirting the orchard and gardens where the gentle nuns take their recreation, and entered a stretch of wooded land. A few steps brought them to a sunny clearing, where a hill slopes away to a vista of fertile fields on the east, and on the west looks sheer down on the thickly peopled city at its feet. On the brow of the hill stood a tall wooden cross draped in as yet unfoliaged vines; behind it several smaller crosses were marshalled in ranks at the head of those sleeping their final sleep in the bosom of the great mother. The Superior pointed to one mound where the turf was so fresh, the cross so new, that it seemed like a novice in the ranks of the peaceful order, and waited while Vandeleur stooped to read the newly cut inscription, "*Constance Marie, Religious*

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of the Annunciation," a date, and a Latin text. Then she turned and left him to his agony.

The sunshine drenched the earth with a golden flood, bringing up sweet scents from the responsive earth, and the warm air quivered with the fulness of life; in the orchard the apple-trees tossed their low-spreading branches, and whispered, "Soon the great mystery will come to pass—soon, soon, soon we shall be white with our spring blossoming!" and the birds took up the story and sang the joys of love and nesting-time—but Constance—!

Not even in death his love, his own, his sweetheart, only one of an order who leave all human ties behind when they enter those high gates.

Now and again the silence was broken into life by the school-children at play, and from the chapel came the rounded notes of the organ and the sound of the choir practising. "*Mater admirabilis, ora pro nobis!*" sang the sweet, impersonal, flutelike voices. "*Ora pro nobis!*" Life and sunshine, peace and the beauty of holiness, were all about him—but Constance—!

Had she forgiven him? wondered Basil, lying in mute anguish, with his cheek to the warm turf, while the shadows lengthened as the day sped on. Had she not come back to him once in his hour of sorest need—Constance—or had it been but a dream?

Directly after her break with Basil Constance had come, a postulant, to the convent, and had taken her vows clad in the dress the Sisters had embroidered for her wedding. Late in the winter she had fallen seriously ill. This the Superior told Basil when he had summoned strength to seek her again to learn all she would tell him of his love. But she did not think it necessary to tell him that in her delirium the nun had repeated incessantly a name not found in the saints' calendar, with all the endearments of an innocent girl's passion. "The crisis was past, the danger over, but as the Sister was exceedingly weak a relapse was feared, and she was forbidden to leave her bed. One evening when she was sleeping peacefully the Sister in charge of the infirmary left her for a little while; on her return the Sister had disappeared, and no trace of her could anywhere be found. After three days of vain search and greatest anxiety, as we rose at dawn for prayers we found her restored to us by a miracle, lying on her bed, as we thought, asleep. Her dress showed signs of travel, as if she had wandered far in her delirium; but her hands, still warm with life, were folded at rest, and the calm of her face told that the spirit was at peace."

The night Constance had disappeared from the convent was the night she drifted unchallenged through the stage entrance of the opera-house to Basil's side, but by what token she was called to him he never knew. How she was aware that he was near her when the city's tide sweeps by the convent walls without casting up one jetsam of its happenings, how she without money or aid contrived to reach him, none ever ascertained. The station-master when questioned vaguely remembered a Sister's journeying to town one stormy night; but Sisters are apt to be abroad when weather is bad and sickness rife, and whether this one were a Sister of Charity or of the cloistered order of the Annunciation he really couldn't say. All nuns looked alike to him. But it mattered very little, Basil used to think; Constance was dead—but she had forgiven him.

The Superior having told all she thought wise to communicate, bade him wait while she left him a minute. Basil sat half stupefied with the weight of his sorrow. It seemed unreal, and yet it was the one dominant fact of his life. His eye wandered from mechanically tracing the patterned squares of the matting on the floor to the prints on the wall—a Flight into Egypt; a Christ with an exposed heart grotesquely pierced by arrows; an angel come to tell Mary among her lilies that behind divine virginity lies motherhood diviner. He tried to think, to realize, but his very being seemed but a dull echo of pain. With noiseless foot the Superior again stood before him. "This may remind you—" she said, and held out something to him. It was the silver cross that had touched his hand as the Sister bent over him in his illness. Basil put it reverentially to his lips. He tried to speak, but turned and went in silence with bowed head. Just then the chapel bell rang, but the Superior paused to watch him till the gates closed on him. "Poor soul!" she sighed; "poor soul!"

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AT THE CAPITAL OF THE YOUNG REPUBLIC.

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

IT will be ninety-four years in the fall of the year (1894) in which this is written since the city of Washington became the residence of the President of the United States. It is ninety-eight years since the House of Representatives debated the question of inserting in the President's speech the declaration that this nation was "the freest and most enlightened in the world." During that time the capital of the country has grown from a hamlet of 500 people in a forest to a city of 230,000 inhabitants, while the enlightenment and freedom of the nation and the stability of its government are beyond dispute. When Congressmen were insisting on the announcement that we were the freest and most enlightened people in the world, our President was a slave-owner, while in arts and letters our productions were but promises of achievement that we might accomplish after we had advanced beyond infancy. In this period Washington has ceased to be a wilderness to which our own public men and the representatives of foreign countries were exiled, and has become a capital interesting to every intelligent person, and delightful to those who are most familiar with it.

To the intelligent foreigner who visited America a century ago the new democracy was full of charm. To the diplomat who felt that he was banished hither to discuss international business with men who were not bound by the rules of etiquette prevailing at European courts, who were determined to recognize no precedence of birth or title, and some of whom courted popularity by a parade of boorishness which they set up as the standard of democracy, the new country was a land of trials and hardships. He was insulted at every turn. His dinners were bad, and his temper was spoiled. The common people impudently insisted on treating him as if they were his equals. The President himself did not pay him that attention, nor regard the regulations of formal courtesy in his intercourse with him, which he had the right to expect and even to exact from crowned heads. To the small soul of Mr. Merry, the British minister, America, and especially Washington, was a nest of stinging annoyances, while the American people were vulgar, stupid, and altogether intolerable. To the liberal and intelligent mind of the Duc de Liancourt the country and its dwellers were interesting and enlightening, and its institutions and manners were worthy of the serious study of a statesman and philosopher.

The new nation had been set up in a country which was farther away from European civilization than South Africa is to-day. European people had dwelt along its Atlantic coast and within the shadows of its forests for more than a century and a half; but as an independent, self-governing community the United States were as new to the official European as if the continent had been just discovered. During its colonial existence the country, with the possible exception of Massachusetts and Connecticut, had afforded tolerable domiciles to the royal governors and their staffs, but the successors of these, who came not to govern but to negotiate, and who were forced to meet on equal terms men imbued with the spirit of democracy, who deemed it to be their duty to emphasize their political faith, were inclined to think that their lot was cast among commonplace savages.

When the European diplomat reached this country he found himself in a new and strange world. For a year the capital was at New York, then a city of 33,000 people. Then for ten years it was in Philadelphia, the largest and most elegant town in the country. Then it was placed in the woods and swamps of the District of Columbia. If he were not content to make the best of what he found he was very uncomfortable. In the two large cities society was very like that which he avoided, or into which he had never been introduced, at home. Until long after the middle of the nineteenth century those of our European visitors who wrote about us ill-naturedly complained that our best was no better than the middle class of London or the bourgeoisie of Paris. The cities were small. The number of eligible dwellings were few, and most of those were occupied by their owners. Philadelphia was better than New York. Not only was it larger, its society was more agreeable, and most

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of the foreigners who have written of the early times of the republic have expressed their delight and surprise at the cultivation and even luxury that they found there. The truth is that the country was a good deal nearer to the Old World in 1790 than it was in 1830 and 1840. The men were those who had led armies, who had served in Congress, or who had lived in Europe winning support in the Old World for the New World's struggle for independence. The women were worthy of the men. Mrs. Washington was formal, and engrossed in "the President." Mrs. Adams was also formal, and her drawing-rooms were far from democratic; but she had a wide intelligence and a keen interest in the politics of the day in which her husband cut so large a figure. There were Mrs. Knox, most hospitable of women; Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick; Mrs. Bingham; Mrs. Oliver Wolcott.

"Sir," said the British minister to a Connecticut Congressman, speaking of Mrs. Wolcott, "your countrywoman would shine at the Court of St. James."

"She even shines at Litchfield Hill," answered the patriotic and gallant representative.

In the year when the seat of government moved from New York to Philadelphia on its way to Washington, Franklin died, but Priestley dwelt in Philadelphia, and what literature there was in the country at the opening of the present century centred about Mr. Dickens's book-shop, near Independence Hall. Notwithstanding the hostility of the Quakers to dramatic exhibitions, the theatre in Philadelphia was always open, and it was an elegant affair compared with the house in John Street, New York. There were tea-drinkings and visitings, and as much social intercourse as the little town was capable of. Talleyrand said, when he visited the city, that its people "were enjoying all the luxuries of Europe." The Duc de Liancourt has also borne testimony to the social charms of Philadelphia. "The profusion and luxury of Philadelphia," he wrote, "on great days, at the tables of the wealthy, in their equipages and the dresses of their wives and daughters, are extreme. I have seen balls on the President's birthday where the splendor of the rooms and the variety and richness of the dresses did not suffer in comparison with Europe; and it must be acknowledged that the beauty of the American ladies has the advantage in the comparison."

All this splendor, however, was in miniature. The men of the government were serious persons and not given to frivolities. Talleyrand found them entertaining and instructive, and Liancourt treated them with great respect, but to younger and more frolicsome minds Philadelphia must have been a sad exchange for Paris or London, or even for Berlin. Notwithstanding the luxury of some of the rich Philadelphians, there were a good many makeshifts and inconveniences, and not a few discomforts of life, in the American capital. John Adams, the Vice-President, lived at a boarding-house in company with a large number of Congressmen and any transient persons who might come along and for whom accommodations could be found. There Thomas Twining,* an invalided officer of the East Indian government, found himself in the society of the second personage of the new government, for Mr. Adams occupied the head of the boarding-house table at which sat all the guests of the house. There was no other government in the world where such a scene could be witnessed. The Vice-President occupied a single room, and the menial work of the house was performed by a single negro woman. Here were such simplicity and democratic heterogeneity that, in the sight of a foreigner, the whole country must have seemed to be camping out. This Mr. Thomas Twining was evidently a man of intelligence, who judged wisely, and whose mind was not disturbed, as was Basil Hall's, by what it was the fashion in that day to call "the vapors." A passage from his entertaining book indicates the attitude towards American society maintained by the smaller minded of our official foreign visitors:

"I drank tea and spent the evening with the English chargé d'affaires. There was a large party of ladies and gentlemen, all Americans. The reception was in a large room upstairs, resembling in every respect an English drawing-room. The company sat round a wood fire, placed in a shining grate. In the middle of the circle, after tea and coffee had been served round, figured the consul himself, descanting on various subjects, public and private, as well as public and private characters, sometimes with unbecoming levity, sometimes with sarcasm still more unbecoming. The opinion he expressed could hardly fail to be

* *Travels in America One Hundred Years Ago.*

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offensive to the sentiments of many of his guests, and to the good taste of all. I was surprised at behavior so undignified, and felt some shame at seeing the representative of my country playing the part of a political mountebank before many of the principal persons of the American metropolis."

The simplicity of the daily lives of the high personages of the government as described by Thomas Twining is in vivid contrast with the Republican denunciations of the aristocratic tendencies of the first administration. Mr. Twining called on the President in Philadelphia, and he shall describe his own visit:

"13*th May*.—At one o'clock to-day I called at General Washington's with the picture and letter I had for him. He lived in a small red-brick house on the left side of High Street, not much higher up than Fourth Street. There was nothing in the exterior of the house that denoted the rank of its possessor. Next door was a hair-dresser. Having stated my object to a servant who came to the door, I was conducted up a neat but rather narrow staircase, carpeted in the middle, and was shown into a middling-sized well-furnished drawing-room on the left of the passage. Nearly opposite the door was the fireplace, with a wood fire in it. The floor was carpeted. On the left of the fireplace was a sofa, which sloped across the room. There were no pictures on the walls, no ornaments on the chimney-piece. Two windows on the right of the entrance looked into the street. There was nobody in the room, but in a minute Mrs. Washington came in, when I repeated the object of my calling, and put into her hands the letter for General Washington and his miniature. She said she would deliver them to the President, and inviting me to sit down, retired for that purpose. She soon returned, and said that the President would come presently. Mrs. Washington was a middle-sized lady, rather stout, her manner extremely kind and unaffected. She sat down on the sofa, and invited me to sit by her. . . . While engaged in this conversation, but with my thoughts turned to the expected arrival of the General, the door opened, and Mrs. Washington and myself rising, she said, 'The President,' and introduced me to him."

Here is a picture of simple dignity the like of which is rare in the history of men who have ruled empires. We can imagine the impressiveness of the man who stamped so much character upon the new title which the republic had bestowed upon its chief executive. Mr. Twining was moved to write that "General Washington harmonized in a singular manner with the dignity and modesty of his public life."

Life in Philadelphia during these ten years—from 1790 to 1800—must have been as delightful as provincial life can ever be to those who are bred in capitals. There was a little gloss of finish, and there was the beauty of the American women, which led to certain international marriages, but there was the eternal monotony of a new and small society. Outside of this temporary capital, in the woods where the people were beginning to build an empire, was to be found the real life of the new experiment. Civilization had pitched its tent there, but while the future glowed with hope for the country and for humanity, the present was crude and uncomfortable. The few Europeans who saw the hopefulness of the experiment were men of broad and philosophic minds. Most of those who came hither on business or for pleasure complained only of the barbarism of the backwoods. The representatives of foreign countries who were forced to dwell at the seat of government found life almost unbearable. It was of Turreau, whom Napoleon sent as minister to the United States in 1804, that Mr. Henry Adams was writing when he said: "At best, the position of a French minister in America was not agreeable. The mere difference in habits, manners, amusements, and the want of a thousand luxuries and pleasures such as made Paris dear to every Frenchman, rendered Washington a place of exile. Perhaps nothing but fear of the guillotine could have reconciled even republican Frenchmen to staying in a country where, in the words of Talleyrand, there was no Frenchman who did not feel himself a stranger."

But what did Jefferson or Madison care for Turreau — Turreau, of whom Dolly Madison wrote, "I have heard sad things of Turreau—that he whips his wife, and abuses her dreadfully"—the wife who was a servant in his jail, who rubbed out the red mark on his door placed there as a guide to the guillotiners, and whom he married because she had thus saved his life?

If Philadelphia was sad, what can be said of Washington in these early days? When the government moved there in 1800 the journey was made over roads that did not deserve the name of highways, that were mere wagon tracks blazed through the woods. The wagons were rough and springless makeshifts. The

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company was promiscuous and democratic. The inns were generally neat, but the food was chiefly of salted pork. There was everywhere inadequate accommodation. Europeans complained that they were compelled to sleep in rooms which contained from two to a dozen beds, and sometimes to occupy a bed with a stranger. The journey from Baltimore to Washington that is now made in an hour required a long day a century ago, while the best part of three days was consumed by the journey from Philadelphia to the new capital. As Mrs. John Adams recalled it, the way was sombre, the woods were thick, the swamps were noisome, the evidences of life were few. Now and then a hut was seen in a small clearing, and there were inns at the end of the stages between Philadelphia and Georgetown.

Washington itself was the most uncomfortable capital in the world. Nothing was finished. The President moved into an uncompleted White House, and Congress into an uncompleted Capitol. Pennsylvania Avenue was described by John Cotton Smith as a "deep morass covered with alder bushes." The trees had been cut from it, sidewalks had been made with chips from the stone of the Capitol, the black Tiber Creek which crossed it had been spanned by a timber bridge. Here and there were groups of wooden buildings for the accommodation of Congressmen. Six brick dwelling-houses that are still standing on Pennsylvania Avenue between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets had been built with money derived from the sale of lottery tickets. There was one good tavern about forty rods from the President's house, but there was enormous difficulty in securing lodgings. The members of Congress, the cabinet officers, and all but a few persons who were compelled to keep house lodged in the tavern and boarding-houses. What discomforts they endured is best illustrated by an entry in the diary of a member of Congress. "Speaker Sedgwick," he wrote, "was allowed a room to himself; the rest of us in pairs." The Northern members, who had never favored the removal of the capital to the banks of the Potomac began to talk about their expatriation, and to grumble at the loss of luxuries they had enjoyed in New York, and especially in Philadelphia. Attempts to repair the mistake and to move back to Philadelphia were at once begun. These failing, an effort was made in 1804 to remove the capital to Baltimore. The two wings of the Capitol were not completed until 1811, and so slow had been the progress of Washington that after the public buildings had been burned by the British in 1814 there was a strong party in Congress opposed to an appropriation for their repair.

The people who dwelt in the "Federal City" in 1800 were poor, idle, unclean. Mr. Wolcott said, "They live like fishes, eating each other." Some of them were white, and some of them were negroes. The most considerable persons in the settlement were Mr. Law, an Englishman who had gone there to speculate in land, and Mr. Burns, upon whose farm the White House and other public buildings were erected. It was as difficult to procure laborers or to find tradesmen as it was to secure comfortable lodgings. Both were to be had no nearer than Georgetown, now part of Washington, but then a distant port, to be reached only after an arduous journey over execrable roads, muddy or dusty, as the weather was wet or dry, and through a swamp which crossed what is now one of the main avenues in the fashionable part of the city. Gouverneur Morris, writing to the Princesse de la Tour et Taxis in 1800, said, "We want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well-informed men, amiable women, and other trifles of this kind to make our city perfect." Yrujo, the Spanish Minister, said that it was impossible "to produce a decent dinner at the new capital without sending fifty to sixty miles for the material." There was social material, however, within visiting distance of the capital, as Sir Augustus Fisher, an attaché of the British legation, discovered. The country families of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland had preserved many of the customs of their English ancestry, and among them the sport of fox-hunting. The Gloucester Fox-hunting Club of Philadelphia and the South River Club of Anne Arundel County in Maryland were formed early in the eighteenth century, that their members might enjoy periodically in groups what was their almost daily pastime on their own lands. The early British ministers and their secretaries and attachés found much to amuse them and to remind them of home on the large estates in the immediate neighborhood of Washington. Sir

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THOMAS TWINING AND PRESIDENT WASHINGTON.

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Augustus Fisher wrote admiringly of the "rich Maryland population," especially of the Carrolls, Lloyds, and Tayloes. He was enthusiastic over the pretty girls of Georgetown, where, he said, society was centred. Indeed, society centred there for many years. But if the men took pleasure in chasing the fox and in admiring the Southern beauties, the women must have found time hanging very heavily on their hands; and the men themselves must have longed for a little variety in their occupations, for an occasional new face, or a fresh subject for conversation. News was making very fast in Europe in the days when Napoleon was toppling over the thrones of kings, and much of it was news in which the government of the United States was intensely interested, but it was a month old when it reached America, and it doubtless seemed pure idleness to discuss issues that must have been settled before the President and the members of the diplomatic corps had heard of them. Society at the capital was a good deal like life at a frontier post in the present day; and men then, as now, found relief from *ennui* in gaming—which is said to have been "rife"—and in drinking, which is said to have been the national curse; but whether either gambling or drinking was more general in this country than in England, especially among fine gentlemen, we are at liberty to doubt when we read of the exploits of William Pitt, Lord Thurlow, and Mr. Dundas; of the three-bottle men; of the noble gentlemen who went to sleep night after night under the table; of the bets registered in that interesting old book at Brooks's, in which Charles James Fox, Selwyn, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and other notables recorded their wagers on politics, love, war, hunting, shooting, and on the lives of their friends and parents. The republic was founded at a time when society in Europe was not over-nice.

There were assemblies and dancing in the new world, and the beaux and belles were willing to make great exertions to enjoy them. They were obliged to travel long distances over roads of which there was constant complaint, and a trip from Georgetown to the White House for a President's levee or a state dinner was attended with many hardships. The social rites at the White House were conducted with great formality during the brief period of President Adams's residence there. Ceremonious intercourse was demanded, and the rules of precedence were rigorously obeyed so far as they were understood. But even the dignitaries of the first and second administrations doubtless suffered, as have their successors, from that sensitiveness of the representatives of foreign countries which is thus set forth in a little book on etiquette published not so many years ago by Mr. Tasistro, who knew of what he spoke, for he was an employé of the State Department. "What tries the patience of the American Chief Magistrate," complains this faithful and sympathetic public functionary, "is how to avoid wounding the fretful sensibilities of the *corps diplomatique* when the sensitive members of that irritable fraternity are brought together on solemn state occasions."

Jefferson very suddenly put an end to all ceremony and to all recognition of foreign rules of precedence, especially those based on titles of nobility. His political principles were democratic, and he wanted it understood that his manners were also democratic. He received Mr. Merry, the British minister, in slippers without heels. Of this Mr. Merry complained in an official letter to his chief. He also complained that when Jefferson invited him to dinner, the President did not take in Mrs. Merry, but Mrs. Madison, the wife of the Secretary of State, who did the honors of the White House. The President also violated a rule of international courtesy on this occasion by inviting to dinner M. Pichon, the chargé of France, with which country Mr. Merry's was then at war. There was a very small diplomatic corps at Washington at that time. Besides Mr. Merry and M. Pichon, there were the Marques de Yrujo—the Spanish minister—and a Danish chargé d'affaires. Mr. Madison followed the President's example, and so deeply offended all the foreigners that the women formed a conspiracy to resent what they regarded as the insults put upon them by the government. Two of the women, Madame Pichon and the Marquesa de Yrujo, were Americans; and notwithstanding the social war in which she engaged, Madame de Yrujo was always on terms of warm affection with Mrs. Madison. There had been a girlhood friendship between them when one was Sally McKean and the other the pretty Widow Todd.

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THE WASHINGTON HOUSE IN PHILADELPHIA.

In reading the memoirs and letters of the women of this time one is conscious of the sweet and wholesome atmosphere that pervaded the official homes of the young republic. There was no art or literature in the country, and the conversations of the salons of Europe in that brilliant and intellectual epoch were distant echoes in the parlors of Mrs. Randolph and Mrs. Madison. The women talked gossip about Turreau and his poor wife, perhaps, or discussed new gowns and hats that had just been brought over in a ship that had come up the river to Alexandria. They talked a little politics, too, and expressed the opinion that the "Orders in Council" and the "Berlin Decree" were "horrid." They talked of their ailments, of teething children, of troubles with their servants. Perhaps there were apologies for a burnt soup on the ground that the cook had been so refractory that the gentle hostess had been obliged to send her off to be whipped. They may have confided to each other their opinions of the upstart tradesmen of Georgetown. Whatever they talked about, there was no doubt of their sweetness, their purity, their gentle breeding. As for Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Sedgwick, Mrs. Wolcott, and some others, they had a native wit and cleverness that made the ill-tempered Mr. Merry's sneers at them not only brutal, but false.

Out of this quarrel about precedence came Mr. Jefferson's code of etiquette. This was a set of canons not founded on caprice, nor on a desire to offend those who had been accustomed to other things, but on the President's political and social principles. A new order of government had been established, and Mr. Jefferson believed that new rules should be set up for the regulation of the intercourse of its officials with representatives from other countries. These rules were based on the principle that precedence is only for convenience, and that no rank, except official rank in the republic, entitled its possessor to distinguishing courtesy. The rule which breathed the spirit of the whole is as follows:

"To give force to the principle of equality or *pêle-mêle*, and to prevent the growth of precedence out of courtesy, the members of the executive, at their own houses, will adhere to the ancient usage of their ancestors—the gentlemen *en masse* giving place to the ladies *en masse*."

Every minister, as the representative of his nation, was considered the "equal to every other without distinction of grade." If an ambassador had been sent to this country during the administration of Jefferson or Madison or Monroe, he would not have ranked above a minister plenipotentiary; and if the rule were strictly enforced, he would not have received a social recognition superior to that accorded to a chargé d'affaires. This was not pleasing to the foreign ministers, but it had to be endured, for the new government had the right to regulate the social observances of its official life, and a great deal of important business was being transacted between the

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young republic and England, France, and Spain.

There has not been any essential change in the social official life of the capital since Mr. Jefferson made his code, and since he took Dolly Madison in to dinner, instead of the offended Mrs. Merry. The necessity of precedence has been recognized, but titles give place to length of service. At Jefferson's levees there was a democratic and thoroughly uncomfortable rush of people, who trampled on everything that was fine in the home that the public provided for its chief servant, as well as on each other. When Mrs. Madison ceased to be the presiding genius of Mr. Jefferson's home, and became the head of the house in her own right, because her husband was President, there was a slight change, and some of the formalities of Mrs. Washington and Mrs. John Adams were reintroduced to temper the excessive democracy with which Mr. Jefferson verified his professions of love for the people. But in more recent times the assemblages at the White House have more than once resembled Mr. Jefferson's rather than Mrs. Madison's.

It was an entirely new world in which Old World men found themselves after the capital had been removed from Philadelphia to Washington, and after Washington and Adams had been succeeded by Jefferson and Madison. The land had just been touched by the transforming hand of man. The Constitution rustled and crackled in its newness. The political doctrine of manhood equality had not yet taken on such form and method that its import could be accurately judged. The people who had been newly clothed with the powers of government were proud of their rights, and more aggressive than tactful in asserting them. The capital was a hamlet of scattered huts in a forest. Not only a new political, but a new social order of things had been established, and those who had to deal with all these strange conditions found them difficult, and often disagreeable. There was probably not a European diplomat who found official intercourse at Washington altogether agreeable during the first seventy years of the republic's existence.

When foreigners left the capital, and travelled in the country away from the cities, they were forced to endure many hardships, and to suffer greatly from what they regarded as the rudeness and incivilities of the people. Even Liancourt, most generous of critics and intelligent of observers, found "less of apparent civility and politeness than in France, or even in England." He said that the people were too serious, and bemoaned the national vice of drinking, saying that "Americans of low caste were given to drunkenness." But Dr. Theodore Dwight denied this accusation, and insisted that hard drinking was not so prevalent in America as in England. He also offered to an English friend an intelligent reason for the dislike manifested by the Europeans for our people. "A principal reason," he wrote, "why your countrymen complain of disobliging conduct in mine is that they provoke this treatment. An Englishman, when he enters an inn, treats the innkeeper as if he were his servant; perhaps I might say, with truth, his slave." The foreigner found it difficult to accept a situation in which every man was taught that he was the equal of every other man. It is largely so to-day. Political equality, it is true, does not make social equality, but its possessors insist on standing on an equal footing with every one with whom the necessities of business, service, or travel bring them in contact. Europeans complain of this, and there are some Americans who would give up our institutions, and the gains which the average man has made under them, for better manners on the part of those who perform the humbler duties of life. There is no good reason, it is true, why freedom and good manners should not go together, but the world has not reached that condition of spirituality, and the incivility of equality is nearly as common now as it was in Jefferson's day, and manners are often as bad as they were when Mr. Merry wrote of Dolly Madison and the other wives of the cabinet officers as "a set of beings as little without the manners as without the appearance of gentlewomen." It was of such times as these that Mr. Thackeray wrote, "In the days when there were fine gentlemen Mr. Secretary Pitt's under-secretaries did not dare to sit down before him; but Mr. Pitt, in his turn, went down on his gouty knees to George III.; and when George III. spoke a few kind words to him, Lord Chatham burst into tears of reverential joy and gratitude; so awful was the idea of the monarch, and so great the distinctions of rank." No

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AN EVENING WITH THE ENGLISH CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES.

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wonder that men who, like their fathers and grandfathers before them, had been reared in such a school should find it difficult to accommodate themselves to the free manners, to the lack of reverence, and to the ignorance of the pretensions of rank that prevailed in the new republic! There were some of our visitors who saw beyond the manners and the outward manifestations that seemed rudeness to more fastidious and exacting critics. I must quote once more from Thomas Twining, because, unlike most of the Englishmen who came to this country a century ago, he had no prejudices, an open mind, and a large respect for the English institutions that had been transplanted here, and that had expanded under happy conditions. He wrote, in 1795: "I believe there is no nation that would have done more in so short a time, and most nations would assuredly have done infinitely less. The transplanted branch of the British oak had already taken root, and displayed the vigor and strength of the parent stock. It was flattering to an Englishman to see the intelligence, energy, and enterprise which were manifested."

The people were intensely busy. The land was filled with the rage of politics. The newspapers and pamphlets teemed with libels. Everybody expected the Union to go to pieces, and when Burr conceived his dream of an empire in the Southwest, Merry and Yrujo did not hesitate to enter into negotiations with him contemplating the aid of England and Spain in bringing about the separation of Louisiana from the Union. Society in parts of the country retained some of the elegancies that were brought from England. Gentlemen and ladies continued to dance the minuet at hunt balls clad in belated fashions brought in sailing vessels from the Old World. In the South there was a good deal of out-of-door life—fox-hunting, racing, and cock-fighting—and there was a good deal of violence on the frontier. The Southern planter lived on horseback. Congress adjourned frankly for the races at Georgetown. The hospitality of the Southerner was boundless. New-Englanders and men of the Middle States were counted more penurious, but they were far more liberal than the Southerners in expenditures for public purposes—for roads, for bridges, for public schools.

The characteristics that were manifested by the American people, and by the different sections of the country, did not change materially before the great war that changed everything. The politics of the country, it is true, grew away from the politics of the Old World. After Madison's time sympathy with France or England did not mark the issue between the parties. The Federalists no longer wore English clothes or breathed forth English hatred of Bonaparte. The Republicans no longer followed French fashions. In manners, too, the country grew away from the Old World. The older generation who remembered Europe and Europeans had departed. They were followed by a race that had its own standards of manners and customs. Life in the cities and at the national capital became cruder than it had been. The White House in Jackson's day was more intensely democratic than when Jefferson insisted that a social revolution was the natural sequence of a political revolution.

Everybody went to the President's receptions, including loungers, and even servants. Europeans who, like Basil Hall, had sneered at our beginnings, now, like Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens, libelled us for our most patent vices. Popular sovereignty presented its worst side to the world from 1825 to 1860. As we had formed a new government, many of our people betook themselves to forming new manners, new philosophies, new fashions in dressing, and new religions. The people were having their say in the world, and they were expressing themselves in loud and sometimes discordant tones. Foreigners did not like us, and made fun of us. Even Fanny Kemble, after she had married an American, ridiculed good Philip Hone's hospitality in a journal which she had the temerity to publish. She made sport of his dinner, derided his servants, spoke of her fellow-convives as "aborigines," and exclaimed in horror at the absence of "finger-glasses." In answer to this, Mr. Hone, who was a handsomer and better gentleman than young Miss Kemble seemed able to appreciate, gravely argued: "With all submission, I disagree with my fastidious guest. I don't eat with my fingers, and therefore do not require finger-glasses. We have them in the house, but do not frequently use them. I think it unseemly to see a company at a dinner table, particularly the female part, washing their hands, rinsing their

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mouths, rubbing their gums with the finger, and squirting the polluted water back into the vessel, as was formerly the fashion in this country, a fashion which prevails yet in England in the higher circles." It is not a pleasing picture that the worthy

honesty because our buildings were often put up in such a hurry that they fell down. We were barbarians because we maintained slavery. The people, however, were growing both in strength and grace, and even in that hobbledehoy

"MR. ADAMS OCCUPIED THE HEAD OF THE BOARDING-HOUSE TABLE."

Mayor draws of an English dinner table in the "higher circles." It is more than likely, however, that after Miss Kemble's journal was published, the finger-glasses that were "in the house" made their appearance on the Hone dinner table regularly. The Hone house was one of the best in New York, and the incident shows how very American society had become in 1832, and how slight was its touch with Europe.

Our notions were curious and unpalatable to visitors from the polite world across the water. They called our merchants cheats because they were in a hurry to get rich, and because bankruptcies did not seem to disconcert them. They charged the whole nation with dis-

period the finest flowers of the republic were as fair as could be found anywhere. When Monroe, Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren were Presidents there were no better-mannered men in the country than those who lived in the White House, and perhaps there was no better-mannered man in public life anywhere than Martin Van Buren. Washington had its delightful people—the Van Nesses, the Decaturs, Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Livingston, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Clay. Life among these was simple, but it was attractive. Although M. Bacourt found Daniel Webster a boor and Henry Clay a farmer, Sir Charles Vaughn, the English minister, and De Serrurier, the French minister,

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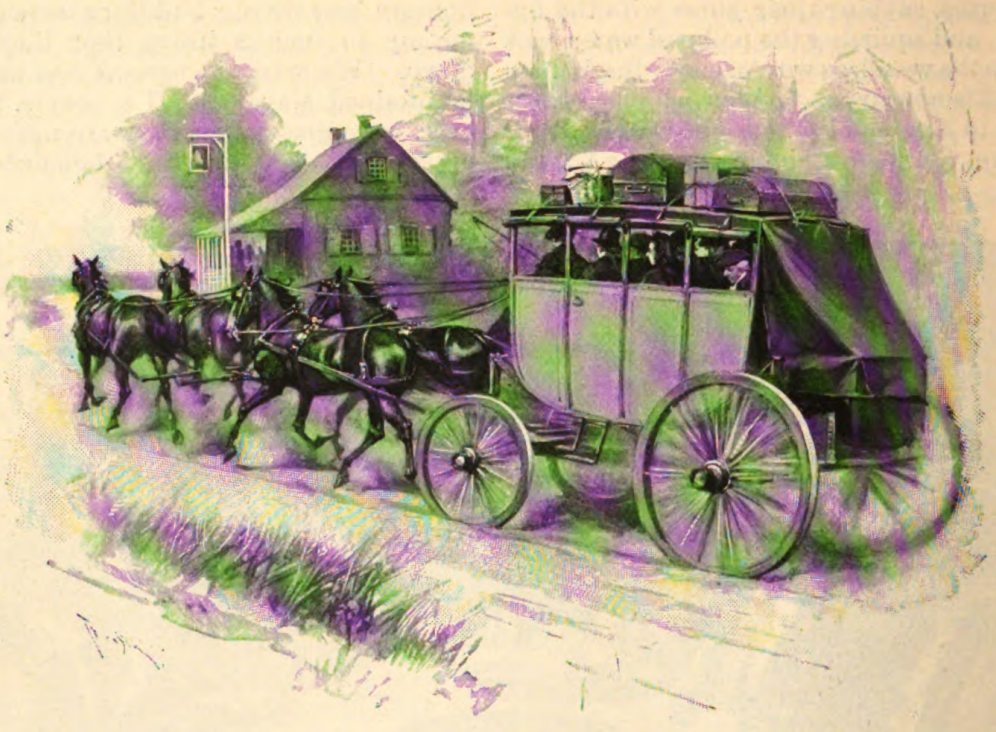

THE PHILADELPHIA STAGE-COACH.

found in America much that charmed them, and they made life-long friendships with American men and women.

Washington remained a straggling village until after the war. Its streets were country roads, muddy or dusty. Commerce did not seek its wharves, and trade shunned its shops. The magnificent idea on which L'Enfant had planned the American Versailles was thwarted. The members of the diplomatic corps continued to prefer a residence in Georgetown, where civilization had dwelt somewhat longer, and where comforts were nearer at hand. Kalorama was a favorite legation-house. It was beautifully situated on a wooded height. The house was built of imported English brick in 1807. It had been owned by Joel Barlow and by Stephen Decatur. It had been the English legation when Jackson was minister, and the French legation when De Serrurier represented his country. It was a rural retreat until long after the war, and it was not until very recently that it came within the vision of the speculator in city lots.

Notwithstanding the few appreciative foreigners who represented their sovereigns in the young republic, Washington was the best hated and most unpopular capital in the world. Probably it will never be considered a desirable post to any but diplomats of keen intelligence and large wisdom who are interested in the development and problems of government rather than in the forms and pageantry and etiquette of the profession. But year by year the capital of the country grew more and more to be a worthy home for the government of a great and populous nation. It has developed with the country, and is representative of its political life and its political progress. It is still without art and letters of its own. Commerce does not disturb its preoccupation. What trade it has is just enough for the satisfaction of the needs of those who dwell there. The possessors of wealth make it a winter resort, but they have not yet quite overmastered its social life, and they will not so long as republican simplicity is made necessary by the small rewards given by the republic to its judges, Senators, and cabinet officers. Social life at the capital of the United States continues to be unique, but it has grown in intellectual grace as the country has grown in cultivation, in character, and in the dignity that was one of the fine results of the war and of the wretched days that followed it.

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ON THE TRAIL OF THE WILD TURKEY.

BY CHARLES D. LANIER.

THAT we ought to have chosen the wild turkey, instead of the much-overrated and ill-natured eagle, to be the Bird of Freedom, no one who has studied the ways of winged things will doubt for a moment. Perhaps it were an invidious task, now that he has received the laurels, to show up the fortunate candidate in his true feathers, to prove that not only is he destitute of distinctive American characteristics, either as to race or habitat, but also of the least spark of originality—*vide* Cæsar's standards—and that he is a professional pickpocket, a bully, and untidy in his personal habits.

The wild turkey, on the other hand, is an American to the backbone, notwithstanding the unspeakable impudence which has saddled him with a foreign name; he is no more a "turkey" than an Indian is an Indian; and if he is found elsewhere than in America, it is only as a colonist from the New World. He is one of the noblest of bird kind—a stately, graceful, powerful creature, swift as an arrow, with almost miraculous senses of sight, of hearing, and—so the hunters declare—of scent. Resplendent in black and red and purple and bronze, he stalks with his more modestly attired hens through the delectable mountains of the Virginias and the Carolinas, minding his own business in true American style, drinking from the purest springs of the hills, and feeding on the acorns and chestnuts and chinaberries to be found in the most inaccessible plateaus and deepest ravines. He might deserve some credit, too, in a contest with the eagle, for having ministered with his plump and toothsome breast to the dire wants of our very first American forebears, as the journals of Captain John Smith, William Byrd, and their contemporaries will attest. Not to dwell too long on his comparative virtues as a national emblem, might we not suggest, finally, that if he had received his due, it had not come to pass that the hoary impostor, "Old Abe," made game of fifty millions of people, and their years of confidence, by calmly laying an egg?

It is not, however, as a disappointed but deserving figure-head that his closest acquaintances value this royal prototype of our Thanksgiving fowl. Compared with the times of which the Virginian, William Byrd, writes, there are few wild turkeys left in America; like the moose, they are entirely alien to civilized conditions. Sadly and silently they wing their way back to the yet untrammelled peaks, where for another season or two they may be beyond the sound of railroads and summer resorts. But here and there in the most beautiful and secluded glades and crags of the Alleghany and Blue Ridge mountains, in the Florida wilds, and on the plains of the far Southwest, there are shy flocks still fattening on the mast, to give a glorious chase to those who have much patience, tireless muscles, and "an unmarketable enthusiasm." It is easier to bring to the ground the fleet and timid Virginia deer than to bag a wild turkey by means which the codes of sportsmen call legitimate. Not only has he a pair of powerful wings which can bear his twenty pounds of weight to any point of safety in a few seconds; he also enjoys the luxury of legs to a degree that is fairly a revelation to one who for the first time sees him make a hundred-yard dash into the brush while one may yet be half a mile distant. A deer or bear or fox, which has not been startled, will come within all but arm's-length of the "still-hunter" who stands perfectly motionless among the dull tints of the forest, but a turkey always takes the benefit of the doubt to himself, and hustles up to the highest peak of the range at the first glimpse of such a queer-looking stump.

The mountaineers esteem him the most cunning creature that inhabits the woods. They tell marvellous stories of his shyness and sagacity. And yet that he has his own pet little way of being silly as any goose is shown by one of their methods of circumventing him. When the native hunters find a lonely ridge where a "gang" uses, they sometimes build a great pen of logs, dig a commodious entrance under the bottom timber, and lead long "trails" of sparsely scattered corn from various points on the mountain through this aperture and into the trap. If all goes well, some hungry, frosty morning the turkeys "feed up" on the trail into the pen, and simply remain cooped up there because their foolish heads insist on trying to find a way out

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through the upper chinks of the logs, instead of through the low doorway standing there ready for them! Only less unsportsmanlike and destructive is the very common native trick of laying thin trails leading to a "blind." When the birds have finally been lured into the habit of feeding up to the ambush, it is manned by a mountaineer with the most capacious shot-gun in the neighborhood, to kill and maim the best part of the "gang." When the fall has brought but little mast, and the last chestnuts have been scratched from beneath the leaves, the pot-hunters may in this way bring to the city market the last of the rare birds from a whole region.

But to fairly stalk and outwit this feathered monarch of the forests is the most thrilling, as it is the most difficult, achievement of the man who loves the open air, the trees, and a gun. You will shoulder a rifle, if you are ambitious—but if you are wise it will be a shot-gun, and if you are in addition iron as to your muscles, it will be a big 12 pound 10 bore—and sally forth in the numbing air which the mountain breathes a good hour before the break of an autumn dawn. For by sunrise you want to be far away from the nearest cabin, in the heart of the huge peaks that dimly loom up to the stars. If you do not know the thousand ravines and ridges in them by long acquaintance, stop after a mile of plunging stride, and call out to a little shanty of mud and logs for Jim, the guide, who knows the woods and nothing else. He appears with his five feet of old mountain rifle—sure up to a hundred yards, with a trigger that a puff of wind will pull; six words dispose of your destination, the hunting qualities of the weather, and the amenities of the day; and on you tramp, through pines and oak and hickory and chestnut, over the mountain "road," which is getting more and more difficult to distinguish.

Now there is no more semblance of a path, and after a swift walk of six miles you are before the first dark high wall of a great ridge that is to be the day's hunting ground. For another half-hour you skirt along its base until a possible angle of ascent is reached—the path that the deer take before the hounds—and then comes a long hard climb with two legs and as many arms as can be spared from the gun.

The keen chill of the morning has disappeared, the blood is rushing through your veins, and your heart is beating like a trip-hammer when the steepest part is below and you stop to catch breath before getting down to business. The prodigious fan of roseate flush that was in the east has now faded into a whiter light, and the sun is about to shove its molten blade above a range of the distant Blue Ridge. The frost lies heavily on the leaves and hushes your careful footsteps. A cartridge of buckshot goes into your left-hand barrel, a heavy load of No. 1 into your right, and you step ahead of Jim, with your "wing-shooter," as he calls it, resting in the hollow of your left arm.

Now there is no more steadying of one's self with rustling sapling, nor quick nervous efforts to make headway; you shun a telltale bunch of dead leaves as if it held the plague; every footstep is half-consciously considered, that it may not fall on a dried twig, and that it may be muffled in any friendly bank of moss or sodden wooden punk, where perhaps a peckish bear has torn a decayed stump into bits, with an eye to grubs. The foot settles softly in its fall, the weight to be shifted easily from heel to toe if a concealed stick gives the alarm, and leaves the track as quietly. But these precautions must be *felt*, for the eye is roving restlessly ahead and to either side, taking note of every leaf that falls, suspecting every half-hidden remnant of last year's fire, as far as it can penetrate over the brown leaves and through the brownish-red flags and green laurel bushes.

A half-mile of this requires that part of an hour; but you feel yourself in the secret of the mountains; you are a part of the forest, and what the most favored of its furry and feathered citizens see and know, you may also see and know. The crest of a short ridge commands a vast upward sweep of chestnut and oak; you halt, and your silent rear-guard halts, and both, speechless and motionless, hearken. The sweet sharp air tingles against your skin, and deep draughts of it go to your head like sparkling wine. Your nerves and muscles are alert, are strung to the last degree; but they are your servants. You are filled with an exultant confidence that anything may happen, even the best thing, and all things seem to be good.

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Off to one side a bushy-tailed gray squirrel rasps out his morning bark, then scampers wildly after his mate down the hickory, over the leaves, and in a few moments is leaping along the log upon which rests your gunstock. Five yards away he stops, is electrified with an unknown terror, his bright eyes bulge out towards the two intruders, and back he flies to the high tree, from which a defiant note comes, a few moments later, to say that he is laughing off his own fear. A sudden rhythmic flash of red and white and black draws your eye to a great cock-of-the-woods making his undulating flight from the adjacent mountain range to light on the tall dead oak above you. From its top sounds presently his tremendous tattoo, echoing strangely from the big hills and across the wide deep valleys into the quiet of the morning.

In the shadow of the huge bowlders there, where crystal springs start up through the moss on their way to the river, whose gracile curves shine out like a silver ribbon miles away and below, a fussy busybody of a wren hops from stone to stone—a queer little housekeeper to be up here in the greatness and the solitude of the mountains. The diminutive brown butterball, her jaunty tail stuck in the body at an absurd angle, flutters over to you presently and makes a jerky tour of the dogwood you are leaning against, without a sign of fear, and even perches on the rim of your shooting-cap.

But no telltale rustling of strong legs and feet greets your expectant ears, and presently the march is continued in single file as before. Now you have left the dividing "backbone," and climb up and down a never-ending succession of ridges and "drafts," as the ravines are called. The up grades are taken slowly and deliberately, and just before the top of each local ridge is attained you pause until your heart is quiet enough for a shot, and then tip noiselessly to the summit, where there is another halt, and a searching reconnoitre of the next long draft opened to view.

Soon your eye catches a spot of bare earth where the leaves have been scratched and thrown about. They are turkey "signs," but you see that the frost has been on them; if you refer to Jim, he will tell you that it is the frost of one night only. Thicker and thicker are the signs; whole acres of the forest carpet under this luxuriant ceiling of oaks and hickories and chestnuts have been scratched up. More and more wary you become as the summits of the ridges are attained; and as for Jim, there is no sound to tell you that he follows within a few feet. He gives a short, insectlike hiss, and turning, you see him regarding a "sign" that bears no trace of frost. Here is another, and still another. Every few yards now you pause and listen. Suddenly a faint though distinct rustle transforms you into a statue. It comes nearer. You cock your gun without making the click, and are all eyes and ears and nerves. On patter the footsteps, far too regular for a squirrel, and scarcely like a feeding turkey. Ah! by moving your eyes in their sockets, without any motion of the head, you see emerging from the laurel growth on one side a villain of a gray fox, sneaking home after a night of marauding in the settlement. On he comes, in a swift, graceful trot, within gunshot, within half gunshot, within—but he has seen Jim's rifle raised, and then your gun, to cover him; the sly old fellow makes a frightened leap, and increases his pace until he seems simply to have faded away, while your gun speaks not for fear of frightening the turkeys.

But it is a mistake not to have bagged him, for he startles the alert birds anyhow, and you arrive on the scene of their late *déjeuner* only to conclude that they have gone up to the top of the mountain. It is one of their peculiarities that they always run or fly *up* the mountain, no matter what the obstacles, when they are leaving dangerous ground. The very highest peak of the range is what they want at these times, and they generally get it.

So you trudge along, headed for the high ground, marking now and then a rabbit that squats in his form beneath a stump, peering into rocky caverns for a possible bear, or starting a stupid old owl from her "ancient, solitary reign" in some recondite crevice.

You have traversed a long "backbone," and stand listening and somewhat wearied near the edge of a steep ravine, hundreds of feet deep, across which appears the broad breast of another mountain. Far down below you can hear the tinkling of a stream. For many minutes you scan the opposite ridge, examining every detail of its beetling gray

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rocks, its open woods, and the laurel bushes here and there. Your eyes, almost simultaneously with Jim's, become fixed. Something is in motion; now the trees hide it; now, as your gaze becomes better accustomed to the difficult task, you can almost distinguish dark forms slowly moving about and scratching in the leaves. They are only five hundred yards away in a bee-line, but to go down into the ravine and up the other side is twice this distance, and it cannot be done without the certainty of frightening the wary fellows. Indeed, ten steps more would probably cause their instant and mysterious disappearance for the day. After a softly breathed council of war you turn back in your tracks until entirely out of sight, make the best time possible down the side of the mountain, and then struggle up *their* ridge, above them and far in the rear—a détour of miles.

But now you are on the backbone of their ridge, and are creeping along at a snail's pace, hoping to turn the brow of the mountain above them softly enough to get, at any rate, a wing shot. Presently you can hear them, faintly, a few hundred feet away, tearing up the ground for acorns, with a sound which can be duplicated by grasping again and again with distended fingers into a matting of leaves. You stop with the devout hope that they may be feeding toward you; but it does not seem so, and on you creep, studying every step. Now they must be almost within gunshot, though they cannot be seen. A few yards more gained, and the rustlings detonate through your excited brain as if they were cannon-shots. The crack of a single twig now would send the turkeys for miles without giving you a glimpse, for the rascals take care to dart behind the brush before they fly. If they would only show themselves you could rake them with the buckshot, for it can scarcely be more than forty yards. Yet a little nearer you work your way; you suspect a movement in the low laurel bushes; but a vigilant gobbler has found that something is out of joint, the rustling ceases, and the air is suddenly beaten by mighty wings to get the start that the turkey needs for flight. One unlucky hen shows herself as she sails straight away, and both barrels go after her in a long shot, while there are harrowing, far-away, and unprofitable glimpses of great black gobblers shooting over to the opposite mountain. But to your great joy the hen tumbles, badly winged, into the ravine a thousand feet away; and after a diligent hunt you "kick her up," out of a bunch of thick laurel, for the *coup de grace*, and have a little revival meeting with Jim over her plumpness and spread of wing.

Jim has hopes of doing some work by "yelping" on the back track, so after a bite of apple-butter sandwich and a pull at the icy chalybeate water of the stream, he produces from his vest pocket the small bone of a turkey's pinion, carefully hollowed and cleaned. This is to be used in case they have scattered, for then they call to each other towards sundown, and get together for the night.

Back over the ridges you toil during the afternoon, being encouraged by the "jumping" of a buck deer, though he offers but little chance for Jim's bullet speeding after him. When the sun gets low you listen anxiously for the turkey's call, and finally there is a far-away "ky-ouck ky-ouck ky-ouck ky-ouck, ky-ouck ky-ouck ky-ouck"—the first four notes mildly, interrogatively, almost plaintively crescendo, while the three concluding ones are sharp and impatient and loud. You dispose yourself behind the "antique roots" of a great oak; Jim covers the unmouthed end of his yelper with both hands, and with a peculiar sucking action on that instrument gives the same call with mystifying fidelity. A long pause comes before the answer. Again Jim yelps, and the call shows that the wanderer is coming up the mountain! The next few minutes are quite as thrilling as any buck-fever experience. Now the old gobbler seems to be coming into the snare; now he is coy, and backs off a little. Jim yelps more softly as he approaches, to hurry him up; but he is not to be hurried. Your heart stands still at every answering call, and your brain pictures twenty-pounders stalking in from all points of the compass, so eagerly are your eyes strained to catch that stately form striding over the leaves. Ah, there he is, far away in the open woods! What a magnificent picture as he straightens himself up until you wonder when his neck will stop, to listen critically and silently to the yelper! Satisfied with the performance, he runs forward a few steps, pensively picks up an acorn, gives his

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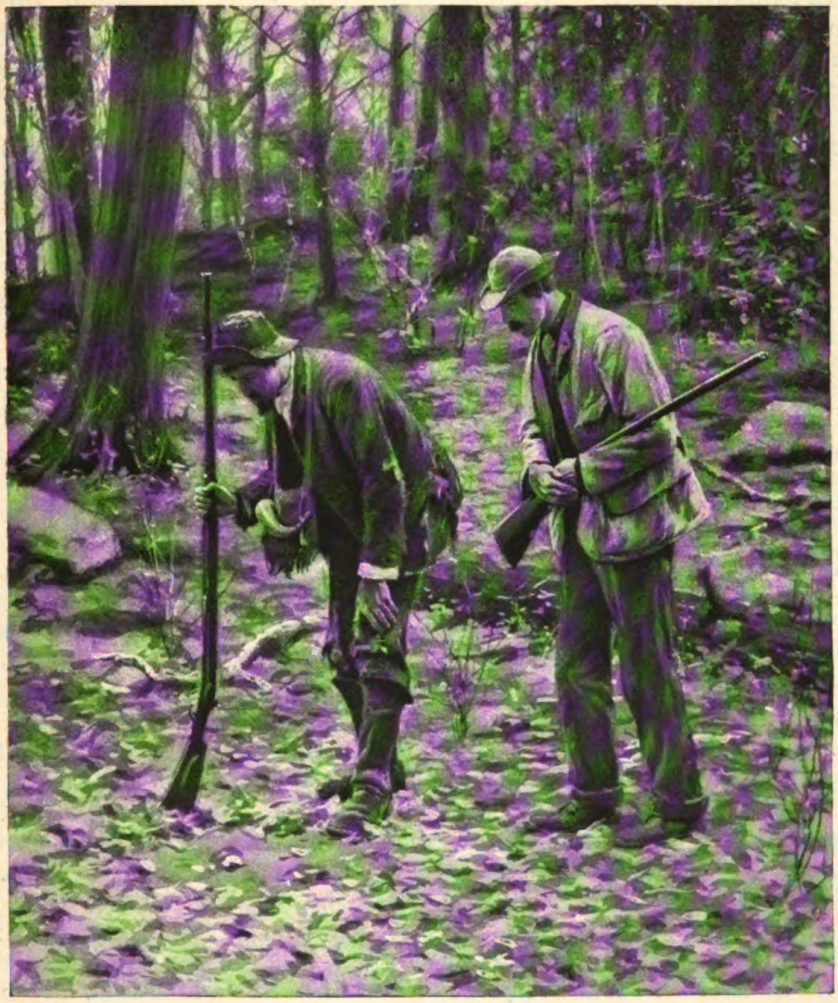

SIGNS.

own call, and then again proudly lifts his head on high. Did more grace and strength and pride ever walk in feathers?

You scarcely breathe, but you do not dare hope such a magnificent old chieftain as that will walk straight up to an ambush; rarely can any but the young and foolish be deceived by the most skilful yelpers. Sure enough, long before he is within gun range, the wary fellow scents danger in the air, pauses a moment to be sure of the direction, and then rushes into flight and away to another mountain. What a fine sight he is, the broad tail spread like a fan, and the great gray wings thrashing the air like windmills until he gets above the trees, when he quietly sets them and sails off straight as a die.

This is the fair way of dealing with the wild turkey, and if he were always "stalked" on his native heath, the hunter would never kill more than he is entitled to, and there would be turkeys so long as there are mountains with trees on them. Many of the mountaineers take out a little "fice" dog, which runs after the flock when they are flushed, and barks so vigorously that they may be sure to scatter. Then the hunter hastily improvises a "blind" of pine boughs, and "yelps them up" if he can. Sometimes, too, when the harvest-moon is big and bright, the roosts are located, and the murderer deliberately shoots the big birds from the tree in their slumbers. A queer feature of this *abattoir* proceeding is that so long as the butcher always aims at the bottom turkey the others simply perk their heads about and wait their turn; but if one falls from above them, off they are.

Unlike "bob-white" and the ruffed grouse, the wild turkey loves snow, and

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can stand any quantity of it. Although in the deep storms his larder is apt to become wofully lean, he is too long-legged and strong to suffer any serious inconvenience. Nor has the gobbler much to fear from foxes and the smaller animals of prey, though the wild-cat sometimes has a famous meal on a luckless bird. But the young are much harried by carnivora. In the Virginia and Carolina mountains not the least of the causes which are leading to the extinction of the turkeys is the custom of burning over the mountains in the spring about the time the birds are nesting. This is done in the interests of the cattle-men, who wish to pasture their stock in the big woods, and who have found that burning the leaves will allow the grass to grow better. Forest fires not only drive the turkey from her nest and utterly annihilate her domestic arrangements, they also burn up the small bushes and vines, on the berries of which she and her lord and master are depending for next winter's food supply. After a season's extensive fires whole gangs of the birds will be driven into paying periodical visits to the more secluded of the back pastures and old fields. If there is a quiet last year's stubble-field near their safe mountain home they will repair to it every morning about sunrise, and return after feeding for an hour or so. But every one of them seems to be filled with ears and eyes as soon as they get into the open, and unless their habits are carefully studied, it is hard indeed to surprise them there. The very last bird the writer killed was bagged by chance from a flock that were "using" in the stubble under these conditions, after an exciting campaign that remains very vividly in my memory.

Three hundred yards ahead of us rose the sheer height of Beard's Mountain, a palisade so steep that its rank growth of evergreen trees seemed to make scarcely any angle with its slope; and close at its foot wound the sycamore-fringed Wallawhatoolah River. We had crawled on our hands and knees out of Sawney's Ridge, a quarter of a mile behind, where we had lain in ambush since the break of day, and then, as the sun metamorphosed into jewels the millions of dewdrops on the broad mountain pasture, we had seen a dozen dark forms glide down from the fastnesses of Beard's Ridge and move in an industrious procession through the low-lying stubble near the river.

Twelve full-grown turkeys had flown from the mountain to feed within a few hundred yards of us, in absolutely open ground; but we had not climbed the mountains after them for five days without knowing that to all intents and purposes they were safe, and that we should probably again miss getting a fair shot. A hat incautiously shown would send the whole "gang," like arrows shot from a bow, far back into the big ridges. To have made a long circuit to creep up behind the fringe of sycamores would have been simply an amateurish attempt to outwit the wiliest of hunted creatures. We had come to the conclusion that there was a slight rolling swale in the centre of the big field, and had wormed ourselves through the frosty stubble and dewberry bushes to the last safe point by the comfortable process of lying prone on the ground and pushing along with one leg. Three hundred yards of this supine progress had left us with hands entirely too numb to feel the prick of the briars in them, with muddy guns, and, worst of all, with three gunshot lengths still between us and the turkeys. There we lay, now and then peeping hatless over the gently rising knoll. Never in my hunting career have I been in a more tantalizing situation, nor have I had such another opportunity to study the home life of one of the shyest birds in the world.

Eight were hens, scarcely one-third the size of the four magnificent "gobblers," who every now and then paused in their feeding to hold their heads high up. in statuesque suspicion, on general principles. What majestic birds they are! As one straightens himself proudly up in rigid attention, until he seems fairly as tall as a man, his feminine convoy stop their dainty peckings to lend him their ears, until he is slowly satisfied with the situation, and begins again his keen-eyed search for ragweed seed and last year's wheat, or with a quick low "cur-rt" runs swiftly forward to a fancied bonanza.

Presently, as the rising sun creeps over the field, and reaches their valley too, one of the bearded fellows suddenly ruffles up his whole panoply of dew-brushed feathers to catch the first pure rays, until he "looks as big as a barn," according to Bob's ecstatic whisper; even at this distance we can see the blaze of the bronze

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CALLING.

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and green and gold iridescence on the powerful neck and back. Now two of these dark-tinted champions have a little altercation over a most unmistakable preference shown by a coquettish hen, and their dignity is for the moment entirely lost in a series of awkward, even ridiculous antics preparatory to a battle, that is cut short by a warning attitude on the part of the patriarch, who has looked on,

Before long it was evident that the enemy had about finished their breakfast; they moved slowly away from us toward the river-bank. "I wonder if they won't take a drink?" I gesticulated over to Bob, feeling a ray of hope. "If they do, we'll charge," he flashed back. Sure enough, presently they disappeared one by one in the brush along the river. We were on our knees, when suddenly up bobbed the

A SNAP-SHOT.

or rather hasn't looked on, the scuffle with the greatest contempt.

There seemed to be nothing for us to do but to wait and hate ourselves for not bringing rifles instead of shot-guns. We discussed in the sign language the possibilities of making a sudden charge, which might give a faint chance of a wing shot as they made for the river. But we had seen turkeys run and fly before, and we decided that was not even a forlorn hope.

head of the rear-guard, and we flattened out again, to see the whole flock reappear and make their way a few yards down the stream. When this was repeated again and again we were more wary, and finally, after they had been swallowed up about a hundred heart-beats, we jumped on our cramped legs, made the sprint of our lives to the river, plunged through the bush into the sycamores, with eyes straining in every direction, and were

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SUCCESS.

rewarded by hearing a rush of powerful wings beating the air as the great birds took to the mountains. Only of the very last one did I catch a glimpse, as he shot down the bend of and across the river with curved wings; a load of buckshot went tearing through the tree-tops in the desperate hope of reaching some point in his orbit about the same time that he did, and a heavy plunge in the river brought me bucking through the underbrush away from Bob's lamentations. The lucky snap-shot had stopped a big gobbler in mid-flight, and he was wildly beating the shallows on the farther side of the narrow river. He was the first bird after a week of fruitless hunting, and never did I take an ice-water bath so blithely as in the sortie through the Wallawhatoolah to capture that turkey. As I fetched him across, held by the great strong legs over my shoulder, his rich feathers ruffled back, and his long neck trailed out behind on the water, Bob certified exultingly from the bank that it was the patriarch.

He was trussed up to a dogwood-tree out of the way of four-footed thieves, and we hunted happily for the rest of the day without a shot.

All the scratches and bruises and arduous climbs taken in stalking and killing a glorious bird such as this nineteen-pounder endear the trophies which remain after the discussion of him in the roasted state—the strong gray wings and spreading tail beribboned into fans to adorn the wall, and the glossy luxuriant plumes from the back. These last particularly are affected by the ladies of one's acquaintance in Virginia to do duty in the adornment of hats—which charming fact will sufficiently answer any persons of equable temperament who may be disposed to question the profit of such labors as the wild turkey exacts from his admirers.

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PAN.

BY ALICE BROWN.

HARK! you may hear him stirring,
More softly than the whirring
Of filmy, hair-veined wings,
Or thrill of echoing strings
When the sad pine, with weaving minstrelsy,
Mocks the imagined music of the sea.
The fall of ebon hoof!
Stand lightly by, aloof,
And thou mayst see him pass,
Unwounding the lush grass,
Dropping diffusive balm
From honey breath and careless hollowed palm,—
Known of the hawk, unnoted now of man,
The great god, Pan!

Where was he hiding
When men, deriding
The lisping lore of years when years were young,
And song held some sweet measures yet unsung,
Declared him dead,
His great dominion fled,
And nailed their rhymes above his mossy bier?
Ah! in the youth or age o' the year,
In sunshine, or in midnight's murk,
Still did the goat-god lurk
In the green forest glade,
Of naught afraid
But of the curious eye,
Of ominous crash, and echo-frighting cry.
"This way he ran!
Surely, the one called Pan!"

In the deep wood!
The wood so deep that one scarce enters there
With willing foot,—but warm-left lair
Of timorous beast is found,
And o'er the hollow ground
Faint, pattering paws of thrifty squirrels tread;
The sanctuary where spent winds are fled,
And nuts lie stored
Richer than Rhine-washed hoard;
Where every hollow tree hath honey cells;
Here where the wild-dove dwells,
And one secluded, choir-remembering thrush
Strikes silvernly across the solemn hush

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Of the vast, shadowy stillness, with his flute
And cymbals,—and is mute!
Where the shy partridge rounds her nest,
And, by lone Silence blest,
Teaches her young the sweet wood-lessoning
Of hiding under leaf, and flight on fluttering wing.
There, on a day of all delight,
Dropping through purpling reaches down to shoreless night,
Day sprung from some far, Titan-bosomed source,
And leaving, in its course,
The hills enriched, the valleys drowned with joy—
Day for a god's employ—
I saw him, I,
Unworthily
Spying upon him, creeping, in the deep
Removèd courts, where Dian's self might sleep.
Over my crawling flesh swift prescience ran:
The living Pan!

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His brow was crowned that day,
Not with the myrtle and the bay,
Or flower ambrosial sprung from storied fields,
But all the woodland yields
Of blessèd homely leaf,
Garnered in Summer's sheaf
Of joys. The wilding clematis
Roved o'er his regnant front with rioting kiss;
The royal golden-rod
There learned to nod,
Entreating she might touch his tangled hair,
And so transmute herself to fairest fair;
Great lilies lustred o'er the living crown;
And trailing down
His mighty sides, the dull hop-vine
Did with her dreaming mates entwine.
Upon one shaggy knee
He handled tenderly
A youngling fox, whose mother stood thereby,
Watching with worshipful and drowsy eye
The laughing god and laughing little one,—
Both children of the sun,
Loved of the wind,
And understood by all four-footed kind.
Ah! who but one reed-piping in the wood might now
Sing of the god himself, his music-haunted brow,
His cheeks, like autumn hillocks, overspread
With bloom of russet red
Richer than wine spilled o'er young maple tips?
His glowing lips
For generous laughter curved: the all-compelling eye,
Where buried sunlit sands discovered lie——

. . . . . .

But hush! ah, hush! lay listening ear
To earth! Dost thou not hear
His rhythmic tread? The gladdened air
Drips with the wood-scent from his tossing hair;
The very cloud
Trails lower; and the oriole's loud
Bright plaint is piercing, unsubdued,
The lattice of her elm-wrought solitude;
The robin blither sings;
The blind worm dreams of wings!
Lower! bow low! abase thy trivial state, O man!
He comes, the earth-god, Pan!

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THE GOLDEN HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE one fact in which men universally agree is that we come into the world alone and we go out of the world alone; and although we travel in company, make our pilgrimage to Canterbury or to Vanity Fair in a great show of fellowship, and of bearing one another's burdens, we carry our deepest troubles alone. When we think of it, it is an awful lonesomeness in this animated and moving crowd. Each one either must or will carry his own burden, which he commonly cannot, or by pride or shame will not, ask help in carrying.

Henderson drew more and more apart from confidences, and was alone in building up the colossal structure of his wealth. Father Damon was carrying his renewed temptation alone, after all his brave confession and attempt at renunciation. Ruth Leigh plodded along alone, with her secret which was the joy and the despair of her life — the opening of a gate into the paradise which she could never enter. Jack Delancy, the confiding, open-hearted good fellow, had come to a stage in his journey where he also was alone. Not even to Carmen could he confess the extent of his embarrassments, nor even in her company, nor in the distraction of his increasingly dissipated life, could he forget them. Not only had his investments been all transferred to his speculations, but his home had been mortgaged, and he did not dare tell Edith of the lowering cloud that hung over it; and that his sole dependence was the confidence of the Street, which any rumor might shatter, in that one of Henderson's schemes to which he had committed himself. Edith, the one person who could have comforted him, was the last person to whom he could have told this, for he had the most elementary, and the common, conception of what marriage is.

But Edith's lot was the most pitiful of all. She was not only alone, but compelled to inaction. She saw the fair fab-

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ric of her life dissolving, and neither by cries nor tears, by appeals nor protest, by show of anger nor by show of suffering, could she hinder the dissolution. Strong in herself and full of courage, day by day and week by week she felt her powerlessness. Heaven knows what it cost her—what it costs all women in like circumstances—to be always cheerful, never to show distrust. If her love were not enough, if her attractions were not enough, there was no human help to which she could appeal.

And what, pray, was there to appeal? There was no visible neglect, no sufficient alienation for gossip to take hold of. If there was a little talk about Jack's intimacy elsewhere, was there anything uncommon in that? Affairs went on as usual. Was it reasonable to suppose that society should notice that one woman's heart was full of foreboding, heavy with a sense of loss and defeat, and with the ruin of two lives? Could simple misery like this rise to the dignity of tragedy in a world that has its share of tragedies, shocking and violent, but is on the whole going on decorously and prosperously?

The season wore on. It was the latter part of May. Jack had taken Edith and the boy down to the Long Island house, and had returned to the city and was living at his club, feverishly waiting for some change in his affairs. It was a sufficient explanation of his anxiety that money was "tight," that failures were daily announced, and that there was a general fear of worse times. It was fortunate for Jack and other speculators that they could attribute their ill luck to the general financial condition. There were reasons enough for this condition. Some attributed it to want of confidence, others to the tariff, others to the action of this or that political party, others to over-production, others to silver, others to the action of English capitalists in withdrawing their investments. It could all be accounted for without referring to the fact that most of the individual sufferers, like Jack, owed more than they could pay.

Henderson was much of the time absent—at the West and at the South. His every move was watched, his least sayings were reported as significant, and the Street was hopeful or depressed as he seemed to be cheerful or unusually taciturn. Uncle Jerry was the calmest man in town, and his observation that Henderson knew what he was about was reassuring. His serenity was well founded. The fact was that he had been pulling in and lowering canvas for months. Or, as he put it, he hadn't much hay out. "It's never a good plan," said Uncle Jerry, "to put off raking up till the shower begins."

It seems absurd to speak of the East Side in connection with the financial situation. But that was where the pinch was felt, and felt first. Work was slack, and that meant actual hunger for many families. The monetary solidarity of the town is remarkable. No one flies a kite in Wall Street that somebody in Rivington Street does not in consequence have to go without his dinner. As Dr. Leigh went her daily rounds she encountered painful evidence of the financial disturbance. Increased number of cases for the doctor followed want of sufficient food and the eating of cheap unwholesome food. She was often obliged to draw upon the Margaret Fund, and to invoke the aid of Father Damon when the responsibility was too great for her. And Father Damon found that his ministry was daily diverted from the cure of souls to the care of bodies. Among all those who came to the mission as a place of refuge and rest, and to whom the priest sought to offer the consolations of religion and of his personal sympathy, there were few who did not have a tale of suffering to tell that wrung his heart. Some of them were actually ill, or had at home a sick husband or a sick daughter. And such cases had to be reported to Dr. Leigh.

It became necessary, therefore, that these two, who had shunned each other for months, should meet as often as they had done formerly. This was very hard for both, for it meant only the renewal of heart-break, regret, and despair. And yet it had been almost worse when they did not see each other. They met; they talked of nothing but their work; they tried to forget themselves in their devotion to humanity. But the human heart will not be thus disposed of. It was impossible that some show of personal interest, some tenderness, should not appear. They were walking towards Fourth Avenue one evening—the priest could not resist the impulse to accompany her a little way toward her home—after a day of unusual labor and anxiety.

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"You are working too hard," he said, gently; "you look fatigued."

"Oh no," she replied, looking up cheerfully; "I'm a regular machine. I get run down, and then I wind up. I get tired, and then I get rested. It isn't the work," she added, after a moment, "if only I could see any good of it. It seems so hopeless."

"From your point of view, my dear doctor," he answered, but without any shade of reproof in his tone. "But no good deed is lost. There is nothing else in the world — nothing for me." The close of the sentence seemed wholly accidental, and he stopped speaking as if he could not trust himself to go on.

Ruth Leigh looked up quickly. "But, Father Damon, it is you who ought to be rebuked for overwork. You are undertaking too much. You ought to go off for a vacation, and go at once."

The father looked paler and thinner than usual, but his mouth was set in firm lines, and he said: "It cannot be. My duty is here. And" — he turned, and looked her full in the face — "I cannot go."

No need to explain that simple word. No need to interpret the swift glance that their eyes exchanged — the eager, the pitiful glance. They both knew. It was not the work. It was not the suffering of the world. It was the pain in their own hearts, and the awful chasm that his holy vows had put between them. They stood so only an instant. He was trembling in the effort to master himself, and in a second she felt the hot blood rising to her face. Her woman's wit was the first to break the hopeless situation. She turned, and hailed a passing car. "I cannot walk any farther. Good-night." And she was gone.

The priest stood as if a sudden blow had struck him, following the retreating car till it was out of sight, and then turned homeward, dazed, and with feeble steps. What was this that had come to him to so shake his life? What devil was tempting him to break his vows and forsake his faith? Should he fly from the city and from his work, or should he face what seemed to him, in the light of his consecration, a monstrous temptation, and try to conquer himself? He began to doubt his power to do this. He had always believed that it was easy to conquer nature. And now a little brown woman had taught him that he reckons ill who leaves out the strongest human passion. And yet suppose he should break his solemn vows and throw away his ideal, and marry Ruth Leigh, would he ever be happy? Here was a mediæval survival confronted by a nineteenth-century scepticism. The situation was plainly insoluble. It was as plainly so to the clear mind of the unselfish little woman without faith as it was to him. Perhaps she could not have respected him if he had yielded. Strangely enough, the attraction of the priest for her and for other women who called themselves servants of humanity was in his consecration, in his attitude of separation from the vanities and passions of this world. They believed in him, though they did not share his faith. To Ruth Leigh this experience of love was as unexpected as it was to the priest. Perhaps because her life was lived on a less exalted plane she could bear it with more equanimity. But who knows? The habit of her life was endurance, the sturdy meeting of the duty of every day, with at least only a calm regard of the future. And she would go on. But who can measure the inner change in her life? She must certainly be changed by this deep experience, and, terrible as it was, perhaps ennobled by it. Is there not something supernatural in such a love itself? It has a wonderful transforming power. It is certain that a new light, a tender light, was cast upon her world. And who can say that some time, in the waiting and working future, this new light might not change life altogether for this faithful soul?

There was one person upon whom the tragedy of life thus far sat lightly. Even her enemies, if she had any, would not deny that Carmen had an admirable temperament. If she had been a Moslem, it might be predicted that she would walk the wire *El Serat* without a tremor. In these days she was busy with the plans of her new house. The project suited her ambition and her taste. The structure grew in her mind into barbaric splendor, but a barbaric splendor refined, which revelled in the exquisite adornment of the Alhambra itself. She was in daily conferences with her architect and her artists, she constantly consulted Jack about it, and Mavick whenever he was in town, and occasionally she awak-

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ened the interest of Henderson himself, who put no check upon her proceedings, although his mind was concerned with a vaster structure of his own. She talked of little else, until in her small world there grew up a vast expectation of magnificence, of which hints appeared from time to time in the newspapers, mysterious allusions to Roman luxury, to Nero and his Golden House. Henderson read these paragraphs, as he read the paragraphs about his own fortune, with a grim smile.

"Your house is getting a lot of free advertising," he said to Carmen one evening after dinner in the library, throwing the newspaper on the table as he spoke.

"They all seem to like the idea," replied Carmen. "Did you see what one of the papers said about the use of wealth in adorning the city? That's my notion."

"I suppose," said Henderson, with a smile, "that you put that notion into the reporter's head."

"But he thought he suggested it to me."

"Let's look over the last drawing." Henderson half rose from his chair to pull the sheet towards him, but instantly sank back, and put his hand to his heart. Carmen saw that he was very pale, and ran round to his chair.

"What is it?"

"Nothing," he said, taking a long breath. "Just a stitch. Indigestion. It must have been the coffee."

Carmen ran to the dining-room, and returned with a wineglass of brandy.

"There, take that."

He drank it. "Yes, that's better. I'm all right now." And he sat still, slowly recovering color and control of himself.

"I'm going to send for the doctor."

"No, no; nonsense. It has all passed," and he stretched out his arms and threw them back vigorously. "It was only a moment's faintness. It's quite gone."

He rose from his chair and took a turn or two about the room. Yes, he was quite himself, and he patted Carmen's head as he passed and took his seat again. For a moment or two there was silence. Then he said, still as if reflecting:

"Isn't it queer? In that moment of faintness all my life flashed through my mind."

"It has been a very successful life," Carmen said, by way of saying something.

"Yes, yes; but I wonder if it was worth while?"

"If I were a man, I should enjoy the power you have, the ability to do what you will."

"I suppose I do. That is all there is. I like to conquer obstacles, and I like to command. And money; I never did care for money in itself. But there is a fascination in building up a great fortune. It is like conducting a political or a military campaign. Now, I haven't much interest in anything else."

As he spoke he looked round upon the crowded shelves of his library, and getting up, went to the corner where there was a shelf of rare editions and took down a volume.

"Do you remember when I got this, Carmen? It was when I was a bachelor. It was rare then. I saw it quoted the other day as worth twice the price I gave for it."

He replaced it carefully, and walked along the shelves looking at the familiar titles.

"I used to read then. And you read still; you have time."

"Not those books," she replied, with a laugh. "Those belong to the last generation."

"That is where I belong," he said, smiling also. "I don't think I have read a book, not really read it, in ten years. This modern stuff that pretends to give life is so much less exciting than my own daily experience that I cannot get interested in it. Perhaps I could read these calm old books."

"It is the newspapers that take your time," Carmen suggested.

"Yes, they pass the time when I am thinking. And they are full of suggestions. I suppose they are as accurate about other things as about me. I used to think I would make this library the choicest in the city. It is good as far as it goes. Perhaps I will take it up some day—if I live." And he turned away from the shelves and sat down. Carmen had never seen him exactly in this humor, and was almost subdued by it.

He began to talk again, philosophizing about life generally and his own life. He seemed to like to recall his career, and finally said: "Uncle Jerry is successful too, and he never did care for anything else—except his family. There is a clerk in my office on five thousand a year who

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is never without a book when he comes to the office and when I see him on the train. He has a wife and a nice little family in Jersey. I ask him sometimes about his reading. He is collecting a library, but not of rare books; says he cannot afford that. I think he is successful too, or will be if he never gets more than five thousand a year, and is content with his books and his little daily life, coming and going to his family. Ah, well! Everybody must live his life. I suppose there is some explanation of it all."

"Has anything gone wrong?" asked Carmen, anxiously.

"No, not at all. Nothing to interfere with the house of gold." He spoke quite gently and sincerely. "I don't know what set me into this moralizing. Let's look at the plans."

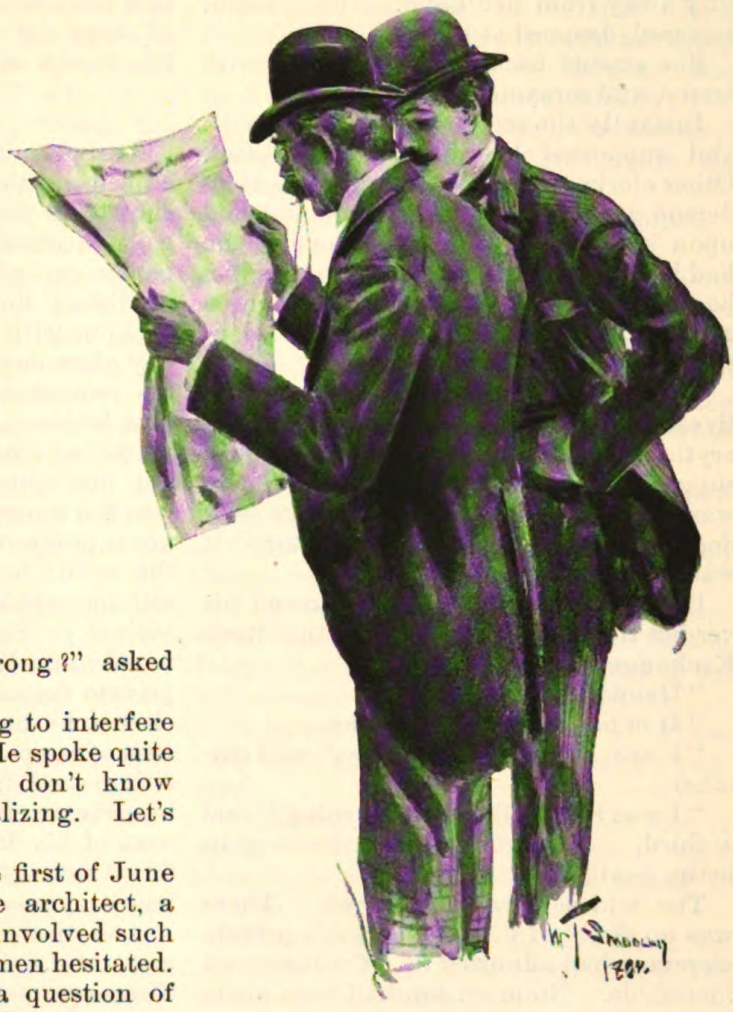
The next day—it was the first of June—in consultation with the architect, a project was broached that involved such an addition of cost that Carmen hesitated. She declared that it was a question of ways and means, and that she must consult the chairman. Accordingly she called her carriage and drove down to Henderson's office.

It was a beautiful day, a little warm in the narrow streets of the lower city, but when she had ascended by the elevator to the high story that Henderson occupied in one of the big buildings that rise high enough to give a view of New York Harbor, and looked from the broad windows upon one of the most sparkling and animated scenes in the world, it seemed to her appreciative eyes a day let down out of Paradise.

The clerks all knew Mrs. Henderson, and they rose and bowed as she tripped along smiling towards her husband's rooms. It did not seem to be a very busy day, and she found no one waiting in the anteroom, and passed into the room of his private secretary.

"Is Mr. Henderson in?"

"Yes, madam."



"And busy?"

"Probably busy," replied the secretary, with a smile, "but he is alone. No one has disturbed him for over half an hour."

"Then I will go in."

She tapped lightly at the door. There was no response. She turned the knob softly and looked in, and then, glancing back at the secretary, with a finger uplifted, "I think he is asleep," opened the door, stepped in, and closed it carefully.

The large room was full of light, and through the half-dozen windows burst upon her the enchanting scene of the Bay. Henderson sat at his table, which was covered with neatly arranged legal documents, but bowed over it, his head resting upon his arms.

"So, Rodney, this is the way, old boy, that you wear yourself out in business!"

She spoke laughingly, but he did not stir, and she tiptoed along to awaken him.

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She touched his hand. It moved heavily away from her hand. The left arm, released, dropped at his side.

She started back, her eyes round with terror, and screamed.

Instantly the secretary was at her side, and supported her, fainting, to a seat. Other clerks rushed in at the alarm. Henderson was lifted from his chair and laid upon a lounge. When the doctor who had been called arrived, Carmen was in a heap by the low couch, one arm thrown across the body, and her head buried in the cushion close to his.

The doctor instantly applied restoratives; he sent for an electric battery; everything was done that science could suggest. But all was of no avail. There was no sign of life. He must have been dead half an hour, said the doctor. It was evidently heart-failure.

Before the doctor had pronounced his verdict there was a whisper in the Stock Exchange.

"Henderson is dead!"

"It is not possible," said one.

"I saw him only yesterday," said another.

"I was in his office this morning," said a third. "I never saw him looking in better health."

The whisper was confirmed. There was no doubt of it. Henderson's private secretary had admitted it. Yet it seemed incredible. No provision had been made for it. Speculation had not discounted it. A panic set in. No one knew what to do, for no one knew well the state of Henderson's affairs. In the first thirty minutes there was a tremendous drop in Henderson stocks. Then some of them rallied, but before the partial recovery hundreds of men had been ruined. It was a wild hour in the Exchange. Certain stocks were hopelessly smashed for the time, and some combinations were destroyed; among them was one that Uncle Jerry had kept out of; and Jack Delancy was hopelessly ruined.

The event was flashed over the wires of the continent; it was bulletined; it was cried in the streets; it was the all-absorbing talk of the town. Already, before the dead man was removed to his own house, people were beginning to moralize about him and his career. Perhaps the truest thing was said by the old broker in the board whose reputation for piety was only equalled by his reputation of always having money to loan at exorbitant rates in a time of distress. He said to a group of downcast operators, "In the midst of life we are in death."

CHAPTER XX.

THE place that Rodney Henderson occupied in the mind of the public was shown by the attention the newspapers paid to his death. All the great newspapers in all the cities of importance published long and minute biographies of him, with pictorial illustrations, and day after day characteristic anecdotes of his remarkable career. Nor was there, it is believed, a newspaper in the United States, secular, religious, or special, that did not comment upon his life. This was the more remarkable in that he was not a public man in the common use of the word; he had never interested himself in politics, or in public affairs, municipal or State or national; he had devoted himself entirely to building up his private fortune. If this is the duty of a citizen, he had discharged it with singleness of purpose; but no other duty of the citizen had he undertaken, if we except his private charities. And yet no public man of his day excited more popular interest or was the subject of more newspaper comment.

And these comments were nearly all respectful, and most of them kindly. There was some justice in this, for Henderson had been doing what everybody else was trying to do, usually without his good fortune. If he was more successful than others in trying to get rich, surely a great deal of admiration was mingled with the envy of his career. To be sure, some journals were very severe upon his methods, and some revived the old stories of his unscrupulousness in transactions which had laid him open to criminal prosecution, from the effects of which he was only saved by uncommon adroitness and, some said, by legal technicalities. His career also was denounced by some as wholly vicious in its effect upon the youth of the republic, and as lowering the tone of public morals. And yet it was remembered that he had been a frank, open-hearted friend, kind to his family, and generous in contrast with some of his close-fisted contemporaries. There was nothing mean about him; even his rascalities, if you chose to call his transactions by that name, were on a

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grand scale. To be sure, he would let nothing stand between him and the consummation of his schemes—he was like Napoleon in that—but those who knew him personally liked him. The building up of his colossal fortune—which the newspapers were saying was the largest that had been accumulated in one lifetime in America—had ruined thousands of people and carried disaster into many peaceful houses, and his sudden death had been a cyclone of destruction for an hour. But it was hardly fair, one journal pointed out, to hold Henderson responsible for his untimely death.

Even Jack Delancy, when the crushing news was brought him at the club, where he sat talking with Major Fairfax, although he saw his own ruin in a flash, said, "It wouldn't have happened if Henderson had lived."

"Not so soon," replied the Major, hesitatingly.

"Do you mean to say that Henderson and Mavick and Mrs. Henderson would have thrown me over?"

"Why, no, not exactly; but a big machine grinds on regardless, and when a crash comes everybody looks out for himself."

"I think I'll telegraph to Mavick."

"That wouldn't do any good now. He couldn't have stopped the panic. I tell you what, you'd better go down to your brokers and see just how matters stand."

And the two went down to Wall Street. It was after hours, but the brokers' office was full of excitement. No one knew what was left from the storm, nor what to expect. It was some time before Jack could get speech with one of the young men of the firm.

"How is it?" he asked.

"It's been a —— of a time."

"And Henderson?"

"Oh, his estate is all right, so far as we know. He was well out of the Missouris."

"And the Missouri?"

"Bottom dropped out; temporarily, anyway."

"And my account?"

"Wiped out, I am sorry to say. Might come up by-and-by, if you've got a lot of money to put up, and wait."

"Then it's all up," said Jack, turning to the Major. He was very pale. He knew now that his fortune was gone absolutely—house, everything.

Few words were exchanged as they made their way back to the club. And here the Major did a most unusual thing for him. He ordered the drinks. But he did this delicately, apologetically.

"I don't know as you care for anything, but Wall Street has made me thirsty. Eh?"

"I don't mind if I do," Jack replied.

And they sat down.

The conversation was not cheerful; it was mainly ejaculatory. After a second glass, Jack said, "I don't suppose it would do any good, but I should like to see Mavick." And then, showing the drift of his thoughts, "I wonder what Carmen will do?"

"I should say that will depend upon the will," replied the Major.

"She is a good-hearted woman," and Jack's tone was one of inquiry.

"She hasn't any, Jack. Not the least bit of a heart. And I believe Henderson found it out. I shall be surprised if his will doesn't show that he knew it."

A servant came to the corner where they were sitting and handed Jack a telegram.

"What's this? Mavick?" He tore it open. "No; Edith." He read it with something like a groan, and passed it over to the Major.

What he read was this: "Don't be cast down, Jack. The boy and I are well. Come. Edith."

"That is splendid; that is just like her," cried the Major. "I'd be out of this by the first train."

"It is no use," replied Jack, gloomily. "I couldn't face Edith now. I couldn't do it. I wonder how she knew?"

He called back the servant, and penned as reassuring a message as he could, but said that it was impossible to leave town. She must not worry about him. This despatched, they fell again into a talk about the situation. After another glass Jack was firm in his resolution to stay and watch things. It seemed not impossible that something might turn up.

On the third day after, both the Major and Jack attended the funeral at the house. Carmen was not visible. The interment was private. The day following, Jack left his card of condolence at the door; but one day passed, and another and another, and no word of acknowledgment came from the stricken widow. Jack said to himself that it was

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not natural to expect it. But he did expect it, and without reason, for he should have known that Carmen was not only overwhelmed with the sudden shock of her calamity, but that she would necessarily be busy with affairs that even grief would not permit her to neglect. Jack heard that Mavick had been in the city, and that he went to the Henderson house, but he had not called at the club, and the visit must have been a flying one.

A week passed, and Jack received no message from Carmen. His note offering his services if she needed the services of any one had not been answered.

Carmen was indeed occupied. It could not be otherwise. The state of Henderson's affairs could not wait upon conventionalities. The day after the funeral Mr. Henderson's private secretary came to the house, and had a long interview with Mrs. Henderson. He explained to her that the affairs should be immediately investigated, the will proved, and the estate put into the hands of the executors. It would be best for Mrs. Henderson herself to bring his keys down to the office, and to see the opening of his desk and boxes. Meantime it would be well for her to see if there were any papers of importance in the house; probably everything was in the office safe.

The next morning Carmen nerved herself to the task. With his keys in hand she went alone into the library and opened his writing-desk. Everything was in perfect order; letters and papers filed and labelled, and neatly arranged in drawers and pigeon-holes. There lay his letter-book as he had last used it, and there

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lay fresh memoranda of his projects and engagements. She found in one of the drawers some letters of her own, mostly notes, and most of them written before her marriage. In another drawer were some bundles of letters, a little yellow with age, endorsed with the name of "Margaret." She shut the drawer without looking at them. She continued to draw papers from the pigeon-holes and glance at them. Most of them related to closed transactions. At length she drew out one that instantly fixed her attention. It was endorsed, "Last Will and Testament." She looked first at the date at the end—it was quite recent—and then leaned back in her chair and set herself deliberately to read it.

The document was long and full of repetitions and technicalities, but the purport of it was plain. As she read on she was at first astonished, then she was excited to trembling, and felt herself pale and faint; but when she had finished and fully comprehended it her pretty face was distorted with rage. The great bulk of the property was not for her.

She sprang up and paced the floor. She came back and took up the document with a motion of tearing it in pieces. No—it would be better to burn it. Of course there must be another Will deposited in the safe. Henderson had told her so. It was drawn up shortly after their marriage. It could not be worse for her than this. She lighted the gas-jet by the fireplace, and held the paper in her hand. Then a thought struck her. What if somebody knew of this Will, and its execution could be proved! She looked again at the end. It was signed and sealed. There were the names of two witnesses. One was the name of their late butler, who had been long in Henderson's service, and who had died less than a month ago. The other name was Thomas Mavick. Evidently the Will had been signed recently, on some occasion when Mavick was in the house. And Henderson's lawyer probably knew it also!

She folded the document carefully, put it back in the pigeon-hole, locked the desk, and rang the bell for her carriage. She was ready when the carriage came to the door, and told the coachman to drive to the office of Mr. Sage in Nassau Street. Mr. Sage had been for many years Henderson's most confidential lawyer.

He received Carmen in his private office, with the subdued respect due to her grief and the sudden tragedy that had overtaken her. He was a man well along in years, a small man, neat in his dress, a little formal and precise in his manner, with a smoothly shaven face and gray eyes, keen, but not unkindly in expression. He had the reputation, which he deserved, for great ability and integrity. After the first salutations and words of condolence were spoken, Carmen said, "I have come to consult you, Mr. Sage, about my husband's affairs."

"I am quite at your service, madam."

"I wanted to see you before I went to the office with the keys of his safe."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Sage, "I could spare you that trouble."

"Oh no; his secretary thought I had better come myself, if I could."

"Very well," said Mr. Sage.

Carmen hesitated a moment, and then said, in an inquiring tone, "I suppose the first thing is the Will. He told me long ago that his Will was made. I suppose it is in the safe. Didn't you draw it, Mr. Sage?"

"Oh yes," the lawyer replied, leaning back in his chair, "I drew *that;* a long time ago; shortly after your marriage. And about a year ago I drew another one. Did he ever speak of that?"

"No," Carmen replied, with a steady voice, but trembling inwardly at her narrow escape.

"I wonder," continued Mr. Sage, "if it was ever executed? He took it, and said he would think it over."

"Executed?" queried Carmen, looking up. "How do you mean, before a magistrate?"

"Oh no; signed and witnessed. It is very simple. The law requires two witnesses; the testator and the witnesses must declare that they sign in the presence of each other. The witnesses prove the Will, or, if they are dead, their signatures can be proved. I was one of the witnesses of the first Will, and a clerk of Henderson's, who is still in his office, was the other."

"The last one is probably in the safe if it was executed."

"Probably," the lawyer assented. "If not, you'd better look for it in the house."

"Of course. Whether it exists or not, I want to carry out my husband's intention," Carmen said, sweetly. "Have you any memorandum of it?"

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"I think so, somewhere, but the leading provisions are in my mind. It would astonish the public."

"Why?" asked Carmen.

"Well, the property was greater than any of us supposed, and—perhaps I ought not to speak to you of this now, Mrs. Henderson."

"I think I have a right to know what my husband's last wishes were," Carmen answered, firmly.

"Well, he had a great scheme. The greater part of his property after the large legacies—" The lawyer saw that Carmen looked pale, and he hesitated a moment, and then said, in a cheery manner: "Oh, I assure you, madam, that this will give you a great fortune; all the establishment, and a very great fortune. But the residue was in trust for the building and endowment of an Industrial School on the East Side, with a great library and a reading-room, all to be free. It was a great scheme, and carefully worked out."

"I am so glad to know this," said Carmen. "Was there anything else?"

"Only some legacies." And Mr. Sage went on, trying to recall details that his attentive listener already knew. There were legacies to some of his relatives in New Hampshire, and there was a fund, quite a handsome fund, for the poor of the city, called the "Margaret Fund." And there was something also for a relative of the late Mrs. Henderson.

Carmen again expressed her desire to carry out her husband's wishes in everything, and Mr. Sage was much impressed by her sweet manner. When she had found out all that he knew or remembered of the new Will, and arose to go, Mr. Sage said he would accompany her to the office. And Carmen gratefully accepted his escort, saying that she had wished to ask him to go with her, but that she feared to take up so much of his time.

At the office the first Will was found, but no other. The lawyer glanced through it, and then handed it to Mrs. Henderson, with the remark, "It leaves you, madam, pretty much everything of which he died possessed." Carmen put it aside. She did not care to read it now. She would go home and search for the other one.

"If no other is found," said Mr. Sage, in bidding her good-morning, "this one ought to be proved to-morrow. I may tell you that you and Mr. Hollowell are named as executors."

On her way home Carmen stopped at a telegraph station, and sent a message to Mavick in Washington, to take an afternoon train and come to New York.

When Carmen reached home she was in a serious but perfectly clear frame of mind. The revelation in the last Will of Henderson's change of mind toward her was mortifying to a certain extent. It was true that his fortune was much increased since the first Will was made, and that it justified his benevolent scheme. But he might have consulted her about it. If she had argued the matter with her conscience, she would have told her conscience that she would carry out this new plan in her own way and time. She was master of the situation, and saw before her a future of almost unlimited opportunity and splendor, except for one little obstacle. That obstacle was Mr. Mavick. She believed that she understood him thoroughly, but she could not take the next step until she had seen him. It was true that no one except herself positively knew that a second Will now existed, but she did not know how much he might choose to remember.

She was very impatient to see Mr. Mavick. She wandered about the house, restless and feverish. Presently it occurred to her that it would be best to take the Will wholly into her own keeping. She unlocked the desk, took it out with a trembling hand, but did not open it again. It was not necessary. A first reading had burned every item of it into her brain. It seemed to be a sort of living thing. She despised herself for being so agitated, and for the furtive feeling that overcame her as she glanced about to be sure that she was alone, and then she ran up stairs to her room and locked the document in her own writing-desk.

What was that? Oh, it was only the door-bell. But who could it be? Some one from the office, from her lawyer? She could see nobody. In two minutes there was a rap at her door. It was only the servant with a despatch. She took it and opened it without haste.

"Very well, Dobson; no answer. I expect Mr. Mavick on business at ten. I am at home to no one else."

At ten o'clock Mr. Mavick came, and was shown into the library, where Carmen awaited him.

"It was very good of you to come," she said, as she advanced to meet him and

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gave him her hand in the natural subdued manner that the circumstances called for.

"I took the first train after I received your despatch."

"I am sorry to inconvenience you so," she said, after they were seated, "but you know so much of Mr. Henderson's affairs that your advice will be needed. His Will is to be proved to-morrow."

"Yes?" said Mavick.

"I went to see Mr. Sage to-day, and he went with me to the office. The Will was in the safe. I did not read it, but Mr. Sage said that it left everything to me except a few legacies."

"Yes?"

"He said it should be proved to-morrow, unless a later Will turned up."

"Was there a later Will?"

"That is what he did not know. He had drawn a new Will about a year ago, but he doubted if it had ever been executed. Mr. Henderson was considering it. He thought he had a memorandum of it somewhere, but he remembered the principal features of it."

"Was it a great change from the first?" Mavick asked.

"Yes, considerable. In fact, the greater part of his property, as far as I could make out, was to go to endow a vast training-school, library, and reading-room on the East Side. Of course that would be a fine thing."

"Of course," said Mavick. "And no such Will has been found?"

"I've looked everywhere," replied Carmen, simply; "all over the house. It should be in that desk if anywhere. We can look again, but I feel pretty sure there is no such document there."

She took in her hand the bunch of keys that lay on the table, as if she were about to rise and unlock the desk. Then she hesitated, and looked Mavick full in the face.

"Do you think, Mr. Mavick, that Will was ever executed?"

For a moment they looked steadily at each other, and then he said, deliberately, their eyes squarely meeting, "I do not think it was." And in a moment he added, "He never said anything to me about such a disposition of his property."

Two things were evident to Carmen from this reply. He saw her interests as she saw them, and it was pretty certain that the contents of the Will were not made known to him when he witnessed it. She experienced an immense feeling of relief as she arose and unlocked the desk. They sat down before it together, and went over its contents. Mavick made a note of the fresh business memoranda that might be of service next day, since Mrs. Henderson had requested him to attend the proving of the Will, and to continue for the present the business relations with her that he had held with Mr. Henderson.

It was late when he left the house, but he took with him a note to Mr. Sage to drop into the box for morning delivery. The note said that she had searched the house, that no second Will existed there, and that she had telegraphed to Mr. Mavick, who had much knowledge of Mr. Henderson's affairs, to meet him in the morning. And she read to Mavick the note before she sealed it.

Before the note could have been dropped into the box, Carmen was in her room, and the note was literally true. No second Will existed.

The Will was proved, and on the second day its contents were in all the newspapers. But with it went a very exciting story. This was the rumor of another Will, and of Henderson's vast scheme of benevolence. Mr. Sage had been interviewed and Carmen had been interviewed. The memorandum (which was only rough and not wholly legible notes) had been found and sent to Carmen. There was no concealment about it. She gave the reporters all the details, and to every one she said that it was her intention to carry out her husband's wishes, so far as they could be ascertained from this memorandum, when his affairs had been settled.

The thirst of the reporters for information amused even Carmen, who had seen much of this industrious tribe. One of them, to whom she had partially explained the situation, ended by asking her, "Are you going to contest the Will?"

"Contest the Will?" cried Carmen. "There is nothing to contest."

"I didn't know," said the young man, whose usual occupation was reporting sports, and who had a dim idea that every big Will must be contested.

Necessarily the affair made a great deal of talk. The newspapers discussed it for days, and turned over the scheme in every light, the most saying that it was a

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noble gift to the city that had been intended, while only one or two doubted if charity institutions of this sort really helped the poor. Regret, of course, was expressed that the second Will had never been executed, but with this regret was the confidence that the widow would carry out, eventually, Henderson's plans.

This revelation modified the opinion in regard to Henderson. He came to be regarded as a public benefactor, and his faithful wife shared the credit of his noble intention.

CHAPTER XXI.

WAITING for something to turn up, Jack found a weary business. He had written to Mavick after the newspaper report that that government officer had been in the city on Henderson's affairs, and had received a very civil and unsatisfactory reply. In the note Mavick had asked him to come to Washington and spend a little time, if he had nothing better on hand, as his guest. Perhaps no offence was intended, but the reply enraged Jack. There was in the tone of the letter and in the manner of the invitation a note of patronage that was unendurable.

"Confound the fellow's impudence!" said Jack to himself; and he did not answer the invitation.

Personally his situation was desperate enough, but he was not inclined to face it. In a sort of stupor he let the law take its course. There was nothing left of his fortune, and his creditors were in possession of his house and all it contained. "Do not try to keep anything back that legally belongs to them," Edith had written when he informed her of this last humiliation. Of course decency was observed. Jack's and Edith's wardrobes, and some pieces of ancestral furniture that he pointed out as belonging to his wife, were removed before the auction flag was hung out.

When this was over he still temporized. Edith's affectionate entreaties to him to leave the dreadful city and come home were evaded on one plea or another. He had wild schemes of going off West or South—of disappearing. Perhaps he would have luck somewhere. He couldn't ask aid or seek occupation of his friends, but some place where he was not known he felt that he might do something to regain his position, get some situation, or make some money—lots of men had done it in a new country—and reinstate himself in Edith's opinion.

But he did not go, and days and weeks went by in irresolution. No word came from Carmen, and this humiliated Jack more than anything else—not the loss of her friendship, but the remembrance that he had ever danced attendance on her and trusted her. He was getting a good many wholesome lessons in these days.

One afternoon he called upon Miss Tavish. There was no change in her. She received him with her usual gay cordiality, and with no affectation.

"I didn't know what had become of you," she said.

"I've been busy," he replied, with a faint attempt at a smile.

"Yes, I know. It's been an awful time, what with Henderson's death and everything else. Almost everybody has been hit. But," and she looked at him cheerfully, "they will come up again; up and down; it is always so. Why, even I got a little twist in that panic." The girl was doing what she could in her way to cheer him up.

"I think of going off somewhere to seek my fortune," said Jack, with a rueful smile.

"Oh, I hope not; your friends wouldn't like that. There is no place like New York, I'm sure." And there was a real note of friendliness and encouragement in her tone. "Only," and she gave him another bright smile, "I think of running away from it myself, for a time. It's a secret yet. Carmen wants me to go abroad with her."

"I have not seen Mrs. Henderson since her husband's death. How is she?"

"Oh, she bears up wonderfully. But then, she has so much to do, poor thing. And then the letters she gets, the begging letters. You've no idea. I don't wonder she wants to go abroad. Don't stay away so long again," she said as Jack rose to go. "And, oh, can't you come in to dinner to-morrow night—just Carmen—I think I can persuade her—and nobody else?"

"I'm sorry that I have an engagement," Jack answered.

"Well, some other time. Only soon."

This call did Jack temporarily a world of good. It helped his self-esteem. But it was only temporary. The black fact stared him in the face every morning that

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he was ruined. And it came over him gradually that he was a useless member of society. He never had done anything; he was not trained or fitted to do anything. And this was impressed upon him in the occasional attempts he made to get employment. He avoided as much as possible contact with those who knew him. Shame prevented him from applying to them for occupation, and besides he very well knew that to those who knew him his idle career was no recommendation. Yet he formed a habit of going down town every day and looking for work. His appearance commanded civility, but everywhere he met with refusal, and he began to feel like a well-bred tramp. There had been in his mind before no excuse for tramps. He could see now how they were made.

It was not that he lacked capacity. He knew a great deal, in an amateurish way, about pictures, books, bric-à-brac, and about society. Why shouldn't he write? He visited the Loan Exhibition and wrote a careful criticism on the pictures and sent it to a well-known journal. It was returned with thanks: the journal had its own art critic. He prepared other articles about curious books, and one about porcelain and pottery. They were all returned, except one which gave the history of a rare bit of majolica, which had been picked up for fifty cents and then sold for five hundred dollars, and was now owned by a collector who had paid four thousand dollars for it. For that the newspaper sent him five dollars. That was not encouraging, and his next effort for the same journal was returned. Either he hadn't the newspaper knack, or the competition was too great.

He had ceased going to his club. It was too painful to meet his acquaintances in his altered circumstances, and it was too expensive. It even annoyed him to meet Major Fairfax. That philosopher had not changed toward him any more than Miss Tavish had, but it was a melancholy business to talk of his affairs, and to listen to the repeated advice to go down to the country to Edith, and wait for some good opening. That was just what he could not do. His whole frivolous life he began now to see as she must have seen it. And it seemed to him that he could only retain a remnant of his self-respect by doing something that would reinstate him in her opinion.

"Very well," said the Major, at the close of the last of their talks at the club; "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going into some business," said Jack, stiffly.

"Have you spoken to any of your friends?"

"No. It's no use," he said, bitterly; "they are all like me, or they know me."

"And hasn't your wife some relations who are in business?"

"The last people I should apply to. No. I'm going to look around. Major, do you happen to know a cheap lodging-house that is respectable?"

"I don't know any that is not respectable," the Major replied, in a huffy manner.

"I beg your pardon," said Jack. "I want to reduce expenses."

The Major did know of a place in the neighborhood where he lived. He gave Jack the address, and thereafter the club and his usual resorts knew him no more.

As the days went by and nothing happened to break the monotony of his waiting and his fruitless search, he became despondent. Day after day he tramped about the city, among the business portions, and often on the East Side, to see misery worse than his own. He had saved out of the wreck his ample wardrobe, his watch, and some jewelry, and upon these he raised money for his cheap lodgings and his cheap food. He grew careless of his personal appearance. Every morning he rose and went about the city, always with less hope, and every night he returned to his lodging, but not always sober.

One day he read the announcement that Mrs. Rodney Henderson and Miss Tavish had sailed for Europe. That ended that chapter. What exactly he had expected he could not say. Help from Carmen? Certainly not. But there had never been a sign from her, nor any word from Mavick lately. There evidently was nothing. He had been thrown over. Carmen evidently had no more use for him. She had other plans. The thought that he had been used and duped was almost more bitter than his loss.

In after-days Jack looked back upon this time with a feeling akin to thankfulness for Carmen's utter heartlessness in regard to his affairs. He trembled to think what might have happened to him if she had sent for him and consulted him

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and drawn him again into the fatal embrace of her schemes and her fascinations. Now he was simply enraged when he thought of her, and irritated with himself.

These were dark days, days to which he looked back with a shudder. He wrote to Edith frequently—a brief note. He was straightening out his affairs; he was busy. But he did not give her his address, and he only got her letters when the Major forwarded them from the club, which was irregularly. A stranger, who met him at his lodgings or elsewhere, would have said that he was an idle and rather dissipated-looking man. He was idle, except in his feeble efforts to get work; he was worn and discouraged, but he was not doing anything very bad. In his way of looking at it, he was carrying out his notion of honor. He was only breaking a woman's heart.

He was conscious of little except his own misfortunes and misery. He did not yet apprehend his own selfishness nor her nobility. He did not yet comprehend the unselfishness of a good woman's love.

On the East Side one day, as he was sauntering along Grand Street, he encountered Dr. Leigh, his wife's friend, whom he had seen once at his house. She did not at first recognize him until he stopped and spoke his name.

"Oh," she said, with surprise at seeing him, and at his appearance, "I didn't expect to see you here. I thought everybody had gone from the city. Perhaps you are going to the Neighborhood Guild?"

"No," and Jack forced a little laugh, "I'm not so good as that. I'm kept in town on business. I strolled over here to see how the other side of life looks."

"It doesn't improve. It is one of the worst summers I ever saw. Since Mr. Henderson's death—"

"What difference did Henderson's death make over here?"

"Why, he had deposited a little fund for Father Damon to draw on, and the day after his death the bank returned a small check with the notice that there was no deposit to draw on. It had been such a help in extraordinary cases. Perhaps you saw some allusion to it in the newspapers?"

"Wasn't it the Margaret Fund?"

"Yes. Father Damon dropped a note to Mrs. Henderson explaining about it. No reply came."

"As he might have expected." Dr. Leigh looked up quickly as if for an explanation, but Jack ignored the query, and went on. "And Father Damon, is he as active as ever?"

"He has gone."

"What, left the city, quit his work? And the mission?"

"I don't suppose he will ever quit his work while he lives, but he is much broken down. The mission chapel is not closed, but a poor woman told me that it seemed so."

"And he will not return? Mrs. Delancy will be so sorry."

"I think not. He is in retreat now, and I heard that he might go to Baltimore. I thought of your wife. She was so interested in his work. Is she well this summer?"

"Yes, thank you," said Jack, and they parted. But as she went on her way his altered appearance struck her anew, and she wondered what had happened.

This meeting with Mr. Delancy recalled most forcibly Edith, her interest in the East Side work, her sympathy with Father Damon and the mission, the first flush of those days of enthusiasm. When Father Damon began his work the ladies used to come in their carriages to the little chapel with flowers and money and hearts full of sympathy with the devoted priest. Alone of all these Edith had been faithful in her visits, always, when she was in town. And now the whole glittering show of charity had vanished for the time, and Father Damon—

The little doctor stopped, consulted a memorandum in her hand-bag, looked up at the tenement-house she was passing, and then began to climb its rickety stairway.

Yes, Father Damon had gone, and Ruth Leigh simply went on with her work as before. Perhaps in all the city that summer there was no other person whose daily life was so little changed as hers. Others were driven away by the heat, by temporary weariness, by the need of a vacation and change of scene. Some charities and some clubs and schools were temporarily suspended; other charities, befitting the name, were more active, the very young children were most looked after, and the Good Samaritans of the Fresh-Air Funds went about everywhere full of this new enthusiasm of humanity. But the occupation of Ruth Leigh remained always the same, in a faithful pertinacity

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that nothing could wholly discourage, in a routine that no projects could kindle into much enthusiasm. Day after day she went about among the sick and the poor, relieving and counselling individuals, and tiring herself out in that personal service, and more and more conscious, when she had time, at night, for instance, to think, of the monstrous injustice somewhere, and at times in a mood of fierce revolt against the social order that made all this misery possible and hopeless.

Yet a great change had come into her life—the greatest that can come to any man or woman in the natural order. She loved and she was loved. An ideal light had been cast upon her commonplace existence, the depths of her own nature had been revealed to herself. In this illuminating light she walked about in the misery of this world. This love must be denied, this longing of the heart for companionship could never be gratified, yet after all it was a sweet self-sacrifice, and the love itself brought its own consolation. She had not to think of herself as weak, and neither was her lover's image dimmed to her by any surrender of his own principle or his own ideal. She saw him, as she had first seen him, a person consecrated and set apart, however much she might disagree with his supernatural vagaries—set apart to the service of humanity. She had bitter thoughts sometimes of the world, and bitter thoughts of the false system that controlled his conduct, but never of him.

It was unavoidable that she should recall her last interview with him, and that the image of his noble, spiritual face should be ever distinct in her mind. And there was even a certain comfort in this recollection.

Father Damon had indeed striven, under the counsel of his own courage and of Brother Monies, to conquer himself on the field of his temptation. But with his frail physique it was asking too much. This at last was so evident that the good brother advised him, and the advice was in the nature of a command in his order, to retire for a while, and then take up his work in a fresh field.

When this was determined on, his desire was nearly irresistible to see Ruth Leigh; he thought it would be cowardly to disappear and not say good-by. Indeed, it was necessary to see her and explain the stoppage of help from the Margaret Fund. The check that he had drawn, which was returned, had been for one of Dr. Leigh's cases. With his failure to elicit any response from Mrs. Henderson, the hope, raised by the newspaper comments on the unexecuted Will, that the fund would be renewed was dissipated.

In the interview which Father Damon sought with Dr. Leigh at the Women's Hospital all this was explained, and ways and means were discussed for help elsewhere.

"I wanted to talk this over with you," said Father Damon, "because I am going away to take a rest."

"You need it, Father Damon," was Ruth's answer, in a professional manner.

"And—and," he continued, with some hesitation, "probably I shall not return to this mission."

"Perhaps that will be best," she said, simply, but looking up at him now, with a face full of tender sympathy.

"I am sure of it," he replied, turning away from her gaze. "The fact is, doctor, I am a little hipped—overworked, and all that. I shall pull myself together with a little rest. But I wanted to tell you how much I appreciate your work, and—and what a comfort you have been to me in my poor labors. I used to hope that some time you would see this world in relation to the other, and—"

"Yes, I know," she interrupted, hastily, "I cannot think as you do, but—" And she could not go on for a great lump in her throat. Involuntarily she rose from her seat. The interview was too trying. Father Damon rose also. There was a moment's painful silence as they looked in each other's faces. Neither could trust the voice for speech. He took her hand and pressed it, and said "God bless you!" and went out, closing the door softly.

A moment after he opened it again and stood on the threshold. She was in her chair, her head bowed upon her arms on the table. As he spoke she looked up, and she never forgot the expression of his face.

"I wanted to say, Ruth"—he had never before called her by her first name, and his accent thrilled her—"that I shall pray for you as I pray for myself, and though I may never see you again in this world, the greatest happiness that can come to me in this life will be to hear that you

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have learned to say Our Father which art in heaven."

As she looked he was gone, and his last words remained a refrain in her mind that evening and afterward—"Our Father which art in heaven"—a refrain recurring again and again in all her life, inseparable from the memory of the man she loved.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALONG the Long Island coast lay the haze of early autumn. It was the time of lassitude. In the season of ripening and decay Nature seemed to have lost her spring, and lay in a sort of delicious languor. Sea and shore were in a kind of truce, and the ocean south wind brought cool refreshment but no incentive.

From the sea the old brown farmhouse seemed a snug haven of refuge; from the inland road it appeared, with its spreading sloping roofs, like an ancient sea-craft come ashore, which had been covered in and then embowered by kindly Nature with foliage. In those days its golden-brown color was in harmony with the ripening orchards and gardens.

Surely, if anywhere in the world, peace was here. But to its owner this very peace and quietness was becoming intolerable. The waiting days were so long, the sleepless nights of uncertainty were so weary. When her work was done, and Edith sat with a book or some sewing under the arbor where the grape clusters hung, growing dark and transparent, and the boy played about near her, she had a view of the blue sea, and about her were the twitter of birds and the hum of the cicada. The very beauty made her heart ache. Seaward there was nothing—nothing but the leaping little waves and the sky. From the land side help might come at any hour, and at every roll of wheels along the road her heart beat faster and hope sprang up anew. But day after day nothing came.

Perhaps there is no greater bravery than this sort of waiting, doing the daily duty and waiting. Endurance is woman's bravery, and Edith was enduring, with an almost broken but still with a courageous heart. It was all so strange. Was it simply shame that kept him away, or had he ceased to love her? If the latter, there was no help for her. She had begged him to come, she had offered to leave the boy with her cousin companion and go to him. Perhaps it was pride only. In one of his short letters he had said, "Thank God your little fortune is untouched." If it were pride only, how could she overcome it? Of this she thought night and day. She thought, and she was restless, feverish, and growing thin in her abiding anxiety.

It was true that her own fortune was safe and in her control. But with the usual instinct of women who know they have an income not likely to be ever increased she began to be economical. She thought not of herself but of the boy. It was the boy's fortune now. She began to look sharply after expenses; she reduced her household; she took upon herself the care of the boy, and other household duties. This was all well for her, for it occupied her time, and to some extent diverted her thoughts.

So the summer passed—a summer of anxiety, longing, and dull pain for Edith. The time came when the uncertainty of it could no longer be endured. If Jack had deserted her, even if he should die, she could order her life and try to adjust her heavy burden. But this uncertainty was quite beyond her power to sustain.

She made up her mind that she would go to the city and seek him. It was what he had written that she must not on any account do, but nothing that could happen to her there could be so bad as this suspense. Perhaps she could bring him back. If he refused, and was angry at her interference, that even would be something definite. And then she had carefully thought out another plan. It might fail, but some action had now become for her a necessity.

Early one morning—it was in September—she prepared for a journey to the city. This little trip, which thousands of people made daily, took on for her the air of an adventure. She had been immured so long that it seemed a great undertaking. And when she bade good-by to the boy for the day she hugged him and kissed him again and again, as if it were to be an eternal farewell. To her cousin were given the most explicit directions for his care, and after she had started for the train she returned to give further injunctions. So she told herself, but it was really for one more look at the boy.

But on the whole there was a certain exhilaration in the preparation and the

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going, and her spirits rose as they had not done in months before. Arrived in the city, she drove at once to the club Jack most frequented.

"He is not in," the porter said; "indeed, Mr. Delancy has not been here lately."

"Is Major Fairfax in?" Edith asked.

Major Fairfax was in, and he came out immediately to her carriage. From him she learned Jack's address, and drove to his lodging-house. The Major was more than civil; he was disposed to be sympathetic, but he had the tact to see that Mrs. Delancy did not wish to be questioned, nor to talk.

"Is Mr. Delancy at home?" she asked the small boy who ran the elevator.

"No'me."

"And he did not say where he was going?"

"No'me."

"Is he not sometimes at home in the daytime?"

"No'me."

"And what time does he usually come home in the evening?"

"Don't know. After I've gone, I guess."

Edith hesitated whether she should leave a card or a note, but she decided not to do either, and ordered the cabman to take her to Pearl Street, to the house of Fletcher and Co.

Mr. Fletcher, the senior partner, was her cousin, the son of her father's elder brother, and a man now past sixty years. Circumstances had carried the families apart socially since the death of her father and his brother, but they were on the most friendly terms, and the ties of blood were not in any way weakened. Indeed, although Edith had seen Gilbert Fletcher only a few times since her marriage, she felt that she could go to him any time if she were in trouble, with the certainty of sympathy and help. He had the reputation of the old-fashioned New York merchants, to whom her father belonged, for integrity and conservatism.

It was to him that she went now. The great shop, or wholesale warehouse rather, into which she entered from the narrow and cart-encumbered street showed her at once the nature of the business of Fletcher and Co. It was something in the twine and cordage way. There were everywhere great coils of ropes and bales of twine, and the dark rooms had a tarry smell. Mr. Fletcher was in his office, a little space partitioned off in the rear, with half a dozen clerks working by gaslight, and a little sanctum where the senior partner was commonly found at his desk.

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Mr. Fletcher was a little round-headed man, with a shrewd face, vigorous and cheerful, thoroughly a man of business, never speculating, and who had been slowly gaining wealth by careful industry and cautious extension of his trade. Certain hours of the day—from ten to three—he gave to his business. It was a habit, and it was a habit that he enjoyed. He had now come back, as he told Edith, from a little holiday at the sea, where his family were, to get into shape for the fall trade.

Edith was closeted with him for a full hour. When she came out her eyes were brighter and her step more elastic. At sundown she reached home, almost in high spirits. And when she snatched up the boy and hugged him, she whispered in his ear, "Baby, we have done it, and we shall see."

One night when Jack returned from his now almost aimless tramping about the city he found a letter on his table. It seemed from the printing on the envelope to be a business letter; and business, in the condition he was in—and it was the condition in which he usually came home—did not interest him. He was about to toss the letter aside, when the name of Fletcher caught his eye, and he opened it.

It was a brief note, written on an office memorandum, which simply asked Mr. Delancy to call at the office as soon as it was convenient, as the writer wished to talk with him on a matter of business, and it was signed "Gilbert Fletcher."

"Why don't he say what his business is?" said Jack, throwing the letter down impatiently. "I am not going to be hauled over the coals by any of the Fletchers." And he tumbled into bed in an injured and yet independent frame of mind.

But the next morning he re-read the formal little letter in a new light. To be sure, it was from Edith's cousin. He knew him very well; he was not a person to go out of his way to interfere with anybody, and more than likely it was in relation to Edith's affairs that he was asked to call. That thought put a new aspect on the matter. Of course if it concerned her interests he ought to go. He dressed with unusual care for him in these days, breakfasted at the cheap restaurant which he frequented, and before noon was in the Fletcher warehouse in Pearl Street.

He had never been there before, and he was somewhat curious to see what sort of a place it was where Gilbert carried on the string business, as he used to call it when speaking to Edith of her cousin's occupation. It was a much more dingy and smelly place than he expected, but the carts about the doors, and the bustle of loading and unloading, of workmen hauling and pulling, and of clerks calling out names and numbers to be registered and checked, gave him the impression that it was not a dull place.

Mr. Fletcher received him in the little dim back office with a cordial shake of the hand, gave him a chair, and reseated himself, pushing back the papers in front of him with the air of a very busy man who was dropping for a moment one thing in order to give his mind promptly to another.

"Our fall trade is just starting up," he said, "and it keeps us all pretty busy."

"Yes," said Jack. "I could drop in any other time—"

"No, no," interrupted Mr. Fletcher; "it is just because I am busy that I wanted to see you. Are you engaged in anything?"

"Nothing in particular," replied Jack, hesitating. "I'd thought of going into some business." And then, after a pause: "It's no use to mince matters. You know—everybody knows, I suppose—that I got hit in that Henderson panic."

"So did lots of others," replied Mr. Fletcher, cheerfully. "Yes, I know about it. And I'm not sure but it was a lucky thing for me." He spoke still more cheerfully, and Jack looked at him inquiringly.

"Are you open to an offer?"

"I'm open to almost anything," Jack answered, with a puzzled look.

"Well," and Mr. Fletcher settled back in his chair, "I can give you the situation in five minutes. I've been in this business over thirty years—yes, over thirty-five years. It has grown, little by little, until it's a pretty big business. I've a partner, a first-rate man—he is in Europe now—who attends to most of the buying. And the business keeps spreading out, and needs more care. I'm not as young as I was—I shall be sixty-four in October—and I can't work right along as I used to. I find that I come later and go away earlier. It isn't the work exactly, but the oversight, the details; and the fact is

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that I want somebody near me whom I can trust, whether I'm here or whether I'm away. I've got good honest, faithful clerks—if there was one I did not trust, I wouldn't have him about. But do you know, Jack"—it was the first time in the interview that he had used this name—"there is something in blood."

"Yes," Jack assented.

"Well, I want a confidential clerk. That's it."

"Me?" he asked. He was thinking rapidly while Mr. Fletcher had been speaking; something like a revolution was taking place in his mind, and when he asked this, the suggestion took on a humorous aspect—a humorous view of anything had not occurred to him in months.

"You are just the man."

"I can be confidential," Jack rejoined, with the old smile on his face that had been long a stranger to it, "but I don't know that I can be a clerk."

Mr. Fletcher was good enough to laugh at this pleasantry.

"That's all right. It isn't much of a

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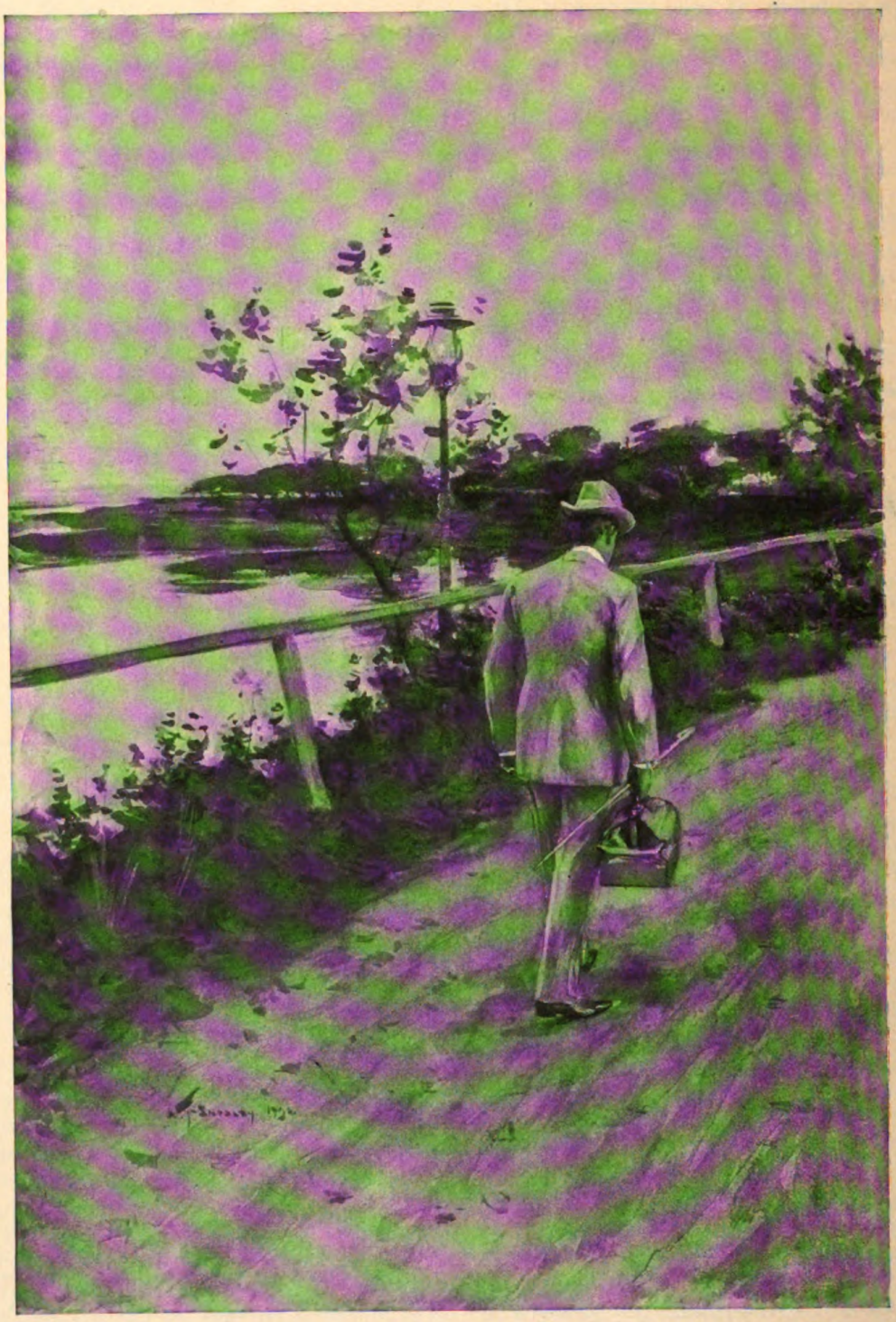

position. We can make the salary twenty-five hundred dollars for a starter. Will you try it?"

Jack got up and went to the area window, and looked out a moment upon the boxes in the dim court. Then he came back and stood by Mr. Fletcher, and put his hand on the desk.

"Yes, I'll try."

"Good. When will you begin?"

"Now."

"That's good. No time like now. Wait a bit, and I'll show you about the place before we go to lunch. You'll get hold of the ropes directly." This was Mr. Fletcher's veteran joke.

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At three o'clock Mr. Fletcher closed his desk. It was time to take his train. "To-morrow, then," he said, "we will begin in earnest."

"What are the business hours here?" asked Jack.

"Oh, I am usually here from ten to three, but the business hours are from nine till the business is done. By-the-way, why not run out with me and spend the night, and we can talk the thing over?"

There was no reason why he should not go, and he went. And that was the way John Corlear Delancy was initiated in the string business in the old house of Fletcher and Co.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FEW battles are decisive, and perhaps least of all those that are won by a sudden charge or an accident, and not as the result of long-maturing causes. Doubtless the direction of a character or a career is often turned by a sudden act of the will or a momentary impotence of the will. But the battle is not over then, nor without long and arduous fighting, often a dreary dragging struggle without the excitement of novelty.

It was comparatively easy for Jack Delancy in Mr. Fletcher's office to face about suddenly and say yes to the proposal made him. There was on him the pressure of necessity, of his own better nature acting under a sense of his wife's approval; and besides, there was a novelty that attracted him in trying something absolutely new to his habits.

But it was one thing to begin, and another, with a man of his temperament, to continue. To have regular hours, to attend to the details of a traffic that was to the last degree prosaic, in short, to settle down to hard work, was a very different thing from the "business" about which Jack and his fellows at the club used to talk so much, and to fancy they were engaged in. When the news came to the Union that Delancy had gone into the house of Fletcher and Co. as a clerk, there was a general smile, and a languid curiosity expressed as to how long he would stick to it.

In the first day or two Jack was sustained not only by the original impulse, but by a real instinct in learning about business ways and details that were new to him. To talk about the business and about the markets, to hear plans unfolded for extension and for taking advantage of fluctuations in prices, was all very well; but the drudgery of details—copying, comparing invoices, and settling into the routine of a clerk's life, even the life of a confidential clerk—was contrary to the habits of his whole life. It was not to be expected that these habits would be overcome without a long struggle and many backslidings.

The little matter of being at his office desk at nine o'clock in the morning began to seem a hardship after the first three or four days. For Mr. Fletcher not to walk into his shop on the stroke of ten would have been such a reversal of his habits as to cause him as much annoyance as it caused Jack to be bound to a fixed hour. It was only the difference in training. But that is saying everything.

Besides, while the details of his work, the more he got settled in them, were not to his taste, he was daily mortified to find himself ignorant of matters which the stupidest clerk in the office seemed to know by instinct. This acted, however, as a sort of stimulus, and touched his pride. He determined that he would not be humiliated in this way, and during office hours he worked as diligently as Mr. Fletcher could have desired. He had pledged himself to the trial, and he summoned all his intelligence to back his effort.

And it is true that the satisfaction of having a situation, of doing something, the relief to the previous daily anxiety and almost despair, raised his spirits. It was only when he thought of the public opinion of his little world, of some other occupation more befitting his education, of the vast change from his late life of ease and luxury to this of daily labor with a clerk's pay, that he had hours of revolt and cursed his luck.

No, Jack's battle was not won in a day, or a week, or a year. And before it was won he needed more help than his own somewhat irresolute will could give. It is the impression of his biographer that he would have failed in the end if he had been married to a frivolous and selfish woman.

Mr. Fletcher was known as a very strict man of business, and as little else. But he was a good judge of character, and under his notions of discipline and of industry he was a kindly man, as his clerks, who feared his sharp oversight, knew.

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And besides, he had made a compact with Edith, for whom he had something more than family affection, and he watched Jack's efforts to adjust himself to the new life with sympathy. If it was an experiment for Jack, it was also an experiment for him, the result of which gave him some anxiety. The situation was not a very heroic one, but a life is often decided for good or ill by as insignificant a matter as Jack's ability to persevere in learning about the twine and cordage trade. This was a day of trial, and the element of uncertainty in it kept both Mr. Fletcher and Jack from writing of the new arrangement to Edith, for fear that only disappointment to her would be the ultimate result. Jack's brief notes to her were therefore, as usual, indefinite, but with the hint that he was beginning to see a way out of his embarrassment.

After the passage of a couple of weeks, during which Mr. Fletcher had been quietly studying his new clerk, he suddenly said to him, one Saturday morning, after they had looked over and estimated the orders by the day's mail, "Jack, I think you'd better let up a little, and run down and see Edith."

"Oh!" said Jack, a little startled by the proposal, but recovering himself; "I didn't suppose the business could spare me."

"I didn't mean a vacation, but run down for over Sunday. It must be lovely there, and the change will make you as keen as a brier for business. It always does me. Stay over Monday if the weather is good. I have to be away myself the week after." As Jack hesitated and did not reply, Mr. Fletcher continued: "I really think you'd better go, Jack. You have hardly had a breath of fresh air this summer. There's plenty of time to go up town and get your grip and catch the afternoon train."

Jack was still silent. The thought of seeing Edith created a tumult in his mind. It seemed as if he were not quite ready, not exactly settled. He had been procrastinating so long, putting off going, on one pretext or another, that he had fallen into a sort of fear of going. At first, absorbed in his speculations, enthralled by the company of Carmen and the luxurious, easy-going view of life that her society created for him, he had felt Edith and his house as an irritating restraint. Later, when the smash came, he had been still more relieved that she was out of town. And finally he had fallen into a reckless apathy, and had made himself believe that he never would see her again until some stroke of fortune should set him on his feet and restore his self-respect.

But since he had been with Fletcher and Co. his feelings had gradually undergone a change. With a regular occupation and regular hours, and in contact with the sensible mind and business routine of Mr. Fletcher, he began to have saner views of life, and to realize that Edith would approve what he was now attempting to do much more than any effort to relieve himself by speculation.

As soon as he felt himself a little more firmly established, a little more sure of himself, he would go to Edith, and confess everything, and begin life anew. This had been his mood, but he was still irresolute, and it needed some outside suggestion to push him forward to overcome his lingering reluctance to go home.

But this had come suddenly. It seemed to him at first thought that he needed time to prepare for it. Mr. Fletcher pulled out his watch. "There is a later train at four. Take that, and we will get some lunch first."

An hour of postponement was such a relief! Why, of course he could go at four. And instantly his heart leaped up with desire.

"All right," he said, as he rose and closed his desk. "But I think I'd better not stay for lunch. I want to get something for the boy on my way up town."

"Very good. Tuesday, then. My best regards to Edith."

As Jack came down the stairway from the elevated road at Twenty-third Street he ran against a man who was hurrying up—a man in a pronounced travelling suit, grip-sack and umbrella in hand, and in haste. It was Mavick. Recognition was instantaneous, and it was impossible for either to avoid the meeting if he had desired to do so.

"You in town!" said Mavick.

"And you!" Jack retorted.

"No, not really. I'm just going to catch the steamer. Short leave. We have all been kept by that confounded Chile business."

"Going for the government?"

"No, not publicly. Of course shall

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confer with our minister in London. Any news here?"

"Yes; Henderson's dead." And Jack looked Mavick squarely in the face.

"Ah!" And Mavick smiled faintly, and then said, gravely: "It was an awful business. So sudden, you know, that I couldn't do anything." He made a movement to pass on. "I suppose there has been no—no—"

"I suppose not," said Jack, "except that Mrs. Henderson has gone to Europe."

"Ah!" And Mr. Mavick didn't wait for further news, but hurried up, with a "Good-by."

So. Mavick was following Carmen to Europe. Well, why not? What an unreal world it all was, that of a few months ago! The gigantic Henderson; Jack's own vision of a great fortune; Carmen and her house of Nero; the astute and diplomatic Mavick, with his patronizing airs! It was like a scene in a play.

He stepped into a shop and selected a toy for the boy. It was a real toy, and it was for a real boy. Jack experienced a genuine pleasure at the thought of pleasing him. Perhaps the little fellow would not know him.

And then he thought of Edith—not of Edith the mother, but of Edith the girl in the days of his wooing. And he went into Maillard's.

The pretty girl at the counter knew him. He was an old customer, and she had often filled orders for him. She had despatched many a costly box to addresses he had given her. It was in the recollection of those transactions that he said: "A box of *marrons glacés*, please. My wife prefers that."

"Shall I send it?" asked the girl, when she had done it up.

"No, thanks; we are not in town."

"Of course," she said, beaming upon him; "nobody is yet."

And this girl also seemed a part of the old life, with her little affectation of familiarity with its ways.

He went to his room—it seemed a very mean little room now—packed his bag, told the janitor he should be absent a few days, and hurried to the ferry and the train as if he feared that some accident would delay him.

When he was seated and the train moved off his thoughts took another turn. He was in for it now. He began to regret that he had not delayed, to think it all out more thoroughly; perhaps it would have been better to have written.

He bought an evening journal, but he could not read it. What he read between the lines was his own life. What a miserable failure! What a mess he had made of his own affairs, and how unworthy of such a woman as Edith he had been! How indifferent he had been to her happiness in the pursuit of his own pleasure! How would she receive him? He could hardly doubt that; but she must know, she must have felt cruelly his estrangement. What if she met him with a royal forgiveness, as if he were a returned prodigal? He couldn't stand that. If now he were only going back with his fortune recovered, with brilliant prospects to spread before her, and could come into the house in his old playful manner, with the assumed deference of the master, and say: "Well, Edith dear, the storm is over. It's all right now. I am awfully glad to get home. Where's the rascal of an heir?"

Instead of that, he was going with nothing, humiliated, a clerk in a twine-store. And not much of a clerk at that, he reflected, with his ready humorous recognition of the situation.

And yet he was for the first time in his life earning his living. Edith would like that. He had known all along that his idle life had been a constant grief to her. No, she would not reproach him; she never did reproach him. No doubt she would be glad that he was at work. But, oh, the humiliation of the whole thing! At one moment he was eager to see her, and the next the rattling train seemed to move too fast, and he welcomed every way-side stop that delayed his arrival. But even the Long Island trains arrive some time, and all too soon the cars slowed up at the familiar little station, and Jack got out.

"Quite a stranger in these parts, Mr. Delancy," was the easy salutation of the station-keeper.

"Yes. I've been away. All right down here?"

"Right as a trivet. Hot summer, though. Calculate it's goin' to be a warm fall—generally is."

It was near sunset. When the train had moved on, and its pounding on the rails became a distant roar and then was lost altogether, the country silence so impressed Jack, as he walked along the road

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toward the sea, that he became distinctly conscious of the sound of his own footsteps. He stopped and listened. Yes, there were other sounds—the twitter of birds in the bushes by the road-side, the hum of insects, and the faint rhythmical murmur of lapsing waves on the shore.

And now the house came in view—first the big roof, and then the latticed windows, the balconies, where there were pots of flowers, and then the long veranda with its hammocks and climbing vines. There was a pink tone in the distant water answering to the flush in the sky, and away to the west the sand dune that made out into the Sound was a point of light.

But the house! Jack's steps were again arrested. The level last rays of the disappearing sun flashed upon the window-panes so that they glowed like painted windows illuminated from within, with a reddish lustre, and the roofs and the brown sides of the building, painted by those great masters in color, the sun and the sea-wind, in that moment were like burnished gold. Involuntarily Jack exclaimed,

"It is the Golden House!"

He made his way through the little fore yard. No one was about. The veranda was deserted. There was Edith's work-basket; there were the baby's playthings. The door stood open, and as he approached it he heard singing—not singing either, but a fitful sort of recitation, with the occasional notes of an accompaniment struck as if in absence of mind. The tune he knew, and as he passed through the first room toward the sitting-room that looked on the sea he caught a line:

"Wely, wely, but love is bonny, for a little while—
when it is new."

It was an old English ballad, the ballad of the "Cockle-Shells," that Edith used to sing often in the old days, when its note of melancholy seemed best to express her happiness. It was only that line, and the voice seemed to break, and there was silence.

He stole along and looked in. There was Edith, seated, her head bowed on her hands, at the piano.

In an instant, before she could turn to the sound of his quick footsteps, he was at her side, kneeling, his head bowed in the folds of her dress.

"Edith! I've been such a fool!"

She turned, slid from her seat, and was kneeling also, with her arms thrown about his neck.

"Oh, Jack! You've come. Thank God! Thank God!"

And presently they stood, and his arms were still around her, and she was looking up into his face, with her hands on his shoulders, and saying,

"You've come to stay."

"Yes, dear, forever."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE whole landscape was golden, the sea was silver, on that October morning. It was the brilliant decline of the year. Edith stood with Jack on the veranda. He had his grip-sack in hand and was equipped for town. Both were silent in the entrancing scene.

The birds, twittering in the fruit trees and over the vines, had the air of an orchestra, the concerts of the season over, gathering their instruments and about to depart. One could detect in the lapse of the waves along the shore the note of weariness preceding the change into the fretfulness and the tumult of tempests. In the soft ripening of the season there was peace and hope, but it was the hope of another day. The curtain was falling on this.

Was life beginning, then, or ending? If life only could change and renew itself like the seasons, with the perpetually recurring springs! But youth comes only once, and thereafter the man gathers the fruit of it, sweet or bitter.

Jack was not given to moralizing, but perhaps a subtle suggestion of this came to him in the thought that an enterprise, a new enterprise, might have seemed easier in May, when the forces of nature were with him, than in October. There was something at least that fell in with his mood, a mood of acquiescence in failure, in this closing season of the year, when he stood empty-handed in the harvest-time.

"Edith," he said, as they paced down the walk which was flaming with scarlet and crimson borders, and turned to look at the peaceful brown house, "I hate to go."

"But you are not going," said Edith, brightly. "I feel all the time as if you were just coming back. Jack, do you know," and she put her hand on his shoulder, "this is the sweetest home in the world now!"

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"It is the only one, dear;" and Jack made the statement with a humorous sense of its truth. "Well, there's the train, and I'm off with the other clerks."

"Clerk, indeed!" cried Edith, putting up her face to his; "you are going to be a Merchant Prince, Jack, that is what you are going to be."

On the train there was an atmosphere of business. Jack felt that he was not going to the New York that he knew—not to his New York, but to a city of traffic; down into the streets of commercial enterprise, not at all to the metropolis of leisure, of pleasure, to the world of clubs and drawing-rooms and elegant loiterings and the rivalries of society life. That was all ended. Jack was hurrying to catch the downtown car for the dingy office of Fletcher and Co., at an hour fixed.

It was ended, to be sure, but the struggle with Jack in his new life was not ended, his biographer knows, for months and years.

It was long before he could pass his club windows without a pang of humiliation, or lift his hat to a lady of his acquaintance in her passing carriage without a vivid feeling of separateness from his old life. For the old life—he could see that any day in the Avenue, any evening by the flaming lights—went by in its gilded chariots and entrancing toilets, the fascinating whirl of Vanity Fair crowned with roses and with *ennui*.

Did he regret it? No doubt. Not to regret would have been to change his nature, and that were a feat impossible for his biographer to accomplish. In a way his life was gone, and to build up a new life, serene and enduring, was not the work of a day.

One thing he did not regret in the shock he had received, and that was the absence of Carmen and her world. When he thought of her he had a sense of escape. She was still abroad, and he heard from time to time that Mavick was philandering about from capital to capital in her train. Certainly he would have envied neither of them if he had been aware, as the reader is aware, of the guilty secret that drew them together and must be forever their torment. They knew each other.

But this glittering world, to attain a place in which is the object of most of the struggles and hungry competition of modern life, seemed not so real nor so desirable when he was at home with Edith, and in his gradually growing interest in nobler pursuits. They had decided to take a modest apartment in town for the winter, and almost before the lease was signed, Edith, in her mind, had transformed it into a charming home. Jack used to rally her on her enthusiasm in its simple furnishing; it reminded him, he said, of Carmen's interest in her projected house of Nero. It was a great contrast, to be sure, to their stately house by the Park, but it was to them both what that had never been. To one who knows how life goes astray in the solicitations of the great world, there was something pathetic in Edith's pleasure. Even to Jack it might some day come with the force of keen regret for years wasted, that it is enough to break a body's heart to see how little a thing can make a woman happy.

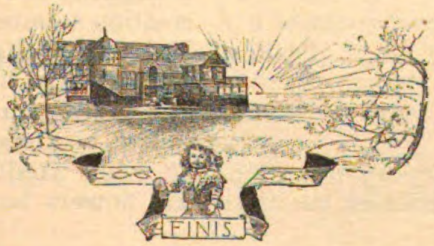
It was another summer. Major Fairfax had come down with Jack to spend Sunday at the Golden House. Edith was showing the Major the view from the end of the veranda. Jack was running through the evening paper.

"Hi!" he cried; "here's news. Mavick is to have the mission to Rome, and it is rumored that the rich and accomplished Mrs. Henderson, as the wife of the minister, will make the Roman season very gay."

"It's too bad," said Edith. "Nothing is said about the training-school?"

"Nothing."

"Poor Henderson!" was the Major's comment. "It was for this that he drudged and schemed and heaped up his colossal fortune! His life must look to him like a burlesque."



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AN INTERLUDE.

BY GRACE KING.

"OH, my dear, talk to me only of Byron! What a man! What a genius! What a divinity!" Her voice rising and rushing, *crescendo e accelerando.* She stood on the corner of the street only a moment to say that, for she never had but a moment to talk. She held an odd-looking specimen of a book in her hand, a tired enough looking volume, picked up, more by token, from a box of second-hand trash in front of Levi's, near the French market. She was the rag-picker, if one may call it so, of such receptacles; and Heaven only knows how many great authors she had thus saved from the final humiliation of the last dumping-place selected by the City Council. Not a month ago it was, of all others, Benjamin Franklin! "Benjamin Franklin, my dear! What a genius! What a man! What a divinity! And imagine!—imagine! In love with Madame Helvetius!" And off she went then, just as she went now, absolutely electrified, enthralled, by the new great man of the moment in her soul.

At home, a little cottage—or cabin, as they are called there—on a street back of the Esplanade, her fervor required her to sit down immediately, anywhere, and continue the reading begun at Levi's door.

"What sublimity! What a height! What force!" Her brown-paper bag of potatoes lay on the floor by her side, and munching a praline of pecans—she was always munching them, had a passion, an insatiable passion, for them—she soared in imagination up to the plane where dwell in immortality the Spenserian stanzas of "Childe Harold."

She had pulled off her gloves, which hung dangling from her sleeves. It was her idea to sew them to her sleeves to keep from losing them, she said. Just as she kept, for the same reason, her stockings sewed to a tape adjusted to her measure of step.

Her face—but no one ever spoke of her face—it was all expression, a flash, a light, a change; as well try to describe the contour of the wind as of so volatile a physiognomy.

She herself was sitting upon an upturned box, for she never had the time or patience to expend on the preliminary examination so necessary before attempting repose in any of the chairs offering themselves. Simulacra of departed stability and comfort, that was all the treacherous objects were now, with one's affliction of trembling knees, another's loss of back, cushions without foundations, foundations without cushions, and with all other kinds of incidental dilapidations caused by a mistress who never could turn around without upsetting something.

The grand-piano carried a bazar on its cover—articles of clothing, pieces of crockery, sheets of music, unfinished munchings of pralines, crumpled bags with a forgotten potato or two left in them, monticules of rescued books—there is no enumerating all that a grand-piano can hold when it loyally lends its back to the burden; and as for the loyalty of Tante Liane's piano, that has passed into a proverb in the neighborhood.

Tante Liane was the way she was called behind her back; perhaps if she had ever heard it, another designation would have been invented or adopted.

Her bonnet was tied to the back of a chair. She had a mania about her inanimate objects escaping from her, and would no more have left her bonnet loose in the room than her stockings and gloves unattached.

Such a dilapidated bonnet! And the chairs, with all their unexpected weaknesses and firmnesses and failures, were monuments in comparison to the virtue if not the charm of stability!

There is nothing so like a woman's character as her bonnet. And an old bonnet like this might bring tears to the eyes. It was from so long ago, and had bonneted such headfuls of ideals—Hugo, Byron, Scott, Lamartine, Franklin, Madame Helvetius, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Napoleon, Washington—such big men; enough surely to fill both it and the head beneath to warping. And never since its creation so much as a nod to the fashion! Never the slightest renewing even at Easter—that time of response to nature and the season which it pleases even the dullest of women to imitate in their dress, as who would say: "What! When the flowers bloom out for the beautiful

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feast, shall we remain shut up in our leaves, or in our winter clothes? For in a figure of speech flowers and women are the same." But what cared Tante Liane or her bonnet for the world, or the season, or nature even, for the matter of that?

"What imagination! What spirit! What color! He was sublime! That was all—he was sublime! His poetry was his music!"

No one knew better what music was than she.

After a while, when she will have finished "Childe Harold," she will fling the volume aside, jump up, tripping over her stocking-halter, give the piano lid a tilt, and away will go potatoes, pralines, clothes, books, crockery, and then she will play—play like—play, in fact, like a woman to whom no other language is given.

There is nothing on earth that can be so servile as well as so tyrannical as a grand-piano. In the house of a person who has no consciousness of music—and, unfortunately, the richest are often in this category—the grand-piano is a despot, and as full of caprices as an only daughter; but, in short, not to be too explicit and tiresome, the piano of Tante Liane was angelic. Out of tune! Perhaps it dared not; she knew too much. If at the first touch anything seemed the matter, she would whip out a rusty instrument—a key, anything she could lay her hands on—and it was like a sudden pain cured in the room.

She once attempted to give music lessons. She threw herself into it with the fervor of the first apostles of Christianity. What dreams, what hopes, what ambitions, she had! But one bright day she turned all her scholars out of doors. "A set of little brutes! No, I am mistaken; brutes are better than they!" This was all the explanation she vouchsafed to any one. "They could not tell, in listening, *mi bémol* from *fa dièse*."

Her dress, it was not in tatters; a good material never goes into tatters, and the world knows what French cachemire is, and this dress was from the day when we were allowed to dress in French cachemire. It was worn, worn, rubbed, and spotted, and so shrunken that when she walked one could see dangling around her ankles the tape that connected her stockings. She was still holding the book close to her near-sighted eyes, reading, and talking to herself.

"And to think of the wife of such a man! To think of his wife! Why should God create women? That is what I would ask—why should He create them? Bah! They are contemptible! What a sentiment! Listen!" She read it aloud, very badly, and with a hideous accent, but by looking at her face one could understand it: "As if, when God creates a wife for a poet, He is thinking of her happiness! Women are stupid! stupid as the rain!"

At this point old Fagotte, as she was called, no one knows why, after a preliminary knock at the door with her stick, entered. The greatest old beggar in the city, the suspect, the scandal of the whole neighborhood, coughing, wheezing, tottering, and staggering: when negroes indulge in infirmities, it must be confessed they do it with luxury.

"Ha, Mamzelle Liane! Eh, my God! What weather! What times!"

Her clothing hung in rags about her, and full of other than ocular evidences of familiarity with dirty banquettes and muddy gutters. She sat down flat on the floor, stretching out painfully before her her grimy, skinny legs and horny feet, which looked more starved and depraved even than her face.

"Hi, my God!" She crossed herself, and pretended, as usual, to be muttering a prayer, as if she were still in the corner of the church steps.

Her Mamzelle Liane, turning the dog-eared pages of her book, and muttering contempt of Mrs. Byron, paid no attention to what had long been an established infliction.

"Nothing but misery, misery, misery! Misery and trouble! But it's God's way! He does it!" with another modicum of crossings and imitation prayers.

"But God used to be different in old times! When I think of it now—when I see things I see, and know things I know. He seems now to act more like a nigger than a white man. Yes, sir, a nigger," dropping into that limbo of indistinctness which held those expressions not inspired to win the passing charity of a picayune.

"He made it different in those days, when we used to play together. You were the maman, and I had to put on a tignon and apron, and carry the big doll behind you, for nurse. Eh, Mamzelle Liane? I never thought that would be your only child, that doll! And that day

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I fell down and broke it. You said I had killed it, and that I had done it to keep from nursing it. And you nearly killed me for it. Yes, it was the God's truth: I fell down on purpose to kill that doll. . . . And then you would have me no more for nurse, and you put me to hoe and dig in the field—in your little garden—but I dug up everything you told me not to dig up. Ah, my God! Those times! . . . . And then you tried to teach me my A B C, until you broke all the books over my head. You told me I knew them, but wouldn't say them right on purpose. Yes, I knew them, and some days I wanted to say them, and some days I didn't." This was the way she would talk by the hour, walking in the street or sitting anywhere; it made no difference to her. "And then, when we were grown up, God was good to me in those days sure! When the beaux would come, and the young gentlemen would slip silver and gold dollars in my hand!"

"You were always a great rascal, Agrippine."

"I was always what God made me, mamzelle."

There was a pause of a few moments.

"No, there is nothing grander than that! Nothing in language more sublime. Ah!"

"Mamzelle Liane, I am old; I am sick; I am tired. Haven't you got nothing to give your poor old dog of a servant?"

"That is what you have come for, eh?"

"Put it that way if you choose, Mamzelle Liane. You know best. In the old days it was always you who knew everything; I only knew what you taught me. But I am tired; I am naked; I am hungry—"

"Ah, you would never work."

The old negress took no notice of this. "I can't go to the church any more. The sexton drove me away this morning."

"But he has driven you away every morning for ten years."

"The sexton drove me away, all the way to the calaboose."

"You were taken up? For what? What devilment have you been up to again?"

". . . . And I said I will go to Mamzelle Liane. I have seen her take from her back to give to the beggars in the street; I have seen her give her poor little picayune of potatoes to a hungry dog. I have seen her give up her property, all her mother's property, her fine house and furniture and gold and silver, rather than quarrel with her family about it. She hasn't got food or clothes or a house any better than for a dog herself; but she will take in her poor old dog of a servant. God, He is changed; but Mamzelle Liane, she is always the same. Eh, Mamzelle Liane?"

That is the way that some women are imposed upon in this world.

LONGING.

BY ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

OH! the low, marshy meadow
Where pale swamp-pinks blow,
While round their feet the bramble vines
Twine to and fro,
And deep in dripping moss banks
White violets grow!

There dragon-flies are flitting
All day on emerald wings,
And perched on nodding cat-tails
The blackbird pipes and swings,
And far and near amid the reeds
The droning locust sings.

Oh! the dry, stony hill-side,
Brown and bare and steep,
Where low across the lichens
Twisted ground-pines creep,
And over scarlet moss-cups
Black-coat crickets leap!

Like a breath from heaven,
Pure and faint and rare,
All the scanty growing things
The thin earth can bear
Send their sweet smells upward
On the quivering air.

My very feet are weary
With not walking there;
My lips are tired with praising
Blossoms far less fair;
My heart aches for the swamp-land
And the hill-side bare.

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THE COSSACK AS COWBOY, SOLDIER, AND CITIZEN.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

IF people who so completely differ as the American and the Russian can be compared, I should call the Cossack roughly a European cowboy. He is a Russian in religion, nationality, and temperament in like degree as the cowboy of our plains is a Yankee. It is commonly supposed, owing to the generally loose and lawless habits of the aboriginal Russian Cossack, that he is essentially an Asiatic, but this is a grave mistake. The great irregular armies on the outskirts of Russia were composed originally of peasants who had gone, not west, but east, for the purpose of indulging their taste for liberty or adventure, exactly as the ranks of our cowboys are recruited from year to year by such as are tired of brick and mortar and love the semi-savage life of a ranch. Both of these strange bodies have developed peculiar gifts as horsemen and fighters—the one through the necessity of defending themselves against Indians, wild animals, and thieves; the others, the cowboys of Europe, have achieved the distinction they now enjoy through centuries of fighting with semi-civilized neighbors almost as cunning and daring as Apaches or Sioux.

Cowboys do not long survive railways, and this is equally true of the Cossack. He is doomed to disappear from the Russian Empire more slowly, but quite as irresistibly as the cowboy and the Indian are disappearing from the life of America.

If the United States anticipated a war on the American continent in which masses of cavalry would again be employed, our government would no doubt arrest artificially the disappearance of the cowboys, by offering them inducements to breed horses for military purposes, and to form regiments of cowboy cavalry. Russia to-day draws seventy-five per cent. of her cavalry from the Cossacks, and pretends to perpetuate the peculiar life of these irregular allies; but under the sceptre of the Czar they are losing their best attributes, not merely through the natural causes which militate against the American cowboy, but through administrative stupidity, cupidity, and the various other idities associated with Russian officialism. The next great war will probably find the Cossack so incapable of meeting the demands made upon him that he will probably become from that time onward as obsolete for European warfare as the Turko and Spahi, who figured so dramatically in the war of France against Germany.

The most remarkable thing about the Cossack is his ubiquity. Wherever I chanced to stop, whether it was at Odessa on the Black Sea, or St. Petersburg on the Gulf of Finland; whether at Kiev, the holiest city of Holy Russia, or in Warsaw, the capital of her most turbulent province; in Bessarabia, on the border of Roumania, or far up on the edges of the Baltic provinces—the first man I was sure to meet was a Cossack. From the car windows he became a familiar sight, camping on the edges of a wood, cooking his meal, grooming his horse, or smoking his little pipe. Amongst these soldiers, who seem very much out of place in the civilized portions of the country, I saw many whose faces reminded me of the type most common in China to the northward of Pekin, along the edges of the Great Wall, and on the caravan trails crossing Manchooria into Siberia. These had the slanting eyes peculiar to the Mongolian, and were as much a marvel in the streets of Warsaw as a band of Mexicans on Broadway. These men, or rather savages, are in a very small minority, however, as compared with the sum total of Cossacks, and are extremely useful in patrolling the frontiers and catching smugglers or political refugees.

One day, thanks to the stupidity of the St. Petersburg police, I managed to have a very happy visit to a military friend, a Russian colonel, who placed a Cossack orderly at my disposal, and told me many interesting things about these people. I shall try and recall as much as possible of my personal impressions, and supple-

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ment these by the latest official Russian publications on the subject, notably the excellent work of Lieutenant von Tettau, whose research has shed much light upon a subject hitherto difficult to discuss, for want of exact information.

The principal exercises in which the Cossacks excel reminded me very much of what I was familiar with at West Point when the boys were free to indulge their taste for gymnastics on horseback. Our cadets, at least a large proportion of every class, are quite as clever with their horses as the average Cossack. I have seen them stand on the horse's back and gallop in that position, vault in and out of the saddle while the horse is galloping, reach down and pick objects from the ground, leap hurdles with the horse, alighting from the animal just before the hurdle is touched, and vaulting into the saddle as the horse clears the obstacle. I have also seen our West-Pointers change horses while at full gallop, or one take the other behind him. All these exercises I have seen done not merely with the saddle, but without; and not merely in the riding-school, but while riding out on country roads.

These are the exercises in which the Cossack chiefly excels, and it may be added in parenthesis that the horse of the average Cossack resembles in many respects the degenerate beast which the government places at the disposition of the United States Military Academy. The Cossack learns these tricks as a boy when he is allowed with his mates to ride the horses bareback to water, and incidentally is encouraged to indulge in every manner of sport on the way. He is encouraged also to persevere in exercises of this kind, and to be prepared to make an exhibition of himself when as a soldier he is garrisoned in towns, where such exercises smack of the circus rather than of the barrack-yard. The Cossack is so often pictured in

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A FRACTIOUS PONY.

the act of doing daring things with his horse that it has become common to think that all Cossacks are up to this work. As a matter of fact it is only a small and select portion that keep up these exercises, and these are embodied in a special section of the cavalry regiment, designated "Dshigits." The Russian regulations of war order the encouragement of these acrobatic cavalrymen, particularly when they indulge in any exercises which may be turned to practical account in war, as, for instance, leaping over an obstacle and firing at the same time, or compelling the horse to stop suddenly and fall to the ground, so that its body may be a breastwork behind which the trooper may shelter himself.

As a matter of fact, which Russians do not like to acknowledge, the gymnastic powers of the Cossack are exercised with considerable reluctance, in spite of the efforts made by commanding officers to encourage them. The reason is not far to seek. It is not merely that no man takes pleasure in risking his collar-bone unnecessarily. But beyond this is a consideration which appeals directly to the rather empty pocket of the Cossack. According to law he is forced to furnish not only his own horse, but every part of his accoutrement with the exception of the rifle, and in most cases it is found that he does not look forward with any degree of satisfaction to taking a position in the regiment, however distinguished, which forces him to endanger material so valuable as horse and accoutrement. Time was when a succession of foreign wars gave the Cossacks so much opportunity for plunder that they represented a very prosperous section of the community, and could look with comparative indifference to the loss of the few rubles represented by a horse or a saddle. To-day, however, the Cossack of Europe has few perquisites, practically no pay, and in many cases serves with the painful consciousness that his little farm is being badly managed while he is absent.

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THE BLUE-CHINA COSSACK.

The Russian cavalry regulations of 1884, which, I believe, are still in force, allow Cossacks greater freedom than ordinary cavalrymen. They are expected to trot at the rate of ten miles an hour, and horses that cannot manage this may gallop if they choose.

The policy of the War Minister is to bring the Cossack under discipline, as far as this can be done without impairing his efficiency; but, as we shall see later on, the result has not been what a good Russian could wish. The favorite drill of the Cossack is a formation called the "Lava." This formation, according to the Russian regulations, "is used not only in the attack, but also for purposes of manœuvre, and particularly in cases where it is desirable to avoid conflict with a solid body of the enemy, but at the same time desirable to constantly harass him or to wear him out upon his front and flanks, or to coax him to attack in open order, or to engage him in single combat, in which latter particular the Cossacks, by means of their skilful management when alone, are expected to be superior to regular cavalry accustomed to move in solid bodies." Reading the Russian regulations on this subject suggests that our North American Indian learned something from the Cossacks, or *vice versa*.

The criticism which General Gurko, when Governor of Warsaw, passed upon the Cossacks at the grand Russian manœuvres of 1891 illustrates sufficiently how enormously they have lost their former cunning as fighters with the rifle on horseback. The general is of the opinion that any attempt on their part to fire from the saddle should be effectually stopped, on the ground that the Cossack to-day has lost so much of his familiarity with the rifle that he is no better marksman on horseback than the ordinary Russian peasant in the other cavalry regiments. It is not many years since Cossacks, with few exceptions, were so familiar with the use of the rifle from boyhood that shooting from the saddle was as natural to them as to the American Indian; but now, since they have been disarmed by the government,

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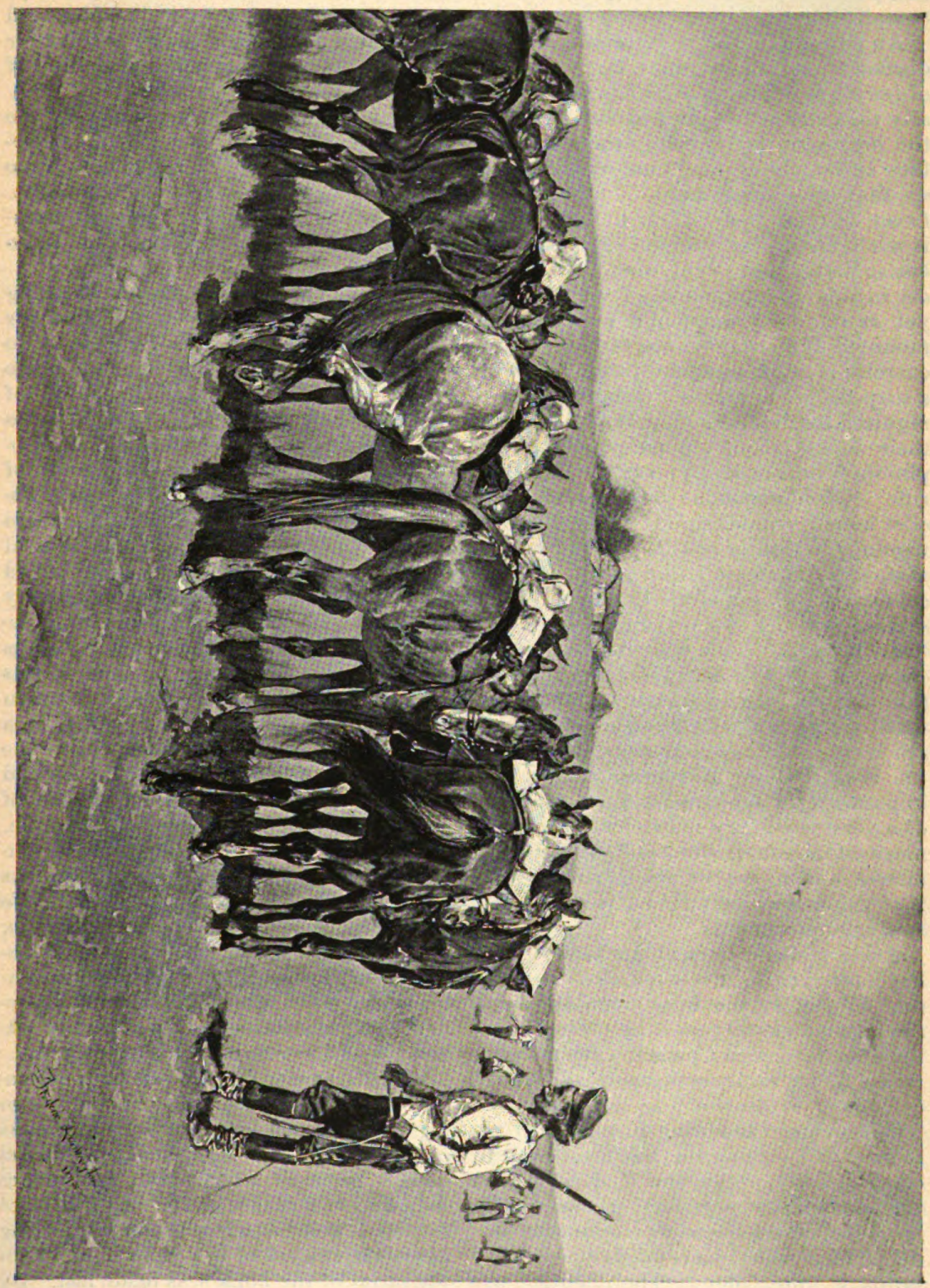

COSSACK HORSES—DISMOUNTED TO FIGHT.

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and furnished with rifles only during their period of active service, they have lost perforce one of their most noted accomplishments.

An extremely useful exercise is that of dismounting and locking a large number of horses together in a bunch so effectually that one or two men, by sandwiching the horses skilfully, bring them face to face in two lines, and then wedge them so that each one's head is brought between two saddles. Each horse's lariat is made fast to the pommel of his neighbor so deftly that twenty or thirty horses are in this way pinioned effectually, and yet ready at a moment's notice to be mounted and brought into service. This exercise is much practised in the event of a surprise, when all the available men are required for defence. The Cossacks plant their lances about ten paces behind the pinioned horses, and join battle with the rifle. Of course none but the most docile horses would stand being jammed together so tightly as this. They practise also, what is so well understood by our cavalry, forming a circle to defend themselves, or rather to sell their lives as dearly as possible. This exercise, like many others, is valuable mainly on the supposition that the next war will be fought by small detachments, where the operations are in the nature of our cavalry work in the West, but for European warfare the importance of such manœuvres must be of a very secondary nature, where armies mean hundreds of thousands in compact masses, and where individual soldier skill is of value only as it forms part of great strategic movements.

Aside from such peculiar tactics as I have referred to, the Cossack is in general subject to the same regulations as the regular cavalry, and at present it is the rule to assign Cossack cavalry regiments to divisions—a measure admirably calculated to destroy the last vestige of independence remaining in these cowboy soldiers. By this rule they are forced to come directly under the leadership and the discipline of a general perhaps quite ignorant of the peculiar conditions under which they have developed their military knowledge. Their duties are not apt to be so laid out as to give them the best opportunity of displaying their talents to advantage. We can appreciate how much disgusted the Cossacks are with such a regulation better than Englishmen or Germans, for we can readily understand how valuable as irregular cavalry our Indian scouts or cowboys might be if led by men who understood them; also how much they would suffer if forced to conform to the discipline of regular cavalry.

While I was in Warsaw in 1891 the Don Cossacks were making some interesting experiments that promise to have direct bearing upon the next campaign. I was not permitted to be present, naturally, but heard about them from those who knew.

One idea was to improvise a boat, using Cossack lances for ribs, and canvas for the skin; lances were also made to do service as oars by a blade lashed on to the end. In order to test the power of these boats an attempt was made to cross the Vistula near the fortress of Ivan-Gorod in Poland, about sixty miles south of Warsaw, one of the most dangerous crossing-points on the river, where the stream is rather strong, and there are several whirlpools. The first boat was launched within forty-five minutes, and quickly loaded with the saddles, arms, and accoutrements of twenty men, and was rowed by six Cossacks. In spite of this load the boat had one clear foot between the gunwale and the water. Within a half-hour the load was deposited on the other side. The distance which they had to traverse, involving the avoidance of a lengthy sand bank, was about a mile. Within one hour from the time of embarkation the two squadrons of Cossacks taking part in this evolution were all safe and sound on the other side, in the saddle, and ready to fight. Everything transported in the boats was found to be entirely dry when unloaded, and my informants expressed themselves as highly satisfied with the result of this experiment.

Another experiment made at the Russian manœuvres referred to above was in regard to the picketing of horses by means of burying in the ground, about ten inches deep, a piece of wood about ten inches long and two inches wide. To this piece of wood was bound a thong projecting above the surface of the ground, to which the lariat of the horse was made fast. By this means the horse was effectually secured, and as it was practised over and over again during the manœuvres, it may be considered that the Cossacks have adopted it for the present. Another cu-

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COSSACK PICKET ON THE GERMAN FRONTIER.

rious experiment was made at these manœuvres, namely, the using of lances as handles for scythes, in order to enable the Cossack to harvest hay on the march without the necessity of carrying more than necessary. The result of the experiment was declared to be satisfactory, and henceforward we may consider the lance of the Cossack as intended not merely for piercing the bodies of runaway Jews and smugglers, but for propelling six-oared punts, and providing scythe-handles, by means of which fodder for the horses is secured in camp.

The Cossack country, notably that of the Dons, Ural, and Orenburg communities, is valuable to Russia principally on account of the horse-breeding possible there, which not only provides the Cossack regiments with mounts, but the majority of the regular cavalry as well. Each Cossack male, including officers and officials, is expected to have by law about thirty Russian desjatins per head of land, in addition to which

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every parish church has for its support three hundred (one desjatin is equal to 11,306 square yards, a trifle less than one hectare, say, roughly, two and a half acres). Unfortunately for the Cossack, he suffers under the same disastrous land system which has dragged the Russian peasant to the level of his cattle. The government forces him to be a communist, in the sense that the land of a community belongs to the individual for a limited period of time only, and must be redivided whenever the population increases to a point demanding it; thus a redivision is ordered by law when there is not enough land to give each man at least twenty desjatins. Under such circumstances no farmer feels like spending much money upon improvements.

In addition, however, to these small individual patches are vast tracts which belong to the community in general, or, perhaps, to be more exact, to the Russian officials who are appointed to control Cossack affairs. This land is looked upon as a source of income to be devoted to the equipment of Cossack regiments. Much of this land is rented. In the country of the Dons alone nearly 800,000 desjatins of the common land are rented, by order of the government, to private horse-breeders at the rate of a few cents an acre, a merely

COSSACK OFFICER.

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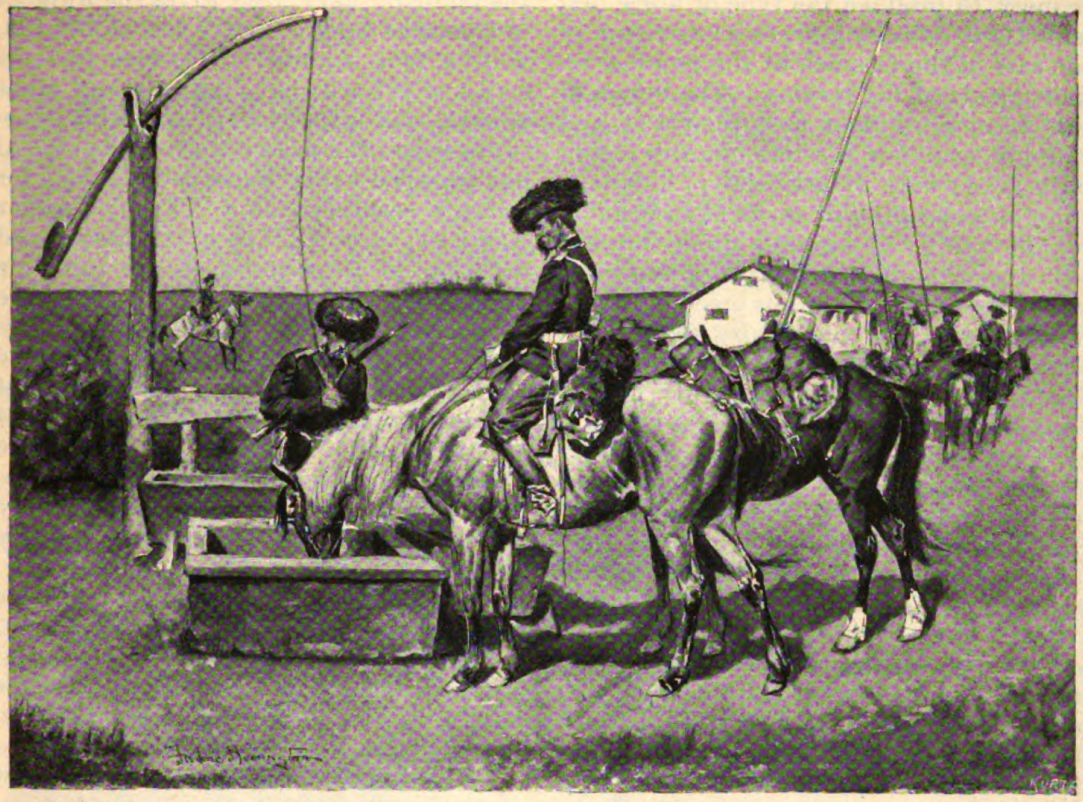

COSSACKS OF THE AMOOR.

nominal rate, in order to artificially encourage horse-breeding for army purposes. This is, of course, an outrage upon Cossack rights, but the Cossack is, after all, a Russian, and submits with strange tameness. In fact, the Cossack dies out in proportion as Russian officials increase in his midst. Instead of being a self-governing body, as formerly, they have now, down to the minutest detail, their civil life regulated for them by the ubiquitous Russian official.

With the exception of the Ural Cossack community, which is a purely military and communistic one, all the Cossack countries of Russia, including Asiatic Russia, are invaded by a considerable proportion of officials who own their land absolutely. In the Don army alone this private land amounts to twenty-two per cent. of the whole, and in the other communities to between five and ten per cent. Unfortunately for the Cossack, this proportion is growing from year to year rather against him than in his favor. Formerly land was assigned to officials only for their use during their lifetime, but since 1870 their ownership became perpetual. In 1835 the beginning of this system was made by granting fifteen desjatins of land for each serf owned by an official. After 1861, when serfdom was abolished, the land-owners became absolute masters of the land that remained after allowing the peasant control of his fifteen, and we shall see that little by little the hardy Cossack is becoming a very humdrum kind of a small farmer, to whom exercise with the lance and rifle is as distasteful as to the average peasant everywhere. The Cossacks draw considerable wealth from their forests, their fisheries, and, to some extent also, from mining; but, as before remarked, to the government they are interesting mainly as a people familiar with horses, and capable of furnishing the army with the cheapest cavalry possible.

That the Cossack horse was not up to the requirements of European cavalry service was recognized by the Russian government as early as 1846, in which year a stud-farm was organized in a suitable part of the Don country. The object of this breeding establishment is similar to that of the Prussian government at Trakehnen,

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namely, to produce the type of horse best suited for cavalry purposes, modified in the case of the Cossack by the peculiar requirements of his service. The horses of this farm are out at pasture winter and summer, as in our Western country, being only taken care of artificially when the snow is so deep as to make it impossible for them to get any grass. Since the year 1850 the principal stud-farm (Kamenskaya) has issued to the minor breeding establishments of the community about sixty breeding-stallions a year, charging a hundred rubles for each one—roughly, fifty or sixty dollars—a price which does not suggest any very extraordinary amount of good blood; yet the system adopted is to buy the best possible stallions, and to breed from the best native mares of the neighborhood. In spite of efforts that look so well on paper, so high an authority as General Iwanow stated that one-third of the stallions which he inspected in the chief breeding establishment were unfit for their purpose. In the face of such evidence as this, it is difficult to escape the conclusion, either that the horse material of Russia is in a pretty bad way, or that the officials in charge of this department have made considerable money by illegal means.

As I said before, nearly 800,000 desjatins in the Don country have been handed over to private horse-breeders at the nominal price of three kopeks a year per desjatin, the government insisting only that on this acreage there should be about 65,000 horses of good breed, allowing about twelve desjatins to the horse. This law was passed in 1858, but an inspection made in 1863 disclosed the fact that instead of the stipulated number there were only 29,000 on hand, and in 1885 it had not yet reached the prescribed number. Seventy-five per cent. of the Russian regular cavalry are mounted from this herd. With the exception of the Ural community, horse-breeding is on the decline in pretty much every Cossack army of Russia. Not only is the material inferior to what it should be, but, according to the official statistics of 1884, the Cossack armies of Russia had not as much as one horse apiece for each Cossack. This fact alone, in cold type, suggests the poverty amongst them, which has been growing steadily over the past fifty years, and which promises to continue with the increased demands made upon them by the government. An official census, published on the 1st of January, 1888, gives the number of Cossacks on the active list as 305,372, with a total number of horses to their credit of 407,480; but, like so many other Russian statistics, this is misleading, because under the head of horses the official has grouped every horse, whether fit for cavalry service or not. From another Russian source (Krassnoy) it is pointed out that in the armies of the Don, the Kuban, Terek, and Astrakhan there are barely half enough horses to mount the men. For instance, in the army of the Don, which is far and away the largest Cossack community, there were in 1884 420,195 horses, of which only 95,814 were regarded as fit for service by the authorities, and of this number there were only 44,342 that were rated as fit for cavalry purposes.

As the Don army is not only by far the largest Cossack organization of Russia, but also the one regarded as the model for the other Cossack armies, whatever is true of the Don is painfully true of others, and any statement I make in regard to them is based not upon the opinion of such as seek to injure Russia, but is from the mouth of Russian officials. Their showing is a very sad one, particularly as we must consider what the result is likely to be when an attempt shall be made to place the Don armies on a war footing.

Of the six European Cossack armies, the opinion in the best-informed Russian military circles is that only two, the Ural and Orenburg communities, are in a position to put all their available men in the field and provide for reserves as well. The most numerous, the Don Cossacks, can barely provide their first war contingent, leaving nothing for re-enforcement; this is also true of the Astrakhan Cossack. In the two great Caucasian armies—the Cossacks of Kuban and Terek—the horses are small and worthless, and barely reach the number required in peace-time.

The war against Turkey in 1877 laid bare most completely the incapacity of the Cossack armies to meet the demands made upon them by the government. Their strength had been mostly upon paper, and for the most part they completely failed to bring to the front the proportion of men and horses demanded of them. In the event of the next war it may be safely reckoned that, beyond the Cossacks now actually in the field on a peace foot-

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COSSACK DRILL—RESCUING THE WOUNDED.

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ing, Russia will be unable to bring more than about ten per cent. of the vast hordes which figure in her statistics and our geographies.

The nominal strength of a Cossack regiment in a time of peace is a thousand men, the regiment consisting of six sotnias, or squadrons. According to the official statement of 1892, the six Cossack armies or communities of European Russia are expected in time of war to furnish the following fighting force of men, these figures representing pretty well the relative strength of the different bodies:

COSSACK ARMY.

	Total officers and men.
Don	64,069
Kuban	44,806
Orenburg	18,866
Terek	11,519
Ural	8,352
Astrakhan	1,950

This makes a total war strength for the European Cossack armies of, roughly, 150,000 men.

The Cossacks of the Asiatic armies, to wit, the Transbaikal, Siberian, Semirijetschensk, Amoor, and Ussuri, to which may be added a couple of independent squadrons of Irkutsk and Krassnoy—all these together constitute less than 24,000 men, and need not be considered in connection with a European war. They will operate as a menace along the British-Indian frontier, however, thus affecting the issue to some extent indirectly. The Don Cossacks include in their organization twenty-two batteries of horse-artillery, the Kubans five, Orenburg six, and Terek two, these being the only artillery furnished by the European Cossacks. In time of peace all the Cossacks of the empire in active service number barely 59,000 men, a number which in time of war is presumed to rise to three times that figure, or, to quote official figures, 172,100.

The uniform of the Cossack has been stripped of nearly all its former barbaric splendor and peculiarity, and to-day his dress is almost identical with that of the ordinary dragoon cavalryman. His horse, however, suggests the mustang of the cowboy rather than the big troop-horse of the German, and he perches upon his saddle high up, with knees sharply bent, after the fashion of the Orient. The Cossacks of the Caucasus are still allowed to retain some of the eccentric apparel worn by the savage tribes they have conquered, and are a picturesque sight when on duty in St. Petersburg, mounting guard for the Czar. The one implement, as peculiar to the Cossack as the lasso to the cowboy, is the *nagaika*, or knout, a whip with a short thick handle and heavy lash, which is used instead of spurs. In a Russian text-book for Cossacks it is written, "The knout belongs to every Cossack, from the general to the meanest private, and should not be stuck into the boot-leg." The persistence with which the Cossack armies have stuck to this awkward implement is worthy of a better cause, for the man who has to handle a sabre and a rifle in action must certainly be better served by a pair of spurs than a third encumbrance to the hands. Of late, however, the Russian police have found the knout exceedingly useful as a means of religious propagation, a number of instances having recently come to light of churches on the western frontier being invaded by Cossacks, the worshippers being dragged out and severely flogged for having dared to hold unorthodox service without the permission of the Orthodox clergy. As the handmaiden of the Greek Church the Cossack knout is invaluable, to say nothing of its efficiency in putting down strikes and dispersing crowds in Polish thoroughfares; for when the Cossack is a thousand miles away from his home it becomes a matter of comparative indifference to him whether he is knouting a Protestant, a Catholic, or a mustang.

The Cossack is essentially Russian and Orthodox. He was at the height of his glory when the Pilgrim Fathers were sailing towards Cape Cod and Cromwell was regenerating England. The Cossack is the peasant of "Great" Russia turned highwayman, cowboy, and soldier. In the reign of Peter the Great, and for a hundred years before, there was a steady stream of dissatisfied peasants constantly leaving their homes under the pressure of tyranny, seeking only the opportunity for enjoying life with a very small admixture of liberty. They gravitated to the great lonesome wastes south and east of Moscow, where, in bands, they protected themselves against the savage tribes beyond, and lived largely by carrying on plundering expeditions wherever booty offered. A great impulse was given to these communities by the introduction of serfdom in 1591, and little by little, owing to the necessity of growing up with the weapons of soldiers in their

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ASTRAKHAN COSSACKS.

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hands, the tamest of serfs became in time enterprising and enduring as cowboys.

The Russian government needed sorely a military buffer against the enemies on its frontier, and wisely employed these different Cossack communities as a species of picket-line from the Danube and the Black Sea clear across the Caucasus to the Caspian, and from there eastward as far as they extended their dominion, which to-day ceases only with the Pacific Ocean at Vladivostok. These great and warlike communities were moved in a body to points where they are needed with vastly less difficulty than is required to keep a half-starved tribe of American Indians on a reservation. They were allotted a tract of country to cultivate or use as they chose, were given immunity from taxation, and practically required only to swear allegiance to the Czar. Nominally they were burdened with the duty of fighting in the Russian army, but this, until recent years, never amounted to much, because the most that the Russian government could ask of them was to stay where they were and defend their home against the semi-savages beyond. When the Cossack governed himself he was jealous of being a military character, and one of his cardinal laws sentenced to death any man who dared to plough the land. But with the increase of population in Russia proper, and the growing officiousness of the government in St. Petersburg, the Cossack communities were forced to take up large numbers of peasants sent to them as colonists for administrative reasons. The numbers of Cossacks who do not belong to the military branch of the community is constantly increasing, so that to-day the number of Cossacks who may be considered real Cossacks is, or was according to the census of 1887, only 68 per cent. of the total population of the Cossack countries, whereas as recently as 1859 they represented 82 per cent. The total of all the Cossack communities according to this census was 2,423,880, whose spiritual needs were attended to by Orthodox Russian priests numbering 14,600. The proportion of foreign element is so small that one can almost ignore it. It is by no means as important as the admixture of Mexican blood amongst the cowboys of the West. There are a number of Tartars in the communities of the Don, Ural, Orenburg, Siberian, and Semirijetschensk armies, although to a very small extent. Calmuks may be found in the Don, Ural, and Orenburg. In the Transbaikal army are Mongolians of the Burjat and Tungus tribes to the extent of 25,000 souls, who interest us particularly as their principal duty is to convoy prisoners to the mines of the filthiest of the Siberian penal colonies. In the Don, Kuban, and Terek armies are a few renegades from the Caucasus tribes who have turned Cossacks and become Orthodox.

To illustrate the process of dilution which has been afflicting the Cossacks, in the year 1763 20,000 peasants were registered in the Don army alone, who were all working as members of the different village communities. In 1811 all the peasants so registered were by government order converted into soldier Cossacks, and colonized at other points south of the Don, being, after all, merely peasants dressed up as Cossacks, and as unequal to their work as the counter-jumper who buys a sombrero in order to masquerade in Cheyenne as a cowboy.

The Caucasian Cossack armies originally formed by colonists from the Don, have led, in the past hundred years, such a turbulent life that they did not maintain their numbers by natural means, and have been strengthened, at least numerically, by constant additions from Russia —ordinary peasants, who were taken up into the Cossack communities with no particular reference to their qualifications. Between 1809 and 1811 they accepted 23,000 men and 17,000 women from the governments of Poltava and Tschernigow. In the years 1821 to 1825 the same governments or districts furnished to this Cossack army 24,000 men and 20,000 women, and between 1845 and 1850 there came from these two governmental districts, and also from that of Charkov, 8500 men and 7000 women, transplanted by order of the Czar, in very much the same way that cattle are now shipped from Colorado to Chicago. The Cossack army of the Kuban has received, therefore, in the first half of this century, 53,000 men and 44,000 women, who, on leaving their native villages, did not suggest the qualities usually associated with the fighting Cossack. The greatest impetus to the introduction of foreign or peasant element amongst the Cossacks was given in 1867, when all Russians were permitted to acquire property in the Cossack coun-

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tries. This foreign element represents now a third of the Cossack population, so called, and is increasing with the increase of population in the rest of the empire, or rather with the pressure of population from the centre to the circumference.

The spirit of the Cossack is being broken by forcing upon him class distinctions which he did not know in his prosperous days, when all Cossacks were equal, and the leaders were the chosen of the people. To-day Cossack officers and officials are appointed by government, and the ordinary plain fighting Cossack soldier has practically no more rights than the average Russian peasant. There are now titles of nobility amongst Cossacks, and hereditary privileges attaching to government officials and their families. The Cossack councillors, who were once the elders of the tribe and universally respected, are now merely officials, whose self-interest draws them rather towards the chief of their bureau in St. Petersburg than to the people whose rights they were once wont to represent. The dead hand of Russian officialism has fallen at last upon the free Cossack of the steppes and palsied his efforts at natural development, dragging him once more back into the monotonous barrack-yard routine of Russian life, from which he fondly dreamed of escaping a few years ago.

In the future we may expect to hear much of Cossacks, but I fancy it will be more on the edges of China, India, and Persia than on a great European battlefield. It is as a cowboy colonizer that his fame, if he is destined to have any, will perpetuate itself, rather than as a member of cavalry divisions. A good illustration of what uses the Cossack may be put to is furnished not only by Colonel Yanoff's "scientific trip" to the Pamirs in 1892, but by that notable excursion down the Amoor River which resulted in filching from China one of her most valuable possessions. The Crimean war had taught Russia the difficulty of keeping up communication with Eastern Siberia and her then American colony, Alaska, unless she was able to utilize the Amoor River as a line of communication eastward on the route of Tomsk, Irkutsk, and beyond to Vladivostok. In 1849 the governor of that eastern district, Muraviev, insisted upon the military necessity of taking the Amoor River from the Chinese, particularly as it was in that year demonstrated that the river was navigable for war-vessels, and Russia was already in nominal possession of the mouth. It was, however, only when they realized the necessity of provisioning their garrison there that they approached China on the subject. China, according to her custom, let the matter drag so long that Governor Muraviev decided to occupy the river first, and ask permission afterwards—a proceeding common enough with Russia, and, so far, one that has been often crowned with success.

On May 8, 1854, this enterprising leader of scientific exploration constructed at the head-waters of a tributary of the Amoor, called the Shilka, a large number of roughly built boats and rafts; on these he embarked a strong squadron of Cossacks, a battalion of line troops, and a mountain battery. The expedition had a pleasant journey from beginning to end, and by the time the Chinese government had made up its mind to send messengers to inquire what the Russians were doing on their territory the whole of this valuable country was picketed off by a line of Cossack colonists, who were planted there with or without their will from other sections of Siberia, amongst them 13,000 men from military prisons. The penal, or rather forced, colonization of the line of the Amoor ceased in 1862, by which time China found herself bounded on the north-east by about 67 Cossack posts or settlements, with a total of 12,000 souls, and in the Ussuri country northward of Vladivostok by 23 communities with 5000 souls. These are the men who are most directly responsible for the security of political convicts, tramping in long and hungry lines to their loathsome dungeons; whose duty it is, as well as their profit, to track down those who escape, to lie in wait for smugglers across the Chinese frontier, and to maintain what the Czar is pleased to call law and order on the far edge of his ragged empire.

The Czar has to-day a line of such Cossack colonizers stationed along the whole of his southern frontier, from the Black Sea to the head-waters of the Ob River in the Altai Mountains, and then, skipping a short tract of mountainous barrier from the neighborhood of Irkutsk, uninterruptedly to the shores of the Pacific opposite Japan, a distance by land about as great as it is by water from Japan to California. The progress of the Cossack in Siberia

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EN RECONNAISSANCE.

and beyond has been so rapid and his conquests so securely maintained as to challenge the admiration of all who love dash and daring. They have accomplished wonders, for the Russian peasant shares with the Chinaman and other Orientals the spirit which treats death as by no means the heaviest of burdens. The Cossack has, moreover, had in these later days the very best leadership which the Russian Empire could furnish, and has always had a signal advantage in this respect over enemies noted for absence of military discipline.

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A CANTICLE OF NOVEMBER.

BY GEORGE T. RIDER.

SAD, fitful, dwindling days are here;
The pale, chill lustre of the sun;
And cloudland leaden, dismal, dun,—
The faltering pulses of the year.

At sea a ghostly close-reefed sail
Strains, here and there, to make the land;
Great billows break along the strand,
And terrors gather in the gale;

And pelting, passionate gusts of rain
Make moan o'er forest, field, and fold,—
All grewsome gray and dusky gold,
A dolorous litany of pain.

The crimson hectic of the leaves
That flit and flutter from the trees
Like frightened birds abreast the breeze;
The rustling of the tawny sheaves;

The fretful murmuring of the rill
That hurries on with startled pace;
A strange and patient pallid grace
That lingers over vale and hill;

All blighted buds and perished bloom—
A glory from the garden gone,—
The year waits solitary, lone,
A wanderer in the deepening gloom.

Let earth and heart and head have rest;
Life-currents in the veins stand still
A little while; there lies no ill
In this repose; for rest is best,

And Faith shall better lessons bring
Of Him who worketh as He will.
Through seeming joy, through seeming ill,
The Fall is prophet of the Spring.

GRAHAM'S VOICE.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

THE strain of copy-reading may have been accountable for my impatience at the necessity of again and again running across the room that afternoon to answer the telephone. Reporters never are grateful for the killing or the surgical treatment of their sentences, which sentences, nevertheless, sting and irritate the conscientious operator. As often as the telephone bell ejaculated shrilly I called it names, and longed for the footstep of some reporter back from afternoon rounds; for I was all alone in the local room.

My longing had its satisfaction when Graham came in briskly and took his

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seat near me. Then I gave myself singly and earnestly to getting through the pile of copy on my desk, and the next cry of the telephone fell sweetly on my ear, for I knew Graham would answer it. As he did so, my habitual admiration for its quality of tone once more prevailed. The note seemed to recall one in Marie Van Zandt's upper register; in fact, Graham's way of bawling "Hello" struck me as harsh and almost ungentlemanly.

But in the tone of the "Yes" which followed there was something apologetic. Graham was no boor, mark you. Daily and nightly lounging at Central Police Station had not perceptibly altered for the worse the habitually suave and quiet manner which so admirably assorted with his neat little figure and equally neat get-up.

But his third utterance was even unusually bland—good enough for a five-o'clock tea: "I beg your pardon, I didn't quite catch—"

After a pause his tone was almost caressing: "Oh yes. You mean St. Louis. The Mayoralty race." Then again he cooed: "Well, I don't know. I've just come into the office. If you'll wait a moment, though, I'll try and find out for you. Not at all." And he stood the receiver on end on the shelf.

I looked up as one harassed by interruptions when Graham came over to my desk and said, "Fitzgerald, do you know what Hitchcock's majority was?"

"Who's Hitchcock?"

"In the race for Mayor at St. Louis," he explained, and his smile was tender.

"I don't know anything about St. Louis. Go and ask in the telegraph-room."

Away went Graham to the telegraph-room, thundering over the sheet-iron on the floor of the corridor, and I tried to get on with that copy. He seemed joyful as he returned and tripped gayly back to the telephone.

"Hello!" he said—an it were a sucking dove. "Hitchcock was elected by fourteen hundred plurality." His voice became very soft at the figures, and very distinct. Then he repeated: "Four—teen hun—dred. Yes. What? Oh no; only too happy." Then, hurriedly: "But—Hello! Oh, I wanted to say"—and it was almost a whisper—"won't you tell me who is the owner of that voice? Eh? I say, won't you tell me who that voice belongs to? You can't? I would so much like to know. Rather not? Very well, then."

The tone of the last words was pathetic, and a sigh sounded with the click of the transmitter as Graham hung it on the catch. I wondered between slashes at the first batch of copy whether Graham, a hardened though prepossessing reporter as I supposed him, could really be as impressionable as this little episode would seem to indicate. Like the rest of us, he was accustomed to telephone conversations with all sorts of people, from the proprietor of the Alablaze, where everybody except the Grand Jury knew there was a nightly roulette open to all comers, to the officers of the Y.M.C.A. Anonymous inquiries on every conceivable subject are answered through that telephone every night—about elections, prize-fights, the arrival of ocean steamers at New York, the date of the last Presidential baby's birth, the probabilities of Indian outbreaks in Dakota, the names of the first wives of popular actresses' last husbands, the state of the weather next Sunday. This is how the public repays in kind that question-asking animal the reporter. So there must have been something very remarkable about the voice that had asked Graham about Hitchcock's plurality. It must have been a powerfully mollifying voice, for in replying to it Graham had taken on the tone of a Romeo under the balcony, and he seemed not to know whose it was.

Much silent meditation during the ensuing half-hour's copy-reading wrought my curiosity to the point of a resolve to trace this voice that had stirred Graham's latent power of love-making. I took it for granted that Graham's mind was equally made up to the same purpose. Certainly he showed unusual eagerness to answer the telephone all that night, always said "Hello!" to the transmitter in a society kind of tone, and came in from his late rounds earlier than usual. Others may not have remarked these things, but I did. I was watching Graham without his knowing it, and therein had the advantage of him.

Another advantage was that my desk was nearer the telephone than his. Two days later I beat him in a race for the telephone.

From the first words, "Is that the *Running Diary*?" I felt that I had caught

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Graham's fugitive voice. Within one week two such voices never called up the same newspaper office.

"Yes, madam," I answered. "What can we do for you?"

"Could you put in a notice for me in to-morrow's *Running Diary*?"

"I think we could. What is it?"

"Just say that Miss Ethel Kraft will return to St. Louis on Monday morning."

Graham's voice was located, only I must be wary. "Kraft?" I asked, in as businesslike a tone as I could command. "How do you spell it, please?"

"E-t-h-e-l."

"Yes; but how do you spell the other name?"

It would have given me intense pleasure to hear her repeat the whole alphabet slowly.

"Oh, Kraft?—K-r-a-f-t."

"Thank you. And where has she been staying?"

"You can just say she's been visiting friends in this city."

"We would like to have the name of her friends in this city, if you please. Yes?"

"I say, that doesn't make any difference, does it?"

"Well, yes, I'm afraid it does. We always like to know our authority when we make an announcement. It's a rule of the paper."

"Oh! Well, then, just say she was visiting Mrs. James V. Portman."

"Thank you, madam. And the address?"

"What? This isn't Mrs. Portman."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. Will you please give me your address?"

"1121 West Catalpa."

"Thank you. Are you Miss Portman? You see, I have to know who my authority is."

That last half-laughing "Why, yes, I'm Miss Susie Portman," was the most delightful bit in the whole dialogue.

"Very well, Miss Portman, I'll see that it gets in."

"Much obliged. Good-by."

I was sorry when she said that, and understood why Graham had sighed.

It was a very sweet voice, and soft, not high-pitched, and peculiarly fitted for asking questions, because of its timid inflection. Yet the timidity seemed a voluntary sort that could be got rid of at will; only indulged in so as to be feminine.

A strange thing about that voice was that it made me think of violets and their aroma. A voice could not be aromatic, of course, and yet this voice came to me as it were the odor of violets over the wires. The local room of the *Running Diary* is dusty and gray; the paste is livid and mortal to look upon; the whole atmosphere is antagonistic to beauty. There are many reasons why beauty and its influence had best be excluded from that room; for one, it might come at half past eleven in the shape of a female theatrical star, all fur, millinery, and perfumery, accompanied by her agent, to influence the judgment of our critic, Patroni.

But this was another kind of beauty altogether, one that had sent no advance agent, nor come up in the elevator, but had projected its psychological presence through the telephone wires.

So much for the effect of the Voice on me. I was meditating such unprecedented meditations as these at my desk in the local room.

Young Stubbs walked in and briskly asked me if anybody had done that killing yet; he wanted to know, because if any of the other boys had it he could go on up town at once and get his other matter.

"I'm writing it now," Graham called from behind me, before my thoughts had returned from their wanderings. "It isn't anything much. Both the men were niggers, and they've got the other man."

"All right, then," said Stubbs. "You can tell Mr. Smith—will you, Graham? That's all I came in for."

It was well, I thought, that I had outstripped Graham when the telephone bell rang, for his mind would have been distracted from his item. Looking around cautiously, I saw that he was playing with his pencil as if his mind was distracted. He must have been listening to my conversation with the Voice. I had spoken very low, so that surely he could not have heard her name. But Graham's ears were very sharp. I began to wonder whether he had heard the name, and went on wondering, until I could hardly keep from asking him. I concluded that it would be better to wait until he brought his copy.

He did come over with his copy at last, and I was on the watch for signs. In-

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stead of doubling his copy on the way over to my desk, he came and stood by me, creasing the paper deliberately, as he said, in an absent-minded way: "Here's that nigger cutting scrape. 'Tisn't worth more than—about—half a column."

"All right."

He picked up a leaden block with a cut of Fokes the pugilist, and asked who it was.

"Charlie Fokes," I answered, and felt sure that Graham had not heard the Voice. But then again it seemed I was mistaken.

He gazed fondly at the leaden cut and said, "Was that an item you were getting just now at the telephone?"

"Society notice," I said, swiping a pair of superfluous adjectives.

Graham put down the cut of Fokes, stuck his thumbs into the band of his trousers, and stared across the room, then wondered what time Mr. Smith would be in.

He had not heard the name, I thought, but he would look in the Society Notes to-morrow, and the mention of St. Louis would be his clew. Graham was, in his quiet way, one of the sharpest reporters I had ever known. He never missed a lead in his life. Young as he was, he had often given me cause to wonder at his precocious worldliness. Everybody in the city who knew any reporters at all knew him. Everybody was friendly with him; some patted him on the back and called him pretty pet names, but none could throw dust in his mild blue eyes.

Knowing this precocious impregnability of Graham's soul, it seemed to me absurd to suppose that a voice heard through the telephone had made a lasting impression upon him. It would never have occurred to me to even imagine it, if he had not seemed so anxious to answer the ring ever since the day he had used that moonlight whisper in his conversation about Hitchcock.

And here I was thinking all these things over and over instead of attending to my copy. I was not Graham's keeper. It was no business of mine whether he fell in love or not; at least it ought not to be. I began to suspect that I had been caught by the Voice myself. I was not quite sure.

Well, whether I liked it or not, Graham would have his clew in the morning.

Within a week after that Patroni had his hands full one Thursday evening, and got me to do a theatre for him. I came in late, and a lady and gentleman had to rise to let me pass. The man's face was quite familiar to me, but not his name. The lady's face I did not notice, for the curtain was up as I took my seat. I only noticed that she wore a small hat, and that made me respect her. My respect led me to look round at her furtively, and then I saw that her dress was high-necked, and its material greenish, and she wore a big bunch of violets.

Presently one of the characters in the play said something funny, the lady next me laughed, and then I knew that I was sitting beside Graham's Voice. From that moment I hoped and prayed that she would say something, yet knowing that she would not speak above a whisper until the curtain went down. I wanted to look at her so much that I was afraid to. In general it would be easy enough for me to look at the face of a lady sitting next me without her knowing it, but now I was afraid that she would feel my look.

All through that first act I must have played my part of dramatic critic to perfection. No one happening to look my way would have suspected me of the slightest interest in the performance. I tried to think where I had seen her escort, hoping that he might turn out to be some one I had interviewed, and who, in gratitude for my having reported nothing he did not wish to have said, would be willing to renew the acquaintance in an extra-professional way, and incidentally give me an introduction to the Voice. But this kind of thing seldom happens to newspaper men; they work their luck so hard professionally that fate never has any purely personal favors for them. So the act came to an end without any further development. I had seen Graham's Voice, and I knew her name. The question remained whether in these two points I was ahead of Graham, and this question I answered in the affirmative.

There are ways of gaining introductions when one particularly wants them, and as I left the theatre at the end of the second act without having enjoyed the pleasure of hearing that laugh more than three times in all—for which the author of the play suffered in my notice—I debated whether to plan for an intro-

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duction to Miss Portman. A scruple of conscience interfered with my inclination. It seemed that Graham had a prior claim to his Voice, and that I had taken an unfair advantage of my comparative nearness to the telephone. On the other hand, Graham could not be as deeply interested as I was, because I had seen her, and recognized her by a strange association between the sound of her voice and the odor of violets. There must be an affinity between her soul and mine; my dæmon was directing me, in the mysterious way a dæmon has, to the other half of my soul.

One thing that contributed to spoil my happiness when I contemplated these reasons for ignoring Graham was the absence of any sign that the violet-voiced had felt a reciprocal attraction, or had in any way recognized me as one with whom she had conversed by telephone. To be sure, I had worn no violets, and if I had, they could have had no possible association with the businesslike tones of my questions and answers about Miss Ethel Kraft's movements. This to some extent palliated the disagreeable effect of Miss Portman's indifference.

I suppose that by this time I must have been in love. When a man who reads and writes copy for the *Running Diary* takes to meditating about soul affinities and dæmonic promptings, it must be either love or overwork, and it takes more overwork than love to bring on such symptoms. This is my excuse for having stifled my conscience and resolved on that Thursday night to scheme for an introduction without consulting Graham, or even giving him warning.

On the following Sunday afternoon I was both anxious and happy. By diligent but discreet inquiry I had found that a certain matron of my acquaintance not only sang in the same choir as Miss Portman, but belonged to the same faction, had the same objections to the organist, and was altogether her friend and ally. Naturally I made up my mind to go to church that afternoon. Now it came to pass that Mr. Smith, the city editor, was taking a day off that Sunday, and it fell to me to give the assignments. It was a bright afternoon. The reporters, one by one, came up the four toilsome flights of stairs, which take the place of the elevator on Sundays, and sat about in the usual listless Sunday fashion which is the protest of nature against Monday morning papers. Young Stubbs and Dobson were, as usual, arguing in excited whispers at their table in the corner. Three others were scattered about in curious attitudes, digging strenuously for humor in the local weeklies. I was staring at the assignment memoranda, and wishing that Mr. Smith would appear, if only for one instant, and tell me how to set about finding as much as three columns of news in a Sunday-School Union celebration, one funeral, and the dog-fight Stubbs had heard about.

The subject of the funeral was a woman, neither young enough nor old enough to be personally interesting to the public. I called Stubbs and asked if he really believed the dog-fight would come off, and Stubbs was sure of his authority. Dobson observed that some one had told him that a brother of the latest star absconding cashier was in the city, but Trimble extinguished the poor hope of a good interview by asserting with confidence that the interesting man had only staid long enough to get breakfast and his shoes polished.

Only the unforeseen could save the local columns from inanity.

The telephone bell screamed, and Graham answered it. What did I care now? I felt sure of meeting Graham's Voice that very afternoon, and she should be my Voice. Looking at Graham as he, all unconscious of my plans, stood before the transmitter, eagerly calling—"Yes." "Where did you say?" "How did this man hear about it?"—I actually pitied him.

"Here's a big item for you, Fitz," he said, calling to me across the room. "The West Point correspondent rang us up to ask what he's to do about it. Man come across from Macedonia this morning says there's been a big shooting there—half a dozen White Caps killed."

"Can't the West Point man get the story?"

"He says the place is ten miles from the Indiana landing, out in the Knobs, and there's no railroad."

Here was a heaven-sent opportunity to redeem the reputation, if not of the local columns, at any rate of the local force. The man at West Point was evidently a stick. The telegraph editor would not be at his desk until it would be too late to take a train for West Point. An item

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involving the defeat of a White Cap gang and the death of three of them—dividing, of course, the first rumor by two—was worthy of at least one column on the first page for each carcass of a White Cap. Action must be at once. A reporter must be sent to the scene at all costs.

And I must send that reporter!

Five stood by, all secretly eager to start for the theatre of war—Dallas, judicially weighing the chances of the report's being a fake; Stubbs, unwillingly admitting that it discounted his dog-fight; Dobson, hardly daring to hope that he would be chosen for the honor of being the *Running Diary's* special envoy; Trimble, the bear of news, always sure at the outset that there was not much in it; Graham, the bull in general, and now particularly unable to conceal his longing to be off for the White Cap country. I decided on Graham. A thought came to me of David and Uriah, but still I felt that the interests of the paper demanded Graham's employment. A train to catch in less than one hour, a slow railroad journey, transportation in a skiff to be secured, perhaps late in the evening, from a world-ignored place this side of the Ohio to an unheard-of landing on the other side, a wheeled vehicle of some sort to go over ten miles of pretended roads in a hilly country, and the task of getting the truth out of the natives on a matter concerning the White Caps—all this was to be done so as to have several columns of copy ready for the composing-room by two o'clock next morning—only eleven hours. I knew Graham could do all this if any one could, for I knew that he was a Ulysses in resource. Therefore, in spite of David and Uriah, Graham was despatched to the theatre of the war.

And I, thanking the fate that had granted me a professional favor so soon after the boon of my discovery in the matter of the church choir, went out to my supreme Fate of all.

I knew that she would be lovely. She had violets again that Sunday afternoon. Her dark hair curled low down on her neck at the back in some way that, with the little hat she wore—the same she had worn at the theatre—accentuated the beautiful form of her small head. She smiled sweetly when we were introduced—a thing which encouraged me to ask her, as Mrs. Gobel and I left her at her own gate, if I might call some evening. I did this very delicately, of course, and not once hinted at ever before having spoken to her. She said yes, she would be at home next evening—no, she remembered an engagement for next evening—Tuesday evening, if that would suit me. Knowing full well that no evening would exactly suit me, I nevertheless said it would, and determined to make it.

I was convinced that Susie was quite enough interested in me for a beginning. She looked at me attentively as I spoke, and she smiled much—just the smile to match her voice and her violets.

Of course, under the circumstances, with the burden of the White Cap enterprise on my shoulders, I had to hurry back to the office, thanking Mrs. Gobel with the most unconcerned politeness of manner at my command for having introduced me to Miss Portman, and mentioning in an off-hand way that Mr. Smith's absence made me particularly busy that evening. It would have been outrageously unprofessional to let fall any word that might have given even my friend Mrs. Gobel an inkling of our enterprise. The golden rule of newspaperdom is not to tell any outsider what you would not tell a reporter for a rival paper.

That evening my thoughts would have wandered from copy-reading to curls, violets, and voices, but there was a pervading atmosphere of expectation in the office which was death to all such philanderings. At six o'clock the first reporter in from his first rounds, as he entered the room, asked, "Heard anything from Graham?"

"No."

In ten minutes more a second came in and asked, "Did Graham ring you up from West-Point, Fitz?"

"No."

Then came young Stubbs from his dog-fight, beaming, but even he put White Caps before fighting dogs, and cautiously looking round the half-dark room, to be sure that strangers were not present, asked, in a whisper, "Do you know if Graham caught that train, Fitz?"

The hours were counted that night in the local room. Every one of the boys was in by eleven, and then we began to count the quarters. Making the best time possible, Graham could not be back at the West Point telephone station before midnight; if he did this much it would be

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an achievement to boast of. Bundle after bundle of Sunday-school proceedings, dog-fight, sermons, went in. The foreman himself condescended to come to me at half past eleven and ask if Graham had been heard from.

Graham hadn't yet been heard from.

"Guess you'd better hold down all this church stuff, don't you think?" was the veteran's shrewd advice, and the "church stuff" was "held down."

Midnight passed. We began counting minutes. Dobson and Stubbs got into a wrangle about the reliability of Dobson's watch. Trimble brought a handful of trivial interviews, and stood discussing with me the chances of two or three columns of White Cap in the morning.

Dallas came up to my desk, and borrowing a match to light his cigarette, began remarking, "I suppose this is how they feel in the main battery of an ironclad just before—" when the telephone gave a shrill scream, and he rushed to answer.

"Hello!" "Who's that speaking?" "Well, tell him to come to the 'phone." "Yes."

"Is it West Point?" I asked, breathless.

Dallas nodded, and several of the boys pressed round, Trimble thoughtfully bringing a sharp pencil and a bundle of paper.

"Is it all right, Dallas?" asked Trimble. For he remembered occasions where our rivals up the row had tried to get "pointers" by simulating the voices of our men, and there was no telling how much the *Times* knew about the Macedonian White Caps.

"It's Graham's voice right enough," Dallas whispered, without removing the receiver from his ear. Then to the transmitter he said, in his own distinct, quiet way, "Have you got much of it?"

"What does he say, Dallas?"

"Fully two columns. Give me that paper, Trimble. Now, Graham, let her go."

With his paper on the ledge under the transmitter, Dallas, holding the receiver to his ear, wrote for half an hour. Every few seconds we who had gone back to our desks could hear: "Yes." "Yes." "I didn't quite catch that last name." "Oh, then Jim Tarker wasn't quite dead when they found him?" "Yes." "Wait till I call off the names. See if I've got 'em right. Ed Martins, Pete Huhlein, Alf Martins. Is there an 's' at the end?" "That makes three. Caleb Burrows, James Tarker. Right?" "That was a week ago, was it?" "Did the White Caps do that? Did they poison this dog?" "All right."

After a long succession of nothing but "Yes, yes," "Burrows was found outside the yard?" "Oh, on the other side of the creek?" "And all the rest were pretty close together, about fifty yards from the veranda?" "Yes," at last Dallas said, "Well, that's all you've got of it at present, is it?" Then turning to me, "Fitz, Graham wants you to come to the 'phone."

"Hello, Graham!" I called. "Did you get much of the story?"

"Pretty much all there is to get at present," came back from West Point in Graham's voice. Not the Voice he had discovered, but that with which nature had especially endowed him for long-distance telephoning.

"Well, can you get any place to sleep there?"

"I don't want to sleep here. I'm going back to Macedonia now. There's a man waiting for me with a skiff. The trouble isn't nearly over yet. These Conrad boys are there in their house, on the watch for more White Caps."

"How are you going to get back to Macedonia from the landing?"

"I found a drummer over there with a buggy, and he drove me up. He won't take me back to-night, but he says I can have the horse and buggy if I'll bring it back in the morning."

Really, the *Running Diary* ought to erect a temple to the Fortune of Graham. She was equal to Fortuna Cæsariensis, and probably acted on the same general principle. Of course Graham could not expect to have everything his own way. He might be a little inclined to kick if, when he should come back after three or four days' sojourn among those savages, I should tell him that I had meanwhile got ahead of him in the good graces of the Voice. But there would be more than enough to console him in the consciousness of glory achieved. He himself, after visiting the scene of the exciting events, judged that it would be well to remain at hand. I knew his judgment, and felt it my duty to confide in it. Mr. Smith would be back at his desk in the afternoon, and the decision would then be with him.

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So then Dallas sat and wrote page after page of copy in a rapid hand, which printers say they can read. An hour later, when the sound of wooden mallets striking on lead told us that the forms were ready to go down to the stereotypers, it was sweet to know that nearly three columns on the first page—the page commonly devoted to big telegraphic news—had been furnished by us of the local room, where the clear soprano of the telephone bell sounds to listening ears. It was sweet to know that all this had been done while Mr. Smith was taking his Sunday off. It was sweet to hope that the *Times* had little or nothing about that midnight attack on an isolated country home, where five of the "regulators" had been sent to their account by two determined brothers. But I am not quite sure whether it was or was not sweetest of all to hope that Graham would spend the whole week at Macedonia.

On this last point I could get no satisfaction from Mr. Smith when he came up to the office on Monday morning, jubilant over the contrast between our front-page display and the little telegram, almost hidden in a corner, in which the *Times* told of a "rumored defeat of White Caps near Macedonia," speaking vaguely of six men who were said to have been killed. Mr. Smith was profuse in his congratulations, but could not say more as to Graham's movements than that he would probably be kept in the field for several days longer.

Tuesday came — Tuesday evening — there was still no indication of peace in the White Cap country. After a hurried dinner I made for West Catalpa Street. On my way I stopped and got two beautiful bunches of violets. With the violets in one hand and with the pleasantest anticipations — wondering whether her hair would be arranged as it was on Sunday—I rang the bell.

It was one of those modern houses with a big entrance hall, where you can sit and talk more comfortably than in an over-crowded front parlor. A quick step sounded, and before I had waited two seconds the door was opened by a man. There were portières inside, and the lamp between these and the door was burning low, so that I could not at once make out the face.

"Is Miss Portman at home?" I began, in a formal tone.

"Hello, Fitz! Come in. Yes, here's Miss Portman."

It was Graham's voice.

Yes, here was Miss Portman, very pleased to see me, but wearing another fresh bunch of violets. And here was where Mr. Graham had been sitting by her on the lounge. On a chair were a primitive-looking satchel and strap, a cow's-horn shot-flask, and a common kitchen knife.

The conversation was general, and chiefly on the Macedonian war, with special and admiring reference by Miss Portman to Mr. Graham's exploits as a war correspondent. He had used his discretion in catching an afternoon train from West Point, judging that, as the White Caps were evidently afraid to go near the Conrad home, and the Conrads themselves had decamped in the night, he might be more profitably employed in the city.

"I found these things in their yard, where they hid on Saturday night," he said, showing me the relics on the chair.

My visit was not a long one.

"Oh yes," said Miss Portman, as I was going, "I have had the pleasure of Mr. Graham's acquaintance for quite a long time; that is—for some weeks—"

"Two weeks?"

"Well, perhaps — perhaps not quite two weeks," smelling at my violets in an absorbed way. "Thank you for these violets, Mr. Fitzgerald. I love violets. I hope you'll be sure to come again some evening when you're not so busy. I've heard a great deal about you from Mr. Graham, you know. Good-night."

At last I was resolved whether or no Graham had heard the name I incautiously spoke at the telephone while he was writing up that minor killing.

After that I always felt uncomfortable with Graham. If he had staid much longer on the *Running Diary* I believe I would have sought service elsewhere, but he did not. He found a wider field for his remarkable talents in the journalism of an Eastern city, and since then has only once visited the ordinary province of the *Running Diary's* local staff. That was when he came to be married. The bride was Miss Portman.

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THE RELIGION OF THE SIOUX.

BY WILLIAM H. WASSELL.

TO the Sioux of the past, religion was truly a mystery. From the simple growth of the blade of grass to the complex phenomena of the thunder-storm, all life, power, and strength were interpreted as the physical acts of unknown gods. The Great Spirit is a name given us by the interpreter, for the Sioux had no conception of a single spirit, however great, capable of ruling the universe. Lightning was the anger of a thunder god, an awful bird, whose structure varied from wings containing only six quills to wings with four joints each, according to the imagination of the medicine-man. The moving god, he whose aid it was most difficult to invoke, was too subtle to be likened to any known form, but he controlled the intellect, passions, and mental faculties, abstractions for which the Sioux has not even a name. The Hayoka was the contrary god, who sat naked, and fanned himself in the coldness of a Dakota blizzard, and huddled shivering over a fire in the heat of summer, who cried for joy and laughed in his sorrow. Rocks and bowlders were the hardest and strongest things; hence they belonged to the oldest gods—smaller rocks were fetiches. On the barren buttes of the Dakotas may be seen many a crumbling pile of stones erected in by-gone days to propitiate an unknown god. Many a forgotten chief has gone to the highest hill when his son was sick, and amidst fastings and incantations reared a mound of little stones in the hope that his loved one's life might be spared. And still another relic of the savage belief of the old Sioux is found on the bodies of the warriors themselves. Take almost any man who is thirty years old or more, and he can show you long scars on his back or breast, and dozens of smaller scars on his arms, all inflicted by himself in fulfilling his vows to the sun. The sun-dance was one of the great religious and political events of the Sioux life. Whole villages assembled and feasted, while the worshippers fasted and exhausted the strength they were to need so badly in the coming test of endurance. On the appointed day none but virgins were allowed to cut down and trim the tree that was to be used, while only chiefs and warriors of exceptional bravery were allowed to carry it to its place in the centre of the village. Here, with mysterious pipe-smokings and unintelligible incantations, the pole is planted, ropes of buffalo-hide having been fastened to its top, one rope for each worshipper. The men, already half dead from exhaustion, are

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then brought out and laid on the ground around the pole, always ready knives thrust through the muscles of their chests or backs, and in the holes thus made wooden skewers thrust, to which are fastened the loose ends of the ropes. Then round and round dance the worshippers, their eyes fixed on the blazing sun, while the jerk, jerk, jerk of the bleeding flesh beats a sickening time to the hi-yas of a Dakota song. Friends and relatives, men, women, and children, gash their arms and breasts to stimulate the dancers and keep up their courage. When the flesh is torn apart the dancer is released, his vow fulfilled, his bravery, his manhood, unquestioned. . . . . These and a thousand other monstrous customs were what the early missionary had to combat.

The Sioux hereafter was a particularly happy idea, in the main in keeping with the advanced views of some of their white brothers of the present day. There were happy hunting-grounds, but there were no unhappy ones. When a Methodist minister, attending one of the Indian commissions in the 70's, painted a hell with colors of fire and brimstone, the only necessity for such a future abode was, as an old chief expressed it, for all the whites. Some Indians might lie, steal, or commit murder, but these were tangible offences receiving prompt punishment, and as such were violations of a social rather than a religious code. And, in fact, to kill a Crow Indian, steal his ponies, or lie to him and get him into trouble, were things that made the plenteous game, the clear waters, and the rich grass all the more abundant for the Sioux in the happy hunting-grounds. The medicine-man was not a priest, for their religion had no conception of such. He was self-appointed. Who could displace him or doubt his power? By some shrewdness he predicted a coming event, or by luck he performed an unheard-of act, and then his greatness was assured. Sitting-Bull, medicine-man rather than chief, once predicted rain in a season of drought. With mysterious pipe-smokings and vague incantations he prayed for rain, and sure enough it came. When the crops again needed water he was applied to, but he cautiously answered: "Too much rain will drown you. I can easily make it rain, but no one can make it stop." . . . . This utter lack of appreciation of moral right and wrong, combined with an exceptional craftiness, was a towering obstacle for the missionary to surmount.

This much has the missionary done. From the sorcery and jugglery of a weazened medicine-man he has brought the Sioux to confide in the simple teachings of the Bible. From the barbarous self-immolation of the sun-dance he has led him to the few rites of Christianity. From the gross sensuality and selfishness of the awful mystery, the Takoo Wakan, manifested and worshipped under the form of gods innumerable, he has built up a faith in one Supreme Being.

To-day Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists are all well represented in the Dakotas, and have rendered great assistance to the government in efforts toward civilization. The younger men wear their Y. M. C. A. badges, and the Roman Catholics their crosses, just as their forefathers wore the dirty medicine charms. The leading men are no longer those who have killed the most Crows or stolen the greatest number of ponies. War-songs are replaced by Christian hymns, and "*Jesus Itancan*" now bursts forth from the dusky throats that formerly knew nothing but the murderous "*kte.*"

It would be an error, of course, to suppose that all the Sioux have embraced Christianity. Every one knows that there are still those malcontents who wear the hair long, who withdraw as far as possible from their agencies, and who still yearn for the extermination of the whites and the return of the buffalo. The late Messiah craze is still fresh in the public mind. The standing rock from which the principal Sioux agency takes its name is a large stone. One story makes it a runaway girl turned into stone with her baby on her back when pursued by her father and brothers. Another story makes it originally an Arickaree object of worship that became sacred to the Sioux when a warrior, defiling the idol, was killed shortly afterward by its worshippers. Whatever its origin, it was held in great reverence. Three years ago last summer an old Sioux suddenly felt himself possessed of divine power, and, as a proof, offered to make the stone remove itself from its masonry to a distant point. His bragging attracted considerable attention, but his hope of gaining followers was cut short when the Indian agent gave him twenty-four hours

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in which to remove the stone, or else remove himself to the guard-house. At the end of the time it was the Indian who moved.

It is probable that there are still messiahs who at times will give bullet-proof ghost-shirts to their followers and lead them against the law and order of government. The Indian who promised that white lad after a vigorous perusal of the dime novel.

Smarting under wrongs, both real and imaginary, it was not natural for these Indians to receive the first missionaries with friendliness. Always suspicious, always keen to expect bad intentions, they regarded the early missionary in the general class of whites, and therefore

HAIRY-CHIN.

thirty feet of finely sodded and forest-planted soil should cover all the earth, smothering the greater part of the whites, but allowing a few to escape as fishes, will have successors whose fortune-telling, no matter how absurd, will gain them followers. For, stripped of power, it is but natural that the older chiefs should long for its return, and there is an analogy between the excitement produced on the ignorant and uncultivated brain of an Indian by dreams of old-time warfare and that aroused in the immature unworthy of confidence. The chiefs dreaded a further loss of their following; the medicine-men feared that their enchantments would fall before the white man's god. Even the mass of the people, although afraid to forcibly interfere, nevertheless sought all other means to prevent the establishment of missions. Unlimited in hospitality among themselves, yet in many cases they forbade the missionary to use the water that flowed in the creeks. A missionary's horse had no right to eat a blade of the

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thousands of tons of grass that annually went to waste on the reservation. Armed with simple remedies, the missionary sought to win favor by healing the sick. If a cure were effected, no thanks were received; but if the patient died, the family of the deceased laid the death at the missionary's door and demanded payment for the loss. When the missionary sought to better their physical condition by giving to one a warm coat, the entire village demanded that they be likewise treated. If an Indian woman were given a dollar for doing a small washing, another woman would be angry unless she, for a like consideration, be allowed to carry the water; while a third woman would insist that she, for another dollar, be allowed to hang the clothes upon the line. When one considers that the good-will of these savages was the first requisite for mission-work, then the tact and untiring perseverance of the missionary will be appreciated. There was no Hiawathan romance about it.

Early converts were principally among the women. "Only a woman—it makes no difference," the warriors said. The woman was only the household drudge, and so long as she chopped the wood, carried the water, and took care of the ponies her religious beliefs were of small moment. But the man's life was a succession of paganish rites. Wild orgies celebrated all his actions from the time when, as a boy, he killed his first bird to when, as a stealthy old man, he stole his last pony from a Crow. To embrace Christianity was to give up everything that had been his pride. But, as admitted by the most experienced Indian agents, to allow his pagan belief to continue was to so shape his life in the wrong direction as to retard civilization many generations. An instance of the benefits of this change of belief is the report of the Presbyterian Church that of eleven hundred communicants only one was known to have joined in the ghost-dances of 1891.

STANDING ROCK, SACRED TO THE SIOUX.

While government officials could not directly promote Christianity among the Sioux, they have fully recognized its civilizing power. In 1876, with a view to allow the different sects to work harmoniously and to the best good of the Indian, the different Sioux reservations were assigned as fields for missionary work among the Episcopalians, the Roman Catholics, the Presbyterians, and the Congregationalists. This allotment in no way limited the work of the Churches to the fields assigned; it merely gave to each its starting-point, and the control of the contract-schools in that territory.

That the missionary's work has been well done may be judged from the following tables taken

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from a late report of Mr. Daniel Dorchester, superintendent of Indian schools. I have made such changes in these tables as have come within my personal knowledge, and as the work of christianizing the Sioux has not been stationary, any errors that may still exist will be on the short side.

"The Roman Catholic Church has the following missions in the Dakotas:

Devil's Lake agency—3 priests, 2 boarding and 1 day school, 15 employés.
Standing Rock agency—3 priests, 2 boarding-schools, 25 employés.
Pine Ridge agency—2 priests, 1 boarding-school, 20 employés.
Rosebud agency—3 priests, 1 boarding-school, 20 employés.
Crow Creek agency—3 priests, 1 boarding-school, 15 employés.

Totals.—5 missions, 14 priests, 7 schools, 95 employés, 12 churches; Roman Catholic population, 4740; adult baptisms (for the year), 743; child baptisms, 1350.

"The Presbyterian Church has the following exhibit, furnished by one of its oldest ministers. Its missions are in the Yankton, Crow Creek, and Lower Brulé, Sisseton, and Devil's Lake agencies, and at Flandreau.

Native communicants	1104
Native members of Sunday-school	736
Native churches organized	15
Native pastors installed over churches	8
Stated supplies in charge	7
Admitted on profession of faith last year.	120

"Congregational (A. M. A.) missions are as follows:

Cheyenne River agency—9 stations, 25 laborers, 1 school.
Standing Rock agency—5 stations, 13 laborers.
Rosebud agency—3 stations, 6 laborers.

Totals.—3 missions, 6 ministers (4 at Cheyenne River agency, and 1 at each of the other places), 17 stations, 44 laborers, 1 school. Number of communicants not known.

"The Protestant Episcopal Church has the following:

Missions.	Churches.	Chapels.	Stations.	Clergy.	Deacons.	Catechists.
Cheyenne River agency	1	6	1	1	1	6
Crow Creek and Lower Brulé.	1	1	7	1	..	7
Pine Ridge agency	1	6	3	1	1	9
Rosebud agency	1	6	3	1	3	4
Sisseton agency	1	2	..	1	..	3
Standing Rock agency	1	..	1	1	1	1
Yankton agency	1	2	..	1	1	2
Yanktonais	1	2	2	1	1	3
Flandreau	1	..	..	1	..	2

Total.—9 missions, 9 churches, 25 chapels, 17 stations, 9 clergy, 8 deacons, 37 catechists; communicants, 1712; Indian contributions, $2575; average church attendance, 2609; church sittings, 4672; church property, $61,246. Total population Episcopal Indians, 6200.

"It is not a wild estimate to say that probably there are from 10,500 to 11,000 Indian adherents of the Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Congregational churches in the Dakotas."

The last two years have witnessed church convocations of the christianized Sioux, events of great importance to the Indians. The different agencies compete with one another for the honor of holding them, the voters good-naturedly swinging from one agency to another, as inducements of watermelons or tales of vicious snakes are held up to them. In 1892 the Episcopalians met at St. Elizabeth, the Roman Catholics at the Cheyenne agency, while the Presbyterians and Congregationalists combined, and held their Paya Owodake (united talk) at the Standing Rock agency.

This latter conference was held in a square booth built of young trees, with the branches strewn over the top for shade. Above the enclosure proudly floated the stars and stripes, borrowed for the occasion from the quartermaster at Fort Yates. One side of the booth was for the men, the other for women. All meetings, whether of a business or a purely religious character, were conducted in the prescribed form. Prayers were offered, hymns sung, and sermons preached—all in the Sioux language—sometimes by missionaries, more often by Indians. There is a terrible force in the prayer of an Indian—a wild, eloquent vehemence in all his petitions. When on Sunday, the last day of the conference, the sacrament was administered, there was an earnestness on every face that said dumbly, "We believe, and we are trying to do the best we can."

The Lord's Prayer may give some idea of the sound of the language of these people, together with the peculiar construction and the arrangement of the different parts of speech.

*Itaŋcaŋ tawoćekiye kiŋ.**
Lord his-prayer the

Ateuŋyaŋpi mahpiya ekta naŋke ciŋ;
Father-we-have heaven in thou-art the

Nićaźe kiŋ wakaŋdapi kte; Nitokićoŋze
Thy-name the holy-regarded shall Thy-kingdom

kiŋ u kte. Mahpiya ekta token
the come shall Heaven in how

nitawaćiŋ ecoŋpi kiŋ, maka akan
thy-will is-done the earth upon

hiće eć oŋpi nuŋwe. Aŋpetu kiŋ de
so done may-it-be Day the this

taku yutapi uŋku-po: ka wauŋhtanipi
food us-give and our-trespasses

kiŋ uŋkićićaźużu-po, uŋkiś iyecen
the erase-for-us us like-as

tona eciŋsniyaŋ uŋkokićihaŋyaŋpi
as-many-as wrongly have-done-to-us

* The character ŋ is n with a nasal sound, and is so represented in Sioux literature.

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hena iyećen wicuŋkićićaźużipi kiŋ.
those even-as them-we-forgive the

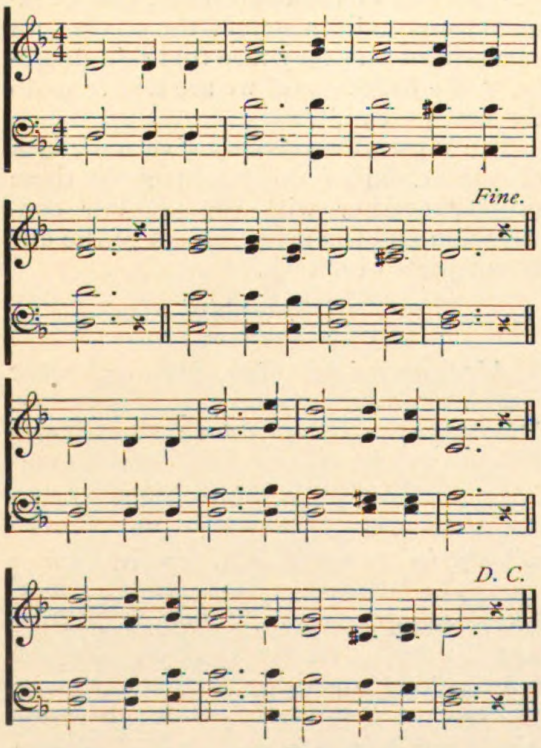
Wawiwiyutaŋye kiŋ he en iyaya
Temptation the that into to-go

uŋyaŋpi śni-po, ka taku śića etaŋhaŋ
us-come not and what bad from

euŋhdaku-po. Wokićoŋze kiŋ, wowaśake
us-deliver Kingdom the strength

kiŋ, wowitaŋ kiŋ, henakiya owihaŋke
the glory the all-these end

waninca nitawa nuŋwe. Amen.
none thine may-be Amen

Cultivated by their mode of life, all Sioux have remarkable memories for sounds. Their singing is an agreeable surprise, the men, in their deep, rather rough, tones, chanting a thundering bass to the shrill treble of the women. Many of their hymns are merely Sioux words arranged to standard music; others are those that have been composed by educated Indians; while a few, the most popular, are native airs, queer tunes that have a distinctively Indian sound, and that run continually into minors. One of these, called Lacquiparle, runs as follows:

Sometimes at one of the conferences an old custom will crop out, when, on holding one of their society meetings in the open air, the women, with no apparent thought, arrange themselves in a great circle so nearly perfect that the eye glancing over it can suggest no change to make it more perfect. From this position the delegates rise and make their reports. In case of a contribution, one woman after another goes to the centre of the circle and deposits her offering, whether it be money, a strip of calico, or a fancifully worked bead bag. It is the desire of the missionary, as well as the government, to break up even the semblance of these old-time customs, but when one sees the readiness with which three hundred women will adapt themselves to this kind of a meeting there is some excuse for its preservation.

The christianized Sioux vote and elect officers of their religious societies much after the fashion of their white brothers. Their electioneering arguments, however, are distinctly Indian. In a recent election for secretary of one of their associations, a comely-looking woman nominated Miss Collins, a white missionary, who has been among the Sioux for seventeen years. Before the voting was begun, the same woman arose and declared that Miss Collins should not be elected. "For," said she, "I gave her a quilt, and asked her to hang it up at this meeting, but she wouldn't do it."

"Oh," said Miss Collins, "I was afraid it would rain; then the quilt would have been ruined, and that would have made me cry."

The explanation was satisfactory, and when the voting was begun, "Winona" after "Winona" was recorded for Miss Collins — Winona, signifying the first-born girl, being the name the Indians have given her.

Despite the awakening of Christian enthusiasm among the Sioux, the names frequently given their children show a desire to have them known as great warriors. At one of this year's conferences there was present a poor weakly little chap, with scrofula written all over him, but who bore the great-sounding name of "He-who-shoots-to-kill-past-beyond." In all his sickly existence the poor child has probably never killed anything as large as a field-mouse, yet should he live to be an old man, in some way or other the story will creep out that in his youth he stood in a circle of enemies and killed, killed, until there were none left to battle against him.

Sitting-Bull was a crafty old pagan,

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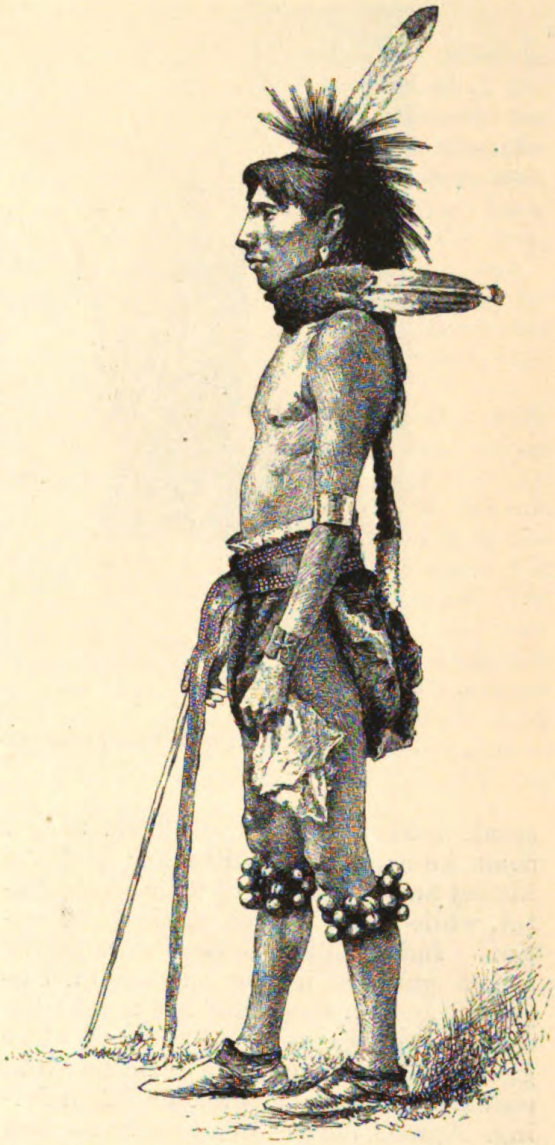
but his two widows have stood up in church and said, "We want Christ." A deaf-and-dumb son of this same old fox was told by One-Bull, Sitting-Bull's successor, that he could not be received into the church on account of his infirmities. On hearing this the missionary, who was about to go on a journey, told One-Bull to tell the lad that on her return she would take him as a church member if he were still so inclined. When the little lady had travelled about ten miles on her journey she saw some one coming after her, riding fast over the prairie. It was the deaf-and-dumb boy, bearing a note from One-Bull that said, "We cannot make him understand." The boy dismounted and made signs, touching his eyes, straightening his form, and outlining his figure stretched upon the ground. That was his dead body. Then opening his eyes, he pointed to heaven, and afterward made on the ground the square enclosure of the church. . . . . He is now a constant attendant at all church meetings.

In connection with the fatality of revolution which seems to have followed the death of Sitting-Bull is the fact that in the hands of one of the christianized Indian policemen who killed Sitting-Bull was an old carbine which, as a hostile, the same policeman had picked up in the Custer affair.

The Churches and missionary societies were quick to grasp the idea that moral and mental training should go hand in hand. Government officials have stated that religion should be wholly ignored in government schools, but the same officials have never disputed the benefits of the moral teachings of any of the Christian Churches. In 1876, when the assignment of the reservations to the different Churches was made, many of the Churches were given control of the contract-schools in their fields. These are schools built by the government and controlled by a Church, the latter supplying teachers and receiving so much per scholar—about fifty dollars a year—for the average attendance. In addition to this amount the government allows such schools to draw the usual rations and clothing for the attendant pupils. These schools and the mission schools, the latter built and supported, except as to rations and clothing, by the various Churches, are the best schools on the reservation when properly conducted. With the exception of a few day scholars, the children are admitted on the first day of September, and educated morally, mentally, and industrially until the last of June, their training during this period receiving no set-back from contact with Indian village life. The government makes school attendance compulsory for all children between the ages of five and eighteen, and if the ringing of the bell on the first day of September does not bring them in, Indian policemen scattering over the reservation soon round them up. Washed from head to foot, and clothed according to civilized ideas, the scholars are then ready to learn to



"MALCONTENTS WHO WEAR THE HAIR LONG."

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ATTENDANTS AT THE PRESBYTERIAN AND CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

speak, read, and write English, to get some knowledge of arithmetic and the history and geography of their own country, while a few receive musical instruction. Industrially, the boys work in the school gardens, in the blacksmith, carpenter, and tin shops, and are taught the care of horses, cattle, and poultry. The girls receive instruction in domestic work, cooking, sewing, darning, and laundering. Aprons, blouses, cloaks, pillow-cases, towels — in fact, everything in needlework that is required for the school and scholars is made by the Indian girls. Morally, in addition to the beliefs of the different churches, the children are taught honesty and truthfulness, taught that girls and women are not household drudges, taught that dance rites and medicine charms are relics of the barbarism from which they have emerged.

As auxiliaries to their churches and chapels the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Episcopal Church has established five boarding-schools for the Sioux—St. Elizabeth's, on the Grand River, South Dakota, near the camps of Gaul and John Grass, two noted leaders of the hostiles who fought against Custer; St. Paul's, the oldest, at the Yankton agency; St. Mary's, at the Rosebud agency; St. John's, at the Cheyenne agency; and Hope School, at Springfield, South Dakota. In all, 228 children are under the control of principals and assistants. Godliness, usefulness, cleanliness, politeness, and learning are the points strived for. When I gave the customary "How, cola," to a little mite at the St. Elizabeth mission, the mite replied, "Good-morning, sir," in a way that made me feel decidedly at a disadvantage.

The churches and religious societies have certainly quenched the fire of barbarism in the Indian children. The Bible, translated into their native language, has been put before them, so that the younger element does not grow up with a belief in that convenient form of prayer—merely pointing the pipe—which expressed so little, but implied all manner of requests for ponies and meat and comfortable old age. Marriage according to Christian rites has succeeded the annual virgin-feast, where a slandered maiden stood face to face with her accuser by the sacred fire and swore a high-sounding oath to her purity. The disappearance of blanket and breech-cloth, long hair and highly painted faces, is a sign that the Sioux has succumbed to a stronger civilization, and with his old customs have fallen his old gods.

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JONATHAN HOLT'S "THIRD."

BY JOAN GARDNER.

"TWO naughts is naught; six an' six is twelve—put down one, carry two; two is two. *Two hundred an' ten dollars!* There's somethin' wrong there, Mehetable Adams, an' I hope to gracious it's you, an' not Lawyer Sharp. He's writ here, plain's day, that you've got to pay him one hundred an' twenty dollars—sixty dollars for gettin' you beat in that lawsuit you oughtn't never to have begun, an' sixty dollars costs an' expenses, whatever they may be. I should say the first sixty was cost enough, without pilin' on any more. These lawyers do beat all, Mehetable Adams! tellin' you there wa'n't a mite of a chance but that you could make Josiah Stowe pay that money, even if you had lost the papers (I believe they was stole), an' here you've lost the chance an' your money to boot!"

Mehetable Dobbins lived alone on the little farm left her by her parents—a stony hill-side farm. She was an honest soul, and it never occurred to her to pay the sum set down in the lawyer's letter and trust to his not discovering the mistake. She was even now planning in what words she could explain to him that there were only seven ten-dollar bills and sixty-five dollars in small bills and change in the old flowered carpet-bag—apparently filled with cotton rags—which hung from the rafters in the attic.

Times had been hard with her for several seasons. Peter Slocum, who worked her few fields on shares, she felt very sure halved her share of the gains and doubled her share of the losses, though she could not prove it. It had been a long time since she had been able to put any money in the old carpet-bag, and more than once small sums had been taken from it. Would Lawyer Sharp trust her for the seventy-five dollars, or would he sell her out? she asked herself, anxiously—at least she asked "Mehetable Adams."

The poor soul had lived alone for ten years, and would have had many desolate hours had it not been for the habit that had grown upon her of talking to herself, and always addressing herself as "Mehetable Adams," though her real name was Mehetable Dobbins.

More than one friend had criticised the habit. They told her it sounded "crazy." That if she had lived in the days of witchcraft she would have been burned at the stake. Peter Slocum—whose reasons for sending out the impression that Miss Mehetable was "a little off" would have been quite apparent to all, could they have seen how large his "half" of the harvest was, and how small was the "half" that came to Miss Mehetable—said he heard her "pitchin' in to 'Mehetable Adams' most every time he went past the kitchen winder."

The story grew under his careful tending, till the minister—fully a year before the time our story begins—felt it his duty to warn her of the gossip. He did not want to do it, but his wife loved Miss Mehetable, and persuaded him to make the attempt. So one bright morning he lifted the shining brass knocker on her old-fashioned door and gave a half-hearted knock that perfectly expressed his state of mind. His hearing was acute, and scarcely had the sound of the knocker died away when he heard through the open window the words:

"Mehetable Adams, who do you suppose that can be knockin' at the front door this time o' day? It must be one o' them plaguey agents." Then a rocking-chair creaked as the speaker got up, and footsteps approached the front door, and after considerable fumbling with the rarely turned lock, it was thrown open. With a startled face Miss Mehetable greeted him:

"I hope Mis' Compton hasn't been took sick?" said she. "I thought she looked kind o' peaked when she was here last week."

"No," said the minister; "my wife is as well as usual; but she was worried about you, and asked me to step in and see you."

"Well, now," exclaimed Miss Mehetable, "that was real kind in 'er; but I haven't been so well since pa died as I am this spring. What could have started her up to think I wa'n't well?"

The minister hesitated a moment, not knowing how to begin, then took refuge in a leading question:

"Have you a friend staying with you, Miss Mehetable? I thought I heard you talking with some one as I came in."

The minister had an honest face, and Miss Mehetable, like all lone women who

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have to look out for themselves, had developed a suspicious disposition. The corners of her mouth twitched, and a flush crept up to the roots of her hair.

"Now, Mr. Compton," said she, "you needn't beat about th' bush; you ain't th' first one that's workin' themselves up 'cause I find it more sociable to do my thinkin' out loud. Supposin' now you was a relict, 'stead o' havin' that nice little wife o' yourn to talk to; I guess you'd find it a pretty tough job never to speak a word some days from sunrisin' to sunsettin'."

The picture of himself as a "relict" should have made the minister feel sober; but having spent his youth in a different circle, and being greatly relieved that the subject was actually broached, he broke into a hearty laugh, and then, much ashamed of his levity, hastened to say:

"Perhaps I should, Miss Mehetable; but if I did so much of it as to set people talking, I hope some kind friend would care enough about me to give me a warning. We don't any of us want to get the reputation of being queer, especially if, as in your case, we do not deserve it."

"Come to think of it," went on Miss Mehetable, after a little pause, "'twas you started me doin' it."

"I started you doing it!" exclaimed the minister, in a puzzled tone. "What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Compton; 'twas when you first come, seven years ago last week. Pa had been dead three years, and ma four years an' two months. I was feelin' awful lonesome that Sunday mornin'. I remember that May Sunday as well's can be. The apple-trees looked like balls o' pink an' white blooms; an' th' birds was flyin' in an' out o' them, scoldin' their mates, an' doin' a deal o' chirpin' together over their housekeepin'; out in the back yard the chickens was havin' a real sociable time; and there was I in my kitchen eatin' my breakfast all alone, just full o' things I wanted to say, an' nobody to say 'em to. I won't deny but I cried a little, and then I got up an' set th' dishes in th' dresser to be washed up Monday mornin', an' put on my things an' went to church. You was preachin' th' doctrines considerable 'bout that time—you wa'n't long out o' th' seminary—an' some of 'em didn't seem to get hold o' me as much as they'd ought to. But when you read your text, 'twas th' very one that had been a-puzzlin' me that mornin'—'Neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but a new creature.' I'd been worryin' considerable because I was always a-doin' th' things I didn't want to, an' feelin' afraid I'd mistook my evidences an' wa'n't a Christian after all. But you explained how th' Christians was better off than the world's people, because th' Lord had give 'em a new natur to keep in order th' old cantankerous Adam natur that's made us all such a lot o' trouble; an' you kep' a-sayin': 'Christian, don't forget that you've got two naturs; an' that if you let the new Christ man in you take th' lead, you'll lead the Christ life; an' if you let th' old sinful natur git the upper hand, you'll dishonor Christ. Your battle-ground's inside o' you, an' th' war is a-goin' to last as long as you live, for you can't git rid o' th' old man till you reach th' gate o' heaven.'

"Now I s'pose I had ought to 'a' felt solemn an' anxious like—kind o' afraid th' old natur would be a-disgracin' me an' th' church. Later on I was. I've talked a sight to Mehetable Adams 'bout that since; but, first an' foremost, I could think o' nothin' but what a comfort it was to know there was two inside o' me. I felt like singin' all th' way home, an' when I come back into th' sittin'-room I just sat down in ma's old rocker an' cried for joy. 'Mehetable Dobbins,' says I, 'don't you never complain o' bein' lonely never again. You ain't single; you're double; an' there always will be two o' you till you get your call to go home an' live with them that loves you.'"

The minister's eyes were full of tears, and he took off his glasses and wiped them on the corner of his pocket-handkerchief.

"Did you never talk to yourself before that?" he asked.

"Well, now, I won't deny but I spoke out now an' then; but 'twa'n't talkin'—'twas more like little pieces of a sermon; kind o' speakin' into th' air, like as if you didn't expect to be answered. But Mehetable Adams ain't to be trifled with. She an' I has long talks. When she's middlin' good she ain't bad company; an' when she's on a rampage there ain't nothin' 'll quiet her down but quotin' Bible to her. I tell you what! Mehetable Adams keeps me busy, an' I 'ain't never been so lonely since you introduced her to me."

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"Why do you not call her 'Mehetable Dobbins,' if it is your other self you mean?" asked the minister.

"Well, you see, she ain't th' real me; she's got to die, poor thing! an' I'm awful sorry for her sometimes. She won't belong to th' Dobbins family in heaven. It's th' new me that's goin' there. Like as not it would be more the'logical to call her 'Old Adam'; but then, me bein' an old maid an' livin' alone, it sounds more proper like an' kind o' exact to call her 'Mehetable Adams.' You see, every time I say it, it's kind o' a warnin' to her, an' me too."

After this explanation the minister had not the heart to remonstrate further. He went home and told his wife he was not sure but Miss Mehetable was more right in her mind than some who were criticising her.

But his visit had troubled Miss Mehetable, and she and "Mehetable Adams talked considerable about it." That was the reason she had gone to Josiah Stowe instead of the minister when part of her principal was paid in, and had trusted to him "to fix it all for her." This was the beginning of the troubles that had culminated in a lost lawsuit and a bill, which her mistaken calculation made her think was for a greater amount than all her savings. She knew now that a mortgage should be filed, and that Josiah Stowe was not to be trusted. With a weary sigh she got up and put the slate and pencil in the corner cupboard.

"Mehetable Adams," said she, "don't you be a-sayin' Providence is against you; it's temper an' carelessness as is against you. An' what you've got to do is to go straight down to Lawyer Sharp an' make th' best bargain you kin."

Now Lawyer Sharp, conscious that his bill would be a shock to Miss Mehetable, had delayed sending it till the eve of his departure for a week's absence, hoping that she would do all her grumbling to his wife and be ready to pay him on his return.

Mrs. Sharp was fully prepared for her coming; listened patiently to her preamble; looked properly offended when Miss Mehetable told her there was a mistake in adding the items, and positively shocked when she went on to say that the sum total should have been larger than Mr. Sharp had made it.

The poor thing walked homeward through the bright May sunshine with a heavier heart than ever, wondering how she could endure a whole week of suspense. As the slow hours dragged on she went about her work, brooding over her troubles, and trying to devise some way of surmounting them. In the early afternoon she took her sewing into her sitting-room to enjoy the excitement of seeing the afternoon stage and an occasional farm wagon go by. "Mehetable Adams," said she, "p'r'aps it would have been better if we'd a-been Jonathan Holt's 'second'!" and then her heart stood still as she remembered that his "second" had been lying in the quiet church-yard many months, and that only yesterday a neighbor had said it was about the time old Mr. Holt generally began to "look out." She was too much cast down even to ask "Mehetable Adams" what she thought about it. The old slate was brought out, and she began again to count up her losses. The mortgage papers lost, and all hope gone both of the original two thousand dollars and of the interest that had been half her living. Then the Skylarking Railroad Company from which had come the other half was in arrears, with little hope of better times. Where the money was to be found to pay Lawyer Sharp and the taxes she could not see. Slow tears gathered in her eyes.

"Mehetable Adams," she wailed, "if the garden truck fails we'll have to live on grass, like Nebuchadnezzar did. If one of us was a man, mebbe we'd know what to do. We can't take in washin' or go out for day's works, 'cause folks does their own in these parts; an' we can't do dress-makin', 'cause we don't know how. We've got to take summer boarders, an' have a lot o' children a-traipsin' through th' front entry, bringin' in no end o' dirt, an' have all the doors an' winders set open, an' the flies a-swarmin' everywhere, like they does down to Miss Pettigrew's."

You and I would have thought this the very thing the old house needed to make it look homelike; but Miss Mehetable's ideal of a perfect summer home was a preternaturally clean kitchen, where the sunbeams danced on a spotless floor, with nettings at doors and windows to keep out insects; a sitting-room where, when her work was done, she could open one board shutter just far enough to give light for her work, and the rest of the house dark and quiet.

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She was opening her mouth to tell "Mehetable Adams" they should be thankful they had a roof over their head, when she happened to look down the road, and saw what seemed an answer to her unspoken question. Surely that was Jonathan Holt riding in his spring wagon behind the old sorrel. She sprang up and pulled the shutter closer, leaving only enough space open to watch his approach and yet not be seen. Down by the gate the wagon was stopped, and slowly and carefully, in a manner suggestive of rheumatism, a sharp, angular looking man got out and fastened the horse to a tree with a piece of rope already tied around the neck of the quiet-looking animal.

A glance was sufficient to convince Miss Mehetable that he came on no ordinary business. He had on his Sunday clothes, and a collar and necktie. Collars, it is true, were sometimes worn on a week-day in that neighborhood by frivolous young men, and occasionally a necktie, but Sunday clothes never, except for funerals, weddings, or what was to lead to a wedding; the young folks called it "keepin' company," but with people of mature age it was "lookin' out." As he neared the door she retreated to the kitchen, from which direction, after his one loud knock, he heard her approaching the front door.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Mehetable; hope I see you well's usual," was his crisp greeting.

And she replied, as crisply, "Nicely, thank you." She would probably have made the same answer even if she had not been well, having an instinctive feeling that sickness is a disgraceful thing, always, if possible, to be concealed.

As they seated themselves on the horse-hair chairs of the parlor—into which he had been ushered in deference to the Sunday clothes—and began to talk in a labored way about the weather, the contrast between the two was most striking. He had been sharp, grasping, and economical to the verge of miserliness all his life, till now it was written in every line of face and form. Poor Mehetable could not read the warning; there was nothing in her to recognize such traits, and their language was unknown. Her fifty years had only served to sprinkle lightly with gray the abundant chestnut hair, which, in spite of her attempts to plaster it down, would curl about her temples, and to deepen the look of peaceful introspection which comes to those who live much alone and judge the faults of their fellow-beings in a kindly way. In fact, it had become a matter of pride as well as conscience never to speak evil of any one—except "Mehetable Adams." Little and plump, and as fresh as an old-time Quakeress, she sat on the edge of the slippery chair, looking for all the world like a timid little hen about to be pounced upon by a hawk.

"Time's money," was a favorite phrase with Mr. Holt; so, as soon as possible, he finished the weather and proceeded to business.

"You see, I don't bear no malice, even if you wouldn't be my 'second,'" he began, abruptly; "but you must see as how it's been th' cause of more'n a little expense an' trouble—doctor's bill an' a funeral an' all that. Sarah Jane was a good woman, an' did well by me till she took sick; I haven't a word to say agin 'er, even if she did cost me a pretty penny, first an' last; an', if I do say it that oughtn't, she's got as good a head-stun as my 'first.' But if you hadn't been so set on livin' single, I'd been better off than I am now, an' I think you'd ought to make it up to me."

He stopped a moment, but Miss Mehetable merely looked at him in a dazed sort of way; he evidently was making no impression, and must vary his attack.

"It's a lonesome world for a man that's been used to a wife," he went on, with an attempt at a sigh. "I don't see how you keep so cheerful here all by yourself. I git so lonesome, I ketch myself thinkin' out loud."

The wary old man knew this was Miss Mehetable's most sensitive point, and was not surprised to see her cheek flush, and a pleased light in her eyes.

"He understands me, an' won't never think me queer," was her unspoken thought; but she merely said, "There's your help."

"She's a wasteful critter that I can't abide!" he exclaimed. "Help is all alike. You pay out your money an' has your provisions eat up, an' what's to show at th' end o' th' year?"

Poor Miss Mehetable! The temptation was strong; her purse was empty. She had lost confidence in all her advisers, so, after a little more talk, she consented to think of it, and give her answer the next day.

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Bolting the door after him with great satisfaction, she went back to her favorite rocker by the sitting-room window to work out the problem of which would be worse, boarders or a husband. "Mehetable Adams," she admonished, "don't you say a word about his bein'—well—not han'some. We ain't much to look at ourselves, an', at any rate, there wouldn't be but one o' him, an' there'd have to be a houseful o' boarders."

The poor creature never thought to ask herself whether there would be any love between them. She was not a reader—except of the Bible and *Pilgrim's Progress*—and no romantic ideas had ever disturbed the serenity of her soul. That very morning she had been reading of Abraham sending his trusted servant to select a wife for Isaac, and it did not occur to her that Jonathan Holt had been unduly abrupt. Her father and mother had loved each other, but in an undemonstrative way, and she had a hazy idea that married love came with the marriage ceremony. St. Paul, she had noticed, said it was like Christ and the Church; and had not she begun her Christian life with a timid faith, and felt the love grow year by year? She did not consult the minister, because of his well-meant warning, and through it all ran the thought that, after all, was the real temptation: "He understands me. He thinks out loud himself. He won't never think me queer when I do it."

So when Mr. Holt came the next day he received the answer he desired, and persuaded her to set an early day for the wedding.

The news spread rapidly, and led Lawyer Sharp to hasten over on his return to secure the payment of his bill "before that scrimpin' Jonathan Holt" took control of Miss Mehetable's finances. The discovery that carrying the wrong figure had been the cause of so much unnecessary anxiety added to her conviction that she and "Mehetable Adams" were no longer capable of caring for themselves, and she felt quite rich once more with the receipted bill in hand and a little money left in the old carpet-bag.

Mr. Holt was so mellow and benevolent during the short engagement that she more than once regretted that she had not consented to be his "second." When doubts did arise in her heart she attributed them to "Mehetable Adams's" suspicious disposition, and gave her "a talking to" on the subject. Their worst disagreement, however, was in regard to telling Jonathan Holt about the desperate state of her income. She had an uneasy feeling that if he knew the real state of things he might consider her a poor investment, and she was so very tired of taking care of herself. "Mehetable Adams," said she, in closing the discussion, "I don't care if you do say that if he's marryin' me for money it 'll serve him right if he does get took in. Right's right, an' he shall know all about it. How do you know, Mehetable Adams, if we'd a-thought of it if we hadn't got poor?" So, when next she saw him, she began timidly to speak of her property. But he, judging others by himself, feared that some meddler had been advising her to tie it up, and refused to discuss the matter, telling her he had always "took care o' his wives."

The wedding came and went, and she found herself Mrs. Jonathan Holt. Then came, little by little, the disillusion. She had practised economy all her life, but she had never scrimped till the winter before her marriage. Even that, grievous as it had seemed, was nothing to the grinding penuriousness to which she was now bound down. Very soon after the wedding he demanded her business papers, and allowed her to see that he considered himself taken in. The "help" had been sent away immediately. "A man," he said, "can't be payin' out money for help when he's got a wife to support." She toiled in the dairy, and cooked and washed for themselves and the hired men, finding housekeeping here a very different matter from what it had been in her quiet little home. But the continual fault-finding about her extravagant way of doing things was the worst of all; and when, finally, he appeared suddenly in the kitchen door and roughly bade her "Quit your crazy talk an' peel them pertaters thinner," her last illusion vanished. She grew thin and pale and dispirited, and when she looked in the small square of looking-glass saw a growing resemblance to the pathetic lines she remembered in the face of Jonathan Holt's "first"—the wife of his youth.

It was not a happy family, and one day there was a terrible quarrel when Jonathan told her he had rented her old home to a man with a slatternly wife

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and a large family. Her indignation was of no avail; house and furniture were rented, and she must go over and get all ready for them. As usual, her husband had the last word.

"A body wouldn't have no idee you was a perfessor," he sneered.

She could not forget it; it rankled all the next day, as, with tears dropping now and then, she gathered up the few articles she was to be allowed to take to her new home. Last of all she came to the wide low attic, and, tired and heated, sat down by the eastern window. The quiet house had been to her like a bit of heaven let down into her sordid life; and as she looked up through the branches of a huge overshadowing elm, some of her lost peace came back in answer to the prayers for forgiveness and help that had been ascending from her penitent heart all day.

Suddenly the old carpet-bag caught her eyes. It reminded her of the days when she had money—not one cent had come to her since her marriage. Now she took down the old bag and emptied the rags in a pile on the floor; perhaps they might sell for a few cents. As the last one fell she gave the bag a vigorous shake and a knock on the bottom, and then looked in to see if anything was left. Down at one edge of the stiff bottom a little corner, covered with brown spotted calico, stuck out. Now she remembered! After the tramp scare she had concluded not to keep all her papers in one place, and had slipped the mortgage ones under the loose edge of the carpet-bag's bottom, and forgotten all about it.

"If we hadn't lost them papers we'd never been Jonathan Holt's 'third,'" she sobbed. And then, the papers lying in her lap, she sat down and had it out with "Mehetable Adams"—the storm had been brewing all day. "It's more my fault than yours," she told her. "I oughtn't to blame you for followin' out your natur. I might 'a' known the Adamses, bein' th' first family of all, was th' wickedest, all along o' gettin' into bad company when they was livin' in the Garden o' Eden. Pride's terrible misleadin'. Then, 'stead o' trustin' the Lord, I took your advice an' married for money, an' promised to love, honor, an' obey Jonathan Holt, without even findin' out whether 'twas possible. I oughtn't never to have took your advice, for you couldn't be expected to go back on one o' your own family—Jonathan Holt's an Adams through an' through. I took you into a house where there was everything to stir you up an' make you grow more so, an' I tended you an' fed you up well, an' left off quotin' Bible to you, an' didn't pay no attention to myself. I'm a poor, 'pindlin', starved perfessor, an' you're so big an' proud an' overbearin' that nobody knows I'm here. But I tell you what, Mehetable Adams," and our heroine sat up straight, and a bright color flashed into the poor pale cheeks, "you're to be put through a course o' treatment, an' it's a-goin' to begin right off! I'm a-goin' to tell Jonathan Holt all about you, an' that if he'll forgive me an' help me keep you down, mebbe we'll git along better; an' I'm goin' to give him these papers."

And she did. That very night, when the work was done, and he was seated before the old desk counting up his gains (his most congenial occupation), she went in and timidly and humbly told him the whole story, and that if he would be patient with her she would do her best to keep "Mehetable Adams" out of sight and hearing.

Jonathan listened grimly, at first merely remarking, in his driest manner:

"You'll find out it pays better to be peaceable like an' savin'. The matter with you is about this: You ain't married through an' through. Marryin' is marryin', an' if a woman don't marry a man's 'pinions, an' his sayin's, an' his doin's, an' his politics, an' his relations, an' all his ways, she'll have mighty hard sleddin', and she ought to."

When she began to explain more particularly in her peculiar way just why it was she had done the things she ought not to have done, and had left undone the things she ought to have done, her husband actually stopped figuring and turned around. He had been sitting with his back toward her, not being troubled by any rules of courtesy. A few business-like questions drew from her her idea of the two natures warring within her. Jonathan pushed his spectacles from the bridge of his nose to the top of his shining bald head, pursed up his mouth as though balancing the pros and cons, at the same time pulling in a meditative way the stubby brushlike beard that grew only under his chin. Presently he spoke:

"Seems like that might explain it," he

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said, slowly. "It's always 'peared to me, if religion was a genueyne thing, perfessors had ought to be a lot better than other folks. But they ain't. You can't see no difference out o' church. You ain't half so savin' as I be. But then, agin, there ain't a mite o' doubt but that there's somethin' in you, an' me too, that's amazin' like what the ministers says is 'old Adam.' I 'ain't never had no doubt 'bout 'riginal sin, havin' been pound-keeper goin' on fifteen year, let alone bein' assessor once, an' takin' th' census twice. Human natur 's a mean, lyin', cheatin', aggravatin' thing. Now we'll make a bargain. 'Time's money.' I 'ain't got time to read in th' Bible an' see if what you're sayin' 's true; but I'm a-goin' to read *you*, an' if you want to prove you 'ain't got a crazy notion in your head, here's your chance. I've always s'posed some people was born good-natered an' some wa'n't. But there ain't a mite o' doubt in my mind that you wa'n't; so if you've got a new woman inside o' you, don't be keepin' her down cellar no longer. Show us what she kin do. We ain't none of us too well satisfied with ourselves, an' if you make a good job of it, mebbe some more of us will be followin' suit. If there's any kind of a partnership is a-goin' to keep us straight here an' give us a free ticket to heaven, why don't you perfessors live so's to make th' rest on us try for it too?"

The talk had been more of a success than she had dared to hope. From that time, through good report and evil report, through success and failure, through many discouragements, she strove to live the Christ life, and as the hard old man marked her struggles and her victories, her patient endurance of what was oftentimes a trap laid by him to make her stumble, saw her sorrow when she fell, and her joy when she gained a victory, there grew in him the certainty that she had something which he had not.

Those were quiet, uneventful years that were lived in the old farm-house; but they were better than a whole library of sermons to Jonathan Holt, and he grew to think his "third" better than any angel he could imagine, and, what is better still, once in a while he let her suspect it. Gradually his rheumatism increased; little by little his daily tasks were put under his wife's guidance. As he grew feeble and helpless the innate motherliness of a woman's heart came to sweeten her hard task. There could never be congeniality between them, but she began by giving him the tender, patient sympathy a mother gives to a querulous, suffering, disobedient child; and later on it grew into what is the earthly type of the love that made the Father give his dearly beloved Son to die for such as he.

He never grew into even her moderate ideal; he was narrow and mean till his days were almost gone. But somehow she felt that she owed him much, and gratitude made service easy.

Had you asked her why she owed gratitude to this man, who claimed from her so much and gave so little in return, she would have told you he had been the means of freeing her from an intimacy with "Mehetable Adams" which was unconscious slavery. That so long as she walked and talked with her, she could not look or live outside the limits of the narrow self-centred world of the "Adams" family.

The Mehetable Holt of these days was the glorified fulfilment of the Mehetable Dobbins of long ago. A look of peace was hers again — the peace that comes after conflict. Instead of introspection, there was a looking forth toward fast-coming joy, whose glory was already reflected in her eyes.

Jonathan Holt often heard her talking when apparently alone, but rarely to "Mehetable Adams." When her voice sounded low and reverent, and there were silences as though she listened to an answer, he knew she was talking with some one she called "*Thou*," and that as she talked she was either kneeling, or looking up toward the sky with a gaze he felt sure must pierce the blue and reach the Great White Throne.

At the eleventh hour he called her to him and begged that she would help him ask for the wonderful new nature without which he knew that none can enter heaven. And the forgiving Saviour, who gave it to the thief on the cross, gave it to him.

"I wonder," said Mehetable, as she stood by his grave, after all the neighbors had gone, "whether I shall know the new Jonathan when I get to Heaven? He was Mehetable Adams's husband—all except that last day; but, somehow, I hope I'll find him with th' Dobbins family in Heaven."

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EDITOR'S STUDY.

I.

SUPPOSE we knew a country in which popular education was mainly in the control of committees elected by a majority vote.

Suppose that these committees fairly represented not the scholarship and the culture of the community, or any practical experience in the training of the mind, but the crude notions of the voting majority, which are not by knowledge nearly so competent to pronounce upon a scheme of education as upon a tariff schedule.

Suppose that these committees believe that information is education, and that what is needed for the enlightenment of the masses is a system, working with the order of a machine, that shall bring the mind of the pupil into contact with the greatest number of topics in the shortest space of time.

Suppose that these committees thus chosen by an uneducated majority, or, if you like, by a majority that have passed through this machine, have the selection of the teachers of the public schools, and choose or reject, upon their own examination of the qualifications of the candidates.

Suppose it was notorious in that country that, owing partly to the want of knowledge in the examiners and partly to the very low wages paid to teachers, the majority of the teachers (to whom is intrusted the formation of the minds and characters of the voting majority, who are to elect these committees) were incompetent for such a work, were incapable of any instruction beyond the unillumined routine of the text-book (which is selected by the committee and by a syndicate of publishers), had not the qualities to inspire enthusiasm for learning, or the character to create in the minds of the young a proper ideal of life and of conduct; that a great proportion of them, if not a majority, taking the country through, were, in fact, ignorant young girls or unformed young men.

Suppose that in that country more was thought of the perfection of the system, of the machine, than of the intelligence of the operators, or of their fitness for their occupation.

If we could suppose all this, could we say anything better about it than Wordsworth said to Emerson in 1833, when they were talking of America, that "tuition is not education, and that society is being enlightened by a superficial tuition, out of all proportion to its being restrained by moral culture"?

There has been a great change since 1833. The educational machine has been wonderfully perfected since then. It has drawn into its revolving and clatter nearly all the other agencies—the private schools and the old academies; it numbers and grades and passes along the raw material into the finished product with hardly a break, and delivers the result with despatch, pasted and folded for circulation in society. The question that Wordsworth raised as to moral culture may be put by for the moment, while we ask whether society is really being "enlightened" by this sort of tuition. We have had now two generations of the successful operation of this machine, which is getting to run with almost automatic precision. No one can withhold his admiration of it. What an improvement there has been in the school-house and all its apparatus! It is as marked as that of the pin-factory over the old method of making pins by hand. Private initiative is pretty much swallowed up in this splendid Moloch of education. Do the voters made by this tuition elect on the school committees better men—that is, men who understand the problem of education in any scientific or even in any practical way?

Very likely it is true that, taking the material we have to deal with, a wholesale machinelike education is necessary, and, above all, it is necessary that it should be cheap. But are thoughtful men satisfied with it? Can we afford much longer to have it so cheap? Could the State, in short, make a heavy investment in any other thing so profitable to itself as in the real training of the minds of its citizens? For this something is needed besides a mechanical system.

This is not the place to elaborate this idea. But a suggestion or two may be

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permitted in the line of thought which is stirring many anxious minds, the minds of many teachers and educators, who are more and more conscious of the defects of our system. The education of youth must be under the control of men who know what education is. There is no stimulus for awakening a mind like the contact with another mind superior to it. There is no way to create an ideal of a good and useful life so powerful as the contact with a high and noble character. In the early and impressionable years these influences of superior intelligence and noble character tell most. The awakening of the mind is the most difficult task the educator has. Therefore for the lowest school are needed teachers of high cultivation and high aims. And these fine qualities will count for more there than in any other stage of the progress of the youth into citizenship. But this superior ability must be paid for adequately. The safety of the State, therefore, lies in the total reform of its common schools, by immensely improving the character of their teachers, and by paying them such salaries as will attract to that work the best abilities.

II.

The few remaining country academies are survivals of the old system. Very few of these institutions have resisted the popular demand to absorb them into the machine, and make them the finishing-shops of the graded system, under the name of high-schools, and, of course, free schools. Many of them were old foundations, with traditions, having a distinctive character as well as a permanent fund. In these old academies were educated many of the men and women who have been most distinguished in our day in letters, in law, in politics, and theology. They had a certain independent, stimulating life. Perhaps they had not the facilities, the apparatus, the range of the modern high-school; they did not demand so much, or rather not so many things, but they had quite as high a flavor of learning and culture, and the education that they gave was a training for life, for which those who experienced it always look back with gratitude. They had individuality, and to lose that out of any educational process is to lose something very valuable in experience and in memory. The character and efficiency of the academy depended almost altogether upon the principal and the teachers. There were some good academies, which had fame, and some poor, and the same academy, changing its masters, had sterile and fruitful periods. Indeed, it must be admitted that the usefulness and reputation of the academy (or the seminary, as it was often called) depended upon the character and the talent for teaching of its masters—that is, upon the power of individual initiative. And that it should do so rests upon a sound theory. The education of a mind depends, with here and there an exception, upon the influence on it of a superior mind, and preparation for a useful life depends also upon contact with superior character in the formative period. This influence is not the property of a machine, though the machine has its uses in training into habits of order, method, and routine. The teacher is the only inspirer. If his personal influence is lacking to the pupil, the scholar may be passed along through the whole graded system and finally emerge from a college with a mind unawakened.

I do not say that there are not in the primary and secondary schools of the graded system many excellent teachers. There are. Wherever you find them you find as good schools as the system will permit, and you commonly find them intelligent educators, who are impatient of the present system, of its political management, of its committees, of its prescription of text-books, its multiplicity of studies, and its cram and examination features. In the old academies incompetent teachers reduced the school to a lower level often than a poor high-school; but there was always the remedy in the hands of the trustees of reviving the school by raising the character of its teaching force. And a first-rate school of this sort always draws pupils, notwithstanding it costs more than the high-school, because every intelligent parent knows that the best thing for his children is to put them under the influence of a virile and sweet spirit.

The public-school system, with its tendency to machinelike, if not to automatic action, may be the best devisable for the universal service demanded of it—the fitting of raw and often reluctant material into the universal-suffrage scheme. But its failure to enlighten or to restrain, in the poet's view, and to meet the wants of individual cases, is leading to the multipli-

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cation of private schools of a high order for the preparation of both boys and girls for the higher education. This movement, which includes the strengthening of some of the old academies and seminaries, is already marked, and bound to become general. It is not accounted for by an undemocratic reluctance to submit well-bred children to the association of the popular schools, but by the failure of these schools to give the sort of intellectual and moral training desired—that is, the sort of education that raises the ideal of life. But even if it were admitted that the withdrawal of many children from the graded schools is undemocratic and to be regretted on account of the schools, it must also be admitted that the only remedy for it is by raising the character of these schools —that is, by putting them in the charge, from the primaries onward, of teachers intellectually and socially fit for this, the most important position in our civilization.

It is said that men and women who have a "call" for teaching are rare. Looking over the field as it is at present this seems to be true. But what are the inducements for the best minds to enter this profession? The most expensive teacher the State can employ is a cheap teacher. And the worst use the State can make of a good teacher is to put him into a place that destroys his individual initiative, and makes him little more than the tender of a machine. There are many men and women in the profession who would make a mark and exert a wide and salutary influence if they had the opportunity. We do not mean to say that every preparatory school would become a Rugby, though it would, doubtless, if it had an Arnold at the head of it; but we could name schools —and some of them are in New England —that have been for generations centres of spiritual and intellectual life, inspirers of generation after generation of students. Now the idea of the old academy is not dead. The country has grown in wealth, and the enlightened parts of it are rapidly acquiring an appreciation of what an education should be. There are hundreds of communities where there is money enough and where there are pupils enough to sustain an academy of the highest grade without interfering with the public schools. And these foundations would attract gifts, in endowments and libraries, and become centres of life, with traditions and the sacred memories of the past to sustain present enthusiasms. Here is a chance for educators who are dissatisfied with the present state of things. Here they can work out individual and not stereotyped ideas of education. The Study sketched briefly last month a course for the education of girls. "But," writes a parent, "where can I find such a school?" Perhaps this particular suggestion was good for nothing. But the academies under individual management would be free places for the development of a variety of schools, not for mere experiments, but for development founded upon experience, and suited to the capacities and the positions of the great variety of scholars. Here is an open door into a life where talent and character can be sure of influence. Teachers who hesitate to enter in may reflect that there is not an academy or school of the first class, which has a notable man or woman at the head of it, that is not besieged with applicants for admission.

III.

During the passing season there have been many popular assemblages in country places which have been for several reasons noteworthy. Some of them—to speak only of those in New England—were, like the Bryant Centennial at Cummington, in Massachusetts, of more than local interest. They celebrated perhaps the birth of some distinguished man, the completion of a century of some venerable institution of learning, the dedication of some educational or historical enterprise, or they were the annual gatherings of communities and towns for the exchange of ideas and social amenities and for the revival of the memory of deeds which the town and the State also should cherish as an inspiration of patriotism. These assemblages were, as a rule, interesting, and some of them picturesque. They were characteristic of New England, of its best life. In their organization and arrangements, in the quality of the entertainment offered, in the spirit that animated them, in the simplicity which comes of cultivation without formality or self-consciousness, in their hearty and friendly spirit, they exhibited that rural civilization which a foreigner would be interested in studying. A people may well be judged by their festivities. Nothing more interests American travellers than these popular gatherings in

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Europe. By comparison these New England festivities would be called sober; certainly they lacked noise and license; but they had their own gayety, and those that were held out-of-doors had elements of great picturesqueness, delightful to witness, and well worth describing. At any rate, they were characteristic of New England, of its intellectual bent and of its manners. Were they worthy the attention of the newspaper reporters? Perhaps much of the speaking would not entertain distant and unsympathetic readers, who would not catch the spirit of the occasion. But the scenes, the assembly itself, the incidents of the day, perhaps the appearance and sayings of noted guests, would, in the hands of writers who knew how to use such material, have furnished columns of description interesting to those readers who are weary of daily scandal and details of crime. And such sympathetic reports would serve to stimulate everywhere the town spirit, the interest in worthy tradition and history, and to cultivate what is best and most hopeful in our rural life.

Such reports were not made. As a rule, these occasions received scant notice from the New England press. There were two or three exceptions of journals that gave their readers graphic, readable, and sufficiently full accounts of these characteristic festivals. Some published the day after what probably occurred, accounts made up in advance of the events. In these naturally there was no life, and small reflection of the spirit of the occasion. Of some of the more important of these assemblies, great newspapers, which make a merit of printing news, gave only a pre-prepared condensation of a quarter of a column, while in the same issue they gave columns to a scandal about an unknown and vulgar woman. This is a grave, and not a trivial matter. It concerns the very life of the community. If the newspaper editor is in this case a good judge of what his readers desire to read, his judgment is a terrible indictment of the intelligence and moral sympathies of the community. If he is mistaken, he is doing what he can to fit the community to the character of his paper. If he stands upon his private necessity of increasing his subscription list, it should be suggested to him that there are thousands of readers he is neglecting whose good-will is worth cultivating. In catering to the taste of the least intelligent he may be pursuing an illusion. For any day a newspaper may appear which will go several degrees lower in sensation and scandal than he can afford to descend, and take away his purchasers. There is no limit to this sort of a race for popularity. To recur to the Bryant Centennial, I believe there are more thousands in New England than the editor estimated who would have preferred a lively account of that exceedingly characteristic and picturesque festival to a lively account of the vulgar woman.

This matter is engaging the serious attention of the best newspaper men. It is undeniable that the public is losing confidence in the news columns. It praises the enterprise and activity of our great journalistic development, for it wants the news; but it wants to know what really happened and what was actually said. The reports of political meetings are colored, the actions and motives of public men are caricatured and misinterpreted, there are daily "fakes," unimportant trifles are sensationally worked up, low subjects are elaborated with inflated rhetoric. How to improve the quality of the reporting is the great journalistic inquiry, that is, of the better class of journalists. The report must be readable; it needs also to be trustworthy. And when the managers in their associations discuss this subject, they will probably agree that no newspaper in the United States would lose in circulation if the impression got abroad that in its news columns it was trustworthy.

IV.

What she said was this: "I am sick and tired to death of hearing about Woman!" This somewhat violent expression is not quoted here to be defended, and it does not need contemporary explanation; it merely indicated the cumulative weariness of long-tried patience. And it must not be taken to express too much. Though women are often tired of themselves and of each other, and do not hesitate to say so, this is only a temporary weariness, and does not at all express the feeling of a misogynist towards women generally. Indeed, this woman who is quoted would probably turn with withering rebuke upon any man who should say that the modern world has had about enough of Woman and would like a rest. And the man

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would meekly admit that rest the world will not have, and rest it does not deserve, this side the grave. No, it is progress and not rest that we need, and that must go on, even to the extent of women forming themselves into a Syndicate, a Woman's Trust, for carrying on business independent of the other sex, and dictating terms of partnership. The speaker was not tired of women, but of "hearing" about Woman.

Cannot Woman, she said, be taken for granted? Why should she assert herself, or permit herself to be treated as a separate class? Why this clamor every time she does anything, as if it were extraordinary that a human being should have genius or exhibit capacity? Why make such a cackling, like a hen every time she lays an egg? A man does not ask consideration or immunity from criticism for anything he does because he is a man. Why should a woman? The whole attitude is undignified, and a confession of inferiority that enrages me. If I were to take a "double-first," or write a novel, I should be humiliated if I were praised for it like a freak. I am tired of reading about Woman in all the periodicals and newspapers as if she were a newly discovered species. Every journal must have its Woman's Column, its Woman's Doings, its Chat about Woman, its Woman's World, Woman in Society, Woman in the Ocean, Woman in the Pulpit, Woman in Literature, Woman riding down the newspaper columns on a bicycle. And it is announced that this is the Woman's Age, that Woman is in the Saddle, that Woman has come to Stay. She seems to want to draw the line, as she did rather effectively at Chicago in a Woman's Building, and to force an antagonism in every department of life. Even in her own periodicals I do not see any column devoted to Man. That might be refreshing reading. Woman! Why, she has borne the whole race for six thousand years, and she has got to bear it along in all the ages; she is the great conservative and really controlling force. I wish they would let her alone. I am sick of all this petty talk about her.

—The Study has not felt at liberty to exclude this intemperate language from its impartial pages.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 10th of September. —Anarchist agitation continues in Europe. Santo Caserio, the slayer of President Carnot, was guillotined at Lyons on August 16th. The day before, the Roman police discovered a plot to assassinate Premier Crispi. On August 14th a bomb was exploded in the New Cross Post-office, London. It bore this label, "To the memory of Ravachol, Vaillant, Bourdin, and Caserio." A plot to kill the King of Greece was discovered August 29th.

Labor troubles existed in many manufacturing towns. At New Bedford 10,000 textile workers went on a strike during August, and 23,000 operatives at Fall River were locked out August 23d. In New York most of the journeymen tailors struck for higher wages.

The House Committee of Naval Affairs, August 29th, rendered a report declaring that armor for the defence of United States cruisers was deliberately made of poor quality by the Carnegie Steel Company, although enormous sums were paid for it.

The government at Washington decided to recognize the sovereignty of Nicaragua over the Mosquito Reservation.

The Wilson tariff bill, with the Senate amendments, became a law August 27th, without the President's signature. Congress adjourned on the 28th.

War between China and Japan continued throughout the month. Reports were conflicting, but the Japanese seemed to be on the whole succeeding.

The Vermont Republicans, September 5th, elected their entire State ticket by a majority of 30,000 votes.

DISASTERS.

August 25th.—A tornado along the shore of the Sea of Azof destroyed 1000 lives, wiped out villages, and wrecked steamers.

September 10th.—Forest fires raged through northern Michigan and Wisconsin and parts of Minnesota during the first days of September. Hinckley and Mission Creek, Minnesota, were utterly destroyed, and 350 persons perished. The total number of lives lost in the three States was estimated at from 800 to 1500.

OBITUARY.

July 30th.—At Oxford, England, Walter Pater, the writer, aged fifty-five years.

August 4th.—At Brooklyn, Rev. George T. Rider, clergyman and writer, aged sixty-five years.

August 14th.—At Quincy, Massachusetts, John Quincy Adams, aged sixty-one years.

September 8th.—At Stowe House, England, Louis Philippe Albert of Orleans, Count of Paris, and head of the house of Bourbon, aged fifty-six years. —At Berlin, Hermann Louis Ferdinand Helmholtz, the scientist, aged seventy-three years.

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TWO ON A TOWER.—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

JONES (*a rising young British architect*): "Yes—it's a charming old castle you've bought, Mrs. Prynne—and I heartily congratulate you on being its possessor!"

FAIR CALIFORNIA WIDOW (*just settled in the old country*): "Thanks—and now you must find me a *legend* for it, Mr. Jones!"

JONES: "I'm afraid I can't manage *that*—but I could add a *story*, if that will do as well!"

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

HOW ALICK THOMPSON PLAYED IT.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

THE old life in Virginia was so natural and so largely founded on the primary principles of human nature that it fostered individuality, and the country districts were filled with original and interesting characters. Time and the slow increeping of modern custom are encroaching on all this now, and changing it somewhat, but only a few years ago much of the old still remained.

The life was a singularly placid one, and few things occurred to break the general calmness of its course. The monthly session of the County Court was one of these incidents, and a larger or smaller proportion of the male inhabitants used to assemble at the county-seat every month. As highly esteemed and important, however, as this gathering was, the semiannual session of the Circuit Court was much more important. The presence of the circuit judge and of the entire bar of the circuit gave this a dignity which no other meeting of the county could boast. It was a harvest-time for the keeper of the Court-house Tavern; for not only was every bed filled, but often the tap-room and the common-room as well were crowded every night.

The judge, of course, was the central figure of the assemblage.

Next to the judge and the members of the bar, the sheriff and the clerk were usually the most important personages. They stood on a sort of half-way ground between the lawyers and the commonalty, as the lawyers stood half-way between them and the judge. They were admitted to fellowship with those on either side of them, and were generally on confidential terms with the lawyers, though rarely with the judge. The clerk stood nearer to the judge and, if anything, nearer to the bar than the sheriff, as his office had a closer connection with that body, and he had frequently studied law, if he had not practised it, whilst the sheriffalty was rather towards the people. The sheriff's office was one of the best in the gift of the people, and as its duties were important and often delicate, it required a man of force to obtain the office.

Thus the sheriff was generally a man of note in the county both by reason of his position and of his abilities. He was usually the most popular man in the county, and knew every man in his bailiwick. There was only one personage with whom he was not hail-fellow-well-met, and that was the judge. Though they were on kindly and often on cordial terms, he was still the subordinate officer of the court, and there was always a little of the official relation in their intercourse.

The county in which the following incident occurred was one of the old colonial counties of the State, such as has been described, and the court-house was a colonial structure of that substantial kind which our forefathers seem to have had a fancy for. It was said to have been built of bricks which came from England, as nearly every old brick building was said to be. The jail was a stone structure, not so ancient, perhaps, as the court-house, nor so modern as to be inviting in appearance, or in fact.

The sheriff of the county at the time of which my story tells was one of those notable characters to whom reference has been made, by name Alexander Thompson, though every one that ever spoke of him, except the circuit judge, called him "Alick." The judge called him "Mr. Thompson," except when he was in court, when he spoke of him duly as "Mr. Sheriff." He was a typical sheriff. He knew every man in the county, and every woman and child as well. He was a natural humorist, and something of a wit besides; a man of much readiness of resource and of unfailing geniality; a character of the old times, who took life easily, enjoyed it heartily, and had as many friends as he had acquaintances. He would lend his last dollar to any friend he had in the world, and as soon have thought of robbing him as of asking him to repay it. If he borrowed occasionally from others, he was always willing to return it if he had it. Such a man was necessarily popular, and Alick Thompson was sheriff of the county before the war as long as he wished to be so. At that time Judge Lomax, the author of *Lomax on Executors* and of *Lomax's Digest*, was judge of the circuit in which the county was. He was one of the "old-time" judges, a man of advanced age, of distinguished bearing, and of great learning, who cherished the traditions of the bar, and presided on the bench with a dignity which was not only impressive, but imposing. He was one of the kindest men in the world; but adding to great natural dignity a high sense of the loftiness of a position on the bench, he preserved the strictest order in his court, and ruled up bar and attendants alike to a high accountability. No one who saw him there would any more have thought of taking a liberty with him than he would have done so with an old lion. When he walked across the court green, men who never took off their hats to any one else took them off to him, though he did not know them; and when he stepped across the threshold of the court-house, a hush fell on the assembly. His sight

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failed him somewhat in his latter days, but his other faculties remained unimpaired. He never overlooked any disorder in court, and had fined, at one time or another, with perfect impartiality, nearly every lawyer who practised in his circuit. He generally, however, remitted at the close of the term any penalty he had imposed, accompanying this exercise of judicial clemency with a lecture upon the principles his court inculcated. An illustration of his rigor might be cited from an occasion when one of the old lawyers, an old friend and comrade of the judge when he was at the bar, was talking to a younger one. The judge was reading chancery papers, and the talking disturbed him. He looked through his spectacles, over his papers, down at the pair of lawyers below him, and the sheriff, observing it, called, "Silence!" in that commanding tone so well known in court. The younger of the lawyers looked up and edged a little away, but the old one simply lowered his voice, and, leaning a little forward, went on buzzing into his ear. Suddenly the judge said, "Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of ten dollars against Mr. Hobson" (the junior) "for contempt of court."

The young lawyer was on his feet in a second. "Why, if your Honor pleases," he pleaded, "I have not said a word since your Honor took your seat. It was Colonel Jones who was talking."

"I am aware of that, Mr. Hobson," said the judge, benignantly. "Your contempt was in

"THE JUDGE WANTS YOU."

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listening to Colonel Jones, and thus inducing him to talk."

Such was the judge before whom the case of Doolittle against Doolittle was tried at the fall term of the Circuit Court in the —th year of the commonwealth, as the writs ran, and in the sixth year of Alick Thompson's sheriffalty, as that gentleman used to say. It was an important case, and one which involved nice questions, so there was a large attendance at first, not only of lawyers, but of people from the county as well. As the case wore on, however, turning on questions of title, it became more and more tedious, and the crowd dropped off somewhat. A few of them would now and then visit the bar-room at the tavern across the road, and as the evening advanced the loud talking over there told that the visits were telling on more than one. An interesting point being reached in the case, the crowd went in again to listen, and the space behind the bar was soon filled. Perfect order prevailed, however, until one of the party who had been spending the afternoon at the tavern bar made his way into the court-room. He was very drunk, and taking a seat on the end of a bench near the door, soon began to talk aloud. "Silence!" called the sheriff; but this only served to make the man talk the more. He declared to those about him that he was not going to keep silence. He had as much right to talk as any one, and he proposed to talk as much as he pleased. His friends tried to silence him, and the sheriff made his way to him and attempted to induce him to leave the court-room; but it was all to no purpose. He was too drunk to know what he was doing, though he was in a perfectly good humor, and his answer was, "Alick, you just well go 'way from here; I'm goin' to talk all I please, and you hear it." Suddenly the judge said to the counsel at the bar, "Suspend, gentlemen, if you please. Mr. Sheriff, bring that man to the bar of the court." The crowd parted as if by magic, and the sheriff led the fellow to the bar, where he was quiet enough. The judge, bending his sternest look on him, said, "Have you no more sense of propriety, sir, than to disturb a court of justice in the exercise of its high functions?" But the man was too drunk to understand his position.

He said he had "not disturbed any function," and "anybody that says so, judge, is a liar."

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "take this man and confine him in jail until the expiration of the term."

The sheriff led the culprit out, now sufficiently quiet. Outside he was sober enough, and he begged hard to be allowed to go home. His friends too joined in his petition, and promised to guarantee that he would go home, and not come back again during the term of court. As he was a constituent of the sheriff's, and his friends were also, that functionary was not averse to letting him off, especially as he felt tolerably sure that the judge would forget all about the matter, or, if he remembered it, would simply order him to discharge the prisoner; so, after taking him to the jail door and scaring him well, he turned him loose, on condition that he would go straight home, and not come back again during the term. He was glad enough to do this, and under conduct of one or two friends started at once for home. That night it was known by all except the court that the sheriff had let the prisoner go, and Thompson was much toasted about the court-house for his humanity, several of his admirers actually getting into somewhat the same condition that the friend he had released had been in.

The next morning court was opened as usual by the sheriff making the customary proclamation, and the orders of the day before were read and signed by the judge with his wonted solemnity; the clerk took up his book preparatory to the customary order to call the docket, and the array of counsel drew their chairs up to the bar, when the judge, taking off his spectacles, turned to the sheriff's desk, and said, quietly: "Mr. Sheriff, bring in that poor inebriate whom I sentenced to jail yesterday. I hope that a night's incarceration may have sufficiently sobered and chastened him; and as the court, whilst feeling the necessity of protecting itself from disorder and preserving its dignity, always leans to the side of mercy, I will give the poor creature a short lecture and discharge him."

He sat back in his large arm-chair, and waited benignantly, with his gaze on the ceiling, whilst a deathly silence fell on the crowd around, and half the eyes in the court-house turned on the sheriff. He was staring at the judge with fallen jaw and a dazed look, as a man might who has suddenly to face judgment. He opened his lips twice as if to speak, and then turned and went slowly out like a man in a dream.

"Well, by jings!" he said as he got outside. "I'm in a hole."

"Yes, you are," said two or three of his friends who had gathered about him. "The old judge will put you in jail sure, if he don't remove you."

Just then a fellow came out of the tavern bar and made his way unsteadily towards a horse-rack where his mule was tied. He was one of those who had gotten tight the night before. In an instant Alick had pounced on him. "Come here," he said, in a tone of authority. "The judge wants you."

"Judge wants me?" he exclaimed, thickly. "What the d—l judge want wi' me?"

"Yes, wants you, this minute, too. Come along; and mind, no matter what he says to you, don't you open your mouth; if you do, he'll put you in jail. He's in an all-fired fury this morning, and he'll clap you in jail in a minute." The fellow had been too tight to take it all in, and Alick was hurrying him

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along so rapidly that before he could expostulate he had him inside the court-house and was marching him up the aisle. The next minute he planted him at the bar immediately before the court, and moved to his own desk, keeping his eyes fixed on the prisoner's bewildered face, whilst the bar stared at the prisoner in blank amazement.

"Ah!" said the judge, withdrawing his eyes from the ceiling and putting on his large spectacles. He sat up in his chair, put his sternest judicial expression on his benignant face, and looked sharply at the culprit. Then he proceeded to read him one of the severest lectures on intemperance that had ever been heard in that county. The man looked perplexed enough from the start; but when the judge began to lecture him on the enormity of having "disturbed a court of justice in the exercise of that grave function on which all civilization depended," the look of bewilderment on his face deepened. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but glanced at the sheriff, who made an imperious gesture to silence him. Again, when the judge in moving terms referred to the disgrace he had suffered in having to go to jail, and to the pain it had caused him to impose so extreme a punishment on him, he started to speak.

"But, judge," he began, "I don't quite altogether understand you." But a sharp "Ahem!" from the sheriff cut him short and silenced him.

"And now," said the judge, "hoping that this sad experience may have a chastening effect upon you, the court, with an admonition that it never occur again, discharges you from its further custody."

The prisoner was about to speak again, but Alick was too quick for him. He stepped forward, and seizing him by the arm, marched him from the court and hurried him to his mule. A group assembled about them, and the prisoner appeared inclined to argue; but Alick gave him no time. He unhitched his mule for him, and ordered him to mount.

"But, sheriff," he said, "I'm darned if I slept in jail last night."

"I'm darned if you didn't," said Alick. "The judge has decreed it so, and so you did. Now go home, and don't you come here again during this term."

"Well, I tell you what I'll do, Alick," he said. "I'll do it if you promise not to tell my wife I was in jail."

This Alick solemnly agreed to, and headed him up the road. As he rode away he said: "Well, whiskey is a queer thing. I must have been a heap drunker than I thought I was, because, if the court hadn't said so, I'd 'a' sworn I slept in that there wing room."

AFTER THE THANKSGIVING DINNER.

"Well, Jack, I suppose you're very thankful for something to-day?"
"I dun'no' yet. I'll tell you to-morrow."
"To-morrow! And why to-morrow?"
"I dun'no' how I'll feel after those four pieces of mince pie and three saucers of cranberry."

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A SUMMER FRAUD.

I've seen full many an arrant fraud since I've dwelt
on this sphere:
I've seen a tonic advertised that was but water
clear;
I've seen a man pretend to have great virtues he
had not;
I've been a gull myself, and bought for gold a
worthless lot.

I've seen a speculator take an ancient worn-out
mine,
Worth not a cent a square mile, and by means
of a combine
Of nerve and advertising, and a mixture small of
wit,
Sell out his holding so's to make a fortune out
of it.

But not a fraud in all the world that ever I did
see
Can ever equal one I know, as you will all agree;
And that one is that fellow who must now be
written down,
The father of the family—"poor papa left in town."

Poor papa! Faith, his "poorness" is the very
richest kind.
His wife has sought the mountains, and poor papa's
left behind.
"Poor papa!" how the children o'er his sad con-
dition weep,
Who's living in his mansion while they climb the
mountain steep!

Poor papa has ten bedrooms for his undisputed
sway,
While mamma has a hotel room that's dark as
night by day.
Poor papa puts his slippers on when he comes
home at night,
While mamma in the mountains with hot garments
is bedight.

Poor papa feeds on peaches, fresh green corn, poor
toiling man!
While mamma and the children have tomatoes
from the can.
Poor papa has roof gardens, cooling cups close to
his hand,
While mamma sits and listens to the "Chatham
Corners Band."

And papa has a bath-tub, into which by night he'll
get
Without a fear that, doing so, he'll run himself in
debt,
While mamma and the children, at the lovely
Mountain House,
Pay twenty-five cents every time they wish to take
a douse.

Come down, you whited sepulchre, you prince of
modern frauds!
You are the worst of spectacles these days the
world affords.
Why is it mamma comes home pale and worn,
while you are brown
In spite of all your "toiling" in the overheated
town?

NOT AN EVEN THING.

In one of my parishes (writes a friend of the Drawer), some years since, I had a vestryman, an excellent man and a warm friend. He has now departed this life, and so this story may be told as an illustration of his official devotion to the interests of his constituency. In my neighborhood lived a clerical brother, a splendid preacher, and very popular with all who knew him, with whom I often exchanged pulpits. His salary was $1500 and a rectory, while mine was $2000 with a similar provision for my shelter.

One very hot summer, not being in good health, and knowing that my people admired him very much, I exchanged quite frequently with him, so as to save preparing sermons.

One day I went into the large store of my vestryman to have a chat with him, which he opened as follows: "You have lately exchanged a good deal with Mr. ——."

"Yes, sir," I replied. "He is a fine preacher, and every one in the parish admires him."

"I know that," said he. "I like him very much. But what is his salary?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars and a rectory."

"But *what are we paying you?*"

I told him.

"Well," he put in, "*have you considered how much this parish loses by these exchanges?*"

I told him I had not made that calculation.

"*Nine dollars and sixty cents is the loss per Sunday,*" was the statement of this careful guardian of the financial interests of his parish.

TIM'S SLAPIN'-PILL.

It was in a ward of the City Hospital. Tim Finnegan, by occupation hostler, had been ill with typhoid fever for two weeks. Upon being visited by the doctor one morning, Tim complained greatly of sleeplessness. "Faith, docther," said Tim, "an' miny a noight has it been since I could slape fer thinkin' o' thim harses. I wuz thinkin' p'r'aps if you'd gimme one o' thim slapin'-pills, maybe I could slape to-noight. Coorse you're the docther, an' knows what's bist, but I can't git rid o' thim harses, bad ciss to 'em!"

In making the evening rounds the doctor informed Tim that he would receive a powder which would give him a good night's rest.

"A powdher, is ut ye said, docther? Well, ye knows bist, but I was thinkin' 'twas a slapin'-*pill* I'd git." In trying to explain his preference Tim then expounded the following philosophy: "Ye takes two glasses o' wather, an' puts 'em on a table side by side, an' takes a slapin'-*pill* in one hand, an' a slapin'-*powdher* in th' other, an' drops 'em in the glasses; an' thin ye goes away fer a bit, an' thin comes back, an' what d'ye see? The slapin'-powdher's gone, but the pill 'll be there fer quite a while; an' that's the way it 'll be wid me—if ye give me the powdher I'll slape a quarther of an hour, but the pill 'ud make me slape all noight." Tim got the pill.

Albert H. Freiberg.

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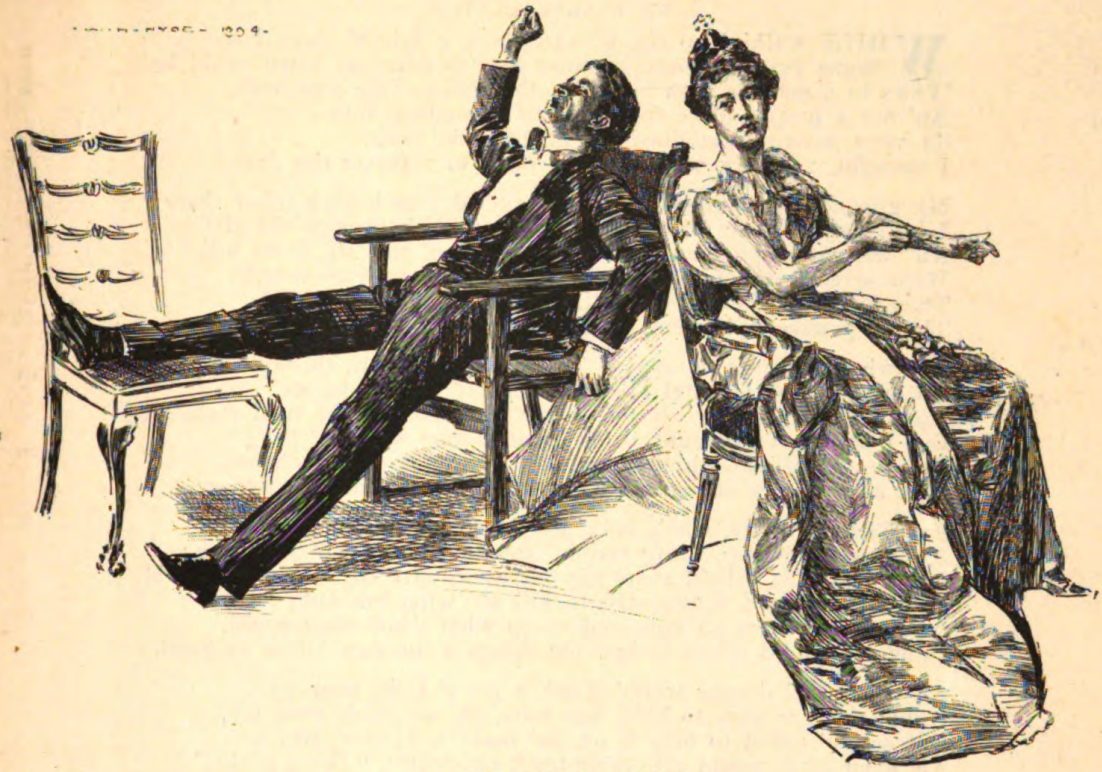

A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

MR. SNORELY. "I like Bobby Gargoyle; he's so nice and natural."
MRS. SNORELY. "That's the difference between you and him: when you're natural you're not nice."

KENTUCKY ECONOMY.

MANY years before the war had disturbed the patriarchal relation between master and slave in the South, an elegant Kentucky colonel was surprised to see his favorite, Morocco, stagger across the yard, drunk as a lord, at mid-day, and two weeks before Christmas.

"What do you mean by being drunk at this hour, you rascal?" roared the colonel.

"Well, I tell you how it is, sah," Morocco answered, taking off his hat. "You see, Marse John, I got a jimmiejohn of whiskey in town to keep off de rheumatiz fum de ole woman, and, sah, while I was a-walkin' 'long de road I slips on de ice and busts de jimmiejohn, so dat de licker run all out in de road and made little puddles in de wagon tracks and horse tracks. Den, sah, I gits down on de ground and laps up all I could, sah. Dat's how cum it so, Marse John."

"You black rascal, how much did you drink?" the colonel asked, with mock severity.

"Well, sah, Marse John, sah, I s'pose I mus' er save' more en a quart." J. G. SPEED.

THE 'LEVEN FIFTEEN.

IT is said to have happened on a Southern railroad. The traveller had come to the station to board the eleven-fifteen train, and, much to his surprise, promptly at eleven fifteen the train started.

"Well," he said to the conductor as he passed through, "they libel you a great deal up in the North when they say your trains never start on time."

"I guess not," said the conductor. "They tell the whole truth. We never got a train off on time yet."

"Why, this train got off on time. It's the eleven fifteen, isn't it?"

"Yes, it's the 'leven fifteen, my friend, but it's last Tuesday's 'leven fifteen. We're three days late. To-day's 'leven fifteen won't get off much befoh Monday, I reckon."

PAT'S VIEW OF IT.

THE Hungarians, Poles, Italians, and other cheap laborers who come into the coal regions are regarded with great disfavor by the resident population. I was walking near the railroad with an Irish laborer returning from work one evening, when I saw one of the despised class walking on the tracks. I turned to my companion and said: "Pat, you had better run down there and make that fellow understand that he is in danger. Make him get off those tracks."

"Shure, sor, he's nothin' but a Hungarian," said Pat.

"But he has a soul," I retorted.

Pat chuckled. "The only sowl he has is on his fut."

"Well, Pat, he belongs to your Church; he's probably a Romanist."

"Indade, thin, the sooner he's in purgathory, the sooner he'll be out," reasoned Patrick, philosophically. And as he would not do it, I had to go warn the fellow myself.

ALEXANDER RICKETTS.

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FARMER STEBBINS AT FOOTBALL.

BY WILL CARLETON.

WHILE walkin' up the village street, a-fightin' there I see
Some twenty fellers, more or less, as fierce as fierce could be!
'Twas in a medder nigh to where the college late was built,
An' not a proper place for blood to be unduly spilt;
So, very peaceable inclined, an' al'ays actin' thus,
I thought, "I'll try what may be done to regulate the fuss."

My goodness, how them fellers fit! they'd punch each other there
Like hungry cattle when the frost is nibblin' through the air!
An' one would pick up somethin' quick, an' run off, fit to kill,
With several others chasin' him, as chickens sometimes will;
Then if he on his stomach fell, there right in his distress
They'd pounce upon him, hard an' square, a dozen, more or less.

An' when my eyes untangled 'em, an' glanced 'em through an' o'er,
To my surprise I found I'd seen full half of 'em before!
Young Caleb Stubbs, who once was raised across the road from me,
But I had never thought, before, would hurt an ailin' flea;
An' Joseph Minks, who's al'ays fit whene'er he had a chance,
Was now as gay an' much to home as Frenchmen at a dance;

An' Thomas Tutts, who's bein' taught so he himself can teach;
An' Samuel Strapp, who's trainin' so's to have a call to preach;
An' Peter Pills, who'll some day strive to cure the world, no doubt,
Was strivin' hard, apparently, to kill an' wipe 'em out;
An' several others all appeared to do what death they could,
From whom I'd al'ays looked for things a thousan' times as good.

An' what still deeper troubled me, a lot o' folks near by
Didn't seem to care to hold 'em back, an' wouldn't even try,
But sort o' toiled to help it on, an' make a fightin' din;
An' even girls would grit their teeth an' holler, "Boys, go in!"
An' then I says, "Them fellers all appear in Death's employ;
If there's an undertaker here, he's sheddin' tears of joy."

An' terrified at what they'd done, an' what they meant to do,
I struggled hard to recollect a Riot Act or two;
But naught appeared that I could reach on Memory's cluttered shelf,
An' so I had, as one might say, to make one up myself.
I wildly rushed into their midst, an' yelled with all my might,
"See here, now, boys, this school wasn't built to teach you how to fight!"

But still they all kept on their way, as fierce as fierce could be,
An' none of them was blessed with sense to listen unto me;
But while I still upheld the right, in words I won't repeat,
Th' apparent cause of all their fuss rolled plump betwixt my feet!
An' then such buffetin' amidst the angry waves of strife
I never yet had come across in all my earthly life!

I've sported in a skatin'-rink, an' helped to dust the floor;
I've served as drift-wood in the waves of Jersey's stormy shore;
I've clutched a tall toboggan-slide, the while my cheek did blanch,
Then, lettin' go, reluctantly become an avalanche;
I've entered cars on Brooklyn Bridge 'twixt five an' six o'clock;
But these was only zephyr breaths beside an earthquake shock!

They jumbled me, they tumbled me, some several fellers deep,
Until I give up every sense an' feebly fell asleep;
An' when I woke, and mildly asked if all my bones was there,
No one contigious seemed to know, or specially to care;
But several fellers, with their face all black an' blue an' red,
Jumped up an' down, a-wavin' han's, an' shoutin', "We're ahead!"

"Now who's ahead?" says I, when I a listenin' ear could find:
"Whoever 'tis, here's one old fool that's several rods behind!
Why are you studyin' carnage here—what is this all about?"
An' then they hollered, "Football, Dad—we've gone an' cleaned 'em out!"
Whereat I says, "If this is what you call a friendly game,
Heaven shield me from your courtesies, an' help me dodge the same!"

Then everybody laughed an' joked, rejoicin' in the crimes,
An' said, "Old man, the trouble is, you're 'way behind the times!"
An' then I said: "All right! I'll keep behind 'em, if you please;
'Hind anything, to shield me from such goin's on as these;
An' when I'm anxious suddenly from this world to escape,
I'll go an' dance on dynamite, an' do it up in shape!"

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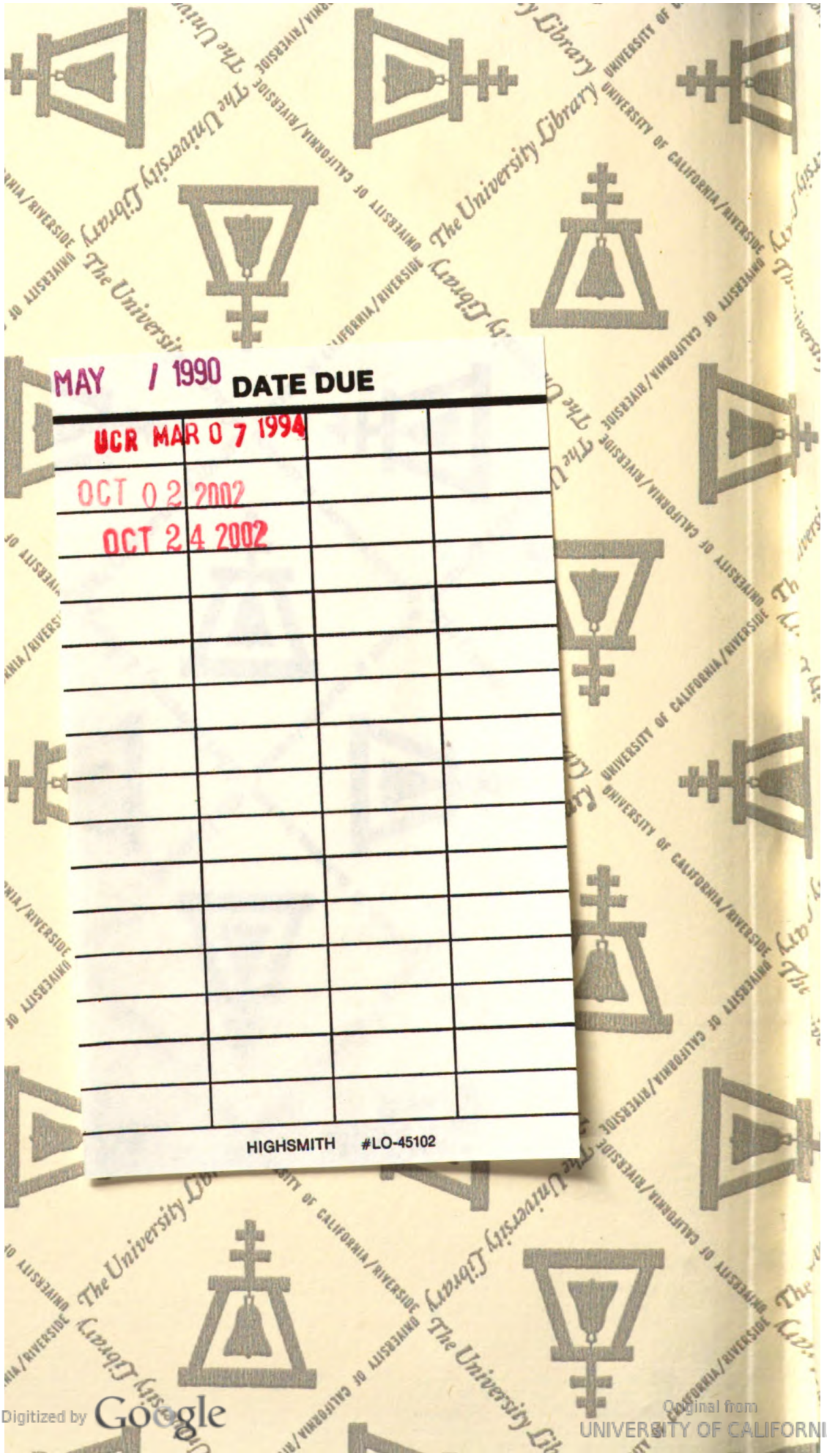

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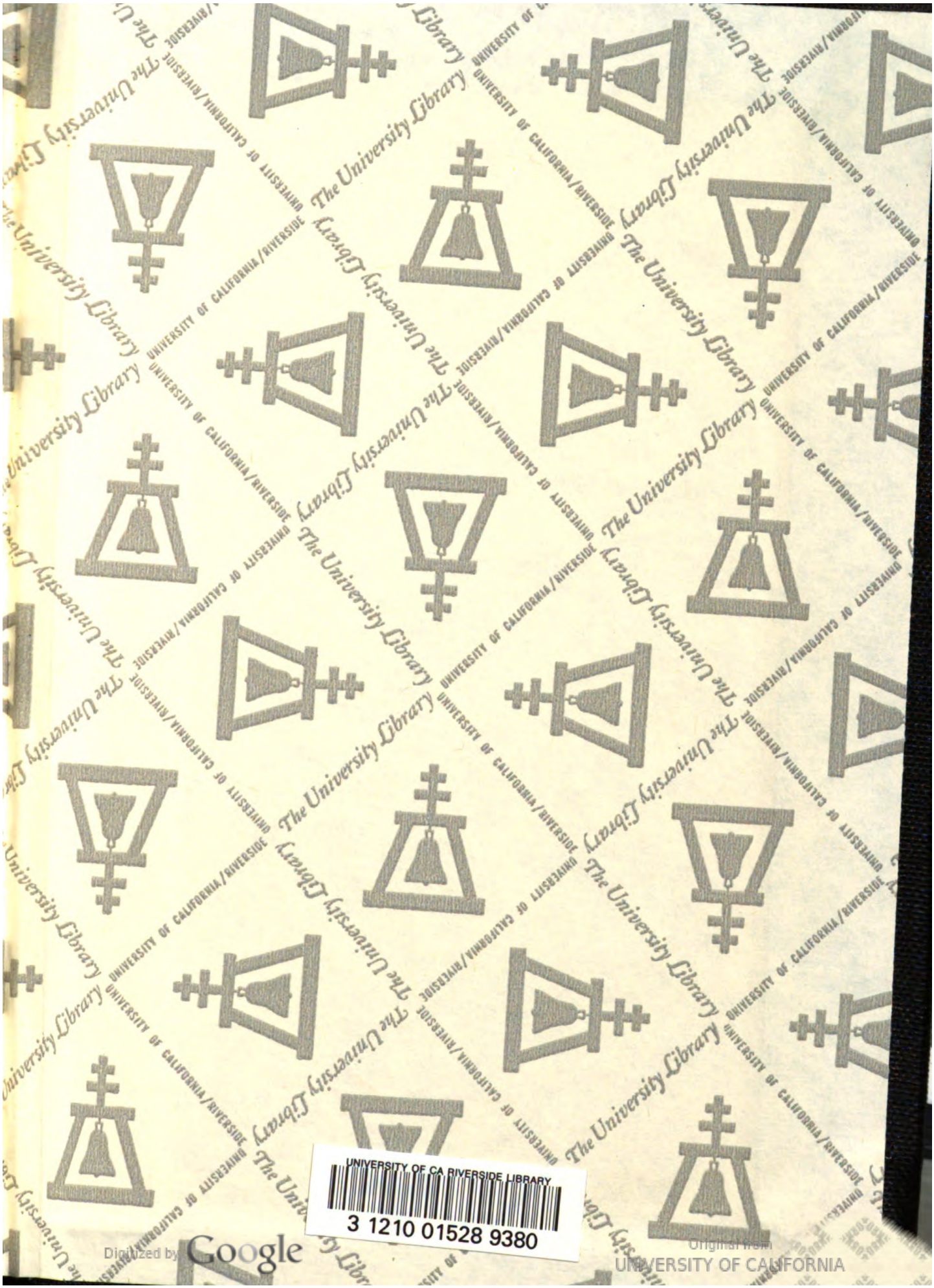

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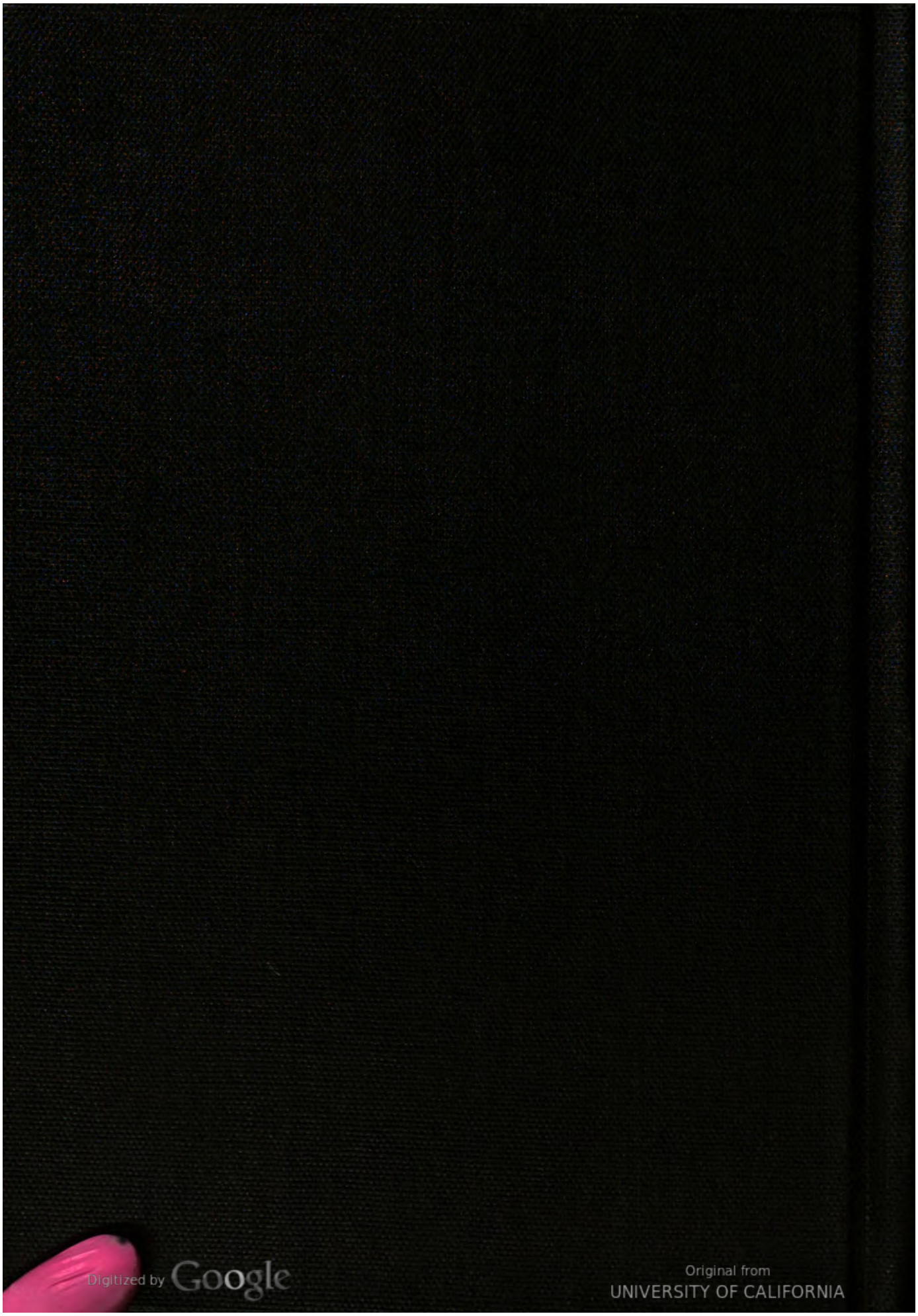
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